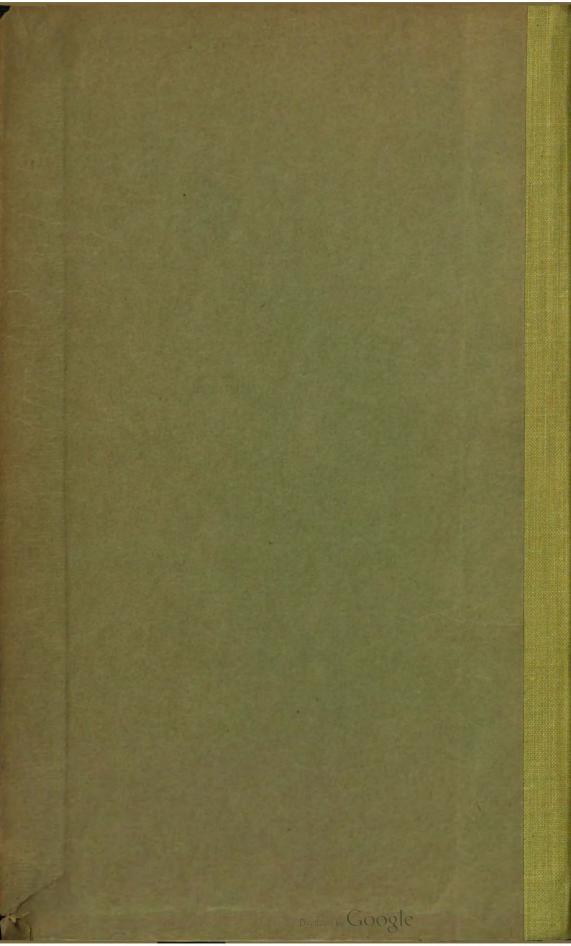
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.



https://books.google.com





*DA Peterson



Tolls 1849.

Palaces and Durious. 47 9:1: 144 7

The 16 H49

Palaces and Durious 37 73 " 90 "

123 1 188 N 235 "

w Miss Ann S. Stephens.

terson

Digitized by Google





PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

0 F

ART, LITERATURE AND FASHION.

EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

VOLUME XV.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES J. PETERSON.
1849.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY 597625 ARTOR, LENGE AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. R 1913



CONTENTS

TO THE

FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1849, INCLUSIVE.

Artist, the—A Story of Pittsburg, 68	Hand, the Open—By A. J. Whittaker, 117
April, Fashions for (Illustrated,) 152	{ Home, A Visit—By S. D. Anderson, 206
Books, Review of New - 42, 79, 115, 151, 187, 219 Branch, the Bending—A Story of an Enchanted Island—By George Swanquill, 130	I, It Is—By James H. Dans, (Illustrated,) 191 Impression, Making a Good—By Anna Wilmot, - 198
	Jerusalem, the Fall of—By James H. Dana, (Illus-
Caught; the Bachelor or, the New Diary of an Ennu-	} trated,) 9
yee—By Mrs. Joseph C. Neal, 36	\[\] January, Fashions for (Illustrated.) 44 \] Jemima, Mrs. Wilmington and Aunt—By Miss Ella
California, Going to—By Miss Ella Rodman, - 168, 202 Choice, the Young Minister's—By Clara Moreton, - 193	\ '
onoice, suc roung minister s—By Chita Morecon, - 135	June, Fashions for (Illustrated,) 220
Douglass; Kate or, Philadelphia in Seventeen Seventy-	}
Six—By Charles J. Peterson, author of "The Oath	Love, Money Vs.—By Enna Duval, 53 Louise, Pretty—Translated from the German. By E.
of Marion," "Agnes Courtenay," &c , - 24, 73, 100 Daughter, the Caliph's—By James H. Dana, (Illus-	A. Atlee, M. D., 209
trated,) 81 Dale, Lucy—By Jane Gay, 123	} '
Dowry, the Misfortune of Having a—Translated	March, Fashions for (Illustrated.)
from the French-By G. A. Atlee, 140	Making, Match—By Mary Davenant, 148
	May, Fashions for (Illustrated,) 155
Economy? Is It—By T. S. Arthur, 20 Equestrians, Hints for Lady—By author of "Horse-	Pride, Love and—By Kate Campbell, Prisons, Palaces and—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
manship, 112, 184	47, 95, 144, 178, 213
	Party, My Wife's-By Harry Sanderland, author of
Pebruary, Fashions for (Illustrated,) 90 Flirting, Flirts and—By Jeremy Short, 119	{ "Saving at the Spiggot," 92
	Secret, Emma Dudley's—By Clara Moreton, 84
Gray; Elsie or, the Minister's Daughter-By Clara	Siren; or, the Heart's Trials—By Kate Campbell, - 133
Moreton, (Illustrated,) 13	Seamstress, the—By Charles J. Peterson, 157
Garden, the Flower-By Mrs. Mary V. Smith, 105, 129, 167, 201	Sinclair; Kate or, Trusting Childhood and Inconstant Youth, - 174
Gulf, the Pavilion of the—A Legend of the South	{
West-By Joseph B. Cobb, 159	
	Table, Editors' 42, 78, 114, 151, 186, 219 Tower, Clondalkin Round—By P. H. Selton, (Illus-
Hater, the Woman-By S. D. Anderson, 107	
Horseman, the Spectre—A Legend of the Rocky Mountains—By Samuel S. Fisher, 110	Time, May-Day in the Olden—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) 155

POETRY.		Pocahontas—By L. Virginia Smith,	58
		Polk, to Mrs. James K.—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, -	9:
Appeal, the—By S. D. Anderson,	19	Past, the-By T. Hempstead,	94
Absent, to the—By John A. Stine,	41	Prayer-By Emily Herrmann, (Illustrated,)	91
Alice," "Our-By George W. Dewey, (Illustrated,)	61	Picture, An April-By Clara Moreton,	12:
Anger,	72	}	
Again! the Summer Days Will Come-By Marie		{	
Linton,	139	Reflections, Night—By H. J. Beyerle, M. D.,	200
Arrow, the Last-By T. H. Chivers, M. D.,	143	}	
Amanda—By William Stark,	156		
		Shade, Sunshine and—By the late Willis Garard	
Description Dr. Emily Horsmann	106	Clark,	2
		Sheet, the Winding-By Henry Morford,	6
	204	Stood, 'Neath the Oaken Porch We-By P. A. Jor-	
Barber, the (Illustrated,)	201	dan,	7
		Sketch, A—By the late Willis Gaylord Clark, -	8
Caution, Cupid's	173	Sonnet—By Elizabeth J. Eames,	8
Cottager, the Christian	197		11:
		Sonnets, Visionary—By Park Benjamin,	12
			13:
Daughter, On the Death of a Friend's Infant-By			131
Mrs. Dr. Beecher,	57		158
			18
		Starlight,	19
Evening—By Catharine Allan, (Illustrated,)	118	\	
Epigram,	143	To * * *—Love's Vow-By Marion M. Clare, -	1:
		2010 2 7011 2) Identify 1	-
Fame, Love and-An Allegory-By Clara Moreton, -	170	}	
Fame, Love and—An Amegory—Dy Class Morecon,	112	Unrest, Burden of-Composed on the Death of My	
		Little Boy Aster-By T. H. Chivers, M. D.,	2
Guest, the Little-By Mary L. Lawson,	46		
, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,		}	
•		Wears, the Only Ring She-By J. M. Willis Geist, -	40
Home, the Young Boy's Dream of—By Mrs. D. Ellen		Water, the Shadow in the-By Emily Herrmann	5
Goodman,	23		
Heart, Oh, Give Me Back My—By Edward J. Porter,	35	Year, the Last Thoughts of a—By Henry Morford, -	10
Hernando-By John A. Stine,	111	a real, the last I houghts of a by Henry Mortord, .	12
Home, A Lay of—By S. D. Anderson,	177	}	
Hope, the Christian's—By Marie Linton,	177	}	

Tune Memins in Da Lelie Mestimes	10~	{	
June, Morning in—By Lelia Mortimer,	197	{	
		ENGRAVINGS.	
Kenneth-By Emily Herrmann,	156		
Total Dy Daniy Holland	200	Elsie Gray.	
		The Pet.	
Life, Song from the Inner-By T. H. Chivers, M. D.,	61	Fall of Jerusalem.	
Life, the Day of-By J. M. Willis Geist,	104	Fashions for January, colored.	
L, to M		Our Alice.	
Life, the Pathway of-By S. D. Anderson,	132	Clondalkin Round Tower.	
Lament, the Exile's-By Lelia Mortimer,	147	Fashions for February, colored.	
Lines-By Emily Herrmann,	150	The Caliph's Daughter.	
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·		Prayer.	
,		Fashions for March, colored.	
Musings, Sick-Bed-By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,	40	Evening.	
Missionary, the Dying-By Rev. Sidney Dyer,	200	Fashions for April, colored.	
		Coming from the Bath.	
NV D T G		May-Day in the Olden Time	
Niagara—By Jane Gay,	41	Fashions for May, colored. It Is I.	
	,	,	
Outcast, the—By Clara Moreton,	72	The Barber.	
	12	Fashions for June, colored.	

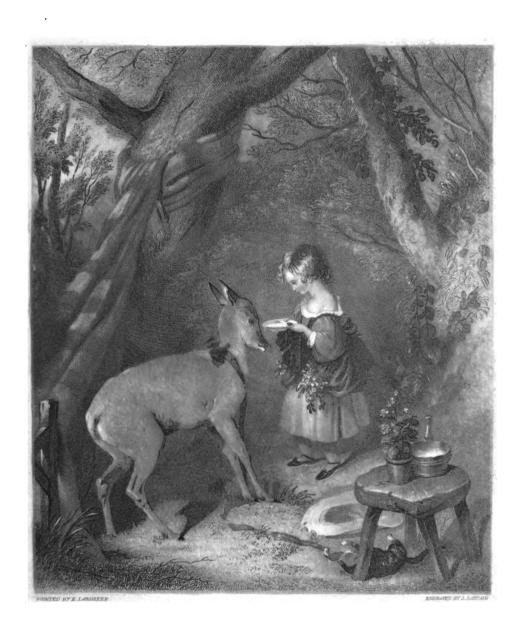




报点公司第二次分表文·文·文·文·

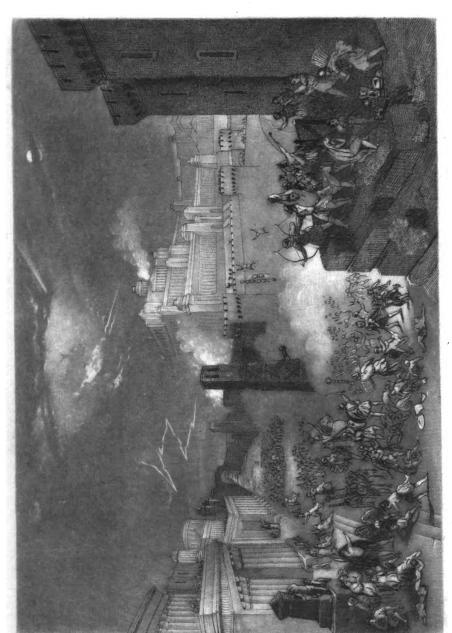






THE REST.

Sample of the second



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1849.

No. 1

FALL \mathbf{OF} JERUSALEM.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

IT was a summer evening in Judea. → The olives on the higher grounds were just putting forth their early green; the meadows were dotted with sheep and camels; and the birds sang from every bush. The distant hills were growned each with its village or city. Maidens, bearing water-jars, were seen gracefully winding, in long lines, to the fountains. The sun had just set, but the Western Heavens were yet in a glow; while, in the East, the young and silvery moon hung, like an Arab scimetar, above the horizon.

In the gardens of a large and princely mansion, everlooking this lovely scene, were two individuals. One was a female, on the verge of womanhood, and beautiful even beyond her beautiful race; for the Her attire was rich and betokened rank. She stood, looking musingly on the ground; while her companion, who was of the other sex, and who wore the dress of a Roman, earnestly regarded her.

"Nay! Miriam," he said, "surely you have some answer for me. By the happy hours we have spent together-by the hope of future felicity here on earth answer me one word, do you love me?"

"Publius," she said, lifting her eyes to his face, "you know not what you ask. The customs of my race are immutable, and forbid its maidens to match with strangers. My father would never consent that I should wed you. Much as he esteems you, great as is the gratitude he owes you for saving his life from the proconsul's rage, he would sooner behold me a corpse at his feet than the bride of an alien. Had he known, when he invited you home from Jerusalem with him, that you would prefer this suit to his daughter, he would have cut off his right hand before extending it to you in amity."

"And yet," said her companion, "all this is no answer to my question. I know, dear Miriam, the hard customs of your race, and how all Jews shun connexion with aliens. I know too that among the strictest of his tribe, your father is one of the most strict. But, only assure me of your love, and I will hope for the removal of all obstacles. I have high connexions in the Roman court, and, in troubled times like these, might be of service to your family." }

Vol. XV.-1

luxuriant raven hair, the bold profile, the flashing eye, and the majestic form proclaimed her a Jewess.

"Alas! that would be only an additional reason why my father would refuse you. In the struggle that seems approaching, between this ill-fated nation and the Roman power, my parent will be found with his countrymen, and he would reject with scorn any thing like correspondence with the foe."

Miriam shook her head, as she answered.

The young Roman, for he was both young and of great manly beauty, sighed, and was silent for a while. But he again essayed his suit.

"Miriam," he said, "I know you love me-then why this concealment? I know it by a thousand things. Have we not been daily together almost since the snows melted from the higher hills? Have we not read the poets of my native land in company, until our hearts beat responsive? Have we not talked of the future, and felt the bond of sympathy drawing us together the while? And have we not, each with the other, perused the sacred books of your religion, and read those sublime prophecies which point to the Redeemer in whom we both believe? Oh! Miriam, when I think that we alone of all this household are Christians-that we though born of different races, are now brother and sister in one faith--I cannot but believe that God has marked us out for each other, and in thus bringing us together, has united our destinies for this world, and the world to come. By that common faith I conjure you," he said, earnestly, taking her hand, "to answer me truly, and without evasion. Do you not love me?"

Miriam's eyes were suffused with tears at this cold. ness; and its solemnity overcoming her resolution, she looked confidingly into her lover's face, and said,

"Thus adjured, Publius, I answer that I do love you. But there my concessions must stop. I cannot disobey my father, nor will you, I am sure, ask me; for, by so doing, you will violate that holy religion we both secretly profess. I will never marry another, however. No, while life endures, your image shall be ever before me, and if," she continued with streaming eyes, "we should never meet again in this life, may we look forward to a blissful re-union among the redeemed. And that we may do that, oh! beloved of my heart, keep true to your faith."

"I will not plead further," said her lover, deeply

for my duties do not call me away for some time. And who knows what the future may have in store? Perhaps-

But at this instant a shriek from Miriam arrested his speech, and immediately he became sensible of the presence of her father. The old man had accidentally been a listener to that part of the conversation which we have recorded; and surprise had hitherto restrained him from interrupting the interview. His face was flushed, his speech excited, his dress disordered in the extremity of his rage. He rushed between the lovers, repelling the approach of Publius to Miriam, who had sunk senseless.

"Away!" he cried. "Defile her not by your touch, false Roman. Hypocrite, serpent, seducer, avaunt!" Then with a burst of anguish, he continued, "oh! would that I had died by the hands of the proconsul's myrmidons, sooner than have brought into my family one who has alienated my child from the hearts of her parents, and from the religion of her race."

At the opprobrious terms heaped on him, the face of Publius grew red; but he controlled himself by a violent effort, and replied,

"You are the father of Miriam, and, therefore, I forgive what you have said. Besides, though a soldier, Christianity teaches me, when reviled, to revile not again. You wrong me fearfully, old man, for I am unworthy of taking any advantage of your child, even if she would consent to disobey her parent. which she will not. Suffer me, I beseech you, to see her restored to life."

He pushed by the old man as he spoke, and kneeling by Miriam, sprinkled her with water from a fountain at whose brink she had sunk. She soon revived. Her eyes first fell on her lover, and a sweet smile stole over her face; but immediately they wandered to her parent, when her look became troubled. She made an effort to rise.

"Return to the house, and keep yourself seeluded among your maidens," said her sire, sternly. "As for you, wily Latin, fool Nazarene, or whatever else you will be called, depart these grounds at once. Your baseness in seeking my daughter's affection has cancelled the obligation of my life I owed you; henceforth, if we meet at all, it will be as enemies."

Publius would have spoken in his own defence, but the old man imperiously waved his hand commanding silence.

"It would be useless to speak, for I overheard your suit. Did you not solicit my child's love? And is not that enough? Go! And you, Miriam, why have you not obeyed me? Come with me."

Miriam, however, darted away from his side, and advanced to Publius, the tears falling fast from her

"Go!" she said. "This is a part of our cross. We shall meet in Heaven."

Sobs choked her utterance, and extending her hand, which her lover seized and kissed, she turned back toward her parent. Publius held that fair palm as long as it was possible; then dropped it mournfully, exclaiming-

affected. "But some happy days yet remain to us,, for the religion I hold, and the hope of that re-union in a better world, I know not how I could survive this hour."

> The whole of this latter scene had passed so quickly that the angry parent had not been able to interrupt it: but he now seized Miriam's arm and drew her away. Publius watched the receding forms until they were lost in the shrubbery: then, with a groan of anguish, he turned in an opposite direction.

> Publius was a soldier of rank in the army of Rome, and connected by ties of relationship with the imperial family. Of a noble and generous heart, his indignation was frequently excited by the oppression of the proconsul, and on a late occasion he had, by his intercession, saved the life of Miriam's father, when arrested on suspicion of conspiring against the state. The grateful Jew had invited the young Roman home with him, and, anxious to learn more of the social life of Judea, than he had yet seen, Publius accepted the offered hospitality. The charms of Miriam, the only daughter of the old chief, soon made an impression on the visitor. Together he and the fair girl discoursed on literature, or played on the musical instruments of the country, or saw the chief and his retainers engage in the perilous hunt of the lion in the deserts beyond Jordan. It did not take long of such intercourse to create love on both sides. Publius was secretly a Christian, and anxious that Miriam should enjoy the blissful consolations which that faith imparted, he gradually led her to discuss the evidences of the new religion. The Jewish maiden became eventually a convert to his own belief. Her familiarity with the prophets of Judaism assisted in this change of sentiments, for, when her attention was once directed to it, she saw in every prediction of the Messiah, proof that the Saviour had indeed come. As yet, however, Publius forbore to speak of his love. But the near approach of his departure finally induced him to declare his sentiments in the interview, whose abrupt and fatal termination we have seen.

> We must now pass over a period of more than four years, and transfer the scene to the city of Jerusalem. In a high, fortified building, from a window which overlooked most of the city, sat Miriam alone and weeping. She was changed terribly from the period when we last saw her. Then the bloom of health was on her cheek, and the elastic step of youth marked her movements: now she was pale and attenuated by famine, and moved with languor as if in pain. But she still wore the rich garments of a daughter of a princely house.

"Alas!" she said, while her tears fell fast, "the prediction which our blessed Saviour uttered from yonder hills, not many years ago, is about to be fulfilled. Jerusalem must fall. Already the common people are devoured by famine, and even we of higher rank scarce know where to find food. Dissensions among ourselves, added to the vast preparations of our enemies have reduced us to the brink of ruin. The Romans have taken our exterior defences, and now prepare for the grand assault. My father, left alone of all his family, for all have perished "Farewell, Miriam, farewell forever. Were it not? in this siege, still strives to animate his tribe; but it will be in vain, and he too must soon fall. Oh! Publius," she continued, clasping her hands, and looking as if she expected his spirit to hear her, "if thou hadst lived, he might have been saved; but now that is impossible: one who has been so conspicuous in the defence of this fated city, will be among the first sacrificed to the conqueror's vengeance. But thou art dead: the waves of the Mediterranean enclose thy form; for, flying before my father's malediction, thou didst perish in a short month from our last meeting. I have borne a widowed heart since then, but soon this world's griefs will be over, and our re-union occur in a better and happier state of existence."

As she thus spoke, a tumultuous shout rose from without, and directing her eyes in that direction, Miriam saw one of those sights which marked the latter days of Jerusalem; for, as our readers must have foreseen, this was the period when the long siege undertaken by Titus approached its close. A man, haggard and with excited mien, was seen running wildly along a battlement that overlooked the Roman forces; and the shout was that of the Jews at the sight of this singular and mysterious being; for this was not the first time he had appeared.

"Woe to Jerusalem," he cried, in a shrill, unearthly voice—"woe to the Holy City. Woe! woe! woe!"

He rushed swiftly forward, as he spoke, deprecating with his hands the vengeance he seemed compelled, by some supernatural power, to invoke; and, as he approached, the crowd made way for him, right and left. He was now close beneath the window of Miriam.

"Woe! woe!" he cried. "Woe to the holy house, and to the people! Woe! woe!"

Just then Miriam beheld a vast fragment of rock, which had been projected from one of the Roman engines, whirling in mid air. For an instant it almost seemed to darken the light of day, while the whole firmament was filled with its hum. It soared, a space, on high, and then came hissing down in the direction of the tower. Miriam shrank back mechanically.

The voice of the mad prophet had for a second stopped, but it now rose again more terrible than ever.

"Woe to Jerusalem!" it cried. "Woe to the house of David! Woe to the Holy of Holies. Woe! woe! woe to myself!"

As he spoke these last words, the huge rock rushed down past the window of Miriam, and, the next instant, she heard a crash and a groan. She rushed to the casement and looked below. The prophet lay dead, crushed beneath the gigantic stone

"Oh! Father above," said Miriam, dropping on her knees, "hear thou my prayer. The time predicted has come, and the city of my people topples to its fall. In this awful crisis, spare, if it be thy will, spare my parent's life! Take thou me to Abraham's bosom, if it consorts with thy ordinances; but leave him, the last prince of his name, leave him yet to Israel."

She arose refreshed in heart. Every sign without } lation of the city uttered a groan of horror as they convinced her that the crisis was approaching. The } beheld it. High in Heaven the moon waded, blood-death of the mysterious prophet had spread dismay } red, through ominous clouds; the lightnings, on the among the Jews, which the Romans perceiving, they lower horizon, flashed wildly; and the flames of the

advanced immediately to the assault. The air was soon darkened with flights of arrows, and with huge stones thrown from the catapults. The solid hills of Jerusalem shook beneath the tramp of her defenders, who, aroused to repel the assault, came forth from every dwelling and poured down to meet the foe. With famished faces and garments still bloody from former combats, they crowded to the battlements, family gathering to family, tribe to tribe, and all to the banner of Israel, each shouting the appropriate war cry, "Glory to Judah—on, men of Zebulon—ho, tribe of Benjamin."

Fierce and terrible was the contest which ensued, and for hours Miriam gazed on it, her emotions fluctuating with the success or repulse of the Jews. Though herself a Christian, and a believer in the fulfilment of prophecy which foretold the fall of Jerusalem, her heart nevertheless was with her countrymen. Now she grew pale with fear as the Romans from their wooden towers gained a footing on the wall beneath the temple: now she breathed more freely when she beheld the Jews rally and cast the foe down from the battlements. But, as the sun declined toward the West, the assailants gradually gained on the defenders, until finally the gates were forced, and the streets filled with the triumphant Romans. From her elevated post, Miriam beheld women and children run shricking before the enemy, who, ruthlessly pursuing the fugitives, spared none. From a wall, immediately beneath her tower, a body of archers still maintained their posts, while others tore up the battlements and hurled the stones on the invaders below. At last night set in. But the fires of conflagration, kindled in different places either by accident or by design, lit up the scene with almost the radiance of day; and this in spite of a tempest whose dark clouds, hovering on the edge of the horizon, added its gloom and horror to the scene.

The temple stood right over against where Miriam watched, and, for a long time, she breathlessly regarded the conflict raging at its gates. She knew that there her sire was fighting for his land and liberty; and this heightened the intensity of her interest. Once the combat paused for a space, as if there was a parley, and she began to hope there would be a capitulation. It was when Titus, for the last time, offered terms of surrender. But the Jews scornfully repelling the proferred boon, the conflict soon began anew. The battle now raged hercer than ever. To and fro along the outer ranks the tide of war surged, but finally the defenders were overpowered, the Jegions advanced shouting, and cries of horror rose from the sons of Israel on every hand. Soon a slight thread of smoke issued from the highest point of the sacred edifice, just over where the Holy of Holies stood, and immediately afterward a tongue of flame leaped up, disappeared, and flashing forth again burned steadily. The lower courts of the temple were already on fire. It was an awful and terrible spectacle, such as the world perhaps has never seen; and the whole population of the city uttered a groan of horror as they beheld it. High in Heaven the moon waded, bloodred, through ominous clouds; the lightnings, on the sacred edifice, whirling and crackling on high, threw their lurid light on the edges of the clouds above, or danced back from the long marble colonnades of a hundred palaces. The war shouts of the legions, commingling with the agonizing cries of the Jews, who, on seeing the Holy of Holies in flames, gave up all in despair, added to the sublimity and terror of the hour. Truly it seemed as if an avenging Diety was vindicating his insulted majesty and laws!

Suddenly Miriam beheld a crowd of fugitives, who had been driven from the temple, advancing toward her, pressed hard by the victorious legions. At the head of the panic-struck multitude, endeavoring to check its mad career, she recognized her father, his grey hairs floating in the night-wind, and the blood streaming from many wounds. She had been left in her present position for security, and the wisdom of the selection had been proved by her being undisturbed through all the horrors of the day, but now she lost every thought of her own safety, and thinking only of her parent, rushed down staircase after staircase until she reached the street, and, unlocking the door of the deserted tower, passed out. The street was filled with her countrymen, despair written in every face; but all hurrying to the succor of the fugitive band with which her father fought. She was borne onward in the torrent. Soon she reached the very centre of the tumult, and heard close at hand the tramp of the advancing legions. But fruitless were all her efforts to reach her sire. In vain she strove to pierce to the front, where she caught a glimpse of him fighting: in vain she shricked his name; in vain she implored those around her to aid her in her pious wish. The battle thickened: arrows and javelins flew like hail; each man had to think of himself alone; and, at last. Miriam sank insensible.

When she recovered her consciousness the voice of tumult had passed off to the distance, and she found herself supported by some one in the shadow of a lordly colonnade. A soft, silvery light fell around. The change from the uproar and press of the strife this quiet made her think, for a moment, that she had passed from earth; and the illusion resolved itself into conviction when she beheld the face of Publius gazing tenderly down on her.

"Where am I?" she whispered, and smiled faintly. \ within "Oh! Publius, said I not we should meet in Heaven?" \ faith.

"Nay! dear one," answered the living Publius. "You yet survive on earth. Look around you and see! This sweet light is that of the moon, but afar you can behold the glare of conflagration, the tumult of the strife, and all the other horrors attending the fall of this doomed city. I, at the head of my legions, heard your voice in the crowd, and reached you just in time to save you from being trodden under foot. At once I bore you hither, leaving to my lieutenant the command of my brave soldiers."

Miriam had clung to him as he spoke, her eyes eagerly perusing every lineament of his countenance, as if to assure herself it was indeed her Publius she saw. When he concluded, she pressed his hand, and longed to ask him how he still lived, when she had believed him dead. But she thought of her sire.

"My father," she said, "do you know aught of my father?"

"Alas! he lies low. I recognized him in the fight and tried to save him; but he spurned every offer; and fell just as I heard your voice."

Miriam gave a shrick and again swooned away; and all that night lay as one between life and death. When she recovered consciousness in the morning, Jerusalem was a mass of ruins, and the temple, the work of a thousand years, no more.

A few months later, and Miriam, leaning on her husband's arm, for she was now the wife of Publius, was standing on the deck of a vessel destined to bear them to their home in Italy.

"Ah! this was the treacherous sea which I thought had engulphed you," she said; and, as she spoke, she looked up into her husband's face, with eyes overflowing with love.

"The vessel in which I sailed, a hopeless man, to return to Rome, was indeed wrecked, as I have told you," he replied. "But I clung to a spar, and, the next day, was picked up by a trireme. It is thus you heard of my loss. When, afterward, the subjugation of Jerusalem was resolved on, I solicited permission to join Titus, trusting to save you and your family by my presence."

Long and happy were the subsequent lives of Publius and Miriam. They escaped the many persecutions directed against the Christians, and died at last, within a year of each other, happy in their glorious faith.

TO ***.

LOVE'S VOW.

BY MARION M. CLARE.

By the dark splendor of thine eyes,
Now finshing, beaming wildly bright,
Now, veiling 'neath those snowy lids
In softened sadness their rich light.
By that sweet mouth, now gently arch'd
With smiles, like Cupid's golden bow,
And now compress'd, as some chance word

Wakes in thy heart a thought of woe—By every charm that Nature's hand
On thee hath lavishly bestow'd,
And, by thy pure and noble soul,
Fit tenant of its fair abode—
By these, dear lady, let me vow
To love thee foully e'er as now.

ELSIE GRAY:

OR, THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLARA MORETON.

VERY young was sweet Elsie Gray, when Philip & of the glossy leaves of the old oak, which was gath-Stewart parted from her in the oak grove which skirted the village of Southton. And Philip-wild Philip, numbered but a few more years than his companion, yet he loved her with a most devoted brotherly affection, and the gentle Elsie repaid it with a love no less deep.

t

Mr. Gray was the minister of Southton, and Elsie was his only child, a joyous creature-a perfect sunbeam, irradiating the large gloomy rooms of the old parsonage, and causing the father's heart to thrill with pleasure, and the fond mother's to tremble with delight.

Directly across the way from the parsonage, stood the large and airy mansion of Squire Stewart-the great man of the village, living upon the superfluity which his father and his father's father had accumulated for him. Beneath the shade of the fine old elms which waved their long branches in "clasping coolness" about the latticed windows of the parsonage, had Elsie and Philip frolicked for hours, and over the clover meadows, and through the dark pine groves, had they rambled day after day, never dreaming that a future was to come in which their paths should separate.

Ah! beautiful childhood! loving, trusting childhood! Most blissful period of life, which no afteryearnings can ever restore. Wherefore do we pass so hastily the pure fountains and vine-clad temples of youth, trampling upon the perfumed blossoms, as we press eagerly forward over the greenwood of life, to gather its thistles and its thorns?

Philip was an only son. Mr. Stewart was ambitious, and in this lay the history of their separation, but the heart of the youth beat strongly and bravely within him, and beneath the shade of the old oak he strove to re-assure the weeping Elsie.

"Oh, it does not take so long to go through college, Elsie-four years will soon glide away, and then you will be so proud of me, and I shall be so proud of my little wife, '00, for that you are bound to be, are you not, Elsie?" But his companion only blushed, and awkwardly twisted the ribbon of her sash, for she was not quite sure that it was right for two so young to talk about such a serious subject.

"Now don't lose that paper," continued Philip, "for on it is the exact direction which all your little notes must bear, if you want me to receive them."

"No danger of my losing it, Philip," she replied; "but much more danger of your forgetting me when you get to that beautiful city, and you will learn to he ashamed of me, perhaps, and to call our love foolish, I am afraid," and she sighed heavily.

ered in massive drapery, fold after fold, above them.

The sound of the fretting, moaning steamboat, which wound through the glen, was borne to their ears like the complainings of a troubled spirit, while afar off within the maple grove, beyond the schoolhouse, came ringing sounds of laughter from the merry children frolicking beneath the shade, and Elsie felt how lonely and desolate would these familiar sounds find her on the morrow. Twilight, with its gray banners and shrouded forms, stole over the village and its scattered forests, and Philip and Elsie retraced their steps, the one with a heart beating high with hope and ambition, the other with pulses listless and faint, for from out the future misty visions were looming upon her path, and her young heart throbbed grievously with thoughts of that evening's partiag.

The next morning, as Philip was whirled from his father's door, he caught the glance of a tearful face through the parted vines, and the wave of a snowy hand. It was his last glimpee of the child Elsie.

One morning, a few weeks after the departure of Philip, Mr. Stewart crossed the road to the parsonage. In the little porch Mrs. Gray was sitting alone, busy with her needle, and through the open window came the sweet sound of Elsie Gray's voice, as she recited her morning lessons to her father.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gray; this is very fine weather we are having now," he said, as he leaned over the little gate at the end of the graveled walk.

"Very," she answered, gathering her work from off the seat into her lap; "will you not sit down, squire, I will call Mr. Gray directly."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he said, as he drew nearer, "I only came over to speak to you a-about the children-Philly and Elly, you know. They've always been so brother and sister-like, he a-coming over here so much to recite his Latin and Greek, we can't wonder that they think a deal of each other; but I'm most afraid that this writin of letters backards and forrards, won't be just the thing for Philip's studies, and they're so young, I thought mebbe we'd better put a stop to it."

"Well, it's just as you say, squire-if you think it will take Philip's mind from his studies, of course they'd better stop, by all means."

"Yes, yes, that's my opinion, and I'm glad to find you think as I do," answered the squire, eagerly. "I'll just write a word to Phil—he always was a good boy to mind, although he was a leetle wild, and you can tell Elly what we think about it."

When Squire Stewart left, Mrs. Gray communicated to Elsie his wishes. A quick, fluttering sigh Long and earnestly they talked in the thick shade escaped from her bosom as she answered, "very

Digitized by Google

well, mother—I would'nt for worlds divert Philip's mind from his studies," but dutiful as she was, she could not overcome the growing dislike which from that morning she felt for Squire Stewart.

Vacation came, and with it a little note for Elsie. She cried with disappointment as she read it. Week after week had she counted the days—the very hours—and now to find that five more months must be numbered before they could meet, was too much to bear patiently.

Poor Elsie! no wonder that she sobbed so grievously No wonder that she thought him strangely changed to prefer travelling with his father to wandering with her through their favorite wood paths.

But spring flitted onward, and summer came and departed, and beautiful autumn rested upon her forsaken couch. Then beneath the shadows of the same old oak, Philip and Elsie again sat, but how much of change had that one little year wrought. Elsie, delicate form was like the lily bud with snowy petals, just expanding. The auburn hair, which before had hung unconfined in wavy curls, was now of a glossier and a darker hue, and was banded plainly over the forehead, and twisted simply around her small but beautifully shaped head. And Philip, he was changed. A deeper, steadier light burned in the clear depths of his dark eyes, and his proud lips curved with a haughty smile as he recounted the incidents of his year of trial to his listening companion.

"Thank heaven, I am a Freshman no longer," he said, and Elsie thought to herself what a fine thing it must be to be a Sophomore, as Philip had pictured a Sophomore's life so glowingly.

Ah! those happy four weeks, how soon they were numbered with the past, and again Elsie sat lonely and sad over her studies in her father's library, and Philip returned full of hope and happiness, for now he was, indeed, a Sophomore.

When April came, Elsie's heart was too full of anxiety to grieve that Philip has gone to a Southern city to pass his vacation with a classmate.

Anxiety for the life of a father whom she had well nigh worshipped from her infancy, and whose gray hairs were dearer to her than the untold wealth of princes. But when had love the power to save its cherished objects from the grave? Alas! never—and so Elsie stood beside her dying father's couch, and poor Mrs. Gray knelt praying wildly amidst her stifled sobs.

One moment of intense stillness followed by a quick, gasping moan—a low, trembling voice, saying, "God bless you, and be with you, my darlings," and the spirit of the devoted husband, the loving father and the faithful pastor escaped from its fetters of clay.

Ah! there was deep and bitter mourning within those walls that night; but the morning sun shone upon two tranquil and placid brows, for the struggling spirits had been subdued with the first wild gush of grief, and humbly and fervently had they repeated the words of the Saviour, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Days passed, and slowly from the old church tower { dress. rang out the funeral knell. They bore his coffin re- "It d verently and carefully up the broad aisle, where { ought to Sabbath after Sabbath, for well nigh a quarter of a mother.

century, he had passed in the strength of his manhood. They rested it beside the altar, where one short month before he had broken the bread, and consecrated the wine of the communion, and as the villagers pressed around, many a choking sob and moan of sorrow echoed through the aisles. One by one they passed to their seats, and Mrs. Gray and Elsie stood beside, to take their last look. The face of the widow was mournfully sweet, as she bent fondly over the clay, and pressed her parting kiss upon the marble lips of the departed; but Elsie's was as pallid as the form before her, and her compressed lips and glazed eyes told-oh! how plainly-that her crushed spirit was writhing and struggling within her. The voice of prayer went up in faltering tones from their midst, and then again they passed from the church, and wound slowly along the little path that led to the burial-ground. The coffin was lowered in the newmade grave, and old Deacon Waiters came forward with tearful eyes, and the widow and the orphan resting upon his arms, stepped to the brink, and glanced downward. Large scalding tears chased each other down the widow's face as she turned away, and a half-stifled groan escaped from her swelling bosom. Elsie was motionless, and almost rigid, and the good deacon was obliged to draw her gently from the spot: but when the earth fell rattlingly upon the lid, she sprang wildly forward-a gasping cryterrible shriek, "My father! oh, my father!" and she fell heavily upon the pile of earth.

Long, very long to the anxious mother did poor Elsie remain in this death-like state, and when her eyes opened languidly and alowly, they rested upon the vines which were twined across her chamber window.

"Oh! I am at home," she said: "I had such a horrible dream, dear mother—oh! I am so glad I am with you again," and exhausted with the effort of speaking, she closed her eyes and fell into a gentle sleep, while her mother bent over her, watching every breath auxiously, and murmuring from time to time, in a low voice, a fervent prayer.

It was the middle of June-the month of rosesand softly through the latticed windows of the parsonage stole the sweet breath of the pure jessamine. the clustering seringo, and the wreathing honeysuckle. Elsie was busily employed in fitting a bornbazine to her mother's wasting form, for now they had poverty as well as affliction to battle with. The small salary of four hundred dollars, which Mr. Gray had received, had ceased the very moment of his death, and even the last quarterly payment of this had not been made. As economically as they had always lived, Mr. Gray had found it impossible to to lay aside any of his salary at the end of the year, for he had entertained all the ministers, missionaries and lecturers, whose business had led them through the village.

"See, mother, how nicely—how beautifully it fits," said Elsie, as she fastened the last hook of the sombre dress.

"It does, indeed, my dear, and how thankful we ought to be that you are able to do it," replied her mother.

"I am thankful, dearest mother, very-very thankful; and now I will tell you what I have been thinking about. I am fond of this kind of work, you know, and I think I could so easily earn a support in this way, and yet be always with you; for you know if I was to teach school, we should be separated so much. Don't you think it is a good plan, mother?" said Elsie, anxiously, as she saw her mother bend her head upon her hands. For a moment Mrs. Gray did not answer. Should her daughter-her young, fragile and beautiful daughter, bend day after day over the toilsome needle? Should she bow her fair young head hour after hour over the tedious work, to obtain the scanty pittance with which the seamstress was rewarded? her daughter, whom she had sheltered from the cold and guarded from the heat-whom she had nurtured as delicately as the rarest exotic of the greenhouse—should she toil—and toil—and toil for bread? There was misery in the thought, and raising her hollow eyes, she said, "no, Elsie, no, darling-not yet, not yet. I will see our good Deacon Walters. Your father's parishioners will not surely let his widow and his orphan want for bread."

"But, mother, I am young, you know, and I must do something for a living, and I would so much rather be here with you, and take in the sewing, than to teach school and board around from house to house, as the teachers have to."

· "Well, Elsie, I will think about it; you are no doubt right, but it will be hard, very hard, my daughter."

That evening Mrs. Gray slipped from the house, and went down to the dwelling of Deacon Walters. She was closeted but a little while with him, and when she parted from him, he said—

"I will do all I can for you, Mrs. Merwin, but my influence has not been much since the young minister came. Farewell—God be with you," and he grasped her hand warmly.

A week from that evening Deacon Walters called upon Mrs. Gray, at the parsonage.

"We held a meeting at the vestry, last night," he said, "but the—ahem! the parishioners said that—that the young minister has a growing family, and that they—they have to increase his salary, and that the church is in debt, and they—they say they are not able to do anything for you; but I've got the promise of the last quarter's payment, and a small sum which we took up by subscription," and Deacon Walters laid twenty-five dollars on the table, without saying that twenty was from his own purse, and the rest made up by sixpences and ninepences from the generous congregation.

Good old man—how his heart bled for the delicate wife and fragile daughter of his last minister! how it throbbed with holy indignation for the wrongs which they endured so patiently! Would that their case was an isolated one; but no, scores of delicately reared wives and daughters of ministers are turned out upon the world to seek their sustenance as they may, unaided by those who listened year after year to the preaching of the world of life from the unwearied lips of the husband and father. Shame! shame! a bitter and burning shame to the inhabitants of the

towns and villages who sanction such unchristian, such inhuman conduct. With what agonizing lamentations will they cry in the last day, saying, "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered or athirst, and did not minister unto thee?" and how full of truth will be the answer, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me!"

Elsie commenced enthusiastically her labors, and through the long hot days she flagged not, for her young heart sustained her with the thought that she was earning the bread for her dear mother and for herself, and she was again happy in being useful. Sometimes a blush would flit across her face, as she thought how rapidly the weeks were passing, and how soon Philip-dear Philip, would be with her again, and then she would sigh, for she could not help wondering why he had not written to her in her bereavement, and fancying how surprised he would be to see her so much changed, for Elsie had indeed changed—changed from the pure and snowy bud to the wonderously lovely and almost queenly lily. Her girlish form was fast perfecting in the full and faultless contour of the woman, and her dark mourning fitting so tightly her graceful form, was singularly becoming. Thus a month flitted by, and at her little writing-desk Elsie was counting the earnings of those four busy weeks.

Over and over again she counted—was it possible that she had carned scarce two dollars. Try hard as she could, and she did, indeed, try very hard, she could not make it more, and with a long, sad sigh, she went to her mother's room, and laid the little pile of silver on the bureau.

"It is very little, mother, is it not?" she said, "very little, after sewing so long and so steadily—we shall never be able to live, I am afraid," she sighed.

Poor child! had she been able to die, it would have been better, far better for her, as far as mortal eye could then see, for it would have saved her young heart from many a pang, but the tried gold comes forth pure and unalloyed from the furnace, and through the chastenings and afflictions of earth, the spirit is prepared for its Heavenly home.

That night she went to carry home a little bundle of work, and she strove to walk cheerfully over the grass-grown path, although her spirit was heavy within her. She reached the house, and after receiving the pay she turned to leave, but a name arrested her attention, and she paused long enough in the door-way to hear the speaker add-"and his father's a-going to New Haven first, and then Mr. Phil joins him, and they go from there to Niagara, and then across the lakes." Elsie had heard enough enough to send the tears rolling thick and fast down her feverishly glowing cheeks, and she turned from the road-side into the wood-path which led down beside the old school-house, and through the glen to the massive oak which had witnessed their first parting. There, upon the moss, she threw herself, crushing the king-cups and the daises, and the long fern leaves which were growing in that wild place side by side, and she wept bitterly over her repeated disappointments, and murmured at the destiny which seemed mocking her brightest hopes.

Meanwhile the rich Squire Stewart had crossed the road to the parsonage, and was now in close conversation with the widow.

"Yes," he said, "she seems to be mighty handy with the needle, but it's such poor pay that women get here in the country. Now, if you could only manage to get to New York or Boston, I havn't any doubt but you could make a nice, comfortable living."

"Oh, how could we live away from Southton— Elsie and me? It would most break our hearts to think of it. No, I had ten thousand times rather struggle along here, in sight of my husband's grave, than to live more comfortably in the busy, noisy city."

"But you ought to think of Elsie," commenced the squire; "she gets such poor pay, you could not live on that any way, and you say yourself you are a getting in debt. Now, I offer you more than the house is worth, and you might invest it in some snug way, and it would yield enough to pay for the rooms you would have to rent, and then Elsie would get so much more for her sewing, you would live nicely. Now, Widow Gray, you'd better think of it."

"I will," sighed the widow, heavily, as he left the house.

There was a very sinister smile in the eyes of Squire Stewart, as he crossed back to his elegant house. Did he congratulate himself upon making a bargain if he should succeed in getting the parsonage at the price he had named? No, it was not that, for he had in reality offered more than it was worth. What caused that strange smile? Was it at the thought of removing Elsie from the neighborhood of his son, that he might better carry out his plans in uniting the broad lands of the Ashleys' to his own, by wedding his son with the sole heiress—the proud Emeline? Why need he to have feared—had not month rolled away after month, and Philip showed no sign of remembrance of the one he used to love so well?

Ah! so thought the mournful, sorrowing Elsie; but Squire Stewart well knew how many—how very many letters he had burned which bore her name upon the envelope. Beware, man of the world! beware of thy own machinations, for many and many an one have so entangled the webs which they were weaving, that the very threads which they bave sought to part, they have joined together.

When Elsie came home that evening, her eyes swollen with weeping, and her dress dripping with the night dew, which she had swept from the long grass in the forest, her mother told her of Squire Stewart's proposal, of her own reluctance in accepting it, her dread of leaving the little village, and then waited for an answer.

Elsie's voice was husky as she replied, "there is but one spot in the whole village which I should dread to leave—but one spot, and that is my father's grave. We have no memory of kindness to chain us here, mother, and sooner or later we shall have to go; then let it be now, while we are both well and strong, before we have to beg for bread, or at best sicken and die within the walls of the poor-house." Mrs. Gray looked with astonishment upon the gleaming eyes of the energetic young being before her, and marveled that Elsie could be thus changed.

Another month, and in a neat but small-very small frame tenement in the outskirts of New Haven, the mother and daughter were domesticated. A graceful elm flung its cool shade over the doorway, and a few scattered vines and shrubs adorned the small yard. The little swinging sign suspended by the door, bore the words "Mantua-making and Plain Sewing;" but a week had passed, and no work or encouragement had they received. Beside the little open window they sat, recalling the days so different when they depended upon the one now slumbering in the grave for support as well as for happiness. Dark stormclouds were gathering over the blue sky, and the red lightning quivered and flashed through the wreathing mist-but afar in the past had their memory wandered, and they heeded it not, until suddenly a terrific peal of thunder seemed to shake the cottage to its foundations. This was followed by a scream of alarm from the roadside, and Elsie hastened to the gate in time to open it for two young girls, just as the thick rain poured down in torrents. Sheltered beneath the roof of the little dwelling, the girls soon forgot their fears, and talked merrily to each other of their mama's anxiety, and wondered if she would send the carriage for them. Mrs. Gray gathered from their conversation that they were rich, and after the shower had passed over, and they began to talk of hastening homeward, she told them that they were strangers, and that they sought employment, and showed them some of the needle-work which Elsie had done, the elegantly stitched bands, and the neatly-hemnied ruf fles; and the girls promised to tell mama, and left The next morning a showy equipage stopped in front of the little cottage, and a splendidly dressed woman beckoned to Elsie to come to the carriage.

"So you are in want of plain sewing, are you, Miss—Miss—what shall I call you?"

"Elsie Gray, if you please."

"And you sew neatly, Miss Gray, my daughter tells me—what are your prices?"

"I have received ninepence," replied Elsie, "for making shirts, and twenty-five cents for cutting and making dresses; but we found we could not live upon that, and I came here in hopes of getting more."

"Ninepence for shirts!" exclaimed the lady, in astonishment; "live upon that? good gracious, I should think not. Here, John," she said, calling to the footman, "take this piece of linen, and these bundles out into the cottage," then looking back to Elsie, she added, "I will give you seventy-five cents for every shirt you make after the pattern which you will fird in one of the bundles."

"Oh, it is too much—too much," said Elsie, breath-less with pleasure.

"Not any too much, child," replied the lady, "for I am in a great hurry for them; when do you think you can let me have half a dozen?"

"Well, with mother's help, I think I might say the last of next week."

"Very well, I will call for them myself," and the magnanimous lady rode from the cottage, saying to her companion, "there is a clear gain of seventy-five cents upon-every shirt, for I have been paying a

dollar and a half for their making." The lady smiled and bowed, but made no answer-the expression of her countenance was, "you have made a very good bargain with an unknown seamstress, and I have a nice bit of scandal to retail about you." One would scarcely think a countenance could express so much, and yet Mrs. Pitwell's did, I can assure you, as she bowed to Mrs. Hamilton's remark. "Was there ever anything so fortunate," Mrs. Hamilton continued; "I mean to keep her entirely to myself, as I have discovered her."

Again Mrs. Pitwell bowed, and this time her face expressed "not altogether to yourself, I fancy." In accordance with this last resolution, Mrs. Pitwell communicated to some half dozen of her acquaintances, in less than a week, that morning's incident, but Mrs. Hamilton was one of the upper ten, and all were too much afraid of offending her to interfere with her new-found seamstress. At length the rumor reached the ears of one who feared nothing so much as sin, and receiving the direction from Mrs. Pitwell's lips, Mrs. Devering went in search of her.

Meanwhile, day after day—evening after evening by the light of the dim candle, poor Elsie stitched and stitched the fine linen-drew the threads of the tiny plaits, and sewed and sewed until her blue veined brow seemed almost bursting. Hour after hour she bent above her work, and still without murmuring, although she had never dreamed that the fine linen would prove so much more tedious than the coarse muslin to which she had been accustomed. shirts were finished. In a little more than a week, she had earned, with the help of her mother, four dollars and a half. Happy Elsie-happy in earning by unwearied exertions the paltry sum which :housands hourly squander—happier far than any amidst those thousands.

It was now the last of August, and Elsie, after laying aside her work, walked into the secluded grave-yard within sight of their dwelling. A thousand memories stole through her heart as she wandered along beside the grass green graves. She paused near a tablet of stone, and leaning over the iron railing, she read upon it that it was erected to a faithful pastor by his affectionate congregation. Before her rose the mound of emerald turf where her father slept—no stone to mark the place, and dropping upon her knees, she sobbed wildly and passionatelv.

Time and place were forgotten, all save the memory of her great loss, and she started in surprise when she felt the delicate pressure of a hand upon her shoulder. She looked up through her tears into eyes beautifully mild, but mournful. A bonnet of crape shaded the serene brow, and the long widow's veil drooped from the crown.

"Why do you mourn so bitterly child?" said a voice earnest, but tenderly low.

Elsie's heart was touched by the kind questioning, and she told the inquirer how early she had learned a most grievous sorrow, in tones so pathetic that more than one tear forced its way through Mrs. Devering's lids. She followed Elsie to their neat cottage, and there she told Mrs. Gray that hearing of them and stopped in front of the cottage. Mrs. Hamilton

through a lady of their acquaintance she had come in search of them, and stopped on her way in the grave-yard, where she had found Elsie. She interested herself very much in their plans, and forbade Elsie to make any more shirts for the price which Mrs. Hamilton had offered.

"You shall have as many as you can do at a dollar and a half," she added, "and I will bring Laura around, and if you fit her well you shall have this plain sewing, for mantua-making is far less tedious."

Elsie's eyes gleamed with pleasure, and she could scarcely refrain from clasping her arms around the neck of her new-found friend, who had mingled so much sympathy with her proffered kindness.

The next day Laura Devering came with her mother, and, despite the trembling of Elsie's hands, the dress fitted admirably. And so dress followed dress, and customer customer, until Elsie was obliged to employ several young girls to assist her, and all owing, as she said, to "dear, delightful Mrs. Devering." Mrs. Devering was indeed a real angel of goodness--never had a fairy a better mode of making a mortal happy. Wherever she went prayers and blessings followed her, and even the dust of the avenue where her summer residence was situated, was almost sacred to Elsie Gray's enthusiastic temperament. Well might she, and well might many another say, "dear, delighted Mrs. Devering," for the riches with which she was blest were dispensed with a bountiful hand to the deserving.

Years flew by, and in all this time had not Paihp and Elsie once met? Before she left her home she had felt neglected, and she was too proud to seek him when he had apparently avoided her, and so all this weary while had passed, and only once had Elsie gazed upon his face, and then when he bore proudly the honors of his class. Little did he dream that amidst that sea of upturned faces was that of the drooping lily bud, whose form he still yearned to clasp to his bosom. Oh, how eagerly did she drink in every undulation of that deep-toned voice-how it thrilled the pulses of her heart, and made the blood leap madly from vein to vein. But even this was now amidst the memories of by-gone days, and she pressed through her toilsome path, cheered by the approving smiles of her faithful friend, and the devoted fondness of her precious mother.

It was now five years since they had left their village home, and not once had Elsie heard from Philip since that commencement morn

Her face was a little, a very little thinner, but the outlines of her form was still as faultless as those of some beautiful piece of statuary. She still wore the simple mourning dress, and still fresh in her heart lingered the memory of her departed father.

One day Elsie was vainly striving to finish her work. She sat by the open window. Her two pet birds hung in a cage overhead, and now and then she looked up at them; they seemed so happy she almost envied them. Then she would glance at a cluster of flowers growing in a pot, the only relic beside her father's chair and table, of their once happy home. Her head throbbed heavily. A carriage whirled along

descended the steps and hastened into the work-room, followed by her eldest daughter.

"Miss Gray, I am in a terrible hurry. Helen has to have this dress made by to-morrow evening," and she tossed a bundle of blue tissue on the table. "It is to be made low neck, short sleeves, and three folds, bound with blue silk on the skirt."

"Impossible, Mrs. Hamilton, I could not even make a plain dress I am so much hurried, and besides I am feeling quite ill, and I am afraid I shall have to disappoint some whom I have already promised, which you know is always a very great trial to me."

"But you must do it-you had better disappoint others than to disappoint me, for you know I was the first person who employed you. She must have it, and I'll take no denial."

"But I can't, indeed-indeed I can't. I would do it with pleasure for you if I could, but I am too unwell to take any more work."

"I shall leave it, Miss Gray. I shall insist upon its being done. If you are well enough to sit up, you are able to cut one dress I am sure, and you have Miss Helen's pattern, so it will not be much trouble after all. Come, Helen, we must go."

"It is impossible-utterly impossible for me to do it," said Elsie, gazing up into Mrs. Hamilton's face with so wan and wearied a look that it would have melted any heart less selfish and worldly than Mrs. Hamilton's.

"This comes of patronizing young girls and giving them floods of work, and then see how quickly they turn upon their benefactors and glory in disappointing them. I tell you, Miss Gray, if you do not make that dress it is the last piece of work I will ever give you; and I tell you too that I will publish you all over the city as the most ungrateful creature in the world, and then we'll see how you'll make your living."

So saying, Mrs. Hamilton swept from the room, followed by her promising daughter, who said, "you did not say half enough, mother. I declare I never saw such impudence. I wonder what these sewing people will come too. Its a pretty pass now if they've got so independent that they can afford to refuse their customers' work."

And why were they in such a hurry for Helen's blue tissue? Had she no other dress? Dress after dress was piled over each other in her wardrobes and closets, but blue was very becoming to Helen's wax doll beauty, and she had not a single blue dress that had not been worn once or more.

They had that morning ascertained that an old acquaintance just returned from his European tour, was to be at a musical party which Mrs. Pitwell was to give, and as he was young, accomplished, and more than all wealthy, Mrs. Hamilton was anxious that Helen should make an impression; so the dress must be had even if Elsie Gray, the dress-maker, sat up till midnight over it. And Elsie did sit up, not only till midnight, but until the struggling morning light trembled through the vines. Then for one short-one troubled hour she pressed her head, her aching, throbbing head upon the pillow, striving in vain to woo the sleep that would not come.

She arose and went to her work again. The girls (

sewed diligently with her, and the dress was finished. With a long sigh she left her work table, and re arranging her hair, she put on her simple cottage hat and silk mantilla, and kissing her mother affectionately, went out to take her accustomed evening walk.

Trembling and wearied she at length reached Mrs. Devering's cottage.

"My child! my child! how changed you are," said Mrs. Devering, as she met her in the doorway, "how very miserably you look; your eyes are hollow, and the lids almost black; and your cheeks are so pallid; and your lips so pale and dry-why what is the matter? You shall not work any more—you shall come and live with me, and rest until the warm weather is over," and Mrs. Devering drew her into the wide and matted hall, and seated her upon a Persian lounge, at the same time requesting a servant to bring some wine and cake. Elsie revived after drinking a glass of wine, and told Mrs. Devering of her night's work.

"It was only that, I shall soon be better, but it is so hard to work all day and all night too," she added.

"Shameful! shameful!" exclaimed Mrs. Devering, forgetting her usual prudence.

Mrs. Devering left her youngest daughter with Elsie, while Laura and herself went to their rooms to prepare themselves for the musical soirce.

"You know mamma will set you down as she goes along, so you won't have to walk home," said Emma, "but wouldn't it be grand if we were going to the party, and could see that elegant young man that Helen Hamilton talks so much about. I do indeed believe that Laura thinks a great deal about him, although mamma says it is very naughty for me to say so, but I heard Laura telling Bell Townsend that Helen Hamilton was in love with him before he went to Europe, and that she was certain he did not care a fig for her, and how could she be certain of that if she didn't think he thought some of her?"

"Your reasoning is not very logical," smiled Elsie. with such a sweet, sad smile, that it entirely transfixed a young man coming up the gravel-walk which wound through the lawn. He was dressed in deep mourning, and his eyes were sad in their expression, but large and brilliantly beautiful. His features were faultless, and his figure was singularly commanding.

There was something about that smile of Elsie Gray's which made his heart stand still, but as it passed away from her face leaving that wan, wearied expression, he shook his head mournfully, and continued until he reached the verandah. His steps fell upon Elsie's ear, and looking up she saw the stranger. No! no stranger to Elsie Gray's heart, for with a wild cry of joy she sprang forward, and then sank back senseless upon the lounge. As that cry ran through the house, Mrs. Devering hastened downward, and found Philip Stewart calling upon Elsie by every endearing word he could think of to awaken her from her deathly slumber.

"Have I not suffered enough, but that she must die now-die in my arms, my bird! my treasure! my poor, wan, wasted darling! awake for me, Elsie-for my love! Oh, bring me air-bring me water-for Heaven's sake, Mrs. Devering, don't let my Elsie

die," and thus incoherently he called upon her while she lay so pallid, so motionless, that they all trembled fearing the spirit had departed.

Helen Hamilton's blue tissue was made in vain. The courted and admired Philip Stewart was absent from the party, and none could conjecture the unaccountable cause. A week afterward a merry company went up to Southton, and Mrs. Devering was almost as happy as Mrs. Gray and Elsie, and the devoted, self-plighted of her childhood. There they learned of the deceit which Mr. Stewart had practised, leading Philip to suppose that Elsie and her mother had gone to England; and then after his father's death how he had sought her in vain in a far land, and found no clue-how heart sick he had returned and whiled away the days as best he might. until the eventful evening at Mrs. Devering's. Then from the lips of Mrs. Devering and Mrs. Gray, Philip learned of all the untiring devotedness and self-sacrificing love which Elsie had borne her mother-of all the weary days of toil which she had endured, and, clasping her close to his heart, he blessed God ?

for his angel treasure. Another month, and in the old church, endeared to her by very many associations, Elsie Gray stood in solemn happiness before the altar, and gave herself with all the trustfulness of innocence and truth, to the one who by years of unswerving constancy had proved himself worthy to protect and cherish her with his love.

The parsonage was inhabited, for Mrs. Gray clung to it now that she could again call it hers, and cheered by the almost constant society of Philip and Elsie, her days passed peacefully and happily. Frequent were the visits which they received from their true friend, Mrs. Devering, and when they returned them, there were none but felt proud of entertaining the stylish Mr. Stewart and his beautiful and graceful wife; for even Helen Hamilton had long since ceased to wonder what would become of those sewing people.

In the grave-yard at Southton, a pure monument of statuary marble marks the spot where Elsie's father sleeps, and one not less costly, erected by the same hands, commemorates the virtues of good Deacon Walters.

THE APPEAL.

BY S. D. ANDERSON

What is the crime, my mother, thus to cast
One who so worships thee from out thy heart?
What have I done amid the time that's past,
To make thy love and memory all depart?
To make the world a sunless scene to me—
When every thought and dream of life must be
As dark as waves upon a midnight sea?

Have I not loved thee?—ask this throbbing breast,
Where every pulse is but a beat of thine,
That homeward flies like young birds to the nest,
To find a shelter in that hallowed shrine;
Ask this poor heart, and it will show thee deep
Within its core the place that thou dost keep
As pure as infants in their cradled sleep,

Have I not loved thee?—life has been to me Of Hope and Love, one long and sanny dream, In which I saw bright images of thee

As flowers reflected in a Summer stream; Hopes that have brighten'd with their fairy rays All thoughts and wishes of those happy days, In which I lived but on thy whisper'd praise.

Yes, I have loved thee—but a stranger now
Has won my place forever by thy side
I mark her kiss upon thy thoughtful brow,
And tremble as I read that look of pride
Yith which thou hail'st my rival in thy heart.
I see the gushing tear-drops as they stort,
Which speak to me how deeply dear thou art.

But can she love thee, mother, as I do,
Who lisped my prayers beside thy bended knee—
Drank in thy words as flowers drink the dew,
And gave them back in insence unto thee—
Raised no fond altar, but thy image came,
The guardian spirit 'mid the smoke and flame,
To grave upon my heart that one loved name?

Oh can she treasure as my heart has done
Old scenes and memories linked with other years?
Long, long ago, before our homestead sun
Had been cellinged amid a night of tears—

Had been eclipsed amid a night of tears— Tears that have fell like drops of Winter rais— Chill, drear and dark upon this aching brain That ne'er can feel Love's sunlight smile again?

Her looks cannot bring back our early home,
The tiny brook that sang beside the door,
Her voice may warble, but no dreams will come
Of infancy upon that cottage floor;
No sister's song is heard—no brother's shout
Upon the perfumed air riags wildly out
In the full gladness of his childish rout.

Can she call up the church-yard far away,
Where sleeps the lost one from our family band
And lily's droop above that pulseless clay,

The last sad tokens of a mother's hand; The wild birds sing above that sunny spot, And passing sunbeams shadow forth her lot, Mother, dear mother, is it all forgot?

Is all forgot?—or do I only dream—
Am I still shrined within a mother's heart.*
Is my poor image clasped within that stream
As purely as it was in childhood's start?
Is no fond flower uprooted by the blast
That Autumn winds have rudely round us cast?
But does my memory all the storms outlast?

See, see those tears, my mother, they may tell
What means the dimness of my faded eye;
What tides the waves of anguish to them swell,
'Till they o'erleap their banks when none is nigh;
Home to thy heart, my mother, let me fly—
Read one dear look of Love within thine eye—
Then come the worse, within thins arms I'll die.]

IS 1. ECONOMY?

BY T. S. ARTTUR.

We had been married five years, and during the time had boarded for economy's sake. But the addition of one after another to our family, admonished us that it was getting time to enlarge our borders; and so we were determined to go to housekeeping. In matters of domestic economy, both my wife and myself were a little green; but I think I was greenest of the two.

To get a house was our first concern, and to select furniture our next. The house was found after two months' diligent search, and at the expense of a good deal of precious shoe leather. Save me from another siege at house-hunting! I would about as soon undertake to build a suitable dwelling with my own hands as to find one "exactly the thing" already up, and waiting with open doors for a tenant. All the really desirable houses that we found ticketed "to let," were at least two prices above our limit, and most of those within our means we would hardly have lived in rent free.

At last, however, we found a cosy little nest of a house, just built, and clean and neat as a new pin, from top to bottom. It suited us to a T. And now came the next most important business—selecting furniture. My wife's ideas had always been a little in advance of mine. That is, she liked to have every thing of the best quality; and had the weakness, so to speak, of desiring to make an appearance. As my income, at the time, was but moderate, and the prospect of an increase thereof not very flattering, I felt like being exceedingly prudent in all outlays for furniture.

"We must be content with things few and plain," said I, as we sat down one morning to figure up what we must get.

"But let them be good," said my wife.

"Strong and substantial," was my reply. "But we can't afford to pay for a great deal of extra polish and fillagree work."

"I don't want anything very extra, Mr. Jones," returned my wife, a little uneasily. "Though what I do have, I would like good. It's no economy, in the end, to buy cheap things."

The emphasis on the word cheap, rather grated on my ear; for I was in favor of getting everything as cheap as possible.

"What kind of chairs did you think of getting?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"A handsome set of cane-seat," I replied, thinking that in this, at least, I would be even with her ideas on the subject of parlor chairs.

But her face did not brighten.

"What kind would you like?" said I.

"I believe it would be more economical in the end to get good stuffed seat, mahogany chairs," replied Mrs. Jones.

"At five dollars a-piece, Ellen!"

"Yes. Even at five dollars a-piece. They would last us our life-time; while cane-seat chairs, if we get them, will have to be renewed two or three times, and cost a great deal more in the end, without being half so comfortable, or looking half so well."

"Sixty dollars for a dozen chairs, when very good ones can be had for twenty-four dollars! Indeed, Ellen, we musn't think of such a thing We can't afford it. Remember, there are a great many other things to buy."

"I know, dear; but I am sure it will be much more economical in the end for us to diminish the number of articles, and add to the quality of what we do have. I am very much like the poor woman who preferred a cup of clear, strong, fragrant coffee three times a week, to a decoction of burnt rye every day. What I have, I do like good."

"And so do I, Ellen. But, as I said before, there will be, diminish as we may, a great many things to buy, and we must make the cost of each as small as possible. We must not think of such extravagances as mahogany chairs now. At some other time we may get them."

My wife here gave up this point, and, what a thought a little remarkable, made no more points on the subject of furniture. I had everything my own way, I bought cheap to my heart's content. It was only necessary for me to express my approval of an article, for her to assent to its purchase.

As to patronizing your fashionable cabinet-makers and high-priced upholsterers, we were not guilty of the folly, but bought at reasonable rates from auction stores and at public sales. Our parlor carpets co. but ninety cents a yard, and were handsomer than those for which a lady of our acquaintance paid a dollar thirty-eight. Our chairs were of a neat, fancy pattern, and had cost thirty dollars a dozen. We had hesitated for some time between a set at twenty-four dollars and these; but the style being so much more attractive, we let our taste govern in the selection. The price of our sofa was eighteen dollars, and I thought it a really genteel affair, though my wife was not in raptures about it. A pair of card tables for fifteen dollars, and a marble-top centre-table for fourteen, gave our parlors quite a handsome appearance.

"I wouldn't ask anything more comfortable or genteel than this," said I, when the parlors were all "fixed" right.

Mrs. Jones looked pleased with the appearance of things, but did not express herself extravagantly.

In selecting our chamber furniture, a handsome dressing-bureau and French bedstead that my wife went to look at in the wareroom of a high-priced cabinet-maker, tempted her strongly, and it was with some difficulty that I could get her ideas back to a regular maple four-poster, a plain, ten dollar bureau, and a two dollar dressing-glass. Twenty and thirty

dollar mattresses, too, were in her mind, but when articles of the kind, just as good to wear, could be had at eight and ten dollars, where was the use of wasting money in going higher.

The ratio of cost set down against the aforegoing articles, was maintained from garret to kitchen; and I was agreeably disappointed to find, after the last bill for purchases made, that I was within the limit of expenditure I had proposed to make by over a hundred dollars.

The change from a boarding-house to a comfortable home was, indeed, pleasant. We could never get done talking about it. Everything was so quiet, so new, so clean, and so orderly.

"This is living," would drop from our lips a dozen times a week

One day, about three months after we had commenced housekeeping, I came home, and on entering the parlor, the first thing that met my eye was a large spot of white on the new sofa. A piece of the veneering had been knocked off, completely diafiguring it.

"What did that?" I asked of my wife.

"In setting back a chair that I had dusted," she replied, "one of the feet touched the sofa lightly, when off dropped that veneer like a loose flake. I've been examining the sofa since, and find that it is a very bad piece of work. Just look here."

And she drew me over to the place where my eighteen dollar sofa stood, and pointed out sundry large seams that had gaped open, loose spots in the veneering, and rickety joints. I saw now, which I had not before seen, that the whole article was of exceedingly common material and common workmanship.

"A miserable piece of furniture!" said I,

"It is, indeed," returned Mrs. Jones. "To buy an article like this, is little better than throwing money into the street."

For a month the disfigured sofa remained in the parlor, a perfect eye-sore, when another piece of the veneering sloughed off, and one of the feet became loose. It was then sent to a cabinet-makers for repair; and cost for removing and mending just five dollars.

Not long after this the bureau had to take a like journey, for it had, strangely enough, fallen into sudden dilapidation. All the locks were out of order, half the knobs were off, there was not a drawer that didn't require the most accurate balancing of forces in order to get it shut after it was once open; and it showed certain premonitory symptoms of shedding its skin, like a snake. A five dollar bill was expended in putting this into something like usable order and respectable aspect. By this time a new set of castors was needed for the maple four-poster, which was obtained at the expense of two dollars. Moreover, the head-board to said four-poster, which from its exceeding ugliness, had, from the first, been a terrible eve-sore to Mrs. Jones as well as to myself, was about this period removed, and one of more sightly appearance substituted, at the additional charge of six dollars. No tester frame had accompanied the cheap bedstead at its original purchase, and now my Vor. XV. -2

wife wished to have one, and also a light curtain above and valens below. All these, with trimmings, &c., to match, cost the round sum of ten dollars.

"It looks very neat," said Mrs. Jones, after her curtains were up.

"It does, indeed," said I.

"Still," returned Mrs. Jones, "I would much rather have had a handsome mahogany French bedstead."

"So would I," was my answer. "But you know they cost some thirty dollars, and we paid but sixteen for this."

"Sixteen!" said my wife, turning quickly toward me. "It cost more than that."

"Oh, no. I have the bill in my desk," was my confident answer.

"Sixteen was originally paid, I know," said Mrs. Jones. "But then, remember, what it has cost since. Two dollars for castors, six for a new head-board, and ten for tester and curtains. Thirty-four dollars in all; when a very handsome French bedstead, ot good workmanship, can be bought for thirty dollars."

I must own that I was taken something aback by this array of figures "that don't lie."

"And for twenty dollars, we could have bought a neat, well made dressing-bureau at Moore & Campions, that would have lasted for as many years, and always looked in credit."

"But ours, you know, only cost ten," said I.

"The bureau, such as it is, cost ten, and the glass two. Add five that we have already paid for repairs, and the four that our maple bedstead has cost above the price of a handsome French one, and we will have the sum of twenty-one dollars, enough to purchase as handsome a dressing-bureau as I would ask. So you see, Mr. Jones, that our cheap chamber furniture is not going to turn out so cheap after all. And as for looks, why no one can say there is much to brag of."

This was a new view of the case, and certainly one not very flattering to my economical vanity. I gave in, of course, and admitted that Mrs. Jones was right.

But the dilapidations and expenses for repairs to which I have just referred, were but as the "beginning of sorrows." It took about three years to show the full fruits of my error. By the end of that time, half my parlor chairs had been rendered useless in consequence of the back-breaking and seat-rending ordeals through which they had been called to pass. The sofa was unanimously condemned to the dining room, and the ninety cent carpet had gone on fading and defacing, until my wife said she was ashamed to put it even on her chambers. For repairs, our furniture had cost, up to this period, to say nothing of the perpetual annoyance of having it put out of order, and running for the cabinet-maker and upholsterer, not less than a couple of hundred dollars.

Finally, I grew desperate.

"I'll have decent, well made furniture, let it cost what it will," said I, to Mrs. Jones.

"You will find it cheapest in the end," was her quiet reply.

On the next day we went to a cabinet-maker, whose

reputation for good work stood among the highest in the city, and ordered new parlor and chamber furniture—mahogany chairs, French bedstead, dressingbureau and all, and, as soon as they came home, cleared the house of all the old cheap (dear!) trash with which we had been worried since the day we commenced housekeeping.

A good many years have passed since, and we have not paid the first five dollar bill for repairs. All the drawers run as smoothly as railroad care; knobs are tight; locks in prime order, and veneers cling as tightly to their places as if they had grown there. All is right and tight, and wears an orderly, genteel appearance; and what is best of all the cost of every

thing we have, good as it is, is far below the *real* cost of what is inferior.

"It is better-much better," said I to Mrs. Jones, the other day.

"Better!" was her reply. "Yes, indeed, a thousand times better to have good things at once. Cheap furniture is dearest in the end. Every housekeeper ought to know this in the beginning. If we had known it, see what we would have saved."

"If I had known it, you mean," said I.

My wife looked kindly, not triumphantly, into my face, and smiled. When she again spoke, it was on another subject.

BURDEN OF UNREST.

COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE BOY ASTER.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

By the Waters of Salvation, Christ's Salvation, full of pain-Christ's Salvation, in probation, I sit down in tribulation, And now write this Lamentation For the lost, the early slain! Waiting, (hoping for salvation,) For his coming back again.

I am gazing up at Heaven,
Heaven where my child doth reign—
Heaven, like the Martyr Stephen
Stoned to death, from morn till even,
Praying God to be forgiven—
There to meet my child again;
I am gazing up at Heaven
For his coming back again.

In that undefiled bright Thule,
Thule of eternal gain—
Thule where the soul sees newly
From the Isles of Inatula
To the golden bowered Beula
Where his Saviour Christ doth reign;
In that undefiled bright Thule—
Never coming back again!

All my days are spent in weeping,
Weeping for the early slain—
Weeping, patient vigils keeping
By the grave where he is sleeping,
Sorrow from Death's field still reaping—
Reaping for the early slain!
All my days are spent in weeping
For his coming back again!

All my nights are years of sorrow,
Sorrow mixed with bitter pain—
Sorrow that the grave so narrow—
(Solace none from Hope to borrow—
Pierced, alas! by Death's cold arrow—)
Should such mighty love contain!
All my nights are years of sorrow
For his coming back again!

Ah! my heart, my heart is breaking, Breaking with undying pain—Breaking, bursting for his waking From the sleep which he is taking In the grave below, partaking Of the rest I seek in vain! Ah! my heart, my heart is breaking For his coming back again!

On the earth are now no traces,
Traces of his former reign—
Traces, where the joyful faces
Of his sisters, like the graces,
Made an Eden of the places
Where they met in my domain;
On the earth are now no traces
Of his coming back again!

Now my tears are falling faster,
Faster far than stormy rain—
Faster than from one dear Master
Fell the tears for earth's disaster,
For the death of my dear Aster,
On the world's great Gethsemane!
Ah! my tears are falling faster
For his coming back again!

I shall never more see Pleasure,
Pleasure never more, but pain—
Pleasure, losing that dear treasure
Whom I loved here without measure,
Whose sweet eyes were Heaven's own azure,
Sparkling, mild, like sunny rain!
I shall never more see Pleasure
For his coming back again!

How my weary soul doth miss him,
Miss him here in bitter pain—
Miss him when I want to kiss him,
At the night when I should bless him,
When his mother should undress him
For the bed where he has lain!
How my soul doth always miss him—
Never coming back again!

How we miss his songs of gladness, Gladness far too deep for pain— Gladness too divine for sadness, Poured with such exultant madness That it seemed just done for badness, As in sunshine falls the rain; All my soul is turned to sadness For his coming back again!

How my soul doth long to meet him,
Meet him in this world again—
Meet him where I used to greet him,
As the Saints in Heaven now treat him—
On my vacant knees to seat him,
Where in joy he used to reign;
How my soul doth long to meet him
In this trying world again!

Where the nightingale sits singing,
Singing with impassioned pain—
Singing, while the Heavens are ringing
With his river-song upspringing—
Into Heaven his soul went winging
Of its way with Christ to reign.
There my little Bird sits singing—
Never coming back again!

All my tears are unavailing, Unavailing all this pain— Unavailing all this wailing Of my heart that now is failing With its weight of wo, unveiling
All my soul's deep grief in vain!
All my sighs are unavailing—
He will never come again!

Soon my sighing soul, death-blighted,
Blighted, racked with bitter pain—
Blighted, burthened, all benighted,
Shall in Heaven above be righted,
Glorified, redeemed, requited,
When it meets my early slain;
There to wait no more, death-blighted,
For his coming back again.

Hang thy harp upon the willow, Willow weeping tears of rain—Willow shading the soft billow Of his grave with light so mellow, Just above the satin pillow Where his head so long has lain! Hang thy harp upon the willow—He will never come again!

Ah! when shall I ever hold him, Hold him in these arms again? Hold him, tenderly enfold him, And with tears of joy behold him.— Kissing him with joyful pain!— Up in Heaven I shall behold him— I shall meet him there again.

THE YOUNG BOY'S DREAM OF HOME.

BY MES. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

I FREAMED last night a pleasant dream,
I stood again beside,
And gazed upon the laughing stream,
Whose sparkling waters glide
Among the pale and meek-eyed flowers
About my own dear home,
And from beneath our shady bowers
I saw the loved ones come.

Dear father, with his lofty brow,
And fond and loving eye,
Bent over me and whispered low,
And wept in cestacy.
And mother put the curly hair
Back from my pale young cheek,
And pressed me to her bosom there
Without the power to speak.

And sister, with her soft blue eyes,
And voice so like a bird's,
Came like a spirit from the sides
With her kind, loving words.
She laid her little snowy hand
With a sweet smile in mine;
And we went forth, a happy band,
Where the bright flower-wreaths twine.

Ah, yes—I saw the low white cot
With its dear shaded door,
And then my own meek, white-winged doves
With joy I saw once more.
No change had come—the fresh green grass
Sprinkled with violets blue,
The grove, the meadow—all, alas!
Were but too bright and true.

And then we gathered closely there
On that still, quiet even,
And father's voice went up in prayer
To the High One in Heaven.
We sang a hymu of grateful praise,
And with a fond "good night,"
Sank to our peaceful, quiet rest
To wait the morrow's light.

It came too soon—for when I turned
To clasp the loved, the dear,
I found 't was but a dream—that still
I wandered friendless here;
Ah. 't was a cruel mockery,
And yet 't is sweet to roam
If only in my dreams, to thee,
My own, my blessed home.

KATE DOUGLASS;

OR PHILADELPHIA IN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY-SIX.

BY CHARLES J PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE OATH OF MARION," "AGNES COURTENAY," &cc.

CHAP. I.—THE STANLEY MANSION.

Nor far from Independence Hall, and within sight of that venerable structure, there stood, in 1776, a mansion of considerable pretensions. Its dark stone doorway, its large windows, and the elaborate carving of the hall betokened it the residence of some person of wealth and consideration. It stood a short distance back from the street, and was surrounded by a garden, terminating at its lower extremity in an ancient orchard of apple trees, which, with their low, spreading branches and thick foliage, gave a rural beauty to the house.

It was in the month of June, of the year above mentioned, when a gentleman knocked at the door of this dwelling, and, inquiring for its owner by name, was ushered into the parlor. This apartment was large, and wainscotted to the ceiling. It had two deep windows facing the street, while at the opposite extremity was an elaborately carved mantel-piece, on either side of which a door, resplendent with its polished brass lock, opened into a similar room in the rear. The floor was bare, except in the centre, where a superb Turkey carpet, with a rich border around it like that of a modern fire-rug, was spread. Against the walls stood, at regular distances, tall, sentinel-like chairs of mahogany, with straight backs, but legs curved, and each foot carved to resemble a lion's claw clasping a ball. One or two tables, to match these stiff, yet nevertheless aristocratic chairs, were also placed against the walls. A spinet of mahogany inlaid with some lighter wood, stood on one side of the room; and a sofa, erect and uncomfortable as the chairs, on the other. Before the huge fire-place, which was now of course unused, stood a beautiful Chinese screen, composed of small panels of white marble set in a frame of some dark wood, each panel painted with a different scene in the richest style of the Celestial artists.

The gentleman alluded to, attracted by a picture hung in one of the recesses of the mantel piece, walked in that direction to examine the painting. It was a portrait of a lady in the bloom of youth, but attired in the costume of the preceding generation. The face was exquisitively fair, a style of loveliness much increased by the powdered hair then in vogue, especially when the dress, as in this case, was black. An air of melancholy hung over the features of the picture, and, as the visitor gazed, his own expression became more sad, when his countenance assumed a striking resemblance to that of the portrait. same eyes of deep blue; the same noble contour of face; and the same expressive mouth were visible in the gazer and in the face the artist had limned; but the complexion of the one was browned by exposure, inished, "what dull mornings these are. So much

and his hair was of the color of chesnut and not of gold, as was that of the female. As he stood there, attired in the rich fashion of a gentleman of that day, he would have struck any one as a man singularly handsome both in face and figure.

"And so," he said, soliloquizing, "this was my mother, who died in giving me birth. Ah! would that she had lived to guide me with her dear counsels now, when I have no one in the wide world to look to for advice. An orphan since my earliest childhood, for most of my life at school in a foreign land, I never knew what it was to have a home, or any one to love me. And now I am to meet, for the first time, that uncle, her brother, who, because she married for worth and not for fortune, would never see her more. It is strange that he should have allowed her portrait to hang in his parlor, but perhaps it has only been placed here since he relented, and resolved to make her son his heir. I have heard he is singular as well as stern, but though, for my parent's sake, I accept his offered reconciliation, he will find, if he attempts to make me his slave, as I have heard he wished her to be, that the blood of a Mowbry brooks unjust restraint no easier than that of a Stanley. But, pshaw, of what am I thinking? An almost penniless cadet, I am summoned from England and offered one of the richest inheritances in the colonies, and forsooth, before I have been five minutes in my uncle's house, I am speculating about a quarrel.'

He smiled as he spoke, and was about to walk to a seat in another part of the room, when suddenly he heard the door in the opposite recess open, followed by the rustling of a female dress, while immediately the form of a tall and singularly graceful girl crossed the parlor with a light footstep, and began to arrange some flowers in a vase that stood on a table between the front windows. The back of this lovely creature was toward him, but, as she executed her pretty task, her face was turned occasionally half around, and Mowbry thought he had never seen anything so charming. It was not that the features were so regularly beautiful, for perhaps the forehead was too broad for a classic model, and the nose was slightly turned up, but then the mouth was unrivaled, the complexion bewitching, and the eyes sparkling with mingled mischief and sentiment. As she arranged the flowers, she hummed a sportive air, pausing now and then to admire the effects she produced. It was evident she was unaware of the presence of a spectator. So light was her every movement, and so sprightly her whole air, that Mowbry knew not whether to think he saw some fairy sprite or a being of real flesh and blood.

"Heigho!" she said, at last, when her task was

politics that one never sees a beau. I am dying of ennui for want of a flirtation. Not a new book worth reading either since Goldsmith's last poem. Now if I only had some one to talk to, I might manage to get along."

Though Mowbry had never seen this fair creature before, he somehow felt immediately at home, and he answered almost unconsciously in the same spirit with which she spoke.

"And why will not I do?" he said, advancing a step, with a smile and one of the profound bows of that courtly age.

At the unexpected sound of a voice, and that voice belonging to a stranger, the young female started, and looked around. Her color was heightened, and her eyes flashed proudly, while she measured Mowbry for a moment with a scornful look. It seemed to him, indeed, as if her very form expanded. Standing with her foot thrown back, and her bosom swelling indignantly, she looked, as he often afterward told her, every inch of a queen.

But Mowbry, instead of flinching before the angry beauty, only smiled the more, and seemed, in fact, rather to enjoy the scene. When, however, he noticed the color deepening on her cheek, and her lip compressing as if at an insult, he said—

"I believe I must introduce myself. Mr. Mowbry, a nephew of Mr. Stanley, and, I believe, for some time an expected guest. I have lingered in New York longer than was allowable, perhaps, but had heard that some unknown deity presided, as I find, in my uncle's house I should have come by express."

The brow of the beauty cleared off at his name, but her lip curled at the concluding words.

"Spare your compliments, Mr. Mowbry," she said,
for like the bills of Congress, they do not pass freely
here." Then changing her whole manner, as she saw
him color at her rebuke, she advanced, and tendering
him frankly her hand, added, "but I must introduce
myself. I am called Catharine Douglass, by my godmothers, but Kate by a wicked world, and am ahumble niece of your good uncle's. I live here, as
you will hereafter; and so destiny has intended us, I
suppose, for friends: on which supposition I give you
my hand"

"A niece of Mr. Stanley! Then you must be cousin to me," answered Mowbry, rather eagerly.

"Not so fast," cried the sprightly girl, withdrawing her hand quickly, "for I am a niece of his deceased wife, and so no connexion whatever of yours; for which I devoutly thank the stars, if you give such cousinly shakes as that. Why my poor fingers are dislocated, I verily believe." And she pressed them between those of her other hand, and made a pretty grimace as if in pain.

"What a wild, yet fascinating creature she is, and what a treasure to find her here," said Mowbry to himself; then he added aloud, "pray forgive me, but I was so glad to count oousin with somebody, that I scarcely was aware what I did. 1 have never known a relative of any kind since I was a child"

"You have not?" she said, catching something of the sadness with which he had made his concluding remark: and lifting her eyes in sympathy to his face.

"No. I lost my mother at my birth, and my father five years after. My nearest connexion in England, where I was when he died, did not wish to be troubled with me, but sent me at once to a school, from which, in due time, I passed to the University. Since then I have served in a diplomatic station abroad, and have been little in England; but, had I lived there, I think I should scarcely have sought those who neglected me when a child. I often wished I had a sister."

"Did you? Then let me be one," said Kate, artlessly, again proffering her hand; for her sensitive soul was deeply affected by the heart-felt emotion in which his simple narrative had been told

Mowbry pressed the tiny fingers thus again offered to him, but did not speak; his eyes, however, looked the thanks he could not express. The seriousness might soon have become embarrassing, but Kate, in a moment, smiling up at Mowbry, said—

"This is better than having a cousin, is it not? For my part I think it delightful that you are to be my brother—you are quite presentable, I declare, only rather a giant." Then as her eye caught sight of their figures reflected in an opposite mirror, she suddenly ranged herself by his side, and continued, "why you are a perfect Hercules compared with such a poor little child as myself."

Mowbry thought her anything but a child in mind or person, but did not venture to tell her so, after the rebuff his first compliment had received. Though slighter and shorter than himself, she was tall for her sex, reaching above his shoulder, which few women did. They were standing thus, side by side, laughing and talking as if they had known each other a year when Mr. Stanley entered the room.

"Stole a march on me, I declare, Kate," he said.
"Here I find you and Mowbry making love before I can even hobble down stairs to meet him. Oh, ho, you cunning puss, you need not blush. Glad to see you, Mr. Mowbry—look very much like my poor sister—pray take a seat—there, I declare, that saucy minx has run away and left me to get acquainted with you as I can. But I hope we are friends already."

CHAP. II .- A PARTY IN '76.

Weeks passed. Mowbry had become settled in his new abode, and was publicly acknowledged as his uncle's heir. A round of entertainments, given partly to him, and partly to some strangers of distinction, made the aristocratic circles of Philadelphia particularly lively that summer, and as Philadelphia was then considered the capital of the country, and regarded as the wealthiest American city, these circles were of course unusually brilliant.

His acquaintance with Kate progressed with great rapidity. Indeed nothing like reserve had been known between them since their first interview. Under the name of a brother Mowbry had advanced at once to intimacy: he read with Kate, walked with her, rode with her, and generally was her cavalier on all occasions. Such companionship between two young persons of opposite sexes is always dangerous to the peace of one or both, especially when the lady in

beautiful and fascinating like our heroine. Kate was a girl whose conversation, if she had been absolutely plain in face, would have made a listener forget it; what then was the influence she exercised when to talent was added loveliness! A delightful rankness, a sprightliness that rarely flagged, and a wide observation of life and manners for one so young, rendered her a companion peculiarly dangerous to Mowbry. Long before he knew it he was irrevocably in love, but so familiar was their intercourse, that he did not discover the state of his heart until a trifling incident awoke his jealousy.

An evening party in 1776 was a very different affair from what it is now. The guests assembled at an early hour, invariably in pairs, and it was considered a breach of etiquette for a gentleman to pay much attention except to his partner. Conversation was the staple amusement of the evening. On some occasions there was a dance, more frequently music, but often neither.

One morning Kate looked up from her sewing, and said to Mowbry, who was loitering at the window

- "Are you going to Mrs. P--'s to-night?''
- "Of course. Are you not?"
- "Yes, I have accepted an invitation from Mr. Despencer, to accompany him."

Mowbry had been carelessly tapping the pane, but at these words he suddenly faced Kate, and with an air of pique and anger, said-

"I thought you went with me-you always dois a standing engagement."

His tone aroused the high spirit of Kate, and she answered, with a heightened color.

"Indeed, sir, I knew no such thing. Not at liberty to go with whom I like-

'I did not mean to say that exactly," replied Mowbry, haughtily. "But I thought-I believe

Kate's little fingers were plying the needle twice as briskly as before, but this was the only sign of agitation on her part, and she answered peremptorily.

"But we know no buts, sir. What did you mean to say, if not that? Why should I not go with Mr. Despencer?"

"I do not like him. He is a conceited puppy of an Englishman, who, because his uncle is an earl, fancies he is better than anybody in the colonies. Yet who were his ancestors? A century ago they may have blacked boots for the Mowbrys or Douglasses, for all I know:-they rose from nothing, and have not had the earldom a single generation yet."

"I thought you despised birth," answered Kate, with a smile. The taunt was the more provoking, because, not an hour before, Mowbry had been expatiating on the superiority of merit over rank.

"And so I do," answered he, though stammeringly and embarrassed. "So I do. But this fellow is such a popinjay."

"Why his manners are considered a model," re-

"He is forever quoting French, which I know you do not understand, how can you bear that?" said he, with a sneer.

"I answer him in Latin, of which he is as ignorant. }

literature, but, like Lady Jane Grey, we unders the dead languages better than you gentlemen."

Mowbry bit his lip, and looked out of the window in silence: at last he said somewhat sullenly-

Then you mean to go with this Parisian fop?" "Certainly."

"False and heartless

What more his passion would have hurried him into saying, we do not know, for, at these words, Kate rose to her feet and faced the speaker, her eyes flashing with indignation and contempt.

"What do you mean, sir, by addressing me thus? Who gave you the right to control me? Oh! if I was a man," she added, "you would not dare to insult me with your tyrannical whims: I would teach you, sir, that the blood of a Douglass lives still in their descendant, though one of the humblest."

Mowbry actually retreated from the indignant beauty. Before he could recover from the surprise of the address, Kate, with a scornful curl of the lip. turned away, picked up her work-basket, and without even a curtsey, left the apartment. If he had thought of an apology, he was too proud to follow her with it after this contemptuous treatment; so he took his hat and sauntered out. Before he returned he had made an engagement with one of the belies of the city, to escort her to the assembly that evening.

Mowbry, when he saw Kate enter with her partner, had to confess, in spite of his anger with her, that she never had looked lovelier. The altercation of the morning had called a brighter color than usual to her cheeks, and from some cause or another she was in the highest spirits. She conversed animatedly with her handsome attendant, who appeared perfectly devoted to her. During the course of the evening, she and Mowbry, with their respective partners, were thrown together in one corner of the parlor.

"I understand," said Mr. Despencer, with a shrug of contempt, "that the Congress passed a Declaration of Independence to-day, and that they have ordered it to be proclaimed to-morrow, from the State House. What do you think of it, Mr. Mowbry?"

At this period the aristocratic circle of Philadelphia was decidedly opposed to severing the connexion between the colonies and the mother country. Even those persons whose sympathies had been heretofore American, regarded the act as premature, hence the speaker expected a prompt assent to his implied censure. But Mowbry, though educated abroad, leaned to the popular side, and the events of the day having soured his temper, he answered with uncommon bit-

"I think the sooner the colonies accept it, sir, and drive every foreigner out of the country, the better. I am an American, and not fond of seeing the heel of a tyrant on the necks of my fellow citizens."

His hearer's face flushed with momentary anger, but he was too brave a man to seek a personal insult in the words of Mowbry, so he contented himself by answering with cutting irony.

"Methinks so fiery a knight as you seem to be, Mr. Mowbry, would prefer fighting with Mr. Washington to playing the carpet-knight here. They say your We colonial ladies, I am aware, know little of French great militia captain wants men of mettle amazingly."

Kate saw that the conversation was likely to become angrier, and thought it time to interfere. Had she been on her old terms with Mowbry, she would have taken his part, for her woman's heart was with her suffering country, and that in spite of the half tory atmosphere with which she was surrounded; but offended at Mowbry's caprice, and piqued that he had not made an apology before this, she said, laying her hand on Mr. Despencer's arm, and rising—

"Come, I see Mrs. Morris beckoning to me, and you must escort me across the room. Her husband can tell us, I suppose, all about this Declaration of Independence, for he is a member of the Congress; and I confess I am dying to hear more about it. We will leave you here," she continued, turning archly to Mr. Mowbry's partner, "to convert my fiery cousin, or, if that fails, to enlist with him. If Venus cannot soothe Mars, Minerva can accompany him to the field: and you, my dear Miss, can play either goddess at will."

Perhaps Kate could have said nothing more cutting to Mowbry. Aware, at last, that he was in love, her indifference maddened him: yet he had the good sense to see that he had already rendered himself conspicuous, and pride forced him, for the rest of the evening, to act more guardedly.

CHAP. III .- THE FIRST FOURTH.

THE next day there was to be a breakfast party at Mr. Stanley's; and, after the meal was over, the guests assembled in the great parlor. This was the apartment which we described, in the first chapter of our narrative; and, from its windows, a view was commanded, across some open lots, of the State House.

This venerable structure, at that time, presented a widely different appearance from what it does now. The grounds in its rear were not laid out in gravel walks and grass plats, as at present, but were wild and rude, with only here and there a tree sprinkled about. Neither of the buildings now erected at the corners of Fifth and Sixth streets, were standing, nor were the long rows of offices between them and the State House. The old pile itself, however, presented much the same appearance as now, except that the steeple then had no spire, but consisted simply of a square wooden tower, rising one story above the roof, and surmounted by two octagonal belfries, with dome-like tops.

Crowds had been collecting, for some time, in both the front and rear of the building, and exactly as the hour of noon struck, the great bell of the State House the floor began to toll. After it had rung for some time, the runshing of the spectators in the direction of the door facing the South, announced that the chief point of curiosity was there. The guests, grouped at the windows of Mr. Stanley's mansion, now beheld a man elevated above the crowd on some temporary platform, and holding in his hands a sheet, from the proceeded to read. It was impossible to hear at the distance, but several of the gentlemen took their hats and joined the crowd, among them Mr. Despencer, Mowbry and others. They thus

heard that immortal document read for the first time, to a public assembly—that declaration of man's inalienable rights, which since has shaken the thrones of half a world. When it was over, and the crowd dispersed, the party returned to the house, all more or less thoughtful.

Mr. Despencer had, by this time, forgotten his altercation with Mowbry the evening before. Though prejudiced in favor of his own country, he was any thing but the coxcomb a jealous rival represented him; and indeed he was now filled with serious misgivings as to the result of the struggle between America and England. Hitherto, though blood had been shed on both sides, there had been hopes of an accommodation, but the Declaration of Independence had now forever set a seal of separation between the mother country and the colonies.

"I must confess that this has been an imposing ceremony, even to one accustomed to the pomp of courts," remarked Despencer, when the party was reassembled, breaking a silence of some continuance. "Is it true, too, as I hear, that the bell which tolled to announce this separation of America from England, has the remarkable motto, which your John Adams claims to be prophetic of this event?"

"It has," answered Kate, to whom Despencer appealed by a look. "I remember it well, for I have often read it on the bell. 'Proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound.' It is a text from Isaiah."

"It will proclaim the death-warrants rather of the demagogues who have brought things to this pass," said Mr. Stanley, whose prejudices were all on the side of royalty. "And yet there are some men who have signed that instrument, whom I should be sorry to see executed for traitors, as I fear they will be. My friend Morris, for instance, and one or two men of birth and breeding besides."

"I confess," said Mowbry, "I do not see how any American can hesitate to favor this declaration. For my part I am for Independence, heart and soul."

Kate's eyes met his, for a moment, with a flash which puzzled him; it might mean admiration or anger. But Mr. Stanley rose from his chair, every feature of his face working with passion, and advanced directly toward his nephew, while a profound silence fell on the guests, as if all instinctively foresaw the explosion which was coming.

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Mr. Stanley, almost breathless with rage, addressing Mowbry. "Repeat those words again!" And he struck his cane, which his gout compelled him always to carry, fiercely on the floor.

Mowbry had made up his mind for this avowal, the night before; and he felt a secret exultation that it would be publicly witnessed by Kate and his dreaded rival. "She may not love him," he said to himself, "but she shall see that I can sacrifice everything for principle: will her English lover do as much?"

Thus feeling, he returned his uncle's angry look, and mildly but firmly answered—

"I am for the Independence of my country; and feel it my duty, in this crisis, to assume arms in her healf."

If a thunderbolt had fallen on the assembly it could not have produced a more startling effect than these words; for the stern and unforgiving character of Mr. Stanley was as well known as his loyalty. A gasp for breath passed through the room, and then all was, for a moment, still. Kate had risen instinctively, and grasped Despencer's arm, where she stood, pale as death, and with her lips parted in terror. Mowbry noted this well, but he attributed her agitation only to natural womanly concern; while her seeking refuge and support from Despencer, in the moment of alarm, he regarded as more unequivocal. "She loves him," he thought; and, with this bitter reflection, he could have looked death in the face without flinching.

But what a contrast to his high, calm air was the excited manner of Mr. Stanley. His face red with passion, his whole frame trembling as if in an ague fit, the uncle tottered up to his nephew, shaking his cane in Mowbry's face.

"Out of my house this instant," he cried. "I disinherit you from this hour. Do you dare to talk treason here, you young villain? Oh! you may well retreat," he continued, as Mowbry stepped back to avoid being struck. "If I was younger I would call you out: as it is I have a great mind to lay my cane across you."

The nephew mastered his passion, and said, with strange coolness—

"Do not strike me, Mr. Stanley, for you are an old man, and I cannot strike back. You would be sorry for it some day."

One of the gentlemen simultaneously laid his hand soothingly on the arm of the excited uncle, who, controlled by the act, turned and nodded obedience. Bringing his cane down to the floor violently, however, he continued—

"I will not demean myself to strike you, sir; and I beg pardon of these ladies for my passion. But," he added, elevating his still fine form proudly, "the Stanleys, father and son, have been true to their king since they crossed the channel in the train of the conqueror; and so, too, I have heard the Mowbrys have ever been also. To see one of their descendants now deserting his royal master, and leaguing with a parcel of traitors, puts me beside myself. He is the last of

either line, too," said the old man, sadly, "but God wills it so, I suppose."

The tone in which these words were spoken thrilled every heart in the room, and almost made the tears spring to Mowbry's eyes. He knew that his uncle loved him, and felt how bitter his present conduct must be to the old man: he, therefore, after a pause, said respectfully—

"Mr. Stanley, my opinions are conscientious ones, as are yours—and each of us must act as we think to be right. God above will judge our hearts. I feel that, hereafter, in this world I must be a stranger to all in this company," and he glanced at Kate, but her eyes were on the floor—she was weeping, though he knew it not—so, choking down a last pang, he said, "but, in Heaven, perhaps, we may meet again. I go forth a homeless, nameless man, an outcast from my family; but I shall be all the fitter, perhaps, to die for freedom."

He felt that he would show weakness if he remained, so, taking a last glance around the room, and seeing that Kate still averted her head, he rushed from the apartment. In the hall he flung a gathering tear from his eye, grasped his hat, and left the house never to return to it.

His uncle had stood speechless with amazement during Mowbry's last address; but when the hall door had clanged to after the exile, the old man gave a vacant look around, uttered a groan, and fell to the floor in a fit of apoplexy.

The free use of the lancet, however, restored him to consciousness; but it was long before he left his bed. Kate watched by him like a daughter, and often in tears, for which, as the sufferer noticed them, he blessed her.

"I am glad you did not love that wicked boy, my dear girl," he said. "It was the dream of my age to see you and he united before I died; but it is fortunate I said nothing of it: I would now sooner behold you in your coffin."

Kate shuddered, and her tears fell faster. She felt that the old man, as well as the exile was deceived, and that she must bear her sorrow in silence and alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

As the sky when the cloud and the tempest are banish'd,
Arrayed in its beauty, looks tranquil and fair;
We reck not of rain and of storms, that have vanish'd
And left not a trace on the far beaming air;
So the tempests of life, when their shadows invade us,
Are but for our comfort and happiness made;
For we think when Affliction hath ceased to o'ershade us,
How bright on its twilight the morning-beams play'd.

It is not from Pleasure alone that we gather
The richness of life from the wild cup of Joy,
For Pleasure and pain are commingled together,
'Tis the lessen of man, and the let of the boy:—

We feel it when childhood, in gladness caressing
Finds thorns 'neath the rose that he clasps with a smile,
And when the proud hopes of our manhood are pressing,
The wearisome spirit of care to beguile.

Then since our existence continues forever,

Beyond this cold desert of sorrow and pain,
Oh, why should the spirit be stirred by the fever
Of passions inconstant and vagaries vain?
It is but an hour on earth we may wander;
'T is a land but for pilgrims and travellers made,
Oh, then on the Being to come let us ponder—
And welcome life's sugarine and hear with its shade.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER L

"What though the world has whispered thee 'Beware!'
Thou dost not dream of change". ROBRET MORRIS.

"Where are you bound, Lillian? To the Springs? "Springs, indeed! No such good news, Mabelle! but back, back into the woods—to rusticate till next October. Papa is inexorable—and I in despair. Not a soul but pa and ma, Alfred and Helen, who are worse than nobody! Quiet, contented and happy! completely wrapped up in contemplation of that blissful period when she shall become the wife of the Hon. James R.—. Horrid creature he is, by the way—I do wonder what Nell can see to like in him!"

"Poor Lilly! you are in a sad way, to be sure—and no wonder, dissipating so through the winter. Your cheeks are pale, your spirits low, your figure entirely too slender for health or beauty; and I join with your father in thinking a quiet sojourn in the shady groves of Ashly the very best thing for you. It will do you a world of good—restore life and health, and give you a renewed relish for society. Why, when you come back in the fall, it will be a new thing again."

"But only think, Cousin Mary, how lonesome I shall be! not a soul to talk to—nobody to play or sing for, or to walk or ride with—dismal!" and Lillian raised her dark eyes tragically.

"Beware, Enfant!" rejoined Cousin Mary; "really I would not own that I had so few inward resources for making time pass agreeably."

Lillian blushed at the rebuke, yet seemed half inclined to resent it; for a half-uttered but lingered on her lips.

"But---"

But the truth was, Lillian was a "spoiled child of fortune," (that is the phrase, I believe,) who had stepped from the school-room into belledom undisputed; and it vous rather hard to leave the gay circle who professed to be dying for her smiles, for a quiet retreat in the country, and mope, (as the girl expressed it,) the bright summer months away.

Let me describe Lillian at Ashly—not as she appeared when she stepped wearily from the carriage, after a long day's journey, but the next morning, when she rose early, and putting aside the snowy curtains from her chamber window, looked out on the lawn—fresh, dewy, brimming with music and fragrance—and listened to the fall of waters, and the pleasant bubbling of streams. Joyous in spite of herself, she threw up the sash, and leaned far out, drinking in eagerly the morning freshness, till a bright color peeped through her wan cheek, and her long, raven tresses, damp and heavy, curled more closely around her high, white brow.

"Lilly, dear, do come down—it is so delightful," \ "Such notions called Helen, from the lawn, looking up with rosy \ was far away!"

cheeks and beaming eyes. "Oh! do come—it will do you a world of good"—and Lillian withdrew from the window to make a hasty toilette, wondering the while at the marvellous power which had converted her love-lorn sister into the gay little chatterbox, whose tongue was still going merrily on the lawn below.

"I do believe every one in the house is up, from pa to Alfred, the sleepy little imp, whom you must shake for an hour in town to get him out of his nest;" and seizing her sun-bonnet, Lillian ran out of the room, slamming the door in her haste with a violence which brought papa to the stairs, to find out the cause of the riot.

"Good morning, lazy one!" and he lifted the girl in his arms, and regardless of her cries at his new mode of treatment, marched out of the house, nor stopped till he had deposited her, far on the lawn, where the grass was high and wet, and no means of getting back but by travelling through it.

"Oh, papa," and Lillian's dark eyes glistened, "what shall I do? I shall get wet through! my feet!" and the pawers Enfant, as Cousin Mary had called her, lifted first one dainty foot and then the other, in dismay.

"French slippers!" exclaimed papa. "Oh, commend me to a city-bred maiden!"

"Why, what can I wear, pa? Gaiters are so tiresome to put on."

"Why boots, to be sure—high, double-soled boots! and then we shall see you inhaling this healthful air without wet feet, or all those tears," he added, rather sarcastically, finishing with a smile, however, as poor Lillian fairly sobbed aloud. "Come, my best child, let me deliver you;" and tenderly he bore back the petted maiden, who, once more on terra firma, wiped her eyes, and ended the morning's performance by a hysterical fit of laughing.

An hour afterward, while the girls were still lingering in the breakfast-room, Mr. Ashly entered hastily, equipped for a journey.

"Give me one of your slippers, Lillian—I am going to the village, and shall see that you are provided with something more substantial than those papery things."

Lillian handed over the tiny shoe somewhat reluctantly.

"Now, papa, please don't bring me a great, clumsy pair—for if they do not fit, I am sure I shall not disfigure myself with wearing them!"

"Never mind looks here, darling. You shall wear them, if they are as long as mine," he added, laugh ingly extending his foot.

Poor Lillian! she fairly left the room in a huff "Such notions! I declare it is too bad—I wish was far away!" But papa brought home such a darling little pair of morocco boots, that even Lillian was quite satisfied with them; delighted to see how the perfect contour of her instep was thereby displayed; and almost regretting that only pa, and ma, and Helen could have the benefit of its beauty.

So, what with the boots, and riding, and walking, and boating, time passed quite tolerably for two weeks, despite the absence of the "lords of creation." Lillian's appetite, too, was—shocking! Papa said she might be taken for a ploughboy—and the girl, blushing, determined to put herself upon allowance immediately.

"Well, Lilly, dear," said Mr. Ashly, entering the parlor one evening with a letter in his hand, "if you still want company, your desires are about to be gratified. Gerald Levis is coming from West Point, to spend a month here. I wrote for him when I first came, but as there was some uncertainty about leave of absence, I thought I would not mention it till we were quite sure. But what is the matter, now?" for Lillian had risen with a sudden motion, which partook greatly of the nature of a flounce; and her red lip was put up with a decided pout.

"Papa! Gerald Levis! a mere boy-oh, dear, such company!"

"Have you seen Gerald Levis lately, Miss?" exclaimed Mr. Ashly, more vexed than he cared to conceal.

"Why, not very lately, papa," faltered Lillian—"but I know he is young, and of course he will expect to be entertained, and—oh, I do wish he would not come!" she exclaimed again, forgetful of her father's anger as her fears returned.

"Nonsense, Lillian! Why he is full twenty, and gay as a lark—and very handsome—all you have got to do is to be civil. I won't call on you to entertain him, but if he does not find more amusement for you than you have had for a twelvemonth, why, I'll send him back again. As to his age, that is all a humbug. Pray, how old are you, Ledy Lill? Eighteen next October, if I recollect rightly; and so you see, your gentleman is not so far behind you as you imagine."

"But, papa, a man, to be agreeable, should be ten years older than a woman, at least."

"Indeed? Pray, where learned you that profound logic?"

"From experience."

"Experience! Ah, ha! I like the experience of a girl of seventeen, who has had one winter in general society. Experience!" and papa laughed—his own peculiar, sarcastic laugh—which invariably finished the conversation. A laugh like that was a ticklish thing, when repeated

CHAPTER II

"He comes—the conquering hero comes!"

How high and light was the heart of Gerald Levis, when he sprang from the stage at B—, and leaving his luggage in charge of an obliging countryman, bent his steps toward Ashly, the beautiful country-seat of the family.

"Ashly—Ashly!" he said to himself—"Lillian Helen! I remember them both—such frolicsome girls—and I was not much better. I wonder if they are changed. I am—not much, though, after all!" and his forefinger wandered to his upper lip, and smoothing the budding mustache there, with much satisfaction, he resumed his meditations.

"Lillian, Lillian—" his thoughts rather seemed to wander that way. Very foolish in the boy! yet one should not chide. It is a natural propensity we have, to single out and create for ourselves those dreams which prove but dreams. So the young cadet walked on with a quick, elastic step, whose rapidity still fell far behind his thoughts; his large blue eyes brimming with hope and joy, and the sunshiny future.

"Litlian, Gerald is come!" exclaimed Helen Ashly, bounding into her room. "He passed the carriage on the way. Was'nt it foolish not to wait for it? Mamma says, come down."

"Pshaw!"

Lillian was dreaming; seated on a low ottoman, with her hands crossed upon her knees, and her dark hair falling over her beautiful face.

Nobody likes, or *liked* to be interrupted in the fancies of dreamy seventeen; hence the girl's vexed exclamation—hence, perhaps, her cold, almost haughty salutation to the ardent Gerald, as she entered the room with the stately grace befitting her style.

Bowing slightly to the astonished cadet, with scarce the semblance of a smile, she passed from the circle, and seated herself on the broad, low window-seat—her head concealed by the drapery, her small fingers diligently employed in ravelling the fringes thereof Now and then, when the breeze swept through the room, and stirred the curtains, her exquisitely chiseled mouth was disclosed, with the full, round lips; and one snowy shoulder half veiled by the rich curls of her raven hair. But that was all—through the long afternoon she sat there silent; maybe listening, maybe pursuing the dream from which Helen's voice had aroused her.

Mr. Ashly was too well acquainted with Lillian's "whims and oddities" to interfere where he knew he should make bad worse; and so matters remained in statu quo till the bell for tea disturbed the rather sleepy circle, and with a feeling of relief, Gerald rose to follow the ladies from the room.

Still Lillian moved not. Gerald sprang to the window.

"Will you allow me?" he said, proffering his arm with winning confidence; and raising her eyes in surprise, almost without a thought, Lillian found herself following in the wake of the rest, with her hand within his arm.

Papa smiled mischievously—placed Gerald directly opposite to her, and the proud maiden withdrew within herself again, nor glanced round the table till the meal was almost finished, and then it was to find that though talking playfully with Helen, Gerald's large eyes were fixed on herself, in unequivocal admiration. With a blush in which as much anger as emberrassment was mingled, Lillian returned his gaze almost with an air of defiance. Poor child! it was waste of power; for the saucy stripling moved

not his eyes, and something which bore no small resemblance to a smile parted his finely-cut lips. That "capped the climax." Lillian rose suddenly-pushed back her chair in a passion, and flung herself out of the room. Placid Mrs. Ashly raised her eyes in amazement; and there were various exclamations of wonder and surprise. Papa alone smiled ironically, and gave attendance to that low, sarcastic laugh, which reaching Lillian's ears, her cup brimmed, and throwing herself on the bed, she wept bitterly; and with that bitterness mingled a wish for revenge against Gerald, the innocent author of all.

"Boy! bold!-audacious!" she cried, contemptuously-and yet as she uttered her thoughts aloud. some softer feeling whispered, "but he is very beautiful!" and a memory of those winning, tender, almost womanly eyes, and that broad, unstained brow, with its curls of gold, came up before her, and she wondered why she had to chide her wayward heart so often, and murmur, "be true—be true to thyself!"

Poor Lillian! We have not presented a very amiable heroine to you, dear reader, but all are not perfect-to give utterance to an original idea, and the fair girl, after all, had a "good heart;" and her faults were rather those of circumstance than nature. That this was the case was proved by the overweening love which all bore her who became in any way connected with her. Even papa, though sparing not her faults himself, illy brooked the interference of others, and Alfred, her little brother, was bound up in her; and he alone shared her confidence. Share, it is true, for the girl was not of a temper to intrust others with the keys to her heart; but Alfred guarded proudly and with miserly care what from circumstances became his.

He stood now without her chamber door and plead for entrance. And when Lillian rose and admitted him, she hid not her swollen face and disordered dress from his loving eyes, but bending her head upon his shoulder, gave free course to her grief.

He was silent for a long time—then he whispered, putting back tenderly as he spoke the dangled hair from her fevered cheek.

"Dear Lilly, you mustn't cry so-what has happened? Who has hurt you? Has papa been-

"Papa? no-not him! but-oh, Alfred, don't you wish that hateful Gerald Levis had never come here?"

"Why, I thought he was nice, Lilly! but-but if you don't like him-why, I don't," replied the boy, quickly, eager to prove his devotion.

"Don't like him, Alfy! that's a dear boy. I hate him. He laughed at me-creature!"

"Laughed at you, Lilly?" (the boy's eyes were as bright now with anger as even his sister could wish.) At you?" and he muttered a few schoolboy phrases, expressive of his passion and intentions of revenge.

"Hush, hush, Alfred! don't use those bad words, dear, don't!" putting her little hand over his mouth.

"But he laughed at you!" repeated the boy, than which no crime could be greater, and his eyes sparkled again.

passionate. I hide that, you see-and shall only let him guess my feelings by my manner. I shall be polite because he is a guest, you know-a man, too, and I am a woman-understand? I want you to do as you see me do-do not go to saying bad words, and making rude speeches, but treat him proudlylike a man! Why you are almost as much of a one now as he!" and the boy left the room with a stately dignity which might have commanded admiration in maturity, revolving as he went the various ways by which he should make the young cadet sensible of his scorn.

Poor Gerald! things were going wrong all round; and fate seemed wickedly conspiring to strew his path with thorns, and make his visit the reverse of the glowing picture, which had beguiled his solitary walk from the village to Ashly.

Two or three days passed away very pleasantly, notwithstanding the absence of Lillian, who was invisible, except at meals, and then cold and reserved to a degree that effectually checked all advances Gerald made toward acquaintance.

"Does not your sister go with us?" he inquired one morning of little Alfred, sauntering away from the carriage, which was drawn up before the house, and seeming to forget that there were ladies waiting his assistance.

"No-she don't!" replied the boy, surlily.

"Why not? Why does she seclude herself so? I am dying to see her," he added, with boyish frank-

"That's more than she is!" cried Alfred, surprised out of his reserve.

"What?" said Gerald, turning on his heel suddenly, and ceasing to strip the long willow saplings of their leaves. "What did she say?"

"Nothing," replied the child, moodily, quailing but for a moment beneath the searching gaze of his

"Nothing? But you did say something! what was it? Say it again!" and Gerald placed his hand on the child's shoulder, and wheeled him round toward

The boy flung off the rude grasp angrily, and looked up boldiv.

"Sister hates you! She despises you! and she bid me do the same! and I do! And she says I am as much of a man now as you. Do you want to know more, now?"

For a moment only the bright face of Gerald was overshadowed, and the storm-cloud trembled on the surface of his clear, glad eyes; then it sank to their fathomless depths, and with a light, mocking smile, and a prolonged contemptuous whistle, he turned on his heel, and left the boy to seek his sister, and relate what had happened.

Lillian was piqued. She did not say so-she did not look so-but what else could have brought the young lady down stairs that evening, attired so carefully, so becoming? And when the riding party returned toward dusk, tired and heated, Lillian, like a "spirit of coolness," was there to greet them. A "You must not look so, Alfred. See, I do not like much more gracious bow than her wont did she give him more than you—but I do not look so fierce and the young cadet; but he returned it with a polite indifference, that brought the angry blood to her temples—the more that she marked the roguish curl of his lip, which he seemed at no pains to conceal.

The cadet's visit was likely to afford excitement, if nothing else.

They retired to bathe and dress. Gerald was the first to leave the room, the last to return; and then he flew, rather than walked toward the window where Helen was seated. She laughed gaily, gave him a skein of silk to hold, and chatted with him with that freedom peculiar to an engaged or married woman, who aware and secure of her position, fears no misconstructions.

Gerald led her out to tea—placed himself at her feet on their return—seemingly unaware that a fairer and a younger sister was present.

Papa and mamma had sauntered out for a walk. Lillian was glad that they were not present to witness her humiliation, for such she felt it. She took her customary seat in the window and watched, though she seemed to be reading, the proceedings near her.

"Will you not play for me?" said Gerald. Helen took her seat at the piano, and Gerald bent over her, and selected passionate songs, and talked in a low, subdued tone, just inaudible to Lillian, who beat impatiently the rich carpet beneath her tiny foot.

It was very like a flirtation; and when Helen had resumed her seat, she said,—

"Did you not say, Gerald," (how familiar! thought Lillian,) "that you sung to the guitar?"

"I did."

"Then sing for me."

Gerald threw the broad, blue ribbon over his shoulder, and seating himself at the lady's feet, poured forth a flood of melody which brought the tears to Helen's calm eyes, fixing the while his passionate gaze upon her face, till the betrothed playfully laid her small white hand on the transparent lids, and pressed them down chidingly. To Lillian, who saw but the action, it seemed an acknowledgment of his power; and as she had sat sighing through the sweet strain, now her slender frame was convulsed with passion, and her small fingers locked till it seemed as if they would never unclose again. Footsteps and voices were near-she could not brook interruption now, and she rose to leave the room; but her light footfall was tottering and unsteady, and her sister looked up, and started to her feet.

"Lillian is ill, Gerald! do you not see?" and she clung to one arm, and Lillian felt him grasp the other, and lift her in his, and place her on the sofa, and then withdraw, giving place to her parents; and then she knew no more till she woke, and found herself lying upon her own snowy bed, with mama and Helen beside her.

Ah! he might be but a boy in years—Gerald Levis, but his heart was that of a wily, practised man! Whether taught thus early by passion or not, he had that heart-love which only experience is supposed to give; and when alone, from the depths of his strange eyes, there gleamed out his strong purpose and thoughts of triumph.

Up and down the moonlit balcony he paced one

, night, when all had retired, and gave free utterance to his anger.

"To be shunned by that proud girl! But she will not do it always! there is a way to her heart! who shall say I have not found it—who, indeed?" and his dark eye glittered defiance.

Presently he broke out again, with curling lip-

"She will love me—she cannot help it—it is the first time she has seen another preferred, and it maddened her—and through her madness I lead her at pleasure. Hate me, forsooth? Boy, am I? Ah, ha!"

In those last few words Gerald comprised all his annoyance and his purpose; and hours, and days, and weeks went on, and every hour, and day, and week Gerald clapped his hands joyously, and gazing at the unconscious girl through his long lashes, murmured, "viotory—victory!"

But, take care, Gerald Levis! hearts are dangerous playthings! thou mayest wrap pride about thee as a garment, yet find in years to come a worm at the root of thine own happiness.

CHAPTER III.

With life, young life, in its rich, full flush, When the warming blood doth quickly rush—The sun brightly shines all the livelong day, The zephyrs of fortune sportively play. But the sun will fade, and clouds draw nigh; The light playing zephyrs mournfully sigh; Gay youth will float with hope down the stream, And our springtide moments pass as a dream.

The following winter Helen Ashly became a wife. "Through faith," her husband said playfully: "if I had believed all the reports of your desperate flirtation with Gerald Levis, I should have delivered you over to his tender mercies. But I knew you too well, sweet lady, mine—faith was my shield."

"But," replied the fair bride, with quiet archness, "I assure you I did flirt desperately, disbelief to the contrary; and had the precocious gentleman on his knees more than once, as Lilly can testify. But then, my liege, it was only benevolence toward the youth; for Lillian took such a mortal dislike to him that she would have naught to do with him; and he had like to have been devoured with ennui, but for me. Come, now, give me credit for rare good-nature! I fancy he came out from his lesson a more dangerous subject than ever. Ah, he is destined to break more hearts than one in this bright world—is he not, Lillian?"

"Why do you ask Lillian, who professes to despise him?"

"Because I wanted you to see what a superb way Lilly has of curling her lip. But I don't believe she heard me—did you, Lilly? for you look so pale and indifferent to everything. Isn't the world bright enough for thee, sweet sis? Then wait, till we get to New York, and then it will not be my fault if you regain not your roses."

And so amidst light and joyous conversation, the bridal party embarked for the great city—where was the husband's residence.

"I have only one relative to introduce to you, my wife," said Mr. Raymond, "an orphan niece from the South. She is my pet, and will be yours, next to Lillian; for she is so young, and lovely, and innocent!

and entering life, needs protection. You will love her. will you not?"

And Helen not only promised for herself, but enlisted the interest of her romantic sister; and Mr. Raymond, with a heart full of love and pride, introduced his fair relation to his bride.

Lushee Raymond was not to be called beautifulbut there was that in her large, shy, fawn-like eyes, which went straight to the hearts of those who came near her; and those eyes, and her full, rounded, yet fragile figure never failed to win attention, which ended in admiration, or a species of fascination.

Singularly accomplished and strangely graceful, Lillian might have feared rivalry, but that vanity slept in the girl's sick heart.

Coming as the bride of a distinguished man, bright and gay was the circle thrown open to the gentle Helen, and her beautiful wards commanded no mean degree of homage.

"Come, Lillian—are you not ready?" said Helen, going into her sister's room one evening, "goodness, child, I have sent James off with Lushee, wondering what under Heaven kept you so long—and here you are sitting as though it were seven, instead of near ten. Lillian, you do try me beyond everything!"

Helen stopped-for tears were trickling through Lillian's slender fingers, and a low, choking sob smote her ear.

"My sister-my dear sister, forgive me! I did not know that aught ailed you-tell me, what is it! can I do nothing for you?"

The girl shook her head, dashed away the quickcoming teers, and said-

"Only let me stay at home to-night-I am lowspirited, and wish so much for quiet,

"I hardly know, Lilly, dear, how that will do. Mrs Gordon made such a point of your being there. And you know the young lieutenant?" she added, attempting playfulness. "To think of that boy, Gerald, obtaining promotion so soon! he is no ordinary person. Better set your cap for him, Lilly-it may not be too late yet."

It was a bitter curl that ruffled Lillian's proud lip: and she answered petulantly-

"Oh, no-I'll leave that for Lushee"she continued, more calmly, "did Lushee look pretty to-night? How was she dressed?"

"Exquisitely! I never saw her look so well! with that beautiful dress

"Never mind, Nelly. I will go, I believe, if it is not too late?"

"Oh, no-not if you are expeditious. Let me do your hair; the simpler the better."

"In that case I am the best hand," replied Lillian; and she gathered her superb hair in one large woof at the back of her small head, drawing it down simply over the marble brow and "pearl round ear," entwining a few bright fuschias in the rich mass.

"There—that will do charmingly! now dree quickly," said Helen, and in ten minutes more the snowy lace robe was floating like a cloud around Lillian's perfect form, and they were whirling toward the scene of the night's gay revel.

Vol. XV.-3

admiring crowd-beauteous Lillian! with her dark and haughty eyes, and her pale, cold brow-with the smile, and the jest, and the song on her red lip, and her sparkling laugh ringing out the tale of her heart's lightness-beautiful Lillian!

To and fro paced the crowd around her-stopping here and there-laughing, flirting and sauntering, and beyond whistled merrily the dancers in wild circles; and beyond-beyond-in the still, pale moonlight, where the spicy breath of orange trees kissed the calm air-paced to and fro a pair of lovers-she with her gazelle eyes drooping to the ground—he with his large blue orbs hovering over hers, and his lips parted, and breathing to her heart a new, clear life. She, resting her small, white hand upon his arm timidly, listening to and joying in "love's young dream."

And Lillian, between the smile, and the jest, and the laugh, watching the flowing sweep of a white dress through the shrubbery, murmured, "oh, Lushee!" and marking the gleam of a bright epaulette, sighed, "lost Gerald!",

"How slowly the carriage moves!" said Lillian, when they were returning home.

"Why, Lilly, you are dreaming! we are fairly flying-and so we should be, at this time in the morning -too bad!"

And Lushee Raymond sunk back among the cushions in one corner, murmuring to herself, "I'm sure we are going very, very fast"-for the carriage was bearing her away from love and happiness. She stepped dreamily from the vehicle, and sought her apartment to desert it the next moment, and throw herself, weeping for joy, upon Lillian's bosom.

"Oh, Lillian-Lillian!"

"What, Lushee?" Lillian strove hardly for composure—her voice trembled very slightly, and she bent calmly over the fair girl, who lay with her arms twined round her waist, so lovingly.

"I am so happy! for-

"I know it, Lushee; I can guess all."

"No, darling, not all; unless you---"and she raised her bright eyes, and looked full in the pale, proud face above her.

"Unless what?"

"You also have loved, and been beloved."

"Nay, then, I will confess my inability to sympathise, but I will try to," she added, hurriedly, as though afraid that Lushee would say more.

But the girl's thoughts were off on another track, and she burst forth about Gerald, and of course his perfections, till Lillian, smiling over a breaking heart, gently unclasped the round, dimpled arms from about her, and bade her go to rest.

"To rest, Lilly? That very sentence shows how ignorant you are of such happiness as mine," cried the girl, reproachfully—kissing her passionately, however, and gliding away to watch, and wait for morning and love again.

CHAPTER IV.

SUMMER had come again, and Ashley was once How proudly she sat that evening, the centre of an more tenanted. The old walls rung with many voices, and up and down, and to and fro glided the young and gay; for a large party had assembled to spend the last summer of her maiden life with Lushee Raymond—sweet Lushee, who was to be married in September.

The bridegroom, too, was there. He was a high, proud being, half man, half boy. Over his glad, blue eyes had come a change not to be described, only felt. And the power and the will to rule was enhined on his brow and lip—with a shade of sadness, perhaps, that was dashed away the next moment, leaving you in doubt as to its reality.

And Lillian Ashly—she met him always with a light, mocking, defiant air, that seemed to laugh at his power—and then she would glance around scornfully, as if to proclaim her victory over her unworthy heart, forgetting that none knew her secret.

But one night, when all the company was gay and happy—it was the night before the party was to break up—Lillian could bear it no longer, but stole silently out, and bent her burning gaze—not on the Heavens, where God and peace looked down, but on the calm, quiet earth, where her idol was—where her hopes were gathered up—gathered up, did I say? Alas! where they were rent—oh, so ruthlessly! and scattered so hopelessly!

Alone—alone! only the blue Heaven's starry eyes smiling on her misery—only the moon folding her chill, pale garment over her!

"Lillian!"

"I am coming—coming. Who called me? Yes, coming to you, mother in Heaven! oh, why leave me the dark vale to tread alone?"

"Lillian!"

Does the night wind whisper that way? So thrillingly—yet so coldly—yet so passionately?

"Oh, mother, mother, come to me! for I cannot find you—here, oh, my mother!" and with raised voice Lillian sobbed, and stretched out her feeble arms.

A step—and the flash of an epaulette—and hs, (she knew him very well,) sat down on the damp earth beside her.

She should, perhaps, have smiled—have laughed—have congratulated—but she was mute, waiting for the last bitter drop. She essayed to rise; how his strong grasp re-seated her! His hand was on her ebbing pulse, his breath on her pale lips.

"Lillian!" he said, "a year ago—think—a year ago you spurned me. But do you spurn me now? Speak, Lillian! You must know? Do not struggle from me."

She ceased to struggle, but looked up in his face.

"Taunts, Gerald Levis? Ah, do not speak so bitterly. Are you not content? There has been no joy for me—and you know it! and yet I have suffered quietly—have died a thousand deaths, yet 'made no sign!' why seek me out to triumph?"

"Triumph! aye, that is it, Lillian." He laughed bitterly. "Said I not that you should one day rue your pride?"

She was still again; but the bright beams of a full moon fell on her marble face—so rigid in its tearless agony—and on the white hands pressed convulsively upon her breaking heart.

He gazed upon her, and all sternness passed. He seized her hand passionately.

"Oh, Lillian, Lillian!" he cried, "what have you done? How could you work all this misery? Break two fond hearts so lightly? Yes, two!" (for she made a movement of dissent) "yours and mine! I know you love me, Lillian—I knew it long ago, but it was too late. Nay, Lillian, do not shrink and tremble, now. I act the scornful part no more—forgive me; those taunts were cruel and ungenerous; but the serpent, Lillian! did you ever feel its sting?"

She was weeping, now—upon her knees—and striving for those words which she knew must be said.

He wound his arms around her, and strove to draw her toward him. Oh, Lillian, make one last effort, brave heart.

She did. She put him back, and rose. Slowly, firmly, the words passed her lips.

"Gerald, God in Heaven has parted our lot in life. You are plighted—it would break Lushee's heart if she knew this. Oh, Gerald, rouse thee to duty; remember the vows you have vowed. Go, go—we must meet no more. Dost thou not see that?" and Lillian, raising her streaming eyes to the quiet Heavens, where God and peace looked down, prayed to forget her idol.

"I am going, Lillian." He was calm, now, but the weight of years had rolled over his brow. "You have cast me from you—nay, Lillian, look not so reproachfully; I blame you not—I respect—revere you. Will you forgive me? I only was to blame at the last."

She laid her hand in his, frankly, confidingly; for through his clear eyes looked forth his better angel.

"But one word, Gerald. Lushee—dear Lushee she has not sinned. She must not suffer; oh, remember her purity, her truth."

Her hand was dropped, and he stood back—struggling, wrestling with himself. Oh, good angel, desert him not—keep near.

"You will never let her suspect you do not love her, Gerald?"

"I will not, God helping me. Be at peace, Lillian."

"I will pray for you, Gerald."

"Ah, Lillian, the cup which is passing from you, to me is just offered."

"Think not of the past. This I entreat—this I hid you—but forward—and watch and pray. Tell me once more that you will."

"I will."

"God bless you. Then farewell—farewell." He was gone.

CHAPTER V

"She passed through glory's morning gate, And walked in Paradise." ALDERCH.

Husn! tread softly, for a soul is passing into eternity.

It is Lushee Raymond. A year had elapsed since we last saw her, during all which she had been slowly perishing by consumption. At first the wedding had

been put off for a month, then for three, and then for an indefinite period. She is now dying, but she is \(\) not unhappy; for Gerald, who has been sent for, sits { beside her, holding her hand in his, and weeping; he has been true to his promise to Lillian, and never, not for one moment, has Lushee suspected that he loves another.

Lillian, too, is there, moving about the chamber like a ministering angel. She has seen little of Gerald since their parting a year before; and this meeting has been something of a trial for her; but she has learned to lean less on her own pride of heart, and more on a higher source, and has triumphed. At Lushee's dving request she has come to be with her. She met Gerald with composed mein, thanks to the efficacy of prayer.

It is a calm, summer evening, and the sweet, fragrant air-for it is the country-steals in through the casement, and fans the hot cheek of the sufferer.

"Raise me up," said Lushee, faintly.

Gerald softly supported her in his arms. while Lillian arranged the pillows under her. Lushee smiled on both, oh, how kindly.

The rustle of the trees, the murmur of running waters, the birds chirping in the hedges; and other sweet, rural sounds flooded in, until the room was full of holy music. Just then a distant church bell tolled for the evening service. The low, musical sound seemed to her a call from Heaven.

"When another day comes round," said Lushee, "and you hear that vesper bell again, I shall be no more among you. But I die happy. It is only at parting from you, Gerald, that I grieve. Yet it is all \(\) Lillian sank on their knees side by side. for the best.

She stopped, for her breath grew shorter and shorter, and she had to pause to recover herself. Soon she resumed-

"Don't weep, Gerald," she said, "nor you, Lillian. I am not fit for a world like this, and it is better I should go hence. We shall all meet in Heaven."

"Dear Lushee," sobbed Lillian: she could not say

Gerald turned his face away, and sobbed audibly. "I have something to ask of you, Gerald," said Lushee, after awhile, and when all were more composed. "It has been on my mind ever since I have been lying here. It is about your marrying again. I wish that you and Lillian could love each other. I often wondered you never did. I am sure you would make { each other happy."

She stopped, and looked from one to another. and there sobbed, for her heart was full.

Tears were raining down the cheeks of Lillian, but she did not look at Gerald; her eyes were fixed on her dying friend. Gerald, too, regarded only Lushee. "You are both here," said the dying angel, "and can answer me? Lillian, I know, loves no one; and you, Gerald, will you not obey me?" and she looked from one to the other.

For an instant the eyes of Gerald and Lillian met, and a thrill, a strange thrill, awfully solemn, yet not bitter, went to the hearts of each. Then their gaze rested on Lushee She had seen their mutual glance, she had, indeed, directed it: and now a happy smile broke over her countenance as she joined their hands.

"May you be happy, dear Lillian," she said. "And, Gerald, be true to her-she is a jewel worth the keeping. God bless you both!"

She smiled again, more sweetly than ever, turning from the face of one to that of the other. Gradually her hold on the hands of either relaxed-slowly, slowly. The vesper bell still tolled-but fainter and fainter, with departing cadence. When its last tremulous note vibrated over hill and dale, she murmured the names of Gerald and Lillian, and her spirit passed away, wasted upward to Heaven, it is no dream to think, by good angels who had waited at the threshold.

A moment before, and there had been three in that room, now Gerald and Lillian, looking instinctively at each other, felt there were but two. And, oh, how solemn was that conviction. Gerald tenderly laid the body of the departed on the bed, and then he and

They were different beings, were Gerald and Lillian, after that trial. Sorrow had chastened their hearts, and the memory of the dead thereafter was their talisman.

A year had passed since the decease of Lushee, when Gerald came to claim his bride. Ashly was once more decked in summer bloom. It was just two years from that night when Lillian had made him promise to keep his troth to Lushee; and, though to surrender him then had almost broke her heart, she rejoiced now at it. She felt that, from her home in Heaven, Lushee saw and blessed her for what she had done.

"Oh, dear Lillian," said Gerald to his bride, "how terrible a thing is pride. It came near shipwrecking me-but you, thank Heaven, was my better angel."

Lillian laid her head on her husband's shoulder,

GIVE BACK HEART. M EΜY

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

On, give me back my heart again, In rapture's moment given While round it played the spirit breath Of love's enchanting Heaven: The chain thy beauty twined has burst Its brightest links apart-Oh, give me back my heart again! Oh, give me back my heart!

Oh, give me back my heart again; 'T is now a withered thing, Like a shattered lute whose tones are flown, And broken each bright string; No touch may to its chords again Love's passion-breath impart-Oh, give me back my heart again! Oh, give me back my heart

THE BACHELOR CAUGHT:

OR, THE NEW DIARY OF AN ENNUYEE.

BY MES. JOSEPH C. NEAL

manuscript volume been guilty, that you so mercilessly doom it to the flames?"

The gentleman thus questioned looked up, and smiled at the same time, gathering up the loose leaves, scratched and blotted as they were, that he had just torn from a neatly bound volume.

"A journal by all that's sentimental," continued his friend, glancing at a page that was still upon the carpet.

"Yes, Hal, my journal for the last year, or rather an attempt at journalizing, for I confess the dates are few and far between. Shall I read it to you before the conflagration? I think parts of it would amuse you."

"Just the thing for this uncomfortable November evening; and as we are forbidden to set foot in Spruce street, I'll take the liberty of smoking in your presence, and of stretching myself on this sofa as a preliminary."

Suiting the action to the word, Henry Norton, Esq., was soon completely enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and his companion, a slight, and somewhat haughty looking man, read aloud the loose leaves that had been destined to eternal oblivion.

"I, Morton Howard, am twenty-four to-day," so ran the announcement, under date of October twelfth, 1847. "Strange to say, I wish I was back again with college fare and college companions. We had some fun at least with all the disagreeables; and anticipation of the time when we should no longer be subjected to professors and tutors, was happiness enough. Now I have nothing to hope, nothing to anticipate, and worse than all nothing to do. I am sick of myself, tired of the world, and all its so called pleasures. I almost envy these Market street fellows, they look so bustling and happy over their bales and boxes. Its a great misfortune to be born a rich man's son, and if any one don't think so, let them try my life awhile. My sisters are both married, and need neither my assistance nor my sympathy; I dine with them once a week; I pass them as they roll by in their splendid carriages. Perhaps if they were not so engrossed in their fine horses, and with their fine company, they could find a little time and affection to bestow on me. My companions are not my friends; I don't believe one of them, with the exception of Harry Norton, would care a farthing for me were I once stripped of the wealth that now gives me a kind of consequence in their eves."

The listener made a profound bow of acknowledgment.

"My life is unvaried by a single out of the way incident. 1 rise, and breakfast amid the din of a gentleman's ordinary. Ride Pysche ten miles or { the crossing daintily, I discovered a neat gaiter, and a

"PRAY, my dear fellow, of what has that poor; so; stroll up Chesnut street, and down again to dinner Lounge about the reading-room until tea, then lounge with equal want of gusto into the theatre, opera, or some jam of a party, where you say the same things to the same stupid, husband-hunting young ladies. None of them need attempt to 'snare' me. Bad as this sort of life is, I've no fancy for being married for an establishment, and that's all girls think of now-adays. I don't believe there's such a thing as love in this degenerate age. I wonder if my mother really loved my father. I don't remember that they ever quarreled, but then they were too well bred for that sort of thing.

> "October 13th.-I rode Pysche down to Point Breeze this morning. Jove! how she did canter. Came back all in a foam, and I was obliged to stop in the stable and see that she was properly cared for. I do love that little creature with her slender, graceful limbs and arching neck. One must be attached to something, I suppose, and I lavish my affection on Pysche.

"As I came into Chesnut street, I met Harry, who was sailing elegantly along in a new suit of superfine broadcloth. (Mem. to change my hat for a Beebe & Coster.)

""Where now?' said I.

"'Just strolling up to see the pretty girls as they come from Dirigo's music-room,' was his answer, its two nearly, and his largest class must be just out. The little dears have such a fine color after the exertion of practising roulades and cadenzas. Come in, so I joined him, for I'd nothing on earth to do between that and dinner. He tells me Ned Price lost a cool fifteen hundred dollars at the Long Island Races; I burnt my fingers and lightened my purse there, last year. Ned should have known better. I don't mind the money, but I can't submit to the mortification.

"We came up to Twelfth street just as a knot of young girls left the door of the academy. I don't believe there was one of them over eighteen, and most of them are not 'out' yet. They were all new faces to me, but Harry bowed right and left, they smiling and blushing as if they were all in love with him at once. There was one I shall never forget-such eves-such curls-and a dainty little hand, gloved at Levy's, I'll be bound. I was just going to ask Harry who she was, when I saw the fellow marching off with one of the prettiest in the group, bowing coolly to me as he did so. Before I had recovered from my astonishment she was out of sight.

"October 20th.-I don't know how it happened, but last Wednesday morning I found myself near Twelfth street, just about ten o'clock. Who can that young lady be? It was very damp, and as she trod

Digitized by Google

still neater foot. I always did admire to see ladies well gloved and shod. That's the best point about my sisters.

"October 21st.-The Musical Fund Concert last evening was very dull. I was just about beating a retreat, when bless thee, fortune, I discovered the incognita, a few seats before me. Most luckily Ned Price was with me, and he knew her. She is Miss Gray, of Arch street, he tells me; the daughter of a rich tobacconist, not in our set at all. I wish-but pshaw, it makes no difference to me.

October 25th.-Miss Gray certainly looks like a lady of high refinement. What difference does it make about my visiting her whether Mrs. Bpatronizes her or not. I've a great mind to get Ned to introduce me. I wonder if she wonders at our frequent accidental meetings? I'm sure she blushed today, and I could scarcely refrain from lifting my hat.

"October 29th.—It so happened that I met Ned Price last evening at the corner of Arch and Broad. Where should he be bound but to the very Miss Grav's? Before I knew it he had hurried me up the broad marble steps-the servant ushered us in, and in a moment Miss Gray entered the brilliantly lighted room to receive us.

"Ned rose as she came forward, and presented me as the friend he had so often spoken of-I had not looked up till then, for somehow I felt a little neryous. Imagine my astonishment when I saw a lady nearly as tall as myself-with long, disheveled ringlets, and such a color. She was an entire stranger. I know I must have acted like a madman, but think of the shock to my poor nerves. Ned looked on in amazement; he evidently thinks me in love with his Miss Gray, but she's not the little divinity I worship. Pshaw, that's a foolish sentence, but somehow I scratched it down without thinking.

"At first I was puzzled to think how the mistake had arisen, but after a while I remembered that this very lady was sitting next to incognita, the night of the concert. I remember her distinctly, for she wore a horrid crimson velvet head-dress that annoyed me all the while. Ned had 'mistaken the person,' and most heartily did he laugh at my disappointment when we were once more in the street.

"October 30th.—I'm growing tired of my Spanish, I think I shall take a few lessons of Dirigo. I once had a tolerable tenor voice. Pysche's a great deal of trouble, I wish horses would exercise themselves; by the way I should like to see incognita on horseback. I wonder if she rides well. Any woman who has any sort of a figure always looks best upon horseback.

"November 5th.—I wonder what can have occurred. The fair unknown has not been at her music lessons for the last three days.

"November 9th .- I resolved I would not attend -'s party last evening, but just time Mrs. De B--for me to dress I passed before my mirror, and finding that I was looking my very best, I concluded I would drop in for a few minutes. I had scarcely made my bow to madame, when who should I see entering next to me but Dirigo's fair pupil. She was { leaning on the arm of a tall, fine looking fellow. Her i be tempted to do so ungentlemanly a thing as to escort

brother, I suppose. How like a sylph she moved across the floor, how gracefully she returned the greetings of her acquaintances. She must have noticed how I watched her, at least I am afraid she did, for as her eyes met mine for a single instant, I saw her blush again. She turned away her head very quickly, and passed on to another room. There was not a soul near me who knew her, though I asked several. She must be a new face.

"About half an hour after I heard some one say, 'she has consented to sing,' and I-never thinking that she could have reference to any one beside the lady who had been haunting my steps for so longhastened toward the music-room. Nor was I mistaken; she was just playing the prelude to 'Il Segreto,' my favorite over anything in the whole opera of 'Lucrecia Borgia.' There was a perfect hush through the crowded room as her brilliant and yet liquid voice gave the animated strain. To my taste she sang it as well as Pico ever did.

"There was no one standing near me from whom I could ask her name, and as I heard several inquire, I presume she is a stranger in the city.

"November 13th.-I have a clue now, I am sure I have. On passing down Walnut street this morning, I saw incognita run up the steps of one of the largest houses between Eleventh and Twelfth. Morgan was the name upon the door-plate. I do not recollect it all. She passed the servant at the door, and entered as if she was quite at home. The Lockwoods live within a few doors, I shall call there this evening, and at last be tormented with vague curiosity no more. I shall never think of her, after I once know her name, but its so provoking to be bothered in this way.

"November 14th.-Off the track again. I called at the Lockwoods, was eagerly received by both mother and daughter, (I ought to have paid a call there months ago.) After a few preliminaries I managed to introduce the subject of neighbors generally, and suddenly became interested in the discussion of theirs. 'There are the Whites,' said they, 'grand enough people, but then one does not care to associate with them. The Jacksons are as haughty as people can well be, and of course we don't make first advances to any one. The Morgans (I am sure they must have seen that my face flushed. I wish I could get over that woman's habit of blushing)—the Morgans,' continued Mrs. Lockwood, 'see no society at all, they are quite old, and have not a child in the world.'

"Of course I could make no further inquiry, and soon after took leave. I think Anna Lockwood has a fancy this way: that's the reason I don't call oftener. She's a pretty girl, its true, and waltzes, polkas, etc., delightfully. But I whistled-

"'Liberty for me,' as I came down the steps, and I am resolved that I never will be entrapped into mat-

"November 15th.—Henry Norton knows nothing of the fair unknown: he promised to ask one of those pretty girls he walked home with the other day, but last evening he took a sudden fancy to pass a week in Baltimore, and I am as much in the dark as ever. She does not go'to Dirigo's now, or I fear I should

Digitized by Google

her home some day. Walking a square or so behind, of course, I met her on Chesnut street yesterday. She had been walking rapidly, and had a most brilliant color. Who can she be, and what difference does it make to me who she is? I don't want a wife, that's certain. I have lady friends enough now in all conscience. By the way, Anna Lockwood fairly invited me to a promenade yesterday. I do wish ladies would not infringe upon our prerogative of courtship; I might have fancied that girl once, but I like to have all the trouble on my side. Her mother, too, is constantly manœuvring to get us together. I have an invitation there for to-morrow night.

'Reading with me is not in vogue, I can't be plagued to think.'

as the song goes—well, hurrah for a ride on Pysche. I call on Miss M——, in School-House Lane. I wonder if they intend staying at their country-seat all winter? What a pity she's going to be married. She's the only woman I know that's worth talking to.

"November 26th.-In luck to-day for once in the world. I went out this morning discontented with myself, and my tailor in particular. A new vest, sent home last night, fitted horribly; and, moreover, I couldn't tie a bow to suit me in my cravat. I found myself going up Spruce street before I knew it, and just above Fourth my ill-humor was increased by having a servant dash a whole bucket of water over my nicely polished boots. As I looked up to give him a blessing, who should I see at the window of that very house but the lady-not of my love, but of my curiosity. She was holding one of the sweetest children I ever saw, and the little creature had pulled down those long braids I admired so much, giving her the most picturesque air imaginable. She did not see my mishap fortunately, and I hurried on to get a look at the door-plate. The name was there, but the steps were so high, and it was engraved so fine that I could not read it. I found I had left my glass at home. I wish I had a respectable pair of eyesam always running over some acquaintance in the street, or getting to the opera without a glass, and being annoyed all the evening by not being able to distinguish a face. But fortune was about to turn the tables in my favor. Not a square off I met young Dr. Harrington, who mentioned that he was going to make a call at that very house. They are New York people, just come to our city. Fine family, he says, and my unknown is named Emily Douglass. 'Unengaged too,' added Harrington, in the excess of his communicativeness, and added, 'shall I introduce you? I'll take the privilege of an old friend. I have known her ever since I can recollect.' I thanked him, but declined, though I was dying to go.

"To-night at Dandurand's, who should come in but Harrington. 'I happened to mention having met you this morning,' was his salutation, 'and Miss Emily begged me to bring you there some day. They have few acquaintances in the city: are very select, and now you won't refuse to go. I only wonder at their requesting an introduction.'

"Harrington is a good-natured fellow, but he talks too much, decidedly too much. At first I thought he had been repeating my cross questions, but he assured me he had not. It is odd that Miss Douglass should wish my acquaintance. I'll wager anything she suppects I am her unknown friend, for she must have noticed my embarrassment at our last meeting Well, come what will, I'll accept Harrington's offer.

"November 27th.—If there ever was a man so egregiously humbugged before! Miss Douglass is—but I'll record my last night's adventures for my future instruction and amusement.

"I was as particular as a woman about my toilette. Angry at myself all the while for doing so, and never looked worse than when Harrington came in. I don't remember anything about our walk, only that Harrington asked me how much I would take for Pysche! I stared at the fellow to see if he was in earnest. Part with Pysche!—I'd as soon think of selling a sofa, if I had one.

"Incognita was reading quite alone in the front parlor as we were announced. She blushed as she saw me; I grew a still deeper crimson, and Harrington presented me to Mrs. Scott! Yes, Mrs! I thought I must have been mistaken, and stumbled through with the necessary formalities. After a moment she recovered her self-possession, and entered into a conversation with Harrington, in the course of which she remarked that Captain Scott would leave Mexico the ensuing week, and, after a two years separation, she should once more meet her husband. There was no mistake in the matter now at least I felt as if stupefied suddenly; I sat without uttering a syllable. To think that I had wasted all my-curiosity, upon a wife, and a devoted one too, as I plainly saw. A feeling almost like faintness crept over me, but I rallied as Harrington suddenly called on me to join the conversation.

"Just then a delicate, child-like creature came hastily into the room, 'sister,' said she, 'little Willie is——' and then she saw me, and stopped suddenly in the centre of the room. A brilliant light fairly shrouded her, for she stood directly under the chandelier, and, as she hesitated an instant, you might almost have thought her en tableau for the repentant Peri. There was a floating, winning grace about her that was irresistible.

"'Well, what of my little Willie?' said Mrs. Scott.

"So it was her own child she had held the morning I saw her at the window; I thought it was some nephew or niece. I never should have dreamed she was a wife, certainly not a mother. The young girl was Miss Emily Douglass, and, to crown my mortification, she naively remarked on our introduction, 'you are not the gentleman I thought you were,' an equivocal compliment Harrington afterward explained. I had been pointed out to her at the opera,

some time before, when Harry had been with me, and she also had mistaken the person. Confound that fellow, Harry!—how that handsome face of his makes its way in the world."

Once more the gentleman upon the sofa bowed profoundly, and lighted a fresh cigar as his friend continued—

"Christmas Day, 1847.—I paid a call in Sprace street this morning; the sofa-table was loaded with most elegant gifts. Miss Douglass must have a great many friends. I wonder who that tall fellow was that she greeted so cordially just as I left? She's much too young to be in general society.

"January 5th, 1848.—Mrs. Scott and myself have grown to be excellent friends. She laughed merrily last night at a recital I gave of my curiosity on her account. I never intended any one should know that —but she has such a queer way of making one tell their very thoughts. I wish she was my sister. I believe I could love her dearly—to tell the truth, I begin to think I had better waste my affection upon a lady than a horse, after all. Chesnut street belies forgive the comparison!

"January 15th.—Miss Douglass has a delicious voice. I was quite surprised last evening at its power and compass. It is far beyond Mrs. Scott's. Her husband—Mrs. Scott's I mean—will be home in a few days. Why couldn't he have been shot, I wonder, as well as some of his brother officers? Heaven forgive the thought, but what a darling little widow she would be. I should be almost tempted to turn Benedict for her sake.

"January 21st.—Its too cold and stormy to ride now-a-days. One can't read all the time; I'm sick of billiards—besides, I never win a game. I wonder if I should be happier if I had a nice little wife to talk to, one that could sing away this evil spirit of ennus. But then housekeeping must be so tiresome: and the idea of knowing anything about marketing—most husband's have to, I believe. I shall spend the evening in Spruce street—but then I always come home so discontented.

"January 22ad.—Captain Scott came yesterday. I don't wonder that his wife is fond of him. A fine, soldiery man, frank, affable and intelligent. Mrs. Scott looked so provokingly happy—and her husband so provokingly comfortable as he sat beside her on a lounge, with little Willie between them.

"I suppose I shall be an intruder now,' said I, half jestingly, half sadly.

"'Oh, no,' said she, 'but I shall expect Emily to entertain you now. I shall put you in her care for the future.'

"I don't know how it happened, but Emily blushed, I am sure, and to tell the truth, I felt a little nervous, as I crossed the room and sat down beside her. 'Will you take so tremendous a charge?' said I, by way of saying something.

"Her little hands pulled the tassel of the sofa-cushion most unmercifully, and she glanced timidly up without saying a word. Oh, those eyes—so gentle, so confiding! A strange, electric thrill darted through my heart. I looked at Mrs. Scott—but she was deeply engaged in conversation with her husband.

"'Do not refuse me,' I could not refrain from whispering. And again those eyes met my own.

"Pshaw! how ridiculous to record a mere accident. But to tell the truth, I dreamed the whole scene over again last night.

"February 5th.—What a charming family the Douglasses are—from the gentlemanly papa to little Willie Scott. I'm very fond of that child—how proud his father must be. I wonder if people really are happier married. Last evening I took the little fellow in my arms, and he began to prattle in his artless way.

"'That's my father,' said he, pointing to Captain Scott, who was reading at the window. 'He is my mamma's husband. Ain't you Aunt Emily's husband?'

"'No, my dear,' said I, involuntarily, 'but I wish I was.' Just then I saw that Miss Douglass was in the back parlor—I had spoken very low, so I was sure she could not have heard me, but I felt as if I had said a very foolish thing.

"February 6th.—Am I the most happy or the most miserable of men? Am I awake or asleep? What creatures children are, and how unpremediated is a proposal, after all. I had promised to take Emily the new poem of the Princess this morning, and for a great wonder I saw her alone. She was not looking well, and I longed to draw the weary little head to rest close to my throbbing, wildly beating heart.

"There was an awkward pause in the conversation. 'Where is my little favorite?' said I, at length. 'I will send for him,' answered Emily; and before I could remonstrate, that precious tete-a-tete was broken by the little tell-tale.

"Ah,' said he, springing with all the confidence of an established pet into my arms: 'ah, I told Aunt Emily you wanted to be her husband. Why won't you be?"

"Imagine the poor girl's blushes and my confusion. I don't remember what drew little Willie away, but not a moment after we were alone, and I had whispered—

""Willie has but told the truth. I do wish, sincerely—earnestly, that you would be mine—my own,' I said, clasping the delicate hand that trembled so near my own.

"Again those mute but clearly eloquent eyes were raised to mine, and the impulse of the moment was not resisted. I clasped her to my heart, and her bright, young head rested for a moment on my bosom. Oh, that long, delicious hour—I told her how unconsciously she had stolen my love and melted my selfishness. That I had been and would be a nobler and better man for her dear sake, and at last I heard from her own lips the trembling confession that my love had not been wasted.

"How heartily Mrs. Scott congratulated us, as I led my Emily to her on her return, and told her I had not been disdained.

"'I will answer for papa's sanction,' said she; and Captain Scott nearly crushed my hand in the energy of his grasp.

"February 10th.—I met Harry to-day, and made him my confidant. How he stared—



"'What, you, Morton Howard?' exclaimed he, you engaged—you turning Benedict? It's the best joke of the season—positively the best'—but he did not jest after I had introduced him to Emily.

"'You're a lucky fellow,' was his sole comment as we left Spruce street, 'and I'll dine with you once a week, when it's all over.'

"So like him, and he shall be my groomsman. What an unreasonable man Mr. Douglass is, to insist on deferring the wedding six months at least. Emily was seventeen only last week, and he thinks her too young to marry just at present.

"There is a long hiatus," observed Howard, as he took up the last leaf of the volume. "Fill it up with Saratoga, Newport, and Niagara. I never was so tired of a summer tour, for I didn't have a tete-a-tete once a week. Bless her dear little heart, Emily was as anxious to get home as I was."

"Don't laugh," he added, glancing down the page with a smile. "It's very husband-like."

"September 27th.—I have been out all the morning looking for a house, and at last found the very one for us. It is not more than four squares from Emily's home. I shall have one of my own, soon, newly built, and neatly finished—the parlors are large, and the back buildings Emily pronounces delightful. I suppose they've a great deal to do with the comfort of a family, but I could not quite understand her raptures. There's a nice, little room back of the dining-room, I am to have for my own peculiar 'den,' Miss

Emily says—and when this bother of upholsterers, etc. etc., is over, I shall begin to feel quite like a married man. After all, there is something delightful in this bustle of preparation. I haven't played a game of billiards these three months. By the way, Pysche never shows to such good advantage as when my fearless little puss is riding her. Every day I find something to congratulate myself for. I have now an object in life; some one to care for me, and some one beside myself to please. My sisters have taken a great fancy to my wife—that will very soon be—and cross Harry continues to call me a lucky dog. No more lonely hotel life—no more ennui, when that house is once inhabited by the dearest of human creatures."

The journal suddenly ceased, and after a few critical comments, Harry Norton looked at his watch, and pleaded an engagement.

There was a kindly commiseration of look and tone, as he grasped his friend's hand, and said, "to-morrow this time it will be all over with you, Howard. Poor feilow—poor fellow."

Howard laughed gaily as he returned the, cordial pressure, and declared it was all envy instead of pity, and reminded his friend of the weekly visit he had promised, when they were once comfortably settled.

"I'll wait till the honey-moon is over," was the rejoinder; "and whatever else you do, beg Mrs. Howard to be careful in the choice of her cook."

SICK-BED MUSINGS.

BY MRS ANN S. STEPHENS.

I will not talk of dying—there is one
Who bends above me with so sad a brow,
Who clasps my fingers tremblingly in his
And meets my look with sad and troubled eye,
As if to chide me for a cruel thought
When'er I speak as with a doubt of life.
Thus I will turn my weary head away,
And, as he thinks me lost in needful sleep,
Will dwell upon that dark and fearful dream,
Whose waking will be up before my God
For now, when sorrow preys upon my frame.
And dissolution may be very near,
It is a time for solemn thoughts of death.

Is there but one to hover round my bed?
But one to mark the changing of my cheek,
And count the pulse my heart is telling forth?
Where is the mother, whose fond bosom once
Was made a pillow for my aching head?
Where is the sire, who bore me in his arms,
While my young sisters smoothed my couch of pain?
Away—away, full many a weary mile
Of plain and mountain bars them from my side.
Where wait my friends? Alas, the human heart
Is rank with selfashness. No kindly eye
To cheer or pity, seeks my couch of pain.
Yes—one is standing firmly at his post,
Supplying sister futher, mother, friend,

Prompt to the call of that most solemn vow, Which link'd our destinies, and made us one. Thanks be to God! I am not quite alone.

The solitude in which we two are wrapped, Is well, perchance-for would this forehead feel The cool refreshing of a mother's tears. Were friends or kindred crowding to my couch, The earth might be too lovely; and the gems Which I have garnered in my early youth, Might flash their brilliancy 'tween me and Heaven; The flowers that I have held too near my heart, 'Ti!l they were withered by its over heat, Might send a fragrance from their dying breath, And hind me even to their faded charms. But all are crushed and broken. One by one Of the bright links that bound me to my kind, Grew dim by distance, or were torn by death. While some-oh, bitterness! were rudely rent, And sundering tore the heart-strings they entwined. Half the bright chain which bound me to the earth, Is stripped, by fate, of gildings, buds, and flowers, And hangs a weight upon my burthen'd heart.

But hush thy murmurings, oh, complaining soul! And purify thy thoughts to meet thy God, Or gather up thy jewels for new life. The casket may be worn—the gems all strewn But go, collect the mind's forsaken wreath, And turn from searching the dark human heart, Where thou hast garnered all thy hopes too long, And seek for knowledge in her sparkling well. The flowers are delicate—the fruit is ripe-The trees are green as in thy infant years... The sky is full of stars for thee to read-The air comes laden from the fount of truth, And whispers knowledge in the rustling trees. The ocean heaves with every rolling wave A subject for thy searching powers to scan-The mountain teems with science, and the dew Which gems the petal of each modest flower, Contains a mystery for thee to know. The flower, itself, on every stainless leaf, Bears gentle tracing of Jehovah's hand, And breathes a music from its inner cup, Which, if thy ear is tuned to know the sound, Will draw thee sweetly up to Nature's God.

Nor droop nor murmur, oh, my weary soul,

While so much knowledge woos thee on to life While sky and earth are full of stores for thought, And God has promised mercy after death. Say, wilt thou faint thus early in thy noon, And useless moura for ever o'er the past, Neglecting all to count thy faded joys? Why must thou think for ever but to feel, And feel for ever but to vainly think Of that which has been, not to be again. The year has seasons, so has human life Then take the fruit as it shall find its prime. Nor weep, forgetful, o'er the faded flowers That bloomed and drooped along thy early path Perhaps as flowers that meet with culture here, Then die and blossom each succeeding spring, Thou, when transplanted to thy promised home, Wilt taste the essence of thy early youth, And win new glory by thy culture here. Then hush, my soul, content thyself to live, Or, be prepared to fold thy wings and wait.

TO THE ABSENT.

BY JOHN A. STINE.

The glorious, gladsome past with thee, My joy inchriste heart, and brain, Should never drink a milder glee; For thou in memory's coronet A gem, a wreath, a light dost shine, And, dearest, can I e'er forget The lustre of that gem is thine? A thousand songs the dranken day Is singing to the busy noon, And few are they who hear the lay But mingle in the jocund tune. I hear the boisterous chant, and yet My heart will seek a distant shrime—Then think not, I could e'er forget, When noonday's every thought is thine.

On! could I share but once again,

The voiceless sprite of eve expands
His sable muffle o'er the air,
And silence, with uplifted hands,
Would fain direct my homage where
The starry watch of night is set;
But vainly speaks the invoking sign—
Then think not I could e'er forget
When evening's every thought is thine!
And through the dream lit path of night,
Thou ever smil'st a bliss to me,
breathe a rapture wild, and bright,
A Heaven, for oh! I am with thee!
And morning's dawn but wakes regret,
As fades the vision all divine—
Then think not I could e'er forget,

When night's unconscious thought is thine!

NIAGARA.

BY JANE GAY.

Holly of Holies! At this portal vast
Of thy unbounded temple, let me stand
A mute, though tearful worshipper, and guze
Upon this world of wonder! How my heart
Stays its wild, restless throbbings, and my blood
Curdles within me, as I pause upon
This brink of grand sublimity, and hear
The rolling anthem of eternity,
Ringing its awful bass within mine ears.
The mists rise up around me, as I stand
Drinking these echoes of Omnipotence
Within my timid spirit. Leave me alone,
Like the rapt prophet on the holy mount
To gather inspiration! Lo, I come,

And bow me here at this immortal shrine
Of the great God of Nature, and implore
The living baptism of Divinity!
Sprinkle my forehead with thy silvery drops,
And let me bathe my lips from out thy flood,
Ye everlasting waters! I shall go
Forth to the world again with higher heart
And holier purpose, if I learn thy lore.
Breathe in my fearful soul that I shall rise
From death's dread fall—and soar to the blue Heavens,
As rises from these darkly feaming waves
The misty drop that sparkles in your bow,
Soaring on rainbow pinion to the akies.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE PRESENT VOLUME.

THE present number contains, it will be seen, no less than three mezzotints, all engraved originally for us. This is the first instance in which any American magazine has issued three mezzotints even in a January number; and ours have this peculiarity, that they are by the three great masters of this species of engraving. The first is by Walters, and is a beautiful picture; the second is by Gross, a master-piece of art; and the third is in the best style of Sartain, after a most exquisite picture, by Landseer. The designs for the first two are, we believe, entirely new; but the last is from a rare print in posses sion of the publisher; and though engraved and published once before, several years ago, it will be new, we know, to most of our friends. Altogether these three illustrations have never been surpassed—they form a gallery of themselves-and, by their publication, we feel that we have redeemed our promise of a great mezzotist number for January.

The literary contents are such, we believe, as have been rarely offered in any magazine. We have edited this number without reference to names, but solely with a view to having the best articles, and those most varied in character. Some of the contributors are old friends, others are new ones. Our coadjutor, Mrs. Stephens, will begin, next month, a nevel of American life, "The Palace and the Prison," which, to judge from what we have seen of it in manuscript, will surpass any of her preceding works. There are characters in it which twine themselves around the heart like Oliver Twist and little Nell. We shall endeavor to have some original designs made for this thrilling story, and engraved in mezzotint.

In a word, we intend to publish a better magazine for 1849 than for any preceding year, and give this number as an earnest of our purpose. We shall issue the finest illustrations, and present, on the whole, the most agreeable contents. A lady writes us:—"I have subscribed to the National for three or four years, and I like it more than any of the three dollar magazines, to which my sister and myself have been subscribers for some years." This is but one witness, out of hundreds. We assure her and them that we shall endeavor, in 1849, to make our friends admire the National twice as much as ever. The best proof of the solid merit of this periodical is that it has no ephemeral popularity—it does not fluctuate like the other magazines—but, from the issue of the first number, seven years ago, its circulation has been steadily increasing.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems by Lydia H. Sigourney. With Illustrations, by paintings by F. Darley. 1 vol. Philada: Carey & Hart, 1849 — This is a companion volume to the illustrated editions of Longfellow, Bryant, and Willis, noticed by us in the former years, as among the most splendid publications ever issued from that of Mrs. The American press. A more appropriate gift-book could not be selected, for apart from the beauty of the typography and engravings, which elevate this work above the costlicat annuals, the volume affords the most complete collection of Mrs. Sigourney's poems yet made. When we reflect on the thousands of hearts, all over this wide land, on which the poetry of Mrs. Sigourney has shed its holy same person.

influence, we feel assured that the demand for this book will far transcend that of any former numbers of the series.

And, indeed, this volume deserves an increased sale, for it is, in many respects, superior to its predecessors. The illustrations by Darley are in his very best vein, and will be generally pronounced superior to those by Leutze, in the editions of Bryant and Willis, for 1847 and 1848. The likeness of Mrs. Sigourney, engraved by Cheney, is a perfect triumph of art. The volume reflects great credit or the publishers. The engravings are by American artists after American drawings, illustrating American poems. Yet it would be impossible for any bookseller, either in London or Paris, to produce a more elegant work; one, in short, in which paper, type, designs and engravings were all in the first style of their respective arts.

Though many beautiful books are now issued by American publishers, it seems but yesterday since the worst type and poorest paper were regarded as good enough. To Messrs. Carey & Hart must be awarded much of the merit of a reformation in these things. Their editions of Lallah Rookh, and the Lady of the Lake, issued several years ago, in a style similar to the book before us, were among the very first illustrated volumes published in the United States, which were worthy of the American press. It must be a proud reflection to these great booksellers, to know that they have led where others have followed.

This edition of Mrs. Sigourney's poems is elegantly bound in morocco or cloth, stamped in gold with appropriate devices.

The Female Poets of America. With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By Thomas Buchanan Read. 1 vol. 8 vo. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co., 1849.—This is altogether a most beautiful volume. No person of taste should be without a book, at once so magnificent, yet so valuable.

The selections by Mr. Read are extremely judicious, and prove him to be a thorough master of his subject; while his critical remarks are impartial and accurate. We have but one fault to find with him, that his standard of the merit required for admission, is not sufficiently high; it seems to us that so elegant a book ought to be confined to superior writers. However as we know it to be impossible to criticise harshly the verses of a graceful or beautiful woman, and as we acknowledge that the most prosaic of the other sex is more poetical than the best of our own, we can not find it in our heart to censure the editor. Rhadamantus himself would be softened by the muses, if coming in such a beautiful guise as we have them here.

There are ten portraits in this volume, all from original paintings by the editor. The engravings are by J. J. Pease. Our favorite picture is the likeness of Anne C. Lynch: it is by far the most poetical looking of the whole gallery. The head of Mrs. Hale is truthful and fine; and that of Mrs. Osgood particularly spirited. Grace Greenwood, in her riding-dress, makes a superb picture. Mrs. Ellet is nature itself. On the whole, the illustrations ought to sell the volume, even if the literary merits were put out of the question. Nothing strikes us more forcibly, in looking over this book, than the frequency with which nature has united loveliness of face and beauty of intellect in the same person.

__Digitized by Google

The type with which this volume is printed was cast, we understand, expressly for the purpose; and the paper, which is of that creamy white so refreshing to the eye, was ordered in a similar manner. The binding is in morocco or cloth, with appropriate stamps in gold. The exquisite taste and liberal means of the publisher are, indeed, perceptible in every department of the book; and he deserves the thanks of all friends of American bibliography for having produced so superb a volume.

We forgot to mention that Mr. Read has contributed a proem, which is printed with illuminations, each stanzas having a marginal picture in colors. Fit portrait to so noble a volume is this gorgeously decorated poem. It floods us with mellow glory, like the sumshine from a stained window, meeting us at the entrance of some cathedral, rich with spoils within.

Foot-Prints. By R. H. Steddard. 1 vol. 8 vo. 48 pp. New York: Spaulding & Stoddard -- True genius is allied to modesty. The unpretending manner in which Mr. Stoddard makes his debut as a poet, impresses us forcibly. We say involuntarily, "there must be true gold here." Nor when we came to examine his book, are we disappointed. -A graceful and delicate mind-much force in description considerable fancy-and a memory richly stored with the imagery of nature, the only true master after all, characterize Mr. Stoddard. When we weigh his productions as exhibited in this volume, and remember that his daily life is one of constant toil, we are compelled to award to him a higher degree of relative merit than many with more protentions to excellence. We encountre Mr. Stoddard to go on in the path he has chosen.

One of the posms, most certain to be popular, though not probably the one really the most deserving, is "The "Deserted House." We quote it as a specimen of his style.

> "The old house lies in ruin and wreck, And the villagers stand in fear aloof The rafters bend, and the roof is black But bright green mosses spot the roof;
> The window panes are shattered out,
> And the broken glass is lying about,
> And the elms and poplars cent a shade
> All day long on the colonnade.

The lawn in front with its sloping bank, A garden sweet in its happier hours, Is covered with weeds, and grasses rank, Usury the place of its faded flowers. Adders bask in the Summer sun, And rusty toals and beetles run
Over the paths, the gravelly floor,
Where children played in the days of yore.

A light wind bloweth-the front door swings And creaks on its hinges—the sun lies there, There's a web stretched over it full of wings, There's a web stretched over it tuil of win And the spider watches within his lair. I see the staircsse slant, and wide The empty hall and rooms inside, The floor is covered with damp and mould, And the dust floats up like a mist of gold.

I hear a noise in the cehoing hall,
A solemn sound like a stifled sigh;
And shadows move on the dusky wall
Like the sweep of garments passing by;
And faces glimmer amid the gloom,
Floating along from room to room;
The dead come back, a shining train,
And people the lonely house again."

The Leaflets of Memory: an Illuminated Annual for MDCCCXLIX. Edited by Reynell Coates, M. D. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co .- This is the prince of annuals for 1849. The embellishments consist of eight mezzotists, by Surtain, and four splendid illuminations after designs by Deof "The Loaflets;" nothing indeed yet published in America has approached them unless the illuminated poem in the beginning of "Read's Female Poets," a volume of which we have spoken above. Of the mezzotints we like best those entitled "Nonsense," "Priscilla," and "Oriental Life." All are, however, in Sartain's best style, and tell their story fitly and eloquently. The literary contents are generally by American writers, though we notice a few selections from English authors of note. Measrs. Boker, Read, Foster and Robinson, and Mrs. Clara Moreton, and Miss Sproat are the most prominent original contributors, beside the editor, who furnishes several admirable articles. The type, paper and binding of this annual are all in the same superior style as the illustrations. Those who really desire a superb gift-book, and prefer an annual to a more standard work, should give the preference to the "Leaflets for 1849."

The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual for 1849. Philada: Brower, Hayes & Co.-The publishers of this charming annual say very appropriately in their preface, "that ART is the natural handmaid of RELIGION." Accordingly, they add, they have labored to produce a book which should tend to premote plous feeling, and at the same time "gratify that cultivated taste which is one of the legitimate fruits of pure religion:"-and in this praiseworthy effort they have succeeded. There is no gift-book of the year we would so readily place in the hands of youth. The literary contents all breathe an elevated moral tone, without being tainted by either sectarianism or cant. They display high ability too. Here, for instance, is one of two sonnets by George H. Boker, "On a Wayside Cross."

"Yes rest, and ponder what the nations own From the mysterious sacrifice apart—
To this rude emblem. Hence did learning start; From the myste The savage melted 'nenth Religion's glow; Hence Peace and civilizing Science flow, Refining culture and creative Art; The social ties which soothe man's rugged heart, The social ties which soone man's tugged and Beneath its blessing to perfection grow; And budding hopes around it freshly bloom. Still we beneath the Druid's leafy gloom Might wander dark; or, at Valhalla's board, Hope, with its gods, the foaming cans to smite, Had not this symbol of our martyred Lord. Like an Aurora, lit the boreal night."

The embellishments of this annual are nine in number, and are all mezzotints, by Sartain. Four of them, "A Vignette," "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity," are superb pictures; while the remainder are quite up to the general run of illustrations in annuals. The volume is of medium size, neatly printed, and bound in embossed morocco.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Edited by W. Chambers. 10 vols. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.-This valuable publication, which has been issued in numbers heretofore, being now completed, will soon be withdrawn from circulation, and supplied only in volumes. We have so frequently spoken of the high character of this work that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it now. In England, where it first appeared, its popularity was so great that one million three hundred thousand volumes of it were sold, averaging one hundred and thirty thousand full copies. In the United States, where education is more generally diffused, its circulation ought at least to rival this; for it is emphatically a book for the people. No family where there are children, no public or private school, ought to be without a set of these volumes. We shall miss the work exceedingly, now that it is completed; for we have been accustomed to read vereux. We have never seen anything so superb as these every number, sure either of learning something new, or illuminations: they even surpass those in former numbers of reviving old knowledge. There is no work we have ever seen, which combines so much instruction and amusement, so much that is novel and interesting, or presents the whole in so agreeable a style, and with similar accessories of fine paper, clear type, and spirited engravings.

The Snow Flake. A Holiday Gift, for 1849. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.-The illustrations of this very elegant annual are ten in number, and from the burin of Welsh, an artist who is fast rivalling Sartain. Two of them, "Cleora," and "Morning" realize, though after different models, our ideal of female loyeliness. "The Pensioner" is in a different vein, but has a quiet humor about it that makes it equally a favorite with us. In its literary contents, we think this annual displays greater variety than others. All the articles, too, are good, some especially so. "Town and Country," by Marie Roseau, is an excellent tale; Julian Cramer's poem is admirable; "The Spirit of Poesy," by G. H. Boker, exhibits a very high order of merit; and "Guonare," a poem by Eliza S. Sproat, is full of beauty. This annual is published by the same house as the "Leaflets," but it is smaller and not so superbly got up. In addition to its ten engravings, however, it has a very pretty illuminated presentation page. The annual comes to us bound in embossed morocco For young ladies from twelve years of age upward, the "Snow Flake" would form a very desirable gift-book.

Christmas Blossoms, and New Year's Wreath, for 1849. By Uncle Thomas. Philada: E. H. Butler.—For the little folks this is the best annual out. Indeed it is a darling giftbook, a perfect pet, a very bijou! It is embellished with six mezzotints, by Sartain, all admirably engraved, and all from beautiful pictures. "Going to School," and the vignette which faces it are alone sufficient to delight the recipient of such a Christmas gift for a fortuight. The stories are adapted for children. This little annual comes at a price suited to the times.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

As the season for balls, and evening parties has now some, we give two choice costumes for such occasions.

Fig. 1.—A Ball Dress of pink tarlatane, trimmed with nine rows of narrow quilling of the same material: the top row being finished at the right side with a bouquet of flowers. An under skirt of white satin. Coreage low, and pointed, and finished with a berthe, trimmed in the same way as the skirt, a bouquet fastening it in front. Headdress, consisting of a bud of flowers on each side just above the ear, and a demi-wrenth of green leaves passing over the front of the head.

Pis. II.—An Evenine Dense of blue gazze, with two jupes; the under one finished round the bottom with five narrow rows of light blue satin; the upper one trimmed down the skirt with the same material. Corange low, and pointed, and full from the shoulders. A head-dress of green leaves and flowers.

Morning Dresses.—Any neat, lively-like woman can scarcely do without a morning dress, and many never breakfast without a cap. The latter may possibly be dispensed with, though it is in excellent taste after a lady arrives at the age of twenty-three or five. It gives a matronly air to young wives and housekeepers; and we generally find that young husbands think them becoming. Their proper use is to preserve the hair from derangement during only morning duties, but we have seen them, made a cover for unkempt locks, curl papers, or yesterday's braids, brashed over. The moment they are applied to this use let them be discontinued, they are dangerous excuses

for a very slovesly habit, as no lady should appear .t the breakfust-table until her hair has been thoroughly brushed, and thus freed from the lint and dust contracted through the preceding day and night.

BREAKPAST CAPS should be simple in form and trimmed lightly. Artificial flowers, unless the most delicate possible to be obtained, are quite out of taste. Knots and rosettes of ribbon, of the same color as that predominating in the morning dress, or contrasting with it, are most suitable. They should not be made to conceal the front hair, and are never tied under the chin. Fasten them with hair pins to the braid or twist, these with small ornamented heads, will be useful.

THE CHARLOTTE CORDAY AND POLEA CAPS, so long universal favorites, have this fall given piace to the Marie Stuors, and La Liberts. The first has a pointed curner, trimmed lightly with bloade. The second has a round crown, with a small front piece, edged with three rows of thread lace, caught up on the left side with three rosettes, or cockades of white, red and blue manuar ribbon; they fall a little below each other, and the last has pendant curls, of the three colors.

CHINTH WRAPPERS AND MOUSSELINE DE LAIMES.-- MOIDing dresses, we have said, were indispensable. No American housekeeper can avoid all household duties, and a dress suitable for their performance is unsuited for dinner, or the evening family circle. What husband likes to find his wive in a soiled or dusty dress at noon? or what brother is pleased to greet his young lady sisters in a wrapper, bearing the marks of pastry making or dusting? If it be then but of sixpenny chints, made with the extreme of plainness, let any woman wear a morning dress. The common wrapper form is most suitable for plain chintzes, or perhaps the sacque pattern, that is the street sacque extended to from a long skirt, and confined on the waist by a narrow belt of the same. It is very high in the neck, and has a small, square collar, which being double, may be made to stand up or turn over, as best suits the wearer. Long, straight sleeves with cuffs of the same. The gord pattern is rather more graceful, but can scarcely be described, it is also better suited to a more expensive material.

For those whose morning daties are light, mouselines de lains of dark colors and neat figures, are best in the winter months. Collars and cuffs of plain linen, both narrow, the collar (about an inch in width) made to stand up in the throat, and fastened with a knot of ribbon like that on the cap. The old fashioned French chintz, with its gay colors, and palm leaf patterns are also suitable. They may be made to open a little in froat, and faced with crimson silk. The cuffs of the sleeves and the collar lined in the same way. White linen braid tacked in plainly is the best edge or finish for those dresses.

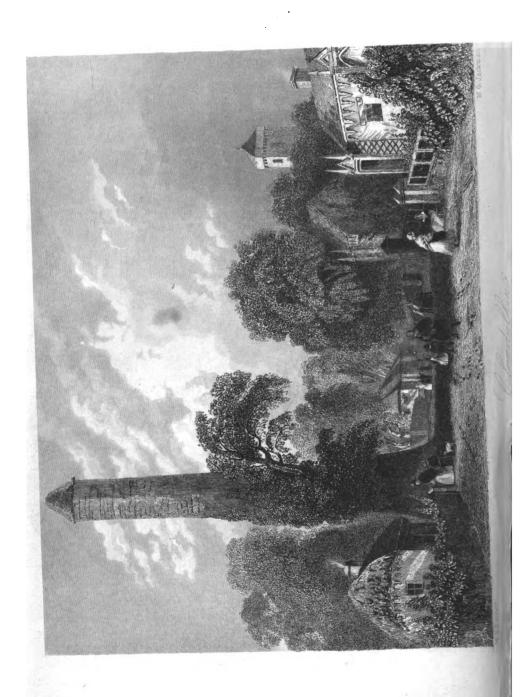
In our own city the favorite morning dress for the winter is a dressing-gown of the govel pattern, made of plain mousseline de laine, cachinere or merino, open in front over a fine white skirt, and lined with closely quilted flounce silk, contrasting in color. Small, square collar, standing up about the throat, sleeves loose at the wrist, and lined with silk. Narrow velvet ribbon, in two or three rows, encircles the whole dress, and edges the sleeves, collar, etc., it may be either the same shade as the dress, or that of the lining. Heavy cord and tassels at the waist instead of a belt.

This will do for ladies whose heaviest task is to receive morning visitors—(heavy enough, by the way, it often proves) but we would not advise our country friends to copy it as a servicesuble costume.

Young ladies principally appear in unlined sacques over a dark dress, with neat collars and neck ties, and the hair as caseus. THE NEW YORK

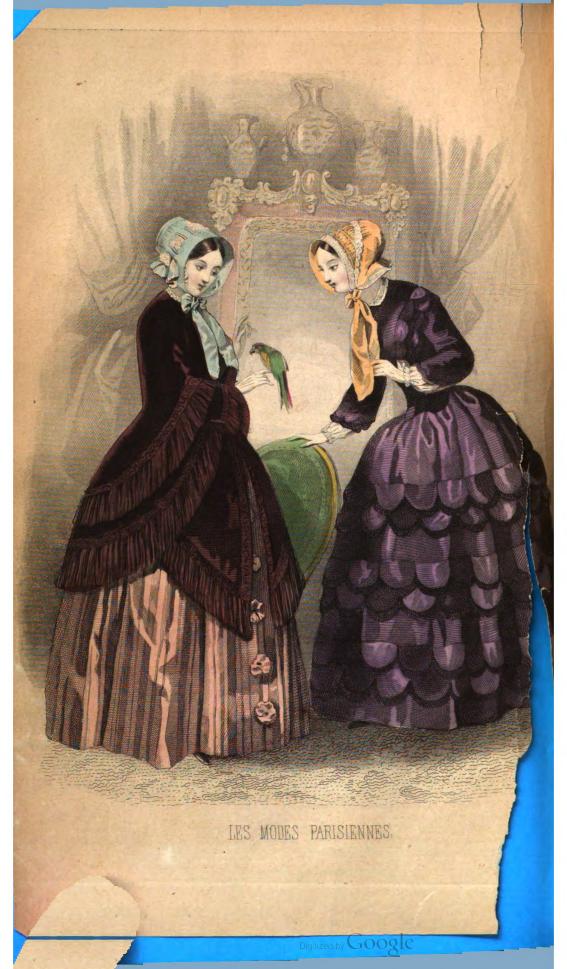






Digitized by Google

ASTON, LENDY AND THOSEN FOUNDATE.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1849.

No. 2.

CLONDALKIN ROUND TOWER.

BY P. H. SELTON.

In the picturesque village of Clondalkin, which lies (individual many curious anecdotes have survived, about four miles from Dublin, may be seen one of those ancient round towers so peculiar to Ireland. Half embowered in foliage about its base, it soars over all, like the trunk of some ancient pine, as symmetrical and almost as tall. This relie of ancient times carries the mind back to the very earliest ages of Erin, when a hundred kings reigned within her borders, and learning, extinguished over almost all Europe, formed a refuge among her talented sons. More than a thousand years have elapsed since that tower was reared; and the glory of Ireland has departed; yet still it stands defying storm and time.

The round tower of Clondalkin is based upon a foundation of massive stone work. Its diameter is about fifteen feet, and its height eighty-four; and it is surmounted by a conical cap. The doorway is elevated above the ground about twelve feet, and faces the East, as in all towers of a similar construction. Many apertures, and small windows exist in the building. A flight of steps has, within a few years, been erected to the entrance, as well as ladders to reach the uppermost story, from which a fine prospect of the rich scenery surrounding the village is visible, with Dublin rearing its proud head in the distance.

The origin of the tower of Clondalkin, and of those similar to it in other parts of Ireland, is lost in obscurity; and great diversity of opinion exists among the learned as to the purposes of its erection. The high antiquity of the round tower is proved by the fact that, in the twelfth century, when the British first invaded the island, they were already considered ancient. A writer cotemporary with those times circumstantially describes these singular erections, but, as he does not mention for what they were used, the conclusion is irresistible that, even at that period, the purpose for which they had been built was forgotten. They appear to be a peculiarity of Ireland, not being found anywhere else, with the exception of two in Scotland, and there only in that district which, in early ages, was in close connexion with the sister island. Tradition, however, ascribes the construction of these towers to a celebrated architect who flourished in the sixth century, and who was popularly known as Goban the Seer, and Goban the Builder. Of this

Vol. XV.-4

which, while they pourtray his character, also reveal the primitive condition of the people, and are, therefore, not without a certain air of truth. We have not space, however, for any of these curious legends here.

Among the various speculations of antiquaries as to the object of erecting these towers, is one which refers them to Pagan times, and connects them with the rites of Pagan worship. These antiquaries consider them as temples of Baal, dedicated to the worship of the sun. The chief support of this theory is derived from the fact that the round towers are always found in the vicinity of some ancient church; and it is well known that the early missionaries to Ireland usually chose the site of some Pagan place of worship for their chapels. But there is no real proof in favor of this idea. Another suggestion is that they were of even earlier date, and were Buddhic in their origin. This theory is sought to be maintained by a comparison between the round towers of Ireland and somewhat similar erections found in Persia; but the resemblance of the two species of erections has never been clearly established, nor was Buddhism ever the religion of Persia. But the theories which refer these towers to Pagan times appear to be losing ground, and the opinion of the best antiquatics coincides with the popular tradition, which attributes the rearing of these curious structures to the early Irish ecclesiastics, who are supposed to have erected them for refuges in periods of invasions, and for belfries in intervals of peace.

This explanation receives great countenance from the name of these towers in Irish, Clocach, or the House of Bells, in contradistinction to Clogas, the Belfry, which would have been their title if they had been employed merely as steeples are now. It is very evident that, in the wild and troubled times of early Ireland, they were a sort of castle for the priesthood, where, during war, the treasures of the church could be safe from rapine. The height of the door from the ground, combined with the fact that the entrance is always inaccessible except in a stooping posture, as well as the solidity of the structure, prove that they were constructed as much for defence as for ornament. The windows placed immediately at the top of the building, affording an observation of the , a prize of fifty pounds, as a testimony of their entire surrounding country, by which to detect the approach } of an enemy, also confirm this view. The presence of cross-timbers at the top, united to the name handed down by tradition, lead to the belief that the towers } were accommodated with a bell, or bells, which, in times of peace, summoned the people to worship; and, in seasons of war, rallied them to repel the the double purpose of belfries in times of peace, and enemy. This latter view is the one taken by Mr. Petrie, to whom the Royal Irish Academy awarded

conviction in the soundness of his opinion.

This long vexed question may be regarded, therefore, as conclusively settled. The round tower of Clondalkin, as well as the other towers of a similar construction throughout Ireland, are indisputably ecclesiastical erections-and were built to answer places of refuge in periods of invasion.

THE LITTLE GUEST.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

THY clinging arms around me press With many a warm and fond caress And while around my neck they twine, Thy rosy check lies close to mine; And vain my efforts not to hear The gentle whisper in mine ear, The earnest prayer to join the play That lasts with thee the livelong day; Thou dost not deem that ought can be A weary task that pleases thee, And every thought of needful rest Seems grievous to my little guest.

To stay the restless, roving feet, Full many a tale my lips repeat; The Babes who wandered in the wood, The sorrows of Red Riding flood, Aladdin's lamp of magic power, Bold Robin in his greenwood bower, And while I listless linger o'er The stories I have told before, Still, still they must be breathed again 'Till repetition clogs the brain, Then nestled softly on my breast, To slumber sinks my little guest.

You infant mind's first dawning light Is springing from the darkest night, And new ideas gladly caught, For words supply the place of thought; Hence baby wiles and artiess glee, Or soft exactions please in thee; But beings of a larger growth, Whose minds lie blank from needless sloth, And for amusement helpless plead To me bring weariness indeed: And oft my soul fatigued, oppressed, Sighs mentally o'er some tedious guest.

For there are those who while they live, Ask daily what they cannot give; Wit, feeling, fancy's varied powers To gild for them the heavy hours; While oft the dull, unthinking eye, The vacant smile, unapt reply, Arc all that 's won by thought refined, And every quick resource of mind; Yet they on valued time intrude, Disturb its chosen solitude, Or mar the intercourse more blest Of some beloved, congenial guest.

THE ONLY RING SHE WEARS.

BY J. M. WILLIS GEIST.

'T is not in dazzling gems of gold That my enchantment lies; Nor yet from rubics rare and old Do I select my prize; But 't is a plain and simple thing That my affection shares-My faithful Laura's plighted ring-The only ring she wears.

Full many a smiling moon has waned, And lovely planet-yet Her love's the same rich boon I gained When on her hand I set That simple ring-affection's seal, Embalmed with vows and prayers Of constant love for woe or weal-The only ring she wears.

Since first that ring her finger press'd Fate's clouds have grown untoward, And with Misfortunes storms distress'd Our sky of Hope has lowered! But fairer than the rainbow bright That ring to me appears, Still glittering through life's dreary night-The only ring she wears!

Dear treasures from beloved hands Are trifles light as sir: While in our hearts their image stands, Their virtues linger there :-Then I will love that simple thing While cherished memory bears The impress of the plighted ring-The only ring she wears!

PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1817, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

DEDICATION.

To Mrs. Zadock Pratt, of Prattsville, New York, the following pages are dedicated with the deepest feeling of respect for her own virtues as a lady, and for the name she bears—a name that will long be associated with the generous and successful effort to advance the interests of the working classes, and promote the dignity of labor.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAP. I .- THE FRUIT GIRL.

"Kind sir. pray take these roses, They're an emblem of my youth; But never, like these posies, Shall perish Julia's truth!"

THE morning had not fully dawned on New York, yet its approach was visible everywhere amid the fine scenery around the city. The dim shadows piled above Weehawken were warming up with purple, streaked here and there with threads of rosy gold. The waters of the Hudson heaved and rippled to the glow of yellow and crimson light, that came and went in flashes on each idle curl of the waves. Long Island lay in the near distance like a thick, purplish cloud, through which the dim outline of house, tree, mast, and spire loomed mistily like half-formed objects on a camera obscura.

Silence, that strange, dead silence that broods over a scene crowded with slumbering life, lay upon the city, broken only by the rumble of vegetable carts, and the jar of milk-cans as they rolled up from the different ferries; or the half smothered roar of some steamboat putting into its dock, freighted with sleeping passengers.

After a little, symptoms of aroused life became visible about the wharves. Grocers, carmen, and huckster women began to swarm around the provision boats. The markets, nearest the water were opened, and soon become theatres of active bustle.

The first market opened that day was in Fulton street. As the morning deepened, piles of vegetables, loads of beef, hampers of fruit, heaps of luscious butter, cages of poultry, canary birds swarming in their weary prisons, forests of green-house plants, horse-radish grinders with their reeking machines, venders of hot coffee, root beer and doughnuts, all with men, women and children swarming in, over and among them like so many ants hard at work, filled the spacious arena, but late a range of silent, maked and gloomy looking stalls. Next, carts, laden and groaning beneath a weight of food, came rolling up to this great mart, crowding each avenue with

fresh supplies—now all was life and eagerness. Stout men and bright faced women moved through the verdant chaos, arranging, working, chatting, and full of life and enterprise, while the rattling of carts outside, and the gradual accumulation of sounds everywhere, bespoke a great city aroused like a giant refreshed by slumber.

Slowly there arose out of this cheerful confusion forms of homely beauty, that an artist or a thinking man might have loved to look upon. The butchers stalls, but late a desolate range of gloomy beams, now reddening with fresh joints, and many of them festooned with fragrant branches and gorgeous garden flowers, and the butchers standing, each by his stall, with snow white apron, and an eager, joyous look of traffic on his face, formed a display of comfort and plenty, both picturesque and pleasant to contemplate.

The fruit and vegetable stands were now loaded with damp, green vegetables, each humble root having its own peculiar tint, and often arranged with a singular taste for color, unconsciously possessed by the woman who exercised her little skill in setting off her stand to advantage.

There was one vegetable stand to which we would draw the reader's particular attention, not exactly as a type of the others, for there was something so unlike all the rest, both in this stand and its occupant, that it would have drawn the attention of any person possessed of the slightest artistical taste. It was like the arrangement of a picture, that long table heaped with fruit, the freshest vegetables, and the brightest flowers, ready for the day's traffic. The rich scarlet radishes glowing up through their foliage of tender green; young onions swelling out from their long emerald stalks, snowy and transparent almost as so many great pearls; turnips, scarcely larger than a hen's egg, and almost as white, just taken fresh and fragrant from the soil; heads of lettuce in a rich heap of crisp and greenish gold, piled against the deep blackish green of spinach and water-cresses, all moist with dew or wet with bright water-drops that had supplied its place, and taking a deeper tint from the golden contrast. These with the red glow of strawberrres in their luscious prime, piled together in masses, and shaded with dry grape leaves; bouquets of roses, hyacinths, violets, and other fragrant blossoms, that sent their perfume and the glow of their rich colors to the coarser children of the soil, would have made an object pleasant to look upon, independent of the fine old woman who sat complacently on her little stool, at one end of the table, in tranquil expectation of customers that were sure to drop in as the morning deepened.

And now the traffic of the day commenced in earnest. Servants, housekeepers and grocers swarmed { into the market. The clink of money; the sound of sharp, eager banter; the dull noise of the butcher's cleaver were heard on every hand. It was a cheerful scene, for every face looked smiling and happy. The soft morning air seemed to have brightened all things into cheerfulness. Among the earliest group that entered Fulton market that morning was a little girl, perhaps ten or eleven years old, but tiny in her form, and appearing even more juvenile than that. A pretty quilted hood of rose colored calico was turned back from her face, which seemed naturally delicate and pale, but the fresh air, and perhaps a shadowy reflection from her hood, gave the glow of a rose-bud to her cheeks. Still there was anxiety upon her young face. Her eyes of a dark violet blue, drooped heavily beneath their black and curling lashes, if any one from the numerous stalls addressed her; for a small splint basket on her arm, new and perfectly empty, was a sure indication that the child had been sent to make purchases; while her timid air, the blush that came and went in her face, bespoke as plainly that she was altogether unaccustomed to the scene, and had no regular place at which to make her humble bargains. The child seemed a stray waif cast upon the market, and she was so beautiful notwithstanding her humble dress of faded and darned calico, that at almost every stand she was challenged pleasantly to pause and fill her basket. But she only cast down her eyes and blushed more deeply, as with her little bare feet she hurried on through the labyrinth of stalls toward that portion of the market occupied by the huckster women. Here she began to slacken her pace and look about her with no inconsiderable anxiety.

"What do you want, little girl; anything in my way?" was repeated to her once or twice as she moved forward. At each of these challenges she would pause, look earnestly into the face of the speaker, and then pass on with a faint wave of the head, that expressed something of sad and timid disappointment.

At length the child was growing pale, and her eyes turned with a sort of sharp anxiety from one face to another, when suddenly they fell upon the buxom old huckster woman, whose stall we have described. There was something in the good dame's appearance that brought an eager and satisfied look to the child. She drew close to the stand, and stood for some seconds gazing timidly on the old woman. It was a pleasant face, and a comfortable, portly form enough that the little girl gazed upon. Smooth and comely were the full and rounded cheeks, with their rich autumn color dimpled like an over-ripe apple Fat and good-humored enough to defy wrinkles, the face looked far too rosy for the thick, grey hair that was shaded, not concealed, by a cap of snow white muslin, with a broad, deep border, and tabs that met like a snowy girth to support the firm, double chin. Never did your eyes dwell upon a chin so full of health and good humor as that. It sloped with a slick, smiling grace down from the plump mouth, and rolled in a soft, white wave into the neck, scarcely leaving an outline, or the wont of one before it was lost in the waves of that muslin kerchief, folded so neatly beneath the ample bosom of her gown. Then the broad linen apron of blue and white check, girding her waist, and flowing over the smooth rotundity of a person that was a living proof of the ripeness and wholesome state of her merchandize. I tell you, reader, that woman, take her for all in all, was one to draw the attention, aye, and the love of a child, who had come forth barefooted and alone in search of kindness.

At length the huckster woman saw the child gazing upon her with a look so earnest that she was quite startled by it. She also caught a glance at the empty basket, and her little brown eyes twinkled at the promise of a new customer.

"Well, my dear, what do you want this morning?" she said, smoothing her apron with a pair of plump, little hands, and casting a well satisfied look over her stand, and then at the child, who grew pale at her notice, and began to tremble visibly—"all sorts of vegetables, you see—flowers—strawberries—radishes—what will you have, child?"

The little girl crept round to where the woman stood, and speaking in a low, frightened voice, said—"Please, ma'm, I want you to trust me!"

"Trust you!" said the woman, with a soft laugh, that shook her double chin, and dimpled her cheeks. "Why I don't know you, little one—what on earth do you want trust for? Lost the market money, hey, and afraid of a scolding—is that it?"

"No, no, I haven't lost any money," said the child, eagerly; "please, ma'm, just stoop down one minute, while I tell you!"

The little girl in her earnest way took hold of the woman's apron, and she, kind soul, sunk back to her stool: it was the most comfortable way of listening.

"I—I live with grandfather and grandmother, ma'm; they are old, and poor—you don't know how poor; for he, grandpa, has been sick, and, it seems strange, but I cat as much as any of them. Well, ma'm, I tried to get something to do, but you see how little I am; nobody will think me strong enough even to tend baby; so we have all been without anything to eat since day before yesterday."

"Poor thing!" muttered the huckster woman, "poor thing!"

"Well, ma'm, I must do something. I can bear anything better than seeing them hungry. Last night I did not sleep a wink all night, but kept thinking what I should do. I never begged in my life; they never did, and it made me feel sick to think of it; but I could have done it rather than see them sit and look at each other so pitiful another day. Did you ever see an old man cry for hunger, ma'm?"

"No, no, God forbid!" answered the dame, brushing a plump hand across her eyes.

"I have," said the child, with a sob, "and it was this that made me think that begging, after all, was not so very, very mean. So, this morning, I asked them to let me go out; but grandpa said he might go himself, if he were strong enough; but I never should—never—never!"

"Nice old man-nice old man!" said the huckster woman.

"I did not ask again," resumed the child, "for an , the whole with young grape leaves, intended both as idea had come into my head in the night. I have seen little girls, no older than I am, selling radishes and strawberries, and things."

"Yes-yes, I understand!" said the old woman, and her eyes began to twinkle the more brightly that they were wet before.

"But I had no strawberries to sell, nor a cent of money to buy them with!"

"Well! well!"

"Not even a basket!"

"Poor thing!"

"But I was determined to do something. So I went to a grocery where grandpa used to buy things when he had money, and they trusted me with this basket." "That was very kind in them!"

"Wasn't it very kind?" said the child, her eyes brightening, "especially as I told them it was all myself-that grandpa knew nothing about it. See what a nice, new basket it is-you can't think how much courage it gave me. When I came into the market it seemed as if I shouldn't be afraid to ask any lady about trusting me a little."

"And yet you come clear to this side without stopping to ask any lady!"

"I was looking in their faces to see if it would do," answered the child, with meek simplicity, "but there was something in every face that sent the words back into my throat again "

"So you stopped here because it was almost the last stand."

"No, no, I did not think of that," said the child, eagerly. "I stopped because something seemed to tell me that this was the place. I thought if you would not trust me, you would at least be patient and listen."

The old huckster woman laughed—a low, soft laugh-and the little girl began to smile through her tears. There was something mellow and comfortable in that chuckle, that warmed her to the heart.

"So you were sure that I would trust you-hey, quite sure?"

"I thought if you wouldn't, there was no chance for me anywhere else," replied the child, lifting her soft eyes to the face of the matron.

Again the old woman laughed.

"Well, well, let us see how many strawberries will set you up in business for the day. Six, ten, a dozen baskets-your little arm will tire with more than that. I will let you have them at cost, only be sure to come back at night with the money: I would not for fifty dollars have you fail."

"But I may not sell them all!" said the child,

"I should not wonder, poor thing. That sweet voice of yours will hardly make itself heard at first; but never mind, run down into the areas and look through the window-people can't help but look at your face, God bless it!"

As the good woman spoke, she was busy selecting the best and most tempting strawberries from the pile of little baskets that stood at her elbow. These she arranged in the orphan's basket, first sprinkling a layer of damp, fresh grass in the bottom, and interspersing

an embellishment, and to keep the fruit fresh and cool. When all was arranged to her satisfaction, she laid a bouquet of white and crimson moss rose-buds at each end of the basket, and interspersed little tufts of violets along the side, till the crimson berries were wreathed in with flowers.

"There," said the old woman, lifting up the basket with a sigh of satisfaction, "between the fruit and flowers you must make out. Sell the berries for sixpence a basket, and the roses for all you can get. People who love flowers well enough to buy them, never cavil about the price; just let them pay what they like."

The little girl took the basket on her arm; her pretty mouth grew tremulous and bright as the moss rose-bud that trembled against her hand; her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, ma'm, I want to thank you so much, only I don't know how," she said, in a voice that went to the good woman's heart.

"There, there!-never mind-be punctual, that's a good girl. Now, my dear, what is your name?"

"Julia-Julia Warren, ma'm!"

"A pretty name-very well-but stop, stop a moment, I had forgotten."

The child sat her basket down upon the stool which the huckster woman hastily vacated, and waited patiently while the good dame disappeared in some unknown region of the market, eager to accomplish an object that had just presented itself to her mind.

"Here," she said, coming back with her face all in a glow, a small, tin pail in one hand, and her apron gathered up in the other. "Just leave the strawberries, and run home with these. It will be a long time for the old folks to wait, and you will go about the day's work with a lighter heart when you know that they have had a breakfast, to say nothing of yourself, poor thing! There, run along, and be back in no time."

Julia took the little tin pail and the rolls that her kind friend hastily twisted up in a sheet of brown

"Oh! they will be so glad," broke from her, and with a sob of joy she sprang away with her precious burden.

"Well now, Mrs. Gray, you are a strange creature, trusting people like that, and absolutely laying out money too; I only wonder you have ever got along at all!" said a little, shrewish woman from a neighboring stand, who had been watching this scene from behind a heap of vegetables.

"Poh! its my way: and I can afford it," answered the huckster woman, rubbing her plump palms together, and twinkling her eyelashes to disperse the moisture that had gathered under them. "I havn't sat in this market fourteen years for nothing. child is a good child, I'll stake my life on it!'

"I hope you may never see the pail again, that's all," was the terse reply.

"Well, well, I may be wrong-perhaps I amshall know soon. At any rate, I can afford to lose half a dozen pails, that is one comfort."

"Always chuckling over the money she has saved

up," muttered the little woman, with a sneer, "for my part I don't believe that she is half as well off as she pretends."

The conversation was here cut short by several customers, who crowded up to make their morning purchases. During the next half hour good Mrs. Gray was so fully occupied that she had no opportunity for thought of her protegee; but just as she obtained a moment's breathing time, up came the little girl panting for breath; her cheeks glowing like June roses; and her eyes sparkling with delight.

"They have had their breakfast; I told them all about it!" she said, in a panting whisper, drawing close up to the huckster woman, and handing back the empty pail. "I wish you could have seen grandpa when I took off the cover, and let the hot coffee steam into the room. I only wish you could have seen him!"

"And he liked it, did he?"

"Liked it! Oh! if you had been there to see!" The child's eyes were brim full of tears, and yet they sparkled like diamonds.

Mrs. Gray looked over her stall to see if there was anything else that could be added to the basket. That pretty, grateful look expanded her warm heart so pleasantly that she felt quite like heaping everything at hand upon the little girl. But the basket was already quite heavy enough for that slender arm, and the addition of a single handful of fruit or tuft of flowers would have destroyed the symmetry of its arrangement. So with a sigh, half of disappointment, half of that exquisite satisfaction that follows a kind act, she patted little Julia on the head, lifted the basket from the stool, and kindly bade her begone to her day's work.

The child departed with a light tread and a lighter heart, smiling upon every one she met, and looking back as if she longed to point out her benefactress to the whole world.

Mrs. Gray followed her with moist and sunny eyes; then shaking the empty pail at her cynical neighbor in the good-humored triumph of her benevolence, she carried it back to the coffee stand whence it had been borrowed.

"Strawberries!—strawberries!"

Little Julia Warren turned pale, and looked around like a frightened bird when this sweet cry first broke from her lips in the open street. Nobody seemed to hear her, that was one comfort, so she hurried round a corner and creeping into the shadow of a house, leaned, all in a tremor, against an iron railing, quite confident, for the moment, that she should never find courage to open her mouth again. But a little reflection gave her strength. Mrs. Gray had told her that the morning was her harvest hour. She could not stand there trembling beneath the weight of her basket. The fruity scent—the fragrant breath of the violets that floated up from it seemed to reproach her.

"Strawberries!—strawberries!" The sound rose from those red lips more cheerily now: there was ripeness in the very tones that put you in mind of the fruit itself. The cry was neither loud nor shrill, but somehow people were struck by it, and turned unconsciously to look upon the child. This gave her

fresh courage, for the glances were all kind, and as she became accustomed to her own voice, the novelty of her position began to lose its terror. A woman called to her from the area of a house, and purchased two baskets of the strawberries, without asking any reduction in the price. Poor child, how her heart leaped when the shilling was placed in her hand. How important the whole transaction seemed to her, yet with what indifference the woman paid for her strawberries and turned to carry them into the basement.

Julia looked through the railings and thanked this important customer, she could not help it, her little heart was full. A muttered reply that she was "welcome" came back, that was all. Notwithstanding the gruff answer, Julia took up her basket with a radiant face.

"Strawberries—strawberries!" Now the words came forth from red and smiling lips—nay, once or twice the little girl broke into a laugh as she went along, for the bright shilling lay in the bottom of her basket. She wandered on unacquainted with the streets, but quite content, for though she found herself down among the warehouses only, and in narrow, crowded streets, the gentlemen who hurried by would now and then turn for a bunch of violets, and she kept on bewildered but happy as a bird.

All at once the strawberry girl found herself among the shipping, and a little terrified by the coarse and barren appearance of the wharves, she paused close by the water irresolute what direction to pursue. It was now somewhat deep in the morning, and every thing was life and bustle in that commercial district, for the child was but a few streets above the Battery, and could detect the cool wave of its trees through a vista in the buildings. The harbor, glowing with sunshine and covered with every species of water craft, lay spread before her gaze. Brooklyn Heights, Jersey City, and the leafy shores of Hoboken, half veiled in the golden haze of a bright June morning, rose before her like soft glimpses of the fairy land she had loved to read about. Never in her life had she been in that portion of the city before, and she forgot everything in the strange beauty of a scene which few ever looked upon unmoved. The steamboats ploughing the silvery foam of the waters, curving around the Battery, darting in and out from every angle of the shore; the fine National vessels sleeping upon the waters, with their masts penciled against the sky, and their great, black hulls so imposing in their motionless strength; the ferry boats, the pretty barges and smaller kind of water craft, shooting with arrowy speed across the waves-all these things had a strange and absorbing effect on the child.

As she stood gazing upon the scene, there came looming up in the distant horizon an Ocean steamer, riding majestically on the waters that seemed to have suddenly heaved the monster up into the bright June atmosphere. At first the vast proportions of this sea monarch were lost in the distance, but it came up with the force and swiftness of some wild steed of the desert, and each moment its vast size become more visible. Up it came, black, swift, and full of majestic strength, ploughing the waters with a sort

of haughty power, as if spurning the element which had become its slave. Its great pipes poured forth a whirlwind of black, fleecy smoke, now and then flaked and lurid with fire, that whirled and whirled in the curling vapor till all its glow went out, rendering the thick volumes of smoke that streamed over the water still more dense and murky.

At first the child gazed upon this imposing object with a sensation of affright. Her large eyes dilated; her cheek grew pale with excitement: she felt a disposition to snatch up her basket and flee from the water's edge. But curiosity, and something akin to superstitious dread kept her motionless. She had heard of these great steamships, and knew that this must be one, yet it seemed to her like some dangerous monster tortured with black, fiery venom. She turned to an old sailor that stood near, his countenance glowing with enthusiasm, and muttering eagerly to himself.

"Oh! sir, it is only a ship—you are sure of that!"
she said, for all her childish dread of strangers was
lost in wonder at a sight so new and majestic.

The man turned and gave one glance at the mild, blue eyes and earnest face of the child.

"Why, bless your heart, what else should it be? a ship to be sure it is—or at any rate, a sort of one, going by wind and fire both together; but arter all a clean rigged taught merchantman for me—that's the sort of craft for an old salt that's been brought up to study wind and water, not fire and smoke! But take care of your traps, little one, she'll be up to her berth in no time."

The child snatched up her basket and gave a hurried glance around, seeking for some means of egress from the wharf. But while she was occupied by the steamer, a crowd had gathered down to the water's edge, and she shrunk from attempting a passage through the mass of earts, carriages, and people that blocked up her way to the city.

"Poh! there's nothing to be afeared of!" said the good-natured tar, observing her terrified look, "only take care of your traps, and its worth while waiting."

By this time the steamer was opposite Governor's Island. She made a bold curve around the Battery, and came up to her berth with a slow and measured beat of the engine, blowing off steam at intervals like a racer drawing breath after sweeping his course.

The deck of the steamer was alive with passengers, an eager crowd full of cheerfulness and expectation. Most of them were evidently from the higher classes of society, for their rich attire and a certain air of refined indifference was manifest even in the excitement of an arrival.

Among the rest Julia saw two persons that seemed to fascinate her attention in a most singular degree, drawing it from the whole scene till she saw and heeded nothing else.

One of these was a woman somewhat above the common size, and of superb proportions, who leaned against the railing of the steamer with a heavy, drooping bend, as if occupied with some deep and painful feeling. One glove was off, and her eager grasp upon the black wood-work seemed to start the blue veins up to the snowy surface of a hand, whose symmetry was visible even from the shore. Julia could not

remove her eyes from the strange and beautiful face of this woman. Deep but subdued agony was at work in every lineament. There was wildness in her very motion as she lifted her superb form from the railing, and drew the folds of a cashmere shawl over her bosom, pressing her hand hard upon the rich fabric, as if to relieve some painful feeling that it covered.

The steamer now lay close in her berth: a sort of moveable staircase was flung from the side to the wharf, and down this staircase came the passengers eager to touch the firm earth once more. Among the foremost was the woman who had so riveted the attention of little Julia; and, behind her, bearing a silver dressing-case and a small embroidered satchel, came a tall and singular looking man. Though his form was upright enough in itself, he bent forward in his walk; and his arms, long and awkward, seemed as the members of some other body that had by mistake been given up to his ungainly use. His dress was fine in material, but carelessly put on, ill-fitting and badly arranged in all its tints; a hat of fine beaver and foreign make, seemed flung on the back of his head, and settled tightly there by a blow on the crown; his great hands were gloveless; and his boots appeared at least a size too large for the feet they encased.

This man would now and then cast a glance from his small, grey eyes on the superb woman who preceded him; and it was easy to see by his countenance that he observed, and after his fashion shared the anguish visible in her features. His own face deepened in its expression of awkward sadness with every glance; and he hugged the dressing case to his side with unconscious violence, which threatened to crush the delicate frost work that enriched it.

With a wild and tearless brightness in her large, blue eyes, the lady descended to the wharf, a few paces from the spot occupied by the little strawberry girl. As her foot touched the earth, Julia saw that the white hand dropped from its hold on the shawl, and the costly garment half fell from her shoulders, trailing the dirty wharf with its exquisite embroidery. In the whole crowd there was no object but this woman to the little girl: with a pale cheek and suspended breath she watched every look and motion. There was something almost supernatural in the concentration of her whole being on this one object. An irresolute desire to address the stranger-to meet the glance of her eyes-to hear her voice, seized upon the child. She sprang forward obeying this strange impulse, and seizing the soiled drapery of the shawl, held it up grasped in her trembling hands.

"Lady, your shawl." The child could utter no more. Those large, blue eyes were bent upon her face; her own seemed fascinated by the gaze; slowly, sadly they filled with tears, drop by drop, as the eyes of that strange, beautiful woman had filled also. Still she gazed upon the child, her clean, poverty-stricked dress—her meek face—and the basket of fruit and flowers upon her arm. The strange lady gazed, and a faint, sad smile crept around her mouth.

"This sweet voice—the flowers—is it not a beautiful welcome?" she said, glancing through her tears upon the man who stood close by her side: but the uncouth friend or servant—whatever he might bedid not answer. His large eyes were riveted on the child, and some strange feeling seemed to possess him.

"Give me," said the lady, passing her hand over Julia's head with a caressing motion—"give me some of these roses: it is a long time since I have touched a flower grown in home soil!"

Julia selected her freshest bouquet and held it up. The lady's hand trembled as she drew forth her purse, and dropping a bright coin into the basket, received the flowers.

"Take a few of the strawberries, lady, they are so ripe and cool!" said the little girl, lifting one of the small baskets from its leafy nest.

Again the lady smiled through her tears, and, taking the little basket, poured a few of the strawberries into her ungloved hand.

"Would not he like some?" questioned the child, offering the basket with its scarcely diminished contents to the man, who still kept his eyes fixed steadily on her face.

"No, not them—but give me a bunch of the blue flowers, they grew around the rock spring at the old homestead, thousands and thousands on 'em!" cried the man, with a strong down East pronunciation, and securing a tuft of the violets he turned away, as if ashamed of the emotion he had betrayed.

The lady turned away. Something in his words seemed to have moved her greatly. She gathered the shawl about her, and moved toward a carriage that had drawn close up to the wharf.

Julia's heart beat quick; she could not bear to see that strange, beautiful woman depart without speaking to her again.

"Lady, will you take this one little bunch?—some people love violets better than anything!"

"No, no, I cannot—I——" The lady paused, tears seemed choking her. She drew down the folds of a rich blonde veil over her face and moved on.

Julia laid the violets back into her basket with a low sigh. Feelings of vague disappointment were saddening her heart. When she looked up again the lady had taken her seat in the carriage, and leaning out was beckoning to her.

"I will take the violets!" she said, reaching forth her hand that trembled as the simple blossoms were placed in it. "Heaven forbid that I should cast the sweet omen from me. Thank you, child—thank you."

The lady drew back into the carriage. Her face was clouded by the veil, but tears trembled in her voice, and that voice lingered upon Julia Warren's ear many a long month afterward. It had unlocked the deepest well-spring of her life.

The strawberry girl stood upon the wharf motionless and lost in thought minutes after the carriage drove away. She had forgotten the basket on her arm, everything in the strange regret that lay upoa her young heart. Never, never would she meet that beautiful woman again. The thought filled her soul with unutterable loneliness. She was unconscious that another carriage had driven up, and that a Southern vessel, arrived that morning, was pouring forth luggage and passengers on the other side of the pier. She took no heed of anything that was passing around her, till a sweet, low voice close by, exclaimed—

"Oh! see those flowers—those beautiful, beautiful moss rose-buds!"

Julia looked up. A young girl with soft, dark eyes, and lips dewy and red as the buds she coveted, stood a few paces off, with her hand grasped by a tall and stately looking man, approaching middle age if not a year or two on the other side, who seemed anxious to hurry his companion into the carriage.

"Step in, Florence, the girl can come to us!" said the man, restraining the eager girl, who had withdrawn her foot from the carriage steps. "Come, come, lady bird, this is no place for us: see, half the crowd are looking this way."

The young lady blushed and entered the carriage, followed by her impatient companion, who beckoned Julia toward him.

"Here," he said, tossing a silver coin into her basket, "give me those buds, quick, and then get out of the way, or you will be trampled down."

Julia held up her basket, half terrified by the impatience that broke from the dark eyes bent upon her.

"There, sweet one, these might have ripened on your own smile: kiss them for my sake!" said the man, gently bending with his fragrant gift toward his lovely companion.

His voice soft, sweet and harmonious, fell upon the child's heart also; and while the tones melted into her memory, she shuddered as the flower may be supposed to shrink when a screent creeps by.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SHADOW IN THE WATER.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

The elms cast a pleasant shadow
To dance in the wave below,
I watch it at eve and morning
As it sweeps ever to and fro.

And shadows are moving ever
Where thick green branches lean,
The reeds on you bank bend over,
The water shines up between.

The children guide a vessel
With grass for its slender freight,
A chip, with a sail of paper,
And a mallein to keep it atraight!

The light and the shadow bending
Will ever move to and fro,
But may those quick feet be wending
To a land where no gloom can grow!

MONEY VS. LOVE.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"Why do some women present an attitude of cold fashionableness to a world which they might win by their sweetness and inspire by their virtue? Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth, only to mark the track which leads to Heaven.—Madame dr La Mottr Fouque.

Ellen? I wish to talk with you upon a subject that concerns you particularly," said Mr. Wilmer to his niece, one day as he rose from the dinner-table, and as he turned to leave the room, he smiled very roguishly. His niece, a beautiful but cold looking girl, lifted up her large, dark eyes as he made the request, and although her lips uttered a quiet "certainly, sir," her face wore an expression of surprise and inquiry; no conscious blush flitted over her cheek, only those brilliant eyes were expanded to their utmost. After the door closed on her uncle, she sat in silence, as if meditating on what could possibly be the subject of this approaching interview; but the meditation evidently gave her but little uneasiness, for she continued dropping nuts into her wine-glass in as nonchalant a manner as if the affair was scarcely worth the trouble of wonder. Her aunt contemplated her earnestly, and was just about breaking this indifferent silence, when a servant informed her that Mr. Wilmer requested she would accompany Miss Ellen into the library.

"Your uncle evidently intends holding a consultation, Nelly," said Mrs. Wilmer, and despatching her little darlings with their nurses to the nursery, promising to be with them soon, she with her silent niece repaired to the library. The library, a cosy as well as a luxurious apartment, was Mr. Wilmer's after dinner retreat, where after a long day's industrious attention to business, he always sought and found relaxation and pleasure in the society of his gentle wife, and with his books and papers. As they entered this room, Mr. Wilmer rose to greet them with a happy, smiling face, and taking his wife's hand, he said, as he seated himself beside her—

"Edith, a little circumstance occurred this morning that took my memory back many years—to the happy days of our courtship when I wooed and won you, my own, darling wife."

A faint blush passed over the still lovely face of the wife as she returned with beaming, tearful eyes, and trembling hand his fond look and caress.

"Nelly, dear," said Mr. Wilmer to his niece, who stood by the library table turning over a book of prints. "We may as well come to the point at once—unconscious as you pretend to be, you surely suspect the subject of our interview?"

"Upon my word I do not," replied the beautiful girl, and suppressing a yawn, she sank with graceful indifference into a soft cushioned library chair that extended its tempting arms beside her, saying—"you are too good-natured, too generously indulgent to scold me about my bills, which I very much fear are sometimes a wee bit extravagant for a girl possessing only

"WILL you come into the library after a while, len? I wish to talk with you upon a subject that success you particularly," said Mr. Wilmer to his ecce, one day as he rose from the dinner-table, and he turned to leave the room, he smiled very rosishly. His niece, a beautiful but cold looking girl, and although her lips uttered a quiet "certainly, sir," thing as to display an eager curiosity if you do not the mystery and tell me my misdemeanor."

"Nothing more nor less than appropriating a young gentleman's heart," replied her uncle, laughing, "but as you have given your own in return I see no serious crime in it."

"I am happy to be able to say," answered Miss Wilmer, gazing with her full, brilliant eyes calmly and coldly on her aunt and uncle, "that my heart is still safe in my own possession."

"That is very strange," said her uncle, changing his tone of bulinage to a more serious one. "Clement Rogers asked my consent to his marriage with you this morning, which I freely gave, for I do not know a more worthy or excellent young man. I have noticed his attentions to you, Ellen, with much pleasure, and to no other that we know would I so freely give my brother's child, dear to me as my own, as I would to him. Yes, Edith," continued Mr. Wilmer, pressing his lips to his wife's clear, fair brow, as with her head leaning affectionately on his shoulder, she looked up into his face-"that young man's earnest, enthusiastic expressions, took me back to the days of our betrothal; blessed days were they, dear one, but not so blessed even in all their bright intoxicating blissfulness as these happy years we have had since"then turning to his niece, he said as he noticed the haughty flash of her eye, and the disdainful curl of her beautiful mouth-"my dear Ellen, I fear that in an idle spirit of coquetrie, which I have thought you too proud to indulge in, you must have given Mr. Rogers encouragement, for he seemed most sure of your consent. I am heartily sorry for him, for he is an excellent fellow, and worthy of any woman."

"Yes," said Ellen Wilmer, with a calm, contemptuous smile, and a cool shrug of her pretty shoulders; "Mr. Rogers, with a fortune, might be worth accepting, but Clement Rogers, poor as he is, is presuming when he thinks of marrying."

"Nelly, Nelly," exclaimed her uncle, "Rogers bids fair to be a wealthy man. When I addressed your aunt my prospects were anything but bright, and when we married it was with only the salary of a clerkship, which brought us but seven hundred dollars a year."

"You were very imprudent, is all I have to say,"

replied Ellen, swinging her glittering viniagrette carelessly to and fro.

"We were very happy," said Mrs. Wilmer, in low, feeling tones, "as happy as with our present large income; were we not, dearest?"

Her husband replied by a fond, earnest caress, then turning to his niece, said—"but how am I to understand all this mystery, Ellen? To my certain knowledge Rogers has been your attendant this year past You have permitted him to accompany you to every ball, opera and concert—you have accepted his flowers and little offerings, which any one could have known were prompted by love, thus silently giving him every encouragement. I must say, Ellen, you have shown little heart in this affair."

"I am sorry," replied his niece, quietly, "that you regard my conduct in so harsh a light. Mr. Rogers has offered me no more attention than have a dozen other young gentleman. As he was rather more agreeable than the other dozen, I have given him the preference, thinking myself quite safe, for as he must have known my expensive tastes, he surely could not think of indulging in such a luxury as Ellen Wilmer for a wife. It has turned out otherwise, I find, rather unpleasantly for him, foolish fellow. I am astonished, however, that he should have presumed upon speaking to you without informing me of his intention. As I suppose you have no other business with me, my dear uncle," she added, rising from her seat, "I must now run away, for my watch tells me it is after eight o'clock, which will give me but a little time for the elaborate toilette I have planned for Mrs. Rowland's ball; and I have promised to meet Mrs. Lisle at Miss Bentley's musicale first, where we are to spend an hour by promise. By the way, dear aunt, you are so becomingly dressed this evening, do you purpose being my chaperone, or am I to be left to the tender mercies of my merry widow friend, who tries to steal all my beaux from me?"

"Mrs Lisle will not come off conqueror, I am certain, Nelly," replied her aunt, "when she endeavors to enter the lists with you; although I must confess you are a well matched pair. But if you will run the giddy round of a fashionable season, I fear you will have to be left to the tender mercies of any married lady you can find. I prize the happiness of my home too much to waste my husband's hours of leisure in idle gaiety. I only wish I could convince you of the unalloyed happiness to be found—"

"In domestic felicity," interrupted her niece. "Well, I very much fear I shall never settle down to the Darby and Joan state of life you lead my poor Aunt Mary—so good night—every one to their taste, you know," and she glided gracefully toward the door.

"Stay, Ellen," said her uncle, and Ellen Wilmer's foot lingered at the library door—"is it possible," he asked, "so lovely a looking creature as you are can be without a heart?"

"I have a heart, my dear uncle," she replied, with a bland smile, "but luckily I have a head, which tells me that I never would be happy as a poor man's wife, and that I would rather live and die unmarried than marry other than a man of fortune." "Do you think riches bring happiness, Ellen?" said her aunt.

"Riches procure luxuries and indulgences which are as necessary as breath to my existence," replied the nieve

"The day may come, Ellen," remarked her uncle, seriously, "when the pure, disinterested love which Clement Rogers now offers, may be of more value than all the wealth in the world to you." His niece bowed her beautiful head, and passed quietly from the room, leaving her aunt and uncle to lament over her blind heartlessness, and to sympathize with Clement Rogers. With a heart filled with rebellious and worldly thoughts, Ellen Wilmer proceeded up the broad staircase. As she entered her dressing-room where her maid stood ready to receive her-she paused for a few moments and regarded the sight before her; then with a quiet, cold smile she prepared for her toilette. What thoughts passed in her mind as she gazed on the brilliant robe of pink tissue and silver that hung trembling with every breath on the dress-stand, and the sparkling gems that glittered in her ecriu on the toilette table? Selfish, heartless thoughts were they that caused that smile-she said to herself, "ah, money is necessary to me; I am young and beautiful; I love society and admiration; I must be rich." But as she sat under the hands of her dressing maid, who was skilfully braiding those long, dark tresses, and mingling fragrant, rich colored flowers with the curls, a more gentle expression stole over Ellen Wilmer's face, which made her beauty seem Heavenly. The luxurious odor from the flowers brought a remembrance to her mind of the low, breathing words of Clement Rogers, when a few nights before, at a gay ball, they had wandered into the conservatory adjoining the ball-room; where in its dim light he had poured out unchecked his earnest love. Those flowers seemed to have spirit tones in their fragrance, they recalled those moments to her, and she remembered the blissful rapture with which she had listened to his words:-but the Heavenly radiance passed from her face, and a bitter look as of deep anguish and heart struggling spread over it for an instant-then it remained cold and passionless as a statue. The recollection that she had given encouragement to her lover, and the thought of how dear he was to her, caused the look of anguish; but her good spirit was weakened by frequent combats with the worldly evil spirit, and in the one short struggle it sank overpowered; and when Ellen Wilmer, at the close of her toilette, gazed at her brilliant form in the cheval glass, the proud, haughty look of satisfaction expressed in her lovely face told that the evil spirit reigned triumphant. A knock at the door summoned the admiring maid from her beautiful young mistress; presently she returned bearing two bouquets, with a note accompanying each. One was magnificent-the cold, queenly japonicas and brilliant roses were clasped together in a splendid bouquet holder, and an embossed note begged her acceptance "of the trifle," the signature of which told her it was from Mr. Bentley, a rich widower, the father of the Miss Bentley, at whose musicale she was to spend part of the evening. The other, a modest cluster of sweet fragrant English violets, mignonette, heliotrope and the tea roses, confined by a simple ribbon, and accompanied by a tiny note filled with the wildest expressions of worship, was thrown unheeded aside, while the ring of the costly jeweled bouquet holder was quietly slipped over her tapering finger with a calm smile of satisfaction; then, after being enveloped by her maid in her warm furred mantle, she took her seat in her uncle's carriage, which soon whirled her to the magnificent man-jon of Mr. Bentley.

Let us take a peep at the library, dear reader, before we follow that cold coquette in her giddy round—just for a few moments. There we shall see Mrs. Wilmer seated beside her husband, her head still resting on his shoulder, while his arm draws her fondly to him. Tears are in their eyes, but blessed Heavenly tears are they; together had they visited the nursery, and bending over their children's pillows, had lavished many a good night caress on these two little ones, spared to them out of the band of cherubs given to them years before. Happy as Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer had been in each other's love, sorrow had hung its heavy cloud over their life. One after another of their children had they been called to part with, and it was the recollection of these lost dear ones that brought tears to their eyes; but blessed tears I repeat were they, for by them they were drawn nearer to each other and Heaven in spirit.

Long after midnight, Ellen Wilmer stood again before the large mirror in her dressing-room: she started with affright at the pallid countenance reflected in it, and her voice as she spoke to her sleepy maid sounded hollow and broken; and yet the dream of her ambition was realized-her wildest, most extravagant hopes were gratified. That night Mr. Bentley had offered himself to her, and she had returned home his promised bride. But a sadder scene greeted her in the close of the evening. After she had shone at her future daughter-in-law's musicale, accompanied by Mr. Bentley she made her appearance at Mrs. Rowland's grand ball, where she received many congratulations, but secret thoughts of envy and hate upon her evident success; so devoted was Mr. Bentley, so unguarded in his manner, that to every eye it was apparent she was the fiancee of the rich widower. Once in the promenade she encountered the half reproachful, half stern look of Clement Rogers, from which she recoiled, but her ambitious worldly desires soon quieted all remorse. As Mr. Bentley deposited her carefully in her carriage and bade her good night, he asked permission to wait on her uncle the next morning-the light of the street lamp shone on her old lover as he leaned earnestly to hear her assenting reply-and she could not help contrasting Clement Rogers' handsome face and fine form with the stooping figure, grey head, and withered features of her future husband; and as the carriage door closed she sank back on the cushions sick at heart. When she reached her uncle's door a person pushed the footman aside to assist her in alighting; surprised she looked at the stranger, and to her dismay she recognized in him Clement Rogers.

"Let me see you one instant," he said, as the servant opened the hall door. "I will not detain

you long—and, if you wish, I will never see you again."

Spell-bound she followed him into the drawingroom, and with a chilled heart listened to the passionate burst of inquiry and entreaty that poured from his lips. She could not speak, but sat like a statue, passionless; at last by a fearful struggle she broke the icy band that seemed to fetter her, and uttered in low tones that went like death bolts to her lover's heart.

"I have promised this evening to be Mr. Bentley's wife. I cannot bring myself to contend with comparative poverty and privation. As your wife, Clement, I should be miserable, and make you unhappy; for love alone I fear would not be all sufficing. We must forget the past—in future let us, however, be friends"—and she extended her hand to him, which he indignantly refused, exclaiming—

"No, Ellen Wilmer, you have sold yourself for money. My earnest, devoted love would have been sufficient to a heart pure and true as I have deemed yours; but heartless, cold and selfish are you—and neither friendship nor love can I entertain for you hereafter. God forgive you for your heartless conduct," and thus they parted.

"Have you weighed the disagreeabilities of this marriage, Ellen?" inquired Mr. Wilmer of his niece on the following day. The same trio were collected in the library as had met there on the preceding evening. Mr. Wilmer and his wife looked distressed, while she, the haughty Ellen, sat in the luxurious chair, swaying indifferently to and fro her fragrant viniagrette. A close observer, however, might have detected the unnatural paleness of her cheek, and the firm, square expression of her delicate lips—but the cold, calm voice was the same, and not a tremble in its tones told of the struggle that was going on in her young heart; but worldly selfishness was stifling fast its wailings and love entreaties.

"Disagreeables attend agreeables, my dear uncle, as shadows balance lights," she replied; "I cannot, of course, expect to be exempt from annoyances."

"My dear Ellen," said her aunt, entreatingly, "is marriage, that holy sacrament, a mere matter of fact business to you?" Ellen shrugged her shoulders gently, but remained sileut. Mr. Wilmer, who was walking impatiently up and down the library, at last stopped before his niece, and said—

"But is it not, my child, excessively disagreeable to you to bind yourself for better or for worse to a man old enough to be your father? In ten years' time Mr. Bentley will be an old man, possibly very infirm, while you, then only twenty-eight, will still be a young woman, fond of life and all its excitements—how will you be able to endure, with your disposition and without love to cheer you, the seclusion and self-denial that propriety will demand of you? Then your husband may lose his immense fortune—can you endure poverty with one indifferent to you? All these contingencies should be taken into consideration"

"With regard to Mr. Bentley's age and probable infirmity, my dear sir," replied his niece, "my ideas of propriety may not be so exacting as yours; but," continued she, leaning forward slightly agitated—

"your last probability is really a disagreeable I would (little about it. His daughter, Jessie, was a silly, fashnot contend with. Poverty cannot endure with any ene. I would authorise you immediately to reject Mr. Bentley's offers if I thought his affairs were in a precarious condition, and he unable to make the advantageous settlement which he has arranged to do, and which is so necessary for a second wife entering a family of children not her own. Is he not wealthy? I have heard you speak of him as a man possessing a princely fortune."

"Mr. Bentley is still in business," replied her uncle; "a fortune even large as his, when subjected to the reverses of trade, may be swept off in an instant."

"But at present you think him wealthy, and whatever pecuniary arrangements he makes for me will be secure?" inquired his niece, eagerly.

"Perfectly so," answered Mr. Wilmer. "I had no idea, however, that Mr. Bentley had been managed by you so skilfully. Nelly, Nelly, you are too mercenary for a young, pretty girl to be. It is true, Mr. Bentley is at the head of the first mercantile establishment in our country, and at present commands a princely income. But is wealth the only qualification you require?"

"Certainly that is all I desire-wealth-then position-the first gives the last, at least it will to me, but I must confess you quite alarmed me."

"Ellen, Ellen," exclaimed her uncle, in as severe tones as his mild nature would allow. "Is it possible one so young, so beautiful, so proud, can stoop to sell herself for money!"

. These words brought to Ellen's mind her last interview with Clement Rogers, and a convulsive shudder passed over her whole frame. For an instant her better nature was strong-alas! it was but the death struggle. The library door opened, and a servant handed to her a richly ornamented box with Mr. Bentley's compliments.

She opened it, and saw an exquisite bouquet of flowers, but the slender stems were confined by the glittering links of a costly necklace and bracelets, and as she lifted the flowers from the spotless cotton on which they rested, a magnificent ring rolled from among the soft, fragrant leaves. The gift was admired. Then Ellen arose to go to her room, saying-

"I promised to accompany the Bentleys to the opera this evening; I fear I shall keep them waiting."

"And, Ellen," said her uncle, drawing her to him as she was about leaving them, "you have fully resolved upon marrying this old gentleman?"

"Fully and decidedly," replied his niece, as she quietly held aside the bouquet with its glittering pendants, to avoid its being crushed by the kind caress which she only apparently endured without response. Then, with her accustomed gracefulness, she left the room.

The whole fashionable world was thrown into a commotion by the announcement of the approaching marriage of Mr. Bentley to Miss Wilmer. Some commented upon it ill-naturedly, others, in a worldly manner, pronounced her a sensible, lucky girl. The splendid preparations for the wedding seemed a seventh wonder. The children of Mr. Bentley cared cied was to produce every happiness for her.

ionable girl, who was delighted that her father had chosen for a wife one who would encourage her in her extravagances and folly; while the younger children could not think that the beautiful, musical voiced Miss Wilmer would ever be "that horrid thing, a cross step-mother," which their nurses had described to them. Clement Rogers alone suffered, and at last, unable to bear the sight of the brilliant bride and her heartless splendor, he embraced an opportunity which offered of entering into a business which required his residence at Canton.

A few weeks passed by, and Ellen Wilmer stood in her gorgeous bridal dress at the altar with Mr. Bentley. Gay friends surrounded her, and on all sides were murmurs of admiration which caused her beart to swell up with exultation. Pale and passionless she stood, but caim; and only when her uncle folded her in his arms, and she received her gentle aunt Mary's caress, and heard their whispered ejaculation, "God grant, my child, you may be happy!" only then did she display any emotion; a convulsive sob was all, however, and that was soon stifled; and after receiving the congratulations of her friends, she entered her carriage, which was to bear her to the princely home she had purchased by the sacrifice of love.

Years rolled away, and, during all that time, the rich Mrs. Bentley was the acknowledged leader of fashion. No parties so splendid as hers-no establishment could vie with hers in elegance, and no wardrobe in magnificence-some envious ones whispered that the old husband had grown cross and infirm, and that the cold, haughty look that Mrs. Bentley's face invariably wore, was produced by dissatisfaction at home. The real truth was, Mrs. Bentley found that wealth did not bring happiness. For the first few years of her marriage, when all her splendor was new to her, and she was the idol of her doting old husband, she fancied that riches was all she required. She drank the intoxicating cup of pleasure with eagerness, until it palled her; and when ten years passed by, and her husband felt age increasing his infirmities, and exacted more of her attendance at home, and the luxuries that surrounded her had lost their novelty, life became wearisome to her, and she felt heart-sick. Ilaving no children, she deplored the want of companionship. Her husband's children were all boys, excepting the eldest one, who had long since married, and was a silly, tedious woman; the affection of her husband's sons she had never soughtindeed, they were indifferent in mind, and seemed only to possess two ideas, to become young men of fashion and spend as much money as they could. In order to silence the cravings of her spirit, she persuaded her childish husband to take her to Europe, but after a few listless years she returned more lonely and dispirited than before. The world wearied her, and her home had no attractions, for there she only saw her peevish, cross husband, who had never possessed her love. A more striking object of splendid misery could not be found anywhere than Ellen Wilmer, ten years after the marriage which she had fan"Do you remember your old beau, Clement Rogers?" said her friend, the still flirting widow, Mrs. Lisle, one morning, after Ellen had returned from her sojourn in Europe. "He has come back from China with a handsome fortune and a beautiful wife."

"Some East India belle, with a skin as yellow as her rupees," said Ellen, with a sarcastic laugh.

"No, indeed," exclaimed another visitor; she is a lovely, fair English girl, the daughter of an East India merchant, of immense fortune, at Canton. She has been making quite a sensation, dear Mrs. Bentley, among us this season. You will meet her at Mrs. Carlton's to-night."

Then one told of the splendid house, magnificent furniture, and elegant equipage of this beautiful Mrs. Rogers, and another described with great gusto her diamonds, until Ellen was heartily weared with the subject, and to change it, turned to some young girls who were nervously going through the morning calls of their first season, and talked to them of the ball of the evening. It had the desired effect, for they were wild almost with enchantment at the prospect of a large ball, then still more so that the distingus Mrs. Bentley should consider them of sufficient consequence to notice them, and with the aid of some young gentleman she got up a "flirty" conversation that quite silenced Mrs. Lisle and the other ladies.

With a heavy heart she prepared for her evening toilette. Her wearisome old husband had fretted and stormed during the whole of their stupid, stately dinner, and solitary in heart and filled with bitter feelings, she sat down in her luxuriant dressing-room, and gave directions for her evening costume. The morning's conversation influenced her orders, and she ejaculated inwardly, "I will be splendid, at least"—then came before her the recollection of her last interview with Clement Rogers, and hot tears would have poured out, and bitter, wailing sobs, but

pride held them back. With looks of more anxiety than usual, she regarded herself in the mirror, after the completion of her toilette, but the rich, velvet robe of garnet hue that hung around her figure in heavy folds, and the flashing diamonds that sparkled in her hair and on her dress failed to satisfy: she hated the reflection the mirror gave her, and murmured, "splendid without, and wretched within," then turned to go to the brilliant ball, where she was to meet with the only one she had ever loved, and whose true heart she had spurned from her.

They met, those parted ones—but with what different feelings! She, with remorse and heart-aching wretchedness—he, happy in the bliss of his young wife's love. He looked at Mrs. Bentley, cold and stately as she seemed, surrounded with magnificence, and felt only a calm indifference: but a rush of blissful emotions passed through his heart as he turned and gazed on the gentle, loving bride, whose soft, Heavenly eyes beamed on him with love and truthfulness.

"Ellen Wilmer was right," he exclaimed to himself. "I never could have been happy with such a cold, proud creature. How much I must have altered, for I can scarcely believe I was ever so infatuated with her as to leave home and friends because she jilted me."

Ellen swept through the rooms, followed by expressions of admiration; but sick at heart, and taking no interest in the splendor and position in life for which she had bartered her heart's happiness. When she rested her head on her pillow at midnight, her only prayer was for death. But for years did her tiresome existence last; while pride demanded the daily, hourly sacrifice and penance. In youth she had sowed the seed of selfishness, and in her cheerless old age she reaped its bitter harvest.

ON THE DEATH

OF A FRIEND'S INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. DR. BEECHER.

GONE in the bloom of thy life's-spring hours-Gone like the fading of Summer flowers; From the warmth and the lightsome sheen of day, To thy God and thy rest "thou art pass'd away;" Oh! we knew as we sat around thy bed By the holy light o'er thy young brow shed, Though the cheek was cold, and the eye was dim, That thy heart already had gone to Him. Our watch is done, "thou art pass'd away"-God help thy mother, she needs thy stay; The darling light of her heart is shaded, Thou wert her fairest-thou art faded. The father looks on his angel dead-The tears of thy brother fust are shed, And yet thy parents watch thy clay, And weep in vain-"thou art pass'd away Gone, yet the sun by day shin'th bright, And the birds still sing in the golden light; Vol. XV.—5

The earth still knoweth its brilliant dawn, And in the blue Heaven the stars smile on: But the song, whose music to us was best, And your sweetest flower has sunk to rest; The dawn-like smile will no more be met, And the sweet, young star of your heart has set, Sweet rest to her-nev'r did God call home A purer soul to His own bright dome, Yet so soon did He chide thy short delay, So soon to Himself call thy heart away, That thou lost no trace of their Eden birth. But wore an angel's look on earth. Away, away to thy happy reign Ere sin could blight thee or sorrow stain, From the cares and the ills are our hearts still prest, All pure and all beautiful to thy rest; Light be the earth on the sleep of thy clay, Parewell to thee, darling, "thou art pass'd away."

POCAHONTAS.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

I.

The purple mists of eventide were wrenthing o'er the dale, And soft the scented zephrys swept across the flow'ry vale. Floating slowly through the woodland—its bower-home of bliss,

And greeting every blossoft with a sweet and dreamy kiss; While like some radiant scraph from the mansions of the blest.

The evening star stole forth amid the drapery of the West.

The lengthening shadows grew apace, and darker was their frown.

As far behind the Western hills the sun went slowly down, Like rainbow hopes, and sunny joys to erring mortals given, His dying glories faded from the blue midsummer Heaven; And the quiet stars came smiling o'er the earth so green and fair.

As they sailed like golden bubbles through the deeps of upper air.

Fled are the rosy shadows—but through the twilight dim Comes a soft and ceaseless melody—'t is Ocean's thunder hymn—

The song of adoration which he nightly peals above,

When from her chamber in the East, the ladye of his love Floats proudly up the steep of Henven—to calm his bosom's swell,

And fling her radiant shadow o'er the heart she loves so well.

Queen of the star-gemmed Orient!—she rose upon the night.

And earth and ocean trembled in her pale and silver light; It fell in witching beauty where the dimpled eddies gleam, And the water-lilies slumbered 'mid the ripples of the stream;

And vested with the brightness of an angel's soft caress, On a scene deep in the bosom of the Western wilderness.

Where the dark primeval forests are waving in their pride, And Virginia's proudest river rolls along his crystal tide, The Indian drum was rolling—streamed on high the council fire.

And red-browed warriors gathered round in mingled scorn and ire,

The ruddy glare was glancing back from many a glittering eye,

As they closed around its beacon-light, with purpose stern and high.

Dark grew the haughty chieftain's brow—and rolled his eye of flame,

"Brothers," he said, "a cloud hath passed upon Powhatan's name—

The Maniton is frowning on the red man's feeble race,
I hear his voice in anger—and the shadows veil his face,
He sees my lodge is empty now—the dark-eyed Indian maid
The glory of your Sachem's heart rests not beneath its shade.

Far through the darksome woodland I hear the night-wind sigh,

It seeks the raven tresses, and the pleasant sunny eye,

The low-voiced forest echo, and the softly whispering tree Call in vain for ringing laughter, and the song so glad and free—

The blossom of the desert droops in mingled scorn and shame.

In the white-man's garden-bower was a blight upon her name.

No costly ransom bring we for the lily of the stream— While our feathered arrows quiver, and our battle-axes gleam!

To-morrow's noon shall feel the serpent's pestilential breath-

To-morrow's eve shall smile above a scene of strife and death-

And when next the young moon glitters on the dim and dewy wood,

The stain upon Powhatan's name be washed away in blood!"

Then rose the fearful war-whoop, the chieftain's battle cry, With the death-song of the warrior went pealing to the sky, Far through the darkling forest their burning eyes were flashing—

In the mazes of the wild war-dance a thousand blades were clashing;

And when the moonlight faded, and the council-fire burned low.

A thousand braves upon the plain lay dreaming of the foe.

Where Virginia's proudest river rolls the quiet hills between.

For down its glassy bosom how changed the mighty scene!
Deep and still the forest slumbered, but amid its dusky shade
Rose the dwellings of the white-man, in rural beauty made,
From their low and vine-clad casements swept the voice
of joy and song,

And mingled tones of melody the breezes bore along.

Where the moonbeams lingered lovingly within that vista green,

And the silver ray was trembling o'er a thick and leafy screen,

The shining leaved magnolia, and the gorgeous trumpet flower,

Combined with Summer roses to form a rustic bower-

And where the zephyr sported in its cool and dim alcove, Sat the captive Indian maiden, with her pale and blue-eyed Love.

Oh! her voice stole o'er the senses, like the wild-bird's in its glee,

As the cloud of winter midnight flowed her tresses dark and free,

Like that cloud at Summer's sunset, when o'er her spirit meek

Flashed the fervid glow of feeling—was the flush upon her cheek!

And deep within her sunny eye shone mingled love and

As her timid glances beamed upon the being by her side.

Above the gentle maiden bent a proud and graceful form, And his dark blue eye was gleaming with the light of passion's storm,

Fair and shining curls were wreathing o'er his haughty marble brow,

And his bright red lip was breathing a deep and fervent vow:

Like the richly gushing melody of waters in their flow, From his soul the tide of passion rolled, in murmurs soft and low.

"The wild-bird of the mountain—the fawn upon the dale,
The lily by the fountain—the wild-rose in the vale—
The evening star in Heaven—and the gently murmuring
dove,

Are fitting embelms given for my own—my only love; Rich and raven are her tresses—and her tender, thrilling glance

Quivers o'er the heart that loves her, to bewilder and entrance.

But not for these I love her—her heart is firm and true,

And her angel spirit bright and pure as drops of morning

dew.

Her soul might grace the Eden bowers of Paradise above; Her only wealth a faithful heart—her treasure is a love, Pure as the frost-king's palace where the Arctic billows

Rich as the Summer's sunset clouds upon some fairy shore.

rour.

Be it mine to love her while our lives are in their sweetest spring,

And Time with wild and frolic glee shakes blessings from his wing;

Be mine the task to add to joys, to soften all the fears,

Which in the distant future may cloud our coming years; And when again the young moon gilds the river's rushing tide,

Shall not Powhatan's daughter be her pale-faced lover's bride?"

11.

The last faint star had faded fast amid the dawning pale, And bright-eyed day was peeping through the morning's misty veil;

The white cloud rode the leaping wind through Heaven's arches blue,

And every tiny blossom held a gem of diamond dew; High above in glowing ether trilled the lark his matin lay, Wild minstrel of the wreathing cloud, and herald of the day!

The broad, bright sun came smiling o'er the green and quiet earth,

And song-birds carolled joyously to hail the morning's birth:

Proudly waved the noble woodland in its fresh and golden beam,

When the hamlet of the white man rose beside the glassy stream.

With its rude and lowly dwellings, and its low, grey church of stone,

Whose tall spire pointed Heavenward amid the forest lone.

Far over hill and valley rang that church's matin bell,
And wood, and glen, and everglade resounded to its swell,
It rolled in waves of melody along the sunny plain,
And the merry mountain echo sent its music back again;
The floating zephyrs bore along the voice of mirth and
glee.

And song and shout went wildly up from bosoms glad and free.

When the first faint beam of morning trembled o'er the forest leaf,

A band of pale-faced brothers met the red men and their chief;

But not in rage and hatred did those haughty spirits greet, With the war-whoop and the battle-cry as deadly foes to meet:

As brothers true in that low church they gathered, side by side,

And the "pride of the Powhatans" stood amid them as a bride!

She stood beside the altar—that gentle forest flower, Drooping like some timid lily in its softly shaded bower; As the rainbow and the storm-cloud passed her mingled

hopes and fears,
And the silken lash which swept her cheek was heavy

with her tears;
Yet her happy heart was bounding in its wild and sweet unrest.

And a wealth of gushing tenderness lay garnered in her breast.

As some tall pine of the mountain tow'ring graceful in its pride,

Her young and noble lover bent above his blushing bride; Deep, burning thoughts came rushing o'er his spirit firm and high.

Like midnight's glowing meteors across the Summer sky; And with that proud devotion which marks the brave and just,

He poured the riches of his heart in deathless love and trust.

No bridal veil enshrouded that simple Indian maid, The "wild-rose of the wilderness" innative grace arrayed; No costly jewel sparkled in her dark and shining hair, But the pearl of tried and holy faith—the star of love was

there;
No gems and gold were her's to bring—no treasures from
the mine.

Her young heart's "first and only love" she offered at the shrine.

The murmured vows are over; they floated softly by,
The wild, mysterious notes of that bewildering harmony,
Which, 'mid the crushing conflict of earth's bitterness
and state,

Wakes up the spirit-lyre, and pours its melody through life;

That power which strikes the golden chords of angel harps above,

And bids their sweetest numbers sing the theme of holy Love!

Noon slept upon the waters; but the gay and laughing breeze

Curled the cresting waves in gladness, and fanned the dimpled seas.

Like a wild and smiling truant in its sweet forbidden play, It sent the white foam sparkling o'er the billows far away; And filled the snowy canvass of a proud and gallant bark, Which like a sea-bird on the wing sped o'er the waters dark.

Warm and tender hearts were beating in that stately Ocean-home,

And many a wayward thought was winging backward o'er the foam;

Where loving friends were gathered on a far and silent shore—

Soft arms, whose gentle watchings may visit them no more-



Bright eyes that may not pierce the gloom of distance with their beams,

Fond lips that never more may meet, save in a land of dreams.

The young bride of the morning looked o'er the waters blue.

And her quivering lip was sighing its passionate adieu; Dim shadows of the future seemed to overspread her sky, And heavy tear-drops trembled in her large, bewild'ring eve.

Her bosom throbbed convulsively—her dimpled cheek was pale,

And her long, dark tresses floated by, unheeded on the gale.

The landward sounds came faintly on the dreamy breeze of noon—

They stole upon it like the tones of fairy bells in tune— Till 'mid the dashing of the waves the tiny strain was lost, And on the dim horizon's verge the wreathing billows tossed;

The far-off shore had faded to a sad and sombre hue, And the purple distance lay upon it like a cloud of blue.

Now turn thee, lovely dreamer, from thy cherished native

home,
Linger not amid the pleasures of the forest's leafy dome;

Lot not find the pleasures of the forest's leafy dome; Let not in gay and foreign bowers thy gentle spirit pine For the sunny hours of childhood when a sister's love was thine;

Sigh not for those who loved thee in the happy days of yore,

Nor weep to think those fairy dreams shall visit thee no more.

Oh! turn thee, lovely lady, to a bosom fond and true, Whose tender tones steal o'er thy soul like drops of honey dew,

Whose deep affection gives thy life a glory and a power, Of which thy spirit only dreamed in passion's early hour; Fling o'er the loved and trusted one a halo from above,

And shrine within thy "heart of hearts" the being of thy love!

III.

THE Summer midnight shadows were gathered pale and still,

No moon was there to shed her light upon the darkened hill;

But from the deepened azure of the far and quiet skies Beamed down the burning glances of a thousand starry eyes,

The sleeping wave was dreaming—the dew was on the flower,

And the zephyrs wooed the blossoms in the cool and starlit bower.

A thousand lamps were gleaming through the lofty palace halls,

And banners bright were streaming from the old and storied walls;

With waving plumes and jeweled sheen, and treasures rich and rare,

The gifted and the beautiful, the brave, and gay were there,

And noble knights and lovely dames had met right joyously, To mingle in the shining maze of royal revelry.

Where the fairest and the loveliest had crowned the child of song,

The "Western Princess" shone amid the gay and mighty throng,

Her rounded cheek was glowing with a hue so softly bright,

And her dreamy eye was sparkling with ineffable delight; Her footway lay upon the bloom of pleasure's sweetest flowers,

And the spirit of their rich perfume suffused the lapsing hours.

The music of her life awoke the echo cheerily,
As down the joyous tide of Time she floated merrily;
That murmured includy of love which first had soothed
her woes.

Awoke a deeper feeling in her bosom's soft repose; And her timid heart unfolded to its rich and rosy light, Like a Summer cloud when weaving in the sunset glories bright.

In a dim and lofty chamber whose costly trappings gleam.

In the faint and softened lustre of the taper's shaded beam,

Where wreaths of fading flowers shed around a rich
perfume,

And a hushed and holy silence slept upon the mellow gloom:

Far from a father's tender breast—a sister's tearful eye, The lovely and the beautiful has laid her down to die.

"Oh! leave us not our fairest!—our spirits cling to thee, Forsake us not, thou dearest—our hearts will weary be— Leave not thy best and fondest in this dreary, chilling clime,

In sad and secret weariness to tread the shore of Time; His soul drinks in the music of thy low and whispered tone,

And he folds thee to a bosom which beats for thee alone!"

As some tiny star-gem sparkles over evening's misty shroud---

Gleaming brightly for a moment—but to sink behind the cloud,

The radiance of her full, dark eye unwonted splendors threw,

But her glowing lip was fading from its sunny crimson hue;

No fervent prayer—no bitter tear of friends may win her now,

For the dews of death are gathering upon her holy brow.

In the visions of the dying came a softly murmured tone, To full the parting spirit with a music all its own,

With songs of holy rapture on their mission from above, From the fadeless Eden-bowers came the messengers of love,

Far along the trackless ether—through the far-off azure dome,

They bore the ransomed spirit to its bright, eternal home.

Death prest its icy kisses on that sweet beloved face, And folded her to slumber in a passionless chibrace— Cold as the billowy snow-wreath lies her gentle bosom now,

The raven curls are frozen o'er a damp and marble brow; Still is her pure and loving heart—its pulses all are fied— The lovely blossom of the West is sleeping with the dead.

No strong, paternal arm shall lay thee where the willows wave,

No sister's gentle hand shall strew wild blossoms o'er thy grave—

The fresh turf presses lightly on thy calm, untroubled heart—

There the sunbeams linger brightly ere the hues of day depart;

billows roar

Between thee and the sunny vales of green Virginia's shore.

Peace to thy lonely slumber-without one fevered dream! Rest on the earth's cold bosom like the lily on the stream Lay thy fair and frozen beauty in the dark and silent tomb, No haunting visions of the past disturb its quiet gloom-No mingled strife of hopes and fears shall mar thypeaceful rest,

Or burning wave of passion's tide roll o'er thy pulseless breast.

In the stranger's land thou sleepest!—and the surging Weep, broken-hearted lover! for thy dark-eyed forest bride-

Weep o'er the fearful fiat which hath torn her from thy side!

Still are the fairy footsteps which bounded far and free, Thy wild-dove of the mountain shall sing no more for thee-

The heart that beat for thee alone must moulder 'neath the sod.

But the pure young spirit slumbers on the bosom of its God.

SONG FROM THE INNER LIFE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Sing to the Lord, oh! weary soul of sorrow! Sing to the Lord, though chastened by his rod! Sing to the Lord that others hope may borrow-"The pure in heart see God."

Sink not beneath the yoke of tribulation, Poor weary mortal on life's thorny road! But bear up stately with this consolation-"The pure in heart see God."

Take up thy Cross-when thou art weary laden Think how Christ sank beneath the heavy load! High over Calvary shines the Heavenly Aiden-"The pure in heart see God."

Cherish the Golden Words that he has spoken, Then march up Calvary with thy heavy load, Where his pure body on the Cross was broken-"The pure in heart see God."

His yoke is easy-light, too, is his burden-Denth is the Gate to his Divine Abode-The Land of Promise lies beyond the Jordan-"The pure in heart see God."

Angels of Light their vigils now are keeping, Crowding the ladder up to Henven's abode-While Jacob soft on Bethel-Plain lies sleeping-"The pure in heart see God."

A flood of glory down from Heaven comes streaming, Washing the Angels white along the road-While, weary with his wrestling, he lies dreaming-"The pure in heart see God."

God's golden glory up the East is springing, Flooding with splendor all that Blest Abode, While Angels cluster at the High Gates singing— "The pure in heart see God."

Rising, restrengthened, like the Blest Immortals Climbing the ladder, from the dewy sod, He hears again at Heaven's crystalline portals "The pure in heart see God."

Thus, while the good are on the dark earth sleeping, Weary with travelling on life's thorny road-Angels around their heads strict watch are keeping-"The pure in heart see God!"

So, while the thorns are round the good man springing, Bleeding his feet till they baptize the sod-Angels of Light are to his high soul singing-"The pure in heart see God."

Wide as Ezekiel's ever-flowing river. No eye could see across it was so broad-Shall this sweet song flow down the world forever-"The pure in heart see God."

"OUR ALICE."

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

HAVE you ever seen "Our Alice"-Merry little bird of song-With her hat of elfin plumage As a snow-flake float along? Breaking through the clouds of morning, Like a ray of early light, With the radiance of the angels Who have guarded her at night.

Like the harbinger of Spring-time, Bending in the April skies, Lies the promise of her beauty In the azure of her eyes; 5#

Ay-the promise of that season When, matured, a maiden fair, All her mind shall wear the lustre Now upon her golden hair:-

When her soul shall shine with knowledge, And the pleasure it imparts Shall renew the vernal blossoms In the perfume of our hearts; Then the frosts on Life's cold pathway, And the Winter with its snows, Will be melted in the sunahine That about "Our Alice" glows.



MRS. WILMINGTON AND AUNT JEMIMA.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"COME," said Mrs. Marston to Mrs. Bracebridge, who was making her a morning call, "I should like to hear all about the wedding; how was the bride dressed, to begin with?"

"Well, she was dressed very much like other brides—white, brocaded satin, and point lace veil; also looked as brides generally do—interesting."

"I always thought," rejoined Mrs. Marston, with peculiar emphasis, "that she was extremely bold-looking; was she not particularly assured and unblushing in appearance?"

"I did not notice that she was," replied her visitor, "now that I think of it, she *did* blush, and looked extremely modest."

"All put on," said Mrs. Marston, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Bracebridge, "people cannot very easily feign blushing."

"Oh, but she could easily have pinched her checks, when you were not looking, to make them red. She is rather pale, and probably an adept in the art; depend upon it, she succeeded in calling up a color behind her veil."

Mrs. Bracebridge was quite at a loss how to reply to this remark, and, therefore, let it pass on.

"Whom did she marry?" pursued Mrs. Marston, after a short pause, "young Milwood, was it not?"

"Yes, but proud as the Milwoods are, I would not care for the name—that is if required to take the inheritance pertaining to it."

Mrs. Marston was not in society; Mrs. Bracebridge noas; and while the former continually indulged herself with the exciting amusement of abusing her dear friend behind her back, she never let an opportunity slip of enjoying her various bits of scandal, and tales of the elite. She lent an attentive ear to this inuendo, and as Mrs. Bracebridge, after the fashion of accomplished story-tellers, seemed disposed to allow a short pause to ensue for the exercise of any laudable curiosity that might be at work in the brain of her auditor, Mrs. Marston, with eyes rather wider open than was absolutely necessary for the purpose of sight, placed herself in a listening attitude, and remained perfectly quiet, as though prepared for some tale exceeding in horror all that she had ever heard before.

"Then you knew nothing of this unfortunate affair?" resumed Mrs. Bracebridge.

"I certainly have heard something," said Mrs. Marston, determined not to show her ignorance of what was going on in the first circles, "I certainly have heard something, but then, false reports, and scandals are becoming so common that we cannot be too careful about lending a willing ear to them."

Mrs. Marston was getting to be remarkably chari-

"They say," continued Mrs. Bracebridge, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "that craziness runs in every drop of the Milwood blood. The old lady died in a lunatic asylum; and one sister killed herself although they pretended that she went off in a fit."

Mrs. Marston drew a very long breath, which she concluded with something that resembled a sigh.

"I am not at all surprised," she rejoined, (although she was very much indeed) "I am not at all surprised, for any one to look at Roland would pronounce him insane. Those projecting eyes always gives a wild, crazy sort of a look to a person's visage, and young Milwood's eyes seem to be fairly starting from his head."

"I thought you must have heard something of it," said Mrs. Bracebridge, "for it is quite the common talk; people would be apt to pity the bride, were it not that they happen to be so well matched. She has a sister whom no one is ever permitted to see, for she never had a particle of sense, and would not, therefore, be calculated to reflect much honor on the family. But now and then she eludes their vigilance, and mortifies them not a little. One day, I think it was Diton who called, and at the door as a matter of course he inquired for Miss Wayland. No sooner were the words uttered than this crazy Jane thrust her head out of an upper window, and screamed out-'yes, I'm at home!' After that it was some time before another escape took place, for I suppose they kept her closer than ever. They say she spends her whole time in stringing glass beads, and manufacturing babies, which she tends with the greatest care."

"Well," said Mrs. Marston, "this is the greatest marriage in high life that I have known for some time. I shall tremble when I take up the papers for the future, expecting to read an account of the murder of the young and beautiful Mrs. Roland Milwood by her husband; or else the details of a case of poisoning, in which he is the victim, and she the dark Italian who did the treacherous deed."

It was some comfort at any rate to know that they were all crazy; serve them right for being in the first society!

The subject being dismissed after sundry remarks and observations on crazy people in general, and stylish crazy people in particular, Mrs. Bracebridge introduced another topic.

"Have you heard of the latest performance, the grand coup d' ail of our manœuvring friend, Mrs. Wilmington? In my opinion it far surpasses all her other efforts, both for the boldness of the design and artistical finish as to execution."

"Our friend! Speak for yourself, I pray you; she is no friend of mine."

"Well, my friend then; because we do exchange



visits, and, therefore, it naturally follows that she must be a friend, though such often turn out our most inveterate enemies. The subject to which I allude is the coming out of Aunt Jemima."

"Aunt Jemima! You surely jest—why she must be at least fifty years old!"

"Oh, no; no older than you or I-she is about thirtyfive, I should conclude. As Miss Wilmington is not in the habit of accompanying them on their visiting excursions, I was not a little puzzled the other day when their well known vehicle drove up the carriagepath, and two ladies alighted, one of whom I recognized as Mrs. Wilmington; the other, although the face and air seemed perfectly familiar, shone so dimly through an overwhelming cloud of white feathers and blonde lace, that it was sometime before I could trace the features of my old acquaintance. Two cards were delivered, 'Mrs. Wilmington, Miss Jemima Wilmington.' 'Who in the world is Miss Jemima Wilmington?' said Mr. Bracebridge, 'any new relative come to light, of whom Mrs. Wilmington intends to dispose as quickly as possible?' 'Why, do you not remember Aunt Jemima?' I replied. 'Oh, yes!' exclaimed Henry, 'that maiden lady of an uncertain age, who always walked meekly and carefully as though she were afraid of being impolite enough to tread upon the heels of her own shadow.' Henry, you must know, is just from college, and sets up for quite a wit. We all doat upon that boy. But do not for the world repeat this ridiculous speech; a mother's feelings cannot always be restrained, you know, and I thought I would tell you this."

"Now that Aunt Jemima is fairly launched," said Mrs. Marston, "of course Mrs. Wilmington's next effort is to procure a 'suitable establishment.' She cannot expect such a settlement as she obtained for Fanny. But what in the name of all that's wonderful can have been her motive for taking this rather curious step? The case of Aunt Jemima seems very much to me like catching up an old kitchen chair that had done duty for several years, and covering it with velvet and embroidery to take its place in the drawing-room just for the sake of oddity. Why there's Mary Maria just about entering the lists, is she not?"

"Mary Maria I consider a hopeless subject on which to exercise one's surmises," returned Mrs. Bracebridge, drily. "About three years ago I called there, and the young lady in question was then a tall, awkward girl, as girls generally are when they first leave off pantalets, and all the etceteras of childhood. There was an old gentleman present from the South or West, or somewhere, whom they called 'Uncle Holmes.' It seems that he had not seen Mary Maria for several years, and while remarking on her unusual growth, asked how old she was. 'Fifteen,' she replied. A few moments after, Mrs. Wilmington entered the room, and said as she directed the old gentleman's attention to her promising daughter, 'is she not a fine, well-grown girl of thirteen, Uncle Holmes?"

"She is, indeed," he replied, with a smile, "but { perched upon the topmast post of bonor—and Jeyour estimate of time, Matilda, and that of your { mima not quite so high up, but maintaining a firm daughter must differ a little, for she is fifteen by her i grasp of the hand of her august relative—and herself

own confession of ten minutes since. She is too well grown for thirteen!"

"I should so like to have seen Mrs. Wilmington then!" exclaimed Mrs. Marston, in ecstasy. "What did she say?"

"She said very little; what could she say? But she looked vengeance at Mary Maria, and the poor girl has remained stationary at fifteen ever since. Once when I called, Mrs. Wilmington told me that she was sixteen; but that I suspect was a slip of the tongue, for the next time she was fifteen, and so she has remained ever since. According to the common method of computing time, she would now be eighteen years of age; but as Mrs. Wilmington possesses so great a talent for accomplishing wonders, she has probably entered into a compact with the sun and moon to stand still for three years."

"The whole proceeding is so strange," said Mrs.
Marston. "No one ever thought anything of Aunt
Jemima; I always supposed that she was housekeeper, or something of that sort."

"She was worse-a dependant, poor relation. Far better, and more comfortable for her would the office of housekeeper have been. Her place it was to perform the cast aside work of both mistress and maid; she was alternately the slave of cook, chambermaid, waiter, and every servant from the head down. She was the complete factotum of the children's nurse, and was, as one may say, bound apprentice to the business. I hear though that there is at present a great improvement in Aunt Jemima's prospects in consequence of some unaccountable whim that Mrs. Wilmington has taken into her wise head But really my call has been prolonged beyond all fashionable duration. I have a visit to pay this friend of yours, my first since the coming out of the new debutante. Robert, drive to Pinewood."

The ostrich feathers in the white hat of Mrs. Bracebridge moved up and down several times in a most dignified manner, very much after the fashion of an old turkey-hen; and away she drove, leaving Mrs. Marston in the midst of a new train of thought. The grand end and aim of that lady's life had been to get into "society." This she had never accomplished in the city, but now that Mr. Marston had purchased the old Branton estate, and figured in considerable style as a country gentleman, she hoped to compass her inclination. To be sure the Arltons, the Collisons, and the Wilmingtons, who made Deerfield their summer residence, and considered themselves the elite of the elite, had not called; but then the Penbrooks, the Starmans, and others who had just as good a right to be creme de la creme, had called; and she was now in hopes that through Aunt Jemima she might gain a still wider entree. Society appeared to her in the shape of a large ship about to put off from the shore, with a few fortunate individuals comfortably established upon the deck; others less fortunate, struggling up the sides; and others again were helplessly floundering about in the water. In a vision which crossed her mind, Mrs. Wilmington seemed perched upon the topmast post of bonor-and Jemima not quite so high up, but maintaining a firm

convulsively clutching the more fortunate spinster as the surest means of ultimately working her way to the top. That was the thing; Aunt Jemima should be the stepping-stone to her ambition.

But it is high time that we turned to the innocent cause of all this plotting and scheming. Jump right into the footman's place pertaining to Mrs. Bracebridge's carriage, and if you can do so without some one's shouting, "cut behind!" and the consequent, and not very agreeable application of the coachman's whip, we will honor that lady with our presence, and wait as she drives slowly and aristocratically on in the direction of Pinewood. At every passing carriage up go the ostrich feathers in a series of graceful bows and entreaties; and then down, down, down, until they again rest upon the India cashmere beneath. -, and Mrs. C--, and Mrs. B-Mrs. Hand Mrs. Everybody seem to be out taking a drive. Mrs. Bracebridge appears to refresh herself with a short nap between every recognition, and leans languidly back in her carriage with a sigh-away, dieaway expression, without bestowing one thought on those beautiful woods by which she is passing. Are they not lovely with those tints of red and golden mingled with the last remaining touches of emerald green? And the beautiful sunlight that dawns in between the closely-twined branches, forming a golden net-work on the turf below; while pure and serene in its unclouded loveliness is the rich, deep blue autumn sky. It is the latter part of September, that beautiful month when the wind sways gently to and fro among the branches, singing in a sweet and wailing voice the dirge of dying summer. Gently it passes away like a weary spirit singing to rest, and we cannot tell when it is gone.

They call the autumn mournful—the sad season of the year, but spring is far more so. Then the sky is cold-chilled with the lingering frosts of winter, and the sun strives in vain to beam warmly and cheerfully on the unawakened earth, while the fair, early blossoms that peep timidly forth, pale and die beneath the blighting breath of the rude, North wind. Spring is like a young heart crushed in its first, warm affections, and the flowers that were springing up within it droop and wither; while autumn, beautiful autumn -it is death; but know you not that it is beautiful to die sometimes in the midst of those we love? Far more preferable than to live! That dying robe is wondrously lovely; see you crimson-leaved vine that creeps gracefully along the dim, grey stone-is it not most perfect in its coloring? And then the river, that like a silver thread winds calmly on amid those towering hills. It is the beautiful Hudson; and like a crystal sheen are its clear waters that ever in the sunlight sparkle and glow with a flashing, radiant beauty.

The carriage has turned in, and like a proud, old English mansion rises the lofty dwelling amid those close, dark trees. The white marble of its stately front contrasts finely with their dark hue-it is from them that the place derives its name. There is a bowling alley on the grounds, but no one ever bowls there, so that it has quite fallen into disuse; but look ?

of the hill that slopes so prettily to the water's edge. All around it there is a close lattice-work of the pretty cluster-rose, that "last rose of summer," whose pale, delicate looking petals rest in fair contrast upon the rich, green leaves; while here and there like a bright faced visitor peeps forth the sweet-scented honeysuckle. That little bower is a fairy Paradise; but none of the inmates of the stately mansion save one, ever come to forget within its bright enclosure the monotonous, unromantic world, and dream away an hour in gazing on the fair, untarnished face of nature.

The carriage drove up the graveled walk, and the visitor soon found herself comfortably seated in the spacious drawing-room. Everything within bore the impress of taste as well as wealth. Nothing more fully displays the parvenue, the plebeian who has suddenly risen to splendor and riches, than the tawdry, ill-purchased decorations of his drawing-room. There may be magnificence, money will purchase that; but money cannot buy that pure, discerning taste, that decides at a single glance between effect and overloaded decoration. The grand drawing-room at Pinewood was a perfect model of aristocratic elegance. Whatever Mrs. Wilmington's friends might detract from her virtues, they could not deny that she possessed exquisite taste. There were cunning, little Bohemian vases, and cups scattered about in graceful profusion, upon which fell the wandering rays of sunshine until they glowed again in rainbow colors; there were a few superb pieces of statuary that had sprung into being beneath the inspired chisel of Italian genius, and stood there in hallowed beauty like sleeping images of breathing life-while the soft, subdued light that was permitted in the apartment, threw a faint shadow upon the marble features.

Mrs. Bracebridge had been there before, and vet she could not account for the mysterious influence that insensibly stole over her as she passed beneath the draped arches. As she entered the room, a lady came forward to receive her; could that be Aunt Jemima? Her contour was decidedly stylish, and the face, though rather faded in appearace, had certainly been tolerably pretty in youth. Her manners were those of a perfect lady; she acted as though she had always been in the habit of receiving visitors; apologized for the absence of her sister-in-law in consequence of an engagement with a sick child, and received Mrs. Bracebridge's pressing invitation for a social visit with great dignity. That lady departed with a very confused idea of Miss Wilmington's real position in society.

Mrs. Wilmington sat one morning in her luxurious drawing-room, apparently wrapt in deep contemplation. Mary Maria, the only grown-up daughter now on hand, sat nearly opposite, buried in a piece of heterogenous worsted work. This female scion of the house of Wilmington was neither handsome, nor ugly, tall, nor short. She was middling in beauty, middling in height, and middling in intellect. Her mother reasoned thus-"that those who were neither one thing nor the other, were capable of being made anything;" and she determined that Mary Maria should set up for a beauty, and come off with flying at that little summer-house, just situated on the brow colors. She was neither "out" nor in, but something between the two; if anything was to be gained by "coming out," she was to come; if not she was to stay in.

The cottage known by the name of Woodlands. that could just be distinguished among the trees from their high windows, had been for some time tenantless-the possessor having, years ago, set out upon a travelling tour. Mr. Glentworth had now returned; he had married abroad, but lost his wife within a few years of their union, and now came home a widower of forty, to pass his days on the old family estate. Mrs. Wilmington had heard of his riches, had seen a splendid pair of black horses, accompanied by a very handsome equipage, which was said to contain the wealthy widower, and immediately requested Mr. Wilmington to perform the part of a good neighbor, and invite the stranger to dinner. On the morning in question that lady sat with her eyes fixed upon her daughter, and reasoned thus-"that it would be a very desirable thing for Mary Maria to become Mrs. Gordon Glentworth, (the very name was considerable without all its bright belongings) and that to accomplish this desirable end, she must use every effort. He had been sometime abroad, and was doubtless disgusted with the artifice, and insincerity of the world-he was, therefore, more liable to be attracted by Mary Maria's youth and simplicity."

But then somehow or other (she was sure she could not tell how) it had got about the neighborhood that she was somewhat of a schemer; and, therefore, "should prying people remark upon her paying undue attention to Mr. Glentworth, the neighbors would immediately conclude that some plan was in progress. Even if she succeeded it would be very disagreeable to hear the sneers and remarks of the envious and malicious, but if she failed? She must contrive some way to put observers on the wrong track."

Just as she had come to this conclusion, like a bright idea flashed across her mind the thought of Aunt Jemima. Yes! that would be excellent. What was more natural for people to say than that the widower of forty was making the agreeable to a spinster of thirty-five. Aunt Jemima would do very well to deceive with; for they, foolish things! might be apt to overlook the charms of Mary Maria, and conclude that the maiden sister-in-law was the person for whom she was negotiating.

It would certainly be infinitely more agreeable to have them say that Aunt Jemima was thrown back upon her hands, than to make this same observation respecting Mary Marià. Aunt Jemima, she meant, should be "thrown back;" she had not the least idea of her really "going off;" such a thought never entered her head, for she could not dispense with her useful services in the family, and while people thought and spoke only of her, she could easily attend to Mary Maria. But in order to pass this deceit it would be necessary to make a very material alteration with respect to Aunt Jemima's dress, treatment, &c. Had Mrs. Wilmington but overheard the remarks of Mesdames Marston and Bracebridge with respect to Aunt Jemima's "coming out," she would have been perfectly delighted. Nothing could be more completely in accordance with her plans.

Full of this grand scheme, she immediately left the room to seek her unconscious relative and commence her operations.

Mr. Wilmington had been the architect of his own fortune, and as his determination to marry was openly expressed, his sister looked forward with no little anxiety to his choice of a partner. He married a pretty, showy girl, with little or no fortune, who was by no means so artless as she tried to appear. Mr. Wilmington sunk into a mere cipher in his own house; and Aunt Jemima insensibly fell into the daily routine of duties that had been marked out for her. She sat at the same table with the rest of the family to be sure, but it was her duty to listen-not to talk. No one had ever said to her, "you shall never say more than yes or no-never hazard an original observation of your own;" but there are various ways of intimating this without the help of words; the averted ear-the superciliously raised eye-brow which seems to say-"what! are you talking?"-and a cool, contemptuous indifference. Sometimes indeed the thought would obtrude itself, "what have I to live for?" but it was wiped away with the next polish of her ever active duster upon the French china and silver which belonged to her especial care.

Sometimes she indulged herself with a solitary visit to the little summer-house, when she could not help asking herself if there were not in the world such a thing as had sometimes floated over her mind in the shape of a bright-winged ideal-true, self-sacrificing love. Ah! and if there were, that stray jewel was not for her! She could not bind it on her brow and wear it there; for when these thoughts arose she treated them as idle imaginings, and whispered to herself-"that youth and comeliness had flown, and left her the poor, dependant relation." It was wrong for her to indulge such feelings-they were only for those whose fortunes had been cast beneath a more propitious star. She too had heard of the new comer; she had heard that he was liberal and generous-but what had she to do with him?

Mrs. Wilmington found her sister-in-law just where she expected to find her; in the drawing-room pantry, giving an extra polish to the already resplendent silver dinner-service; and being a very plausible woman, she commenced thus:

"You certainly do polish silver beautifully, Jemima; the bump must be astonishingly developed, but still why do you do it? No one requested it. What would people think to catch the sister of Ralph Wilmington, Esquire, in this closet, rubbing silver like any old housekeeper?"

Aunt Jemima started at being so unexpectedly addressed, and nearly let fall the massive punch bowl. Now she thought of it, nobody had exactly told her to do it, but she saw that it was expected of her, and somehow or other she had gradually fallen into the habit.

To this set speech of her sister-in-law's she answered only with a smile, and Mrs. Wilmington continued—

"I have been thinking, sister, what a ridioulous thing it is of you to settle yourself down so quietly to be an old maid. Thirty-five is not so very superannuated, and people often marry at fifty. I am determined," said she, with a smile, "to allow this conduct no longer, and the sooner you begin to improve the better. I will not have any old maids about me, so you need not say nay; your features are very good, and I wish to try the effect of dress. So foolish of you to persist in wearing drab colored merinos!"

"I think," replied Miss Wilmington, "that it would be still more foolish of me to affect gay dress at my time of life, Matilda. The name of 'old maid' is no disgrace to one who puts forward no pretensions to anything more; the time is now gone by when such aid as you speak of might have become me, and with it all desire for gaiety."

She had not spoken so much at once for at least ten years, and was quite astonished at herself. She was not at all certain that she had settled herself down to be an old maid; she had been settled, and very much wondered what all this could tend to.

Mrs. Wilmington with playful force took the silver from her hands, locked the closet, and fairly led her up stairs; increasing her surprise on the road by sharply rebuking a careless housemaid for neglecting to arrange Miss Wilmington's bed, and leaving her chamber-door open. "Lanks a massy me!" said the girl, as she bounded into the apartment. "I guess some folks is getting set up. I shouldent wonder if beggars was to ride!"

Certain important additions were made to Aunt Jemima's wardrobe, and all at once she found herself courted by the whole neighborhood. She could not call to mind any recent and praiseworthy act that had thus raised her in the estimation of others; but even Mrs. Wilmington was surprised by the easy manner in which she bore her new honors.

In the meantime Mr. Glentworth came to dinnerhelped Mary Maria to a potato, for which she said, "thank you"-asked her if she was fond of the country, to which she replied, "yes"-inquired if she rode much on horseback, to which she replied, "no"-and then turned for amusement to his opposite neighbor, who proved to be Aunt Jemima. He was so much pleased with this conversation that he took the earliest opportunity of renewing it, and to Mrs. Wilmington's great delight made frequent visits to Pinewood.

Aunt Jemima unconsciously began to acknowledge to herself that Gordon Glentworth approached nearer her ideal of perfection than any one she had ever before seen; but the thought was always followed by a sigh. Mr. Glentworth had been several times seen to enter the gate at Pinewood, and some one had once passed his phæton on the road when it happened to contain himself and Miss Jemima Wilmington; which \ formed sufficient grounds for the report that his horses were constantly in her service, and that they were engaged. But then the very next day the unmeaning face of Mary Maria looked out of the carriage window, and people were again at a loss. Mrs. Wil: mington was in the very best of humors whenever such reports reached her; and as Mr. Glentworth continued to come and behave very well at each visit, she began to think seriously of Mary Maria's wedding clothes. The only difficulty was he had not \ fore why should she hate to leave them? yet proposed.

One evenifig, toward dusk, Aunt Jemima sat alone in the drawing-room. Mrs. Wilmington and Mary Maria had taken the carriage to pay a visit some distance off, and were not expected back till late in the evening. She could not tell why, yet she felt remarkably sad, and sat pondering on some points of her sister-in-law's conduct that did not quite please her, nor did she quite understand it. She had not understood it from the beginning; but she had lately noticed that Mrs. Wilmington seemed far from pleased whenever Mr. Glentworth left Mary Maria, and entered into conversation with herself. She had been rather afraid at first that it was that lady's intention to promote a match between the widower and her sister-in-law, and had held rather coldly back in consequence. But this certainly did not look like it, and if anxious to secure him for Mary Maria, why had she dragged her forth from her obscurity to experience new mortifications?

Then she wondered what might be the nature of Mr. Glentworth's sentiments toward her. What if he prefered her to all others? It was hardly-she almost shrieked in surprise and confusion; Mr. Glentworth stood before her! He had inquired at the door for the ladies; and on being told that Miss Wilmington was at home, entered with the privileged freedom of a daily visitor. She was so buried in a revery that she knew not of his entrance till he stood before her, gaily exclaiming-"a penny for your thoughts!"

At this moment lights were brought, and so deep and visible a blush mounted to her very brow, that Gordon Glentworth, although not by any means a vain man, whispered to himself-"what, if she had been thinking of him?" Miss Wilmington's confusion was extreme; even the very servant seemed to look knowing, and the moment he had left the room Mr. Glentworth poured forth an avowal of his love and hopes. Her only answer was a burst of tears; she had so little expected this; so little thought of her being the object of such noble and generous love that she was quite overcome. But her tears were soon succeeded by smiles, for they were tears of joy.

But after the first few moments, as more common place thoughts suggested themselves, she became quite astonished at her own temerity, and wondered how she had ever dared to think of leaving. Who would keep the best drawing-room in order? Who would get up Mrs. Wilmington's fine laces? Who would in short do all that she had done?

"I am afraid this cannot be," said she, mournfully, 'the family will not know how to do without me."

"I was not aware that you had one," observed her lover, with a smile.

This remark opened a new train of ideas. She had not one. Had her brother ever treated her as a brother? Had his wife ever treated her as a sister? Had her nephews and nieces ever shown her the respect and affection due to an aunt? Was she not continually sacrificing her inclinations for their sakes, and obtaining nothing in return? Had she not all her life been a drudge and a convenience to thankless relations? Her reason told her that it was so; there-

Mr. Glentworth was a very persevering man, and

insisted on keeping his seat close to her, until she had, wrath upon her sister-in-law; but then prudence whisreplied as he wished her to. Dreading the sharp eyes of Mrs. Wilmington, should she come in and discover them, she gave the required assent. Poor Aunt Jemima! she had ventured to keep stowed away amid the recesses of her heart one pet prejudice, which she never dared whisper to others-and this was an animosity to widowers. But that provoking man! there he kept staying, and staying; pretending to give her advice with respect to her sister-in-law. He told her to be independent, and not at all daunted by any thing Mrs. Wilmington should say. Aunt Jemima, from some remarks of Mr. Glentworth's, and some thoughts very much to the purpose of her own, began to be somewhat enlightened with respect to her sisterin-law's scheme.

Mrs. Wilmington's nerves, the next morning, received a severe shook. In the first place, Aunt Jemima walked calmly into the room, and announced her engagement to Mr. Glentworth. Then with a voice that slightly faltered as it proceeded, she continued-

"During my residence in this house I have been treated neither as a sister, nor an aunt. I do not speak of any particular insult or cruelty, Matilda; I have not been suffered to feel the want of food, neither have I been tasked beyond my strength, but I have been regarded merely as a household machine -and there are some hearts which can bear anything better than an absence of affection. Of the latent plan which I more than suspect you to have entertained, I will not speak except so far as to say that it was unworthy of you as a lady, and still more so as a sister."

During the few moments occupied by these words, Mrs. Wilmington looked very much as though she could have exclaimed-" Mon ane parle, et meme il parle bien!" But she was an extremely polite woman, and possessed great command of her countenance. Her first impulse was to pour forth the volley of her

pered that this same sister-in-law was no longer a poor dependant, the subject of her whims and caprice -but the chosen mistress of Woodlands, who had suddenly risen to a "position," and would from thence diffuse the radiance of her glory on every member of the family. But no one could have guessed from her face what was passing within. She sat biting the end of a straw, and when Miss Wilmington had concluded. replied in a made-up voice-

"You and I, Jeinima, are very differently constituted-I have not a particle of romance in my composition. I cannot understand one half of this speech, and, therefore, am willing to take it all in good part. With respect to a plan, I am entirely ignorant of what you mean; but as Woodlands is so near, I hope you will find it convenient to give us the pleasure of your company frequently. Let this kiss be a token of the sincere pleasure with which I congratulate you. You know I told you that it was of no use to give up and be an old maid—this is the consequence of my advice."

Mrs. Wilmington let the subject drop. Her sisterin-law either could not or would not receive any impression.

The marriage took place soon after; and as the bride was now in the "first society," Mrs Marston immediately besieged her with calls and invitations. Mrs. Wilmington often remarked, "that she never did make but one match, and that was in the case of poor, dear Jemima, who really had done very well considering." Her auditors reserved their smiles until her departure; and Mrs. Wilmington constantly repeated the tale in happy ignorance of its effect.

In the annals of the Wilmington family, the marriage of Mary Maria is not to be found. It is almost needless to add that at Woodlands Aunt Jemima experienced all that happiness, which for so many years had seemed to her the mere creation of fancy.

WINDING THE SHEET.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Way bury the dead in a winding sheet As spotless, and white, and cold as snow? Is it to make their garments meet For the unknown world to which they go? Think ye the robes of the spirits fair Are warped and woven in earthly looms? Pit ye the body its final wear When it rises at last from the place of tombs?

Why bury the dead in a winding sheet-Why give to the dead on their burial morn A presence the living tremble to meet, In a robe unlike what the living have worn? Is it to take from the lifeless clay The last resemblance to human kind, Or to shut the tears from our eyes away In the nameless horror that lurks behind?

Why bury the dead in a winding sheet-Why make us ever as years roll on Look back for the form we used to meet, And see that face with its likeness gone? Is it for custom old and gray That gave to the world its ghosts and seers, Walking the world in their white array, And filling the minds with shadows and fears?

Why bury the dead in a winding sheet? Away with the ghastly custom now; Lay the pauper's rags around his feet, And the mounreh's crown upon his brow; Let the priest's and robes still wrap his breast, And the soldier's helm gleam over his head, Let man unchanged lie down to his rest. And the dress of life be the dress of the dead!

ARTIST. THE

A STORY OF PITTSBURG.

CHAPTER I.

though I won the form I had no sympathy with breathing flesh, Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me, Was there but one, who-but of her anon BYRON'S MANFRED.

It was in Pittsburg. Henry was seated in his studio. The soft breeze of a balmy summer evening stole in through the open window where he sat, and stirred the curling masses of dark brown hair that fell over the sides of his face, as he leaned his head on his open palm and looked out on the scene before and above him. A few fleecy clouds were lazily creeping over the clear, blue sky, their edges burnished with the beams of a setting sun. A chastened serenity rested on the distant valley, and the hills that bordered its farthest ways. A golden reflection of effulgence was cast by the sun, from the bosom of the two streams of water, as they slowly approximated each other, and mingled their tides in one broad current of silvery brightness. The continuous murmur of the crowds passing in the street below, was like a knell on his heart-for it called up associations he would gladly have avoided-but the pensive chime of distant bells, and the uninterrupted view of the richly-varied landscape before him, made his heart bound.

The sun was fast setting behind the Western hills, but the artist was still gazing from the window of his studio, wrapt in silent meditation. There was a quick and piercing fire in his eye-but a pallor on his cheek and brow, that told you of intense study or the wasting vigits of thought. And there, as his arm reposed on a small writing-stand by his side, and his head supported in his open hand, his eye wandering ? from cloud to cloud—as though their ærial home was his congenial clime—his lips now forming themselves into a smile, and anon relapsing into a settled composure-alone, and thus subdued, as if charmed by some talismanic power, you would have asked if he were not striving to read his destiny in those fair, white clouds, or penetrate the veil of the future and descry the hidden things of the unknown.

As the sun was about to disappear, his fading beams were reflected with such brilliant loveliness from a hazy cloud a short distance above the horizon, full in the face of D'Putron, that he started up in haste, seized his palette and brush; and, in a few minutes, the enchanting scene of rivers, hills, clouds, sky and } setting sun were sketched on his palette with accurate delineation. It was the task of amusementdone in a moment of impulse-but it showed how proud was the conception, how noble the genius, yet obscure and unknown, that was one day to be developed, and surprise the world.

heavy pencil he marred the beauties of that bright creation-threw down his palette-took up a lamp from a shelf on the wall-lighted it, and seated himself before his easel, on the canvass of which was an unfinished painting of the "Death of Sardanapalus." He drew the light as far back as his arm could reach, gazed steadfastly on his work awhile; then placed the light immediately in front; then on either side, scrutinizing the artistical skill with the eye of an adept connoisseur, low, but audibly speaking to himself the

"It looks well by lamp-light, but many of its graces are hid that can be seen in the day. Ah! if I can only succeed in throwing a more striking expression of mingled sorrow and desperation into the countenance of Nineveh's King, that character I will expend no more time upon. Myrrha, too, must have more of devotion in her looks, as she applies the torch to the funeral pile, and looks up to the face of her lover in all the idolatrous gentleness of woman's love. But what avails it," said the artist, with a subdued, sorrowful tone of voice, shoving back his chair, and placing the lamp on his table: "what avails it! I can induce no one, in this business-wedded, and money-loving city to patronize the artist by purchasing his works. There hang my 'Demetrius,' and 'The Spy,' and 'Conqueror,' and a host of others, just where they were placed when finished, and no one to buy. True, people will visit here, and call them pretty, but they must be sold or their author starves."

D'Putron sat for a long time in unbroken silence, contemplating his situation. There was a sadness ever mingling with his thoughts that he could not account for. Formerly he was wont to take from history, or his own observation, the subjects of his pencil; but now, his imagination was busy in conjuring up an ideal-an embodiment of his wilcest conception of the beautiful-he was dreaming of the creation of some bright, superhuman existence, whose lineaments of surpassing loveliness he should transfer from his train to the canvass. He knew not why it was, but a change had taken place in his day-dreams -they were now tinctured with indefinable longings -aspirations for something he could not divine. It was even so, yet the artist knew not that the nectar of life had been mingled with his draughts-that the germ of love was springing up in his heart to goad him on to-trial and despair!

Leaving his studio, he hastened on through several streets, shunning more fashionable resorts, till he mounted a dingy stairway leading to a "gallery of paintings," lately fitted up in the city. There was not a great number of visitors in attendance. As be The twitight deepened. With one sweep of a entered, he beheld a very handsome young lady by

the side of a venerable, middle-aged man, intently viewing "The Eagle's Prey," one of his own productions, placed there, anonymously, for exhibition. It was the fate of an infant child, suspended in the talons of the parent eagle, over the eyrie, where her young brood were clamoring for their prey. Henry stood behind the two as they scanned the picture, and heard the high encomiums bestowed upon it. After viewing it for some time, the young lady turned round, and seeing a stranger, apparently much interested in the same painting, she inquired—

"Do you know, sir, who is the painter of that?"
Henry felt his heart beat wildly—for he had seen
that radiant face before—he was confused, and essayed
to speak, but his lips refused utterance; although the

ardent glance of his eye showed that the question was unheeded, in admiration of the peerless charms before him. The lady, vexed at his silence, was about to turn away, when he spoke.

"I cannot say, indeed, Miss; the artist, I believe, wishes to remain unknown."

He took a seat, and followed with his eyes, in almost impertinent anxiety, the beautiful being as she passed through the spacious hall, hanging tenderly on the arm of her friend—perhaps her father—and closely viewing the various exhibitions of art. He would have given worlds to exchange places with her conductor—he had almost resolved to address her again, and declare himself the painter of the "Eagle's Prey"—but the sylph-like vision vanished from the hall. With a moody brow, an agitated mind, and warm passions warring with the heart, he sought his studio again.

CHAPTER II.

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again, I have a faint, cold fear that thrills my veins, That almost freezes up the heart of life."—SHAKSPEARE.

Several months after the incidents recorded in the last chapter, on a cool, dreary day, Henry D'Putron was busily at work before his canvass. "Sardanapalus" wanted but a few touches of the pencil to finish it, yet these were neglected. The artist was now, and had been for a long time, eager on the completion of his ideal. Each day it was gathering fresh life and beauty. He had never taxed his imagination and skill so far as now. His mind had come home to himself, and the world abroad was entirely forgotten. Ah! the artist was ignorant in his own mind, while straining it to its utmost tension, and becoming a sheer monomaniac-while plying his brush with such delicate care and assiduity, that he was drawing a life-size portrait of a miniature from off the altar of his heart. There were the same Parian brow-with the luxrious curls of auburn hair swept gracefully over its angles-the same vermiltinted lips and thrilling eyes, and roseate cheek, and voluptuous bosom and sunny neck of the-lady in the "gallery of paintings."

He saw it now at a g'ance. A mournful smile flew to his ashy lip for a moment, and he wheeled the easel from him. Why was he torturing his mind Vol. XV.—6

with vain illusions! Could the poor and fameless artist aspire to the heart and hand of the lovely, the courted, the heiress, Emily Stewart?

"Is not the cloud thickening that must soon break fearfully on my head? My last dollar is gone—duns are hourly accumulating—creditors are growing impatient—'coming events cast their shadows before?"

The artist was unmanned. A few short months since he held a spirit that could have brooked any calamity—an energy that could have surmounted any obstacle; but the spell was broken.

He had, in early years, found means, despite the meagre resources of his parents, to cultivate an innate predilection and talent for painting. His success with his abilities, thus far, was more than he had looked for. But the small fortune that he began the world with, was now expended. He had no refuge to fly to; and his productions were suffered to remain unsold, and their author to wither away like a young tree riven in the storm.

By accident, dating several months back, he had become acquainted with Emily Stewart. She was charmed less with the prepossessing exterior, and the noble, frank, commanding countenance of D'Putron, than with the fascination of the burning thoughts with which he beguiled the hours of their conversation—for they met often, and enjoyed many a delicious hour in each others presence. At first sight she had seemed as the idol of all his dreams of innocence and beauty. Subsequent intimacy made her the star of his destiny. But the disparity of stations—the impassable gulf that seemed to be thrown between them, at one moment he overlooked, and the next recollected in the madness of certain disappointment.

"'Coming events cast their shadows before.' And thou, too, Emily," he audibly ejaculated, as his reflections involuntarily reverted to her image; "and thou, too, Emily, to see me degraded in the world's esteem; to ree me cast on its cold-hearted current, with the guilt of penury on my hame; to hear the idle laugh, and the brutal sneer at the fate of the artist."

He was interrupted by the unceremonious ingress of a young man, superbly dressed, with formidable whiskers, a massive gold chain and key dangling at his side, and flourishing a delicate, gold-headed cane. The intruder contemptuously and pompously paced the room without speaking a word, looked up at the paintings on the wall with a gaze that had no meaning in it, hummed a snatch of some air, turned round to "Sardanapalus," gave a quick "hem," and exclaimed in a voice particularly feminine—

"Pretty well done, by Jupiter! Confess—the boy has genius—extraordinary genius, indeed! Can you tell me, my boy, what that thing is intended for—a fireboard or hearthrug, eh?"

At any other time almost, D'Putron would have laughed outright at the prattle of this silly coxcomb; but he was morose in humor now—the unkindness of the world had lately soured much of his hitherto mild and placid temper; and to be thus intruded upon, in defiance of all courtesy; and his master-piece lowered to the standard it was when he least could bear it; he could not command himself.

"First be pleased to inform me, sir, what degree

of rascality you projected when you entered here, and how far you purpose carrying your insolence?"

"Short, by Jove!-very short indeed," said the exquisite, with a lordly toss of his head and twirl of his cane. "Be more careful, my boy. I am not used to having my inferiors strike up their feathers at such a rate as this."

"Nor I accustomed to such despicable fools as you in my presence," answered D'Putron, advancing toward him with a menacing look; "so you will please leave this place immediately, or I shall eject you in a very summary manner."

"But," cried the fop, somewhat alarmed; "a word with you, my boy, before I retire. One little request, as a Frenchman would say, and I shall be absent."

"Be speedy, then," said Henry, "for I have neither time nor patience to waste on your impertinence."

The dandy cleared his throat with sundry dry hems, placed one foot a little anterior to his body, leaned back on his cane, which he held behind him, rolled up his eyes, stroked his whiskers, and commenced.

"My boy, hem! I am a suitor for Miss Emily Stewart's hand. Hem! we are particular friends. She does not wish you to continue your little attentions any longer; they are becoming, to say the least, annoying; and I am under the necessity of saying that you must and shall! Hem!"

"Are you done?" said D'Putron.

"Hem! yes."

"Well, then, begone; what are you waiting for?" and he grasped the fashionable petit maitre by the collar, and was leading him to the door, when he broke violently away from the artist's hold, and sprang into the middle of the room, vociferating in excited rage-

"I must have satisfaction for this monstrous insult. What! lay hands on me! Here, my boy, here is one of my pistols; measure your distance, and we will settle this little affair of honor on the spot."

Hardly conscious of what he did, D'Putron took the weapon-but the redoubtable man of honor was obviously much frightened, for he had thought the mention, much sooner the sight and use of deadly fire-arms, would have caused "my boy" precipitately to decamp. He had mistaken his man. Henry deliberately cocked his pistol, walking to one end of the room, and taking his stand. His opponent, appalled and quaking, staggered backward to the other. Both discharged simultaneously. The dandy sprang from his feet, shouting, "murder!" at the top of his voice; and fell to the floor, crying, "murder! murder! he has killed me!" while the blood slowly trickled from a minor wound in his forearm. D'Putron calmly walked from his studio-into which, alas! he was never to return-wandering from street to street, reckless of whither or how he went till nightfall, when he sought the home of, and had an interview with Emily Stewart.

Oh! that was a sad meeting! Never till now had he told, in the fervid strains of passion, his love to that sweet girl. Never till now had he learned the depth of that affection with which she regarded him. They lingered long in that blessed dream of lovers, for which no pen is adequate, till he rose to depart.

"Yes, Emily, it must be. Oh! believe me, that in thus doing, I am planting a thorn in my heart that will fester through all coming time. But I cannot-I cannot make you the bride of one whose path is in the brier and thorn, whose meed of reward is in the contumely and scorn of the world. You would one day curse me for your dark destiny."

"No-no, Henry, I will not; only remain-do not become an exile!" The fair girl laid her hand entreatingly on his shoulder, and turned her face to his with eyes gushing in tears. "Oh! Henry, do not leave me-I cannot see you go-let us live on together, and hope for better times for you."

"Emily-" he would have said more; but his eye met hers, and he saw in her beseeching looks the index of a heart that was ready to break. He clasped her in his arms-imprinted a long, passionate kiss on her quivering lips, and burst away from her side, saving-

"Good God! this must not be! Emily, farebut her flexible arms were twined closely round his neck, springing from her seat ere he could finish the sentence. Gently disengaging her embrace, he led her to a seat.

"Oh! Henry, you will kill me if we part forever. Say-say-you will-you will return soon!"

"I will, Emily-I will," replied he-although his heart whispered darkly of the improbability. Again he pressed these lips in tearful silence—a close, passionate embrace-a moment, and-she was alone!

He was gone—a wanderer on the wild world—from associations that phrenzied his brain-from the birthplace of sweet dreams that were never to be realized -from the spot where the eagle spread his pinions for a brighter Heaven, but fell, fluttering and broken winged, to the dust!

CHAPTER III.

"'Met they no more? Once more they met,
Those kindred hearts and true.' And they, between whose severed souls, Once in close union tied gulf is set, a current rolls, Forever to divide." MRS. HEMANS.

"How much!-how much is bid for this splendid, this magnificent painting of the 'Conqueror,'" cried the auctioneer, holding up the article for sale in one hand, and his hammer in the other before his customers. "How much, gentlemen-you see it-perfect of its kind-will no one bid? How much? Fifty dollars-forty-thirty-twenty-ten-five-

"Two dollars."

"Two dollars-thank you, sir-just a-going-two dollars-two dollars-once, twice-three-times!"

"Here, gentlemen, is something you must all admire—it is beyond comparison—beautiful—sublime; how much-say anything, so it is something-debts are to be paid—they must be sold, even at a monstrous sacrifice-how much do you bid for 'Sardanapalus?"

"Three dollars."

"Three dollars! Shame, gentlemen-three dollars for what a man works five months at-three dollars -just a-going!"



- "Three and a quarter."
- "Three fifty."
- "That's right-three fifty-just a-going!"
- "Three sixty-two."
- "Three sixty-two-just a-going-going-gone!"

And thus were sold these grand creations of the artist's combined mental and physical toil. "Demetrius," the "Spy," and many others shared the same ignoble fate. At length the auctioneer took up the last, and throwing it loose before him, exclaimed-

- "Now, gentlemen, here is one-par excellencethe climax of the whole—something that will take the eye and fancy of all. A finished portrait of some handsome lady—a queen for what I know—how much do you bid for this, gentlemen?"
 - "One fifty."
- "One fifty-one fifty-shame-absolute shamebut can't be helped—one fifty—just a-going!"
 - "One hundred dollars!"
- "Thank you, sir-one-thank you, sir," and the man with the hammer looked anxiously around to see if some sport was not on foot at his expense-but recognizing the bidder he made a slight bow, smiled complacently, and resumed-
- "One hundred dollars—one hundred—thank you, sir-one hundred-just a-going-going-gone!"

The one hundred dollars were paid-the painting handed over-and Mr. Stewart stepped out with the ideal of the artist under his arm!

Years will pass away, and we note but few of their incidents. Their chronicles are most legibly traced on the tablets of men's hearts. Ten years seem a short era to look upon; but oh, what changes can be wrought in that time! D'Putron, in ten years, was almost forgotten: but not his works. One by one they had risen in the estimation of judges, till their praise was heard in every conversation. Immense sums were now offered and refused for those which were once publicly sold at the merest trifle. His ideal was still hanging in the parlor of Mr. Stewart; and many were the long, lingering looks bestowed upon it by Emily-except that latterly she could view it as a prize, but not with the intensity of overpowering retrospection. The dandy-for we know him only by that sobriquet-had relinquished all aspirations to an acquaintanceship with Emily and her dowry, and was squandering his life among renegades. Pittsburg had no tidings of the artist; but daily rumors reached her. of a stranger in the Eastern Continent, whose name was linked to the highest works of art and the unbounded applause of the world. Everywhere, the magic of his brush had lavished honor and wealth profusely upon him. D'Putron had become distinguished, universally, as the first of painters.

Again, after the lapse of ten years, he embarked for the United States; and visited his native city. The first place he sought, was the home of his parents. But its tenantless and dilapidated walls, met his startled vision. He was informed that, of its former inmates, the most were dead, and the rest dispersed, none knew where! An hour passed-another-and yet another! Henry was still bowed against the walls of what was once his boyhood's home. The family circle was broken—the house-god's shring destroyed— next, burst away from his arms, with a smothered

the hearthstone, and all its hallowed endearmentsglad faces—the happy smiles—the tender converse and the fond caress-all, all passed in painful review, as things of the past-forever buried for the future.

The following morning he called at the dwelling of Emily Stewart. He was shown into the parlor, by a servant, who requested his name to announce to the inmates. Henry, who wished to make the surprise and joy perfect, merely sent "to Miss Emily; a particular, and long-absent friend."

She soon came into the room; not as she used to come to greet him, with a smiling face, bounding step, and open hand, but with a formal, womanish gait. She did not fly to his side, as once she did, laughing and panting, in the fullness of her fettered heart; but stood just inside the door, with a fixed look that, in itself, plainly asked the name of this unknown friend. He advanced, pained to find she did not know him, and extended his hand.

- "Miss Stewart does not recognize me?"
- "No Sir; I confess the disadvantage of forgetfulness."

This was some disappointment - but nothing in poignancy to what followed.

"Does Miss Stewart-my own Emily, see no trace in me to recall her once loved Henry D'Putron?"

She reeled to a sofa. A dimness came over her vision, and she sank, insensible, into the arms so ready to receive her. As Henry used the proper restoratives to resuscitate her suspended faculties, he had leisure to contemplate her person. She had lost a little, perhaps, of her girlish lineaments, and exquisite beauty of contour of former years, but she was There was something yet remarkably handsome. about her, different from her last looks, in his eyes, and yet he could not divine what it was. At length she opened her eyes, but only to close them again, after a look of fearful anguish; with the words-

"Do I dream, or am I mocked?"

"Neither," was the smiling rejoinder, as Henry drew her to his breast; "neither, my dear Emily. You are once more in the arms of your long lost, but ever constant Henry."

She sprang to her feet, and gazed for a moment in his face with unaltered steadiness; and then said, in a tone of deep bitterness and extreme wretchedness,

"Why, did we not hear, seven years ago, that you were lost on board of the ship that was wrecked on its voyage to Liverpool?"

"Yes, yes," said he half laughing; "but that same wreck was the means of myself and two others being taken up by another ship, bound to the same port. In the sunny clime of Italy-amid the stirring scenes of oriental countries, I have plied my brush-won a title that I have courted from boyhood-gained a vast independence-and am now here to breathe to you again the love that I breathed ten years ago-and claim the original of my ideal, which I see you have in your possession."

A pallid hue overspread her face-her heart sickened-her form shook, and her tongue faltered in inarticulate accents. One moment she suffered his lavishing caresses, unknowing what she did; and the

shrick; and covering her face with her hands, ex- me in the love you should cherish for your husband; claimed, brokenly, through her tears— I will not—I never can forget you. In some retired

"Henry, you must leave me and forever! Do not ask me why. Forget me—for Heaven's sake—forget me. You have awakened a flame in my bosom that is criminal. Your presence in Pittsburg will crush my dearest peace, and the sweetest bliss of another. Oh, my God!"

He was about to ask a solution to this ambiguity, when a little child—a rosy-cheeked, chubby boy, came bounding into their presence, saying—

"Ma, ma, my little dog has broke his riband again!" Henry at this, struck his hand against his brow, and groaned in poignant anguish. He saw it all in a piercing thought. She was another's! It was a chilling, heart-blighting thought. Not an age of the world's care could so have conquered and crushed his proud spirit, as this one instance of the heart's defeat. For this he had braved the most perilous adventure—for this he had faced and conquered death—for this he had woven laurels for his brow—for this hour he had lived to be made the victim of burning memory through all coming time!

One mighty effort of his mind collected his prodigal senses; and, although it was disjointed and incoherent, he rose to his feet, and spoke a farewell, altogether foreign to his feelings, and his assumed composure.

"Yes, Emily, I must leave Pittsburg forever! Your \{ happiness and my own must compel me to it. Forget

me in the love you should cherish for your husband; I will not—I never can forget you. In some retired hermitage, or in the crowds of men, I will strive to calm the raging fever of my mind! May God bless you and yours, Emily."

"Oh! Henry," said Mrs. Olmstead, springing toward him, while scalding tears coursed down her cheeks, "you must not go, till you exonerate me from your hate. I thought you were dead, or my——say, say, Henry that you will not curse me!"

"Never, never," said he, "will I think of you else than in the light of purity. You are dear, dearer to me than ever. Only"—he paused—"only, Emily, you will never, never see me again. Farewell, forever!" They were parted till Eternity's meeting!

That day and the next, Henry was threading the streets of the city, lost to every thing but the keen reflections of his mind; which from that time was attuned to a strange kind of melancholy, that clung to him through life. He still prosecuted his favorite pursuit—but the glory that crowned each gorgeous creation of his mind and brush, fell on a heart that heeded it not. He was wrapt up in a stern coldness, that no fire could dispel. Ambition was forgotten—and the greatest happiness of his after life, seemed to be, when the last shades were given to some splendid portrait, to write, with his pencil, under it the name of *Emily!*

THE OUTCAST.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"A heavy doom was thine to bear, No peace to hope, no rest to find, With none thy lot to soothe or share, Poor outcast of a world unkind."

From the far woodlands, through the deep dell Soundeth the dirge of the funeral bell; Falling how mournfully, solemnly slow, Thrilling our hearts with memories of woe; While children turn from their idle play To gaze with fear on the mourner's way.

And some have gathered beside the tomb, With averted eyes, and brows of gloom, For their thoughts are full of nameless dread, As they gaze down on the home of the dead; Remembering the form once fair and proud, Now closely wrapped in the folded shroud.

Ah! well may ye weep her mournful fate!
But the tearful sigh hath come too late.
Forever closed is the drooping lid,
And glazed is the eye forever hid.
Harsh were the words which the cold world gave,
And the erring sought, and she found the grave!

Peacefully, sweetly sleepeth she now—Pallid the cheek, and marble the brow—Pulseless the heart once glowingly warm—Lifeless and rigid the graceful form—Then kindly think of her mournful way, And for the erring fervently pray.

ANGER.

LIKE some grim monster of the wild
Prowling amid the solitude,
Where all around is calm and mild,
Save when such visitants intrude;
Breaking, with howlings fierce and tumult rude,
The silence of the sylvan scene;
That else the quiet haunt had been

Of the pacific tenants of the wood;
So stalked thou across the mind
Where all is calm serenity,
And leavest nought but strife behind—
Discord in lieu of harmony:
The scourge of ev'ry human soul
That woldeth to thy fierce control,

J. B.

KATE DOUGLASS;

OR, PHILADELPHIA IN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY-SIX.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE OATH OF MARION," "AGNES COURTENAY," &C.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.

CHAP. IV .- TRENTON.

THE night was bleak and threatened storm. The Delaware surged sullenly along, the ice grinding and splitting with the tide: while the giant trees, that overhung its banks, tossed their skeleton arms in the wind, groaning as if in agony A few stars were occasionally seen on high, but they were visible only for a moment, before driving clouds hid them from sight.

It was the night of the twenty-fourth of December, 1776, a time that will ever be memorable in American annals. Washington, after having been defeated at Long Island, had endeavored subsequently to make a stand in New York, but had been forced to retreat through New Jersey, his army dwindling from twenty thousand to three thousand, while the British general, at the head of nearly thirty thousand troops, thundered in pursuit. Throwing the Delaware between him and the royal army, Washington had gained a breathing spell for his men. But he soon discovered that this inaction would not do: that, if persisted in, the country was lost. The British had already overrun New Jersey, and hundreds of former patriots, believing the cause of freedom shipwrecked, were endeavoring to preserve their lives and property by giving in their adhesion to the royal cause. Every day added to the number of those who thus deserted the popular side. In this emergency, Washington determined on a midnight march to Trenton, hoping to cut off the detachment of royal troops there, and, perhaps, save his countrymen at the brink of ruin.

Seated on a beehive, which had been placed upon the ground for his accommodation, and wrapped in his military cloak, the great hero watched anxiously the progress of the boats, as, struggling amid the drifting ice, they made their slow and toilsome progress from the Pennsylvania to the Jersey side. Hour after hour had passed since he assumed this post, nor had he left it except for a brisk walk along the river bank occasionally, to keep his blood from congealing. Every quarter of an hour or more an officer would approach for orders, or to give intelligence: and the conversation that ensued, was usually in brief words on the part of Washington, showing the pre-occupation of his mind. At last a tall and soldierly figure approached.

"Ah! is that you, Mowbry?" said the hero.

lery and caissons are safely landed; and with no ranks complelely exhausted, but the rest struggled further damage than the wetting of a little powder." manfully along. Now and then, as the army passed

"It is well. I could see that the guns were safe. even by the fitful light of these few stars; but I am glad to be assured there is so little damage done. It is very late, however."

"It is four o'clock, your excellency."

"We must push on without a moment's loss then." replied Washington, rising. He gave an anxious look at the sky, and said-"do you think it will storm?"

The young man made no answer in words; but he took off his cap, which was of fur, and presented the icy particles which had collected there, to his general's touch.

"Good God," said Washington, deeply moved, "is it indeed so? Excuse what may seen an irreverant expression, young man," he added, "but, to-night, my brain is almost wild, and the prospect of being defeated in this enterprise, as this gathering storm forebodes, destroys my equanimity. I have put every thing on the hazard of a die. We must conquer tonight, or lie cold and lifeless by morning. But, I wander-you have seen me unmanned for a moment -forget it. And now to action."

As he spoke he drew his cloak tightly around him, and strode quickly forward in the direction of his horse, which a faithful groom was holding for him near by.

The sight of the general-in-chief in motion convinced all that the moment to set forth had arrived. The troops, who had been landed for some time, and had only waited for the artillery, now gathered into their ranks, and, in silence, the little army began its march.

After proceeding about a mile, Washington divided his army, one portion under Sullivan taking the river road, while the other portion, with himself at its head, pursued the direct way. The wind howled dismally across the landscape; the few stars, heretofore seen, disappeared; and soon mingled rain and hail began to rattle on the soldiers' knapsacks and sting their faces. Yet, bending to the tempest, the men struggled onward. No sound of fife or drum was heard, but in silence the little army pursued its way. No gilded trappings shone out in the ghastly light, but the privates, destitute even of shoes, left their bloody footsteps on the ground. The low rumble of the artillery wagons, the stifled tread of a thousand men, the ringing of the sleet on the moving mass, and the creaking of the forest trees as the storm tossed them "It is, your excellency," was the reply. "I have about, were the only sounds during that long march been sent by Gen. Knux to inform you that the artil- of eight miles. Occasionally a man dropped from the

some lonely farm-house, the inmate, half rousing from his slumber, fancied he heard strange sounds on the breeze, but reflecting that it could only be the noise of the tempest, he turned and slept again, little thinking that at that very hour, the destiny of America hung trembling in the balance.

It was nearly daybreak when the outposts at Trenton loomed dimly through the uncertain light and fastfalling sleet. The artillery was at the front, and close by it, as was his duty, marched Mowbry. At this instant, Washington rode up, evidently in considerable emotion; and shading his eyes with his hand, peered ahead. Then he turned, and reining in his horse, looked down on the soldiers who crowded around him.

"My brave boys," he said, in a low voice, which trembled with agitation, "the enemy are just ahead; but do not yet see us. All depends on a surprise. Now or never—this is our last chance. Forward."

Tears gushed from every eye at this address: the voice, the manner effected the men even more than the words. The column dashed forward, each man determined to conquer or die. The outposts were driven in, and flying toward the town, carried the alarm with them. But fast as they fled to bear the news of the surprise, still faster pursued the Americans; and the two parties entered the outskirts of Trenton almost at the same moment.

The noise of the firing at the outposts had, however, been heard, and the enemy roused from their beds, or from the tavern, where most of them had spent the night, came rushing into the street, the privates arranging themselves in ranks, and the officers hurrying hither and thither to marshal the men. Col. Rahl, the Hessian commander, threw down the pack of cards with which he had been playing since the preceding evening, sprang to the door and placed himself at the head of his forces.

But now, with the artillery of Knox playing in their front, the Americans came pouring down the street, wild with the enthusiasm the words of their leader had excited. Before that dauntless charge, before those showers of grape-shot, no enemy could have stood. The Hessians broke and fled, and, in a few minutes, the day was won.

Never was a victory more complete. With the exception of a few dragoons who escaped by a back road, the whole force at Trenton was either killed or captured. Among the former was Col. Rahl.

"Ah! Gen. Knox," said Washington, grasping the hand of that officer after the fight was over, "I have to thank you for the execution your artillery did, on this glorious morning. I ought also to thank Captain Mowbry, whom I saw directing the pieces so well: but I do not see him."

"Alas! your excellency, he is wounded, and I fear mortally."

"Where is he?" said Washington, anxiously.

"He has been carried to yonder tavern," said Knox, "where your excellency's surgeon there attends him. Yet life, perhaps, is of so little value to him that he will scarcely thank us for our pains to preserve it: I have noticed that, from the day he joined the army, just before the battle of Long Island,

up to this hour, he has always recklessly exposed himself, as if he sought death."

"Perhaps some disappointment of the heart—poor lad!" sighed the great leader, as he led the way toward the low, wooden tavern, in a room of which Mowbry lay, weltering in blood.

CHAP. V .- THE SICK BED.

THERE is a low, two story house, built of wood, still standing in Philadelphia, in Fifth street, below Market, celebrated as that in which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. At the period of our story it was occupied as an inn, and, in one of the upper rooms of this building, a few days after the battle, lay our hero. As Washington had retreated from Trenton the same day he made the attack, a conveyance had been provided for Mowbry, and he had been brought to Philadelphia, there to await his recovery.

It was a bright, warm winter morning, and the curtain of the window being withdrawn, the beams of the sun shone merrily into the room. There are few things as cheerful as sunshine, when the earth is covered with snow, and Mowbry feeling the inspiring influence of the day as he beheld the snowy house-tops glittering in the sun, raised himself feebly on his arm and looked around his apartment. During most of his illness he had been either delirious or in a stupor; and this was the first morning on which he may be said to have enjoyed his faculties clearly. An elderly female, a stranger to Mowbry, was sitting near the head of the bed. On seeing the invalid move, she rose and approached him.

"How long have I been here?" said our hero.

"It is now the second day of January, and you were brought here the night after the battle."

"And I was all that time insensible?" he said.
"Where is the army? And where am I? This cannot be a military hospital."

The thought of Kate was continually present to his mind, notwithstanding his conviction that she did not love him, and a suspicion—a wild, romantic suspicion—flashed across him that she had heard of his illness and provided secretly for his comfort. Nor did the answer of the nurse, who evaded his most material question, satisfy him that it was not so.

"The army, it is said, has moved again on Trenton, and another battle is daily expected. You are here, in a comfortable inn, with myself to nurse you, and a competent physician, one who says he knew you when you resided in the city."

"Ah! I know him—my uncle's surgeon." And the intelligence confirming his suspicion, he asked again. "But how came I here?"

The nurse hesitated an instant, affecting to be occupied with arranging the clothes: but when Mowbry impatiently repeated the question, she said—

"His excellency, the commander-in-chief, and Gen.
Knox both seemed anxious that good care should be
taken of you; and as you had no home in Philadelphia they placed you at this inn, and procured me to
nurse you."

A deep sigh broke from Mowbry: the little romance he had been framing vanished at these words; he sank back on his pillow, and was silent. Hope, for a moment had given him new life, but now despair seized on his heart; and he scarcely cared to live. He resumed-

"My good woman," he said, "you have been deceived, I fear: you suppose I am able to pay you for your services. But I have not a dollar in the world." "Never mind that now," replied the nurse. "You are not well enough to talk of such things. His excellency will see me paid, and if he does not, why I shall only have lost a week or two in the service of my country, while many lose their lives."

"But I cannot allow myself to be under such obligations to either his excellency, or to you. I am a beggar, and deserve no better treatment than the poorest private. It is my wish that you see at once to having me removed to the hospital."

The nurse lifted up her hands in deprecation, but was prevented replying by footsteps on the stairs, and after a low knock, the physician entered. He was a man of mild presence, and dressed with great care, his whole appearance indicating alike a kind heart and great deference for the proprieties of life.

"Ah! our patient is better, nurse," he said, smiling at the attendant. Then, approaching the bed, he took Mowbry's wrist to feel the pulse, saying, as he did so-"good morning, captain-glad to see you so well. I knew we should bring you out of it, though it was an ugly fever. But you are worth ten dead men yet. In a fortnight, or three weeks at furthest, we shall have him as well as ever-eh! nurse?"

"Doctor," said Mowbry, "I do not understand all this. Why am I here, instead of in the hospital with other poor fellows? As I can pay neither you nor her, it is my desire that I be put immediately under the care of the army surgeon."

"Tut-tut," said the physician, smiling good humoredly. "Will you turn us off after we have saved your life? If you had been left to the care of a military hospital, such at least as that belonging to Washington's army, you would have been dead and buried before this. No, my dear captain, we have rescued you from the jaws of death, and we intend, as our perquisite, to keep you under our care a little while longer. As for pay, we all get it, in one way or another. I work out of respect to your family-nurse for patriotism-and the landlord because he expects you to be able to foot his bill some day. But you have exhausted yourself with this foolish discussion-lie down, and try to sleep-you may rely that, when you are well, all will be settled to your satisfaction."

Mowbry was fain to take this advice, for his head already reeled; and he was soon asleep. The physician and nurse conversed awhile apart, and then the former took his leave, though not until he had placed a couple of guineas in her hands.

"I do not want him to know that the assistance comes from me," he said, "for he is so proud he would refuse it, and compel us to send him to the hospital to die with the rest. But I have long known his family, and made many a good fee out of them, uncle, remember, must know nothing of this, for he has cast the captain off, and I do not care to be known to the old gentleman as helping the disobedient."

When Mowbry woke again, and renewed his questions of the nurse, she was accordingly as close as ever: nor was he able, on that day, or any subsequent one, to learn more than he did in the conversation we have recorded. He soon abandoned the attempt. satisfied that the tale of the nurse and physician was correct, and that Kate, as well as his uncle, had utterly forgotten him. If he had wanted any further evidence of this, it was afforded when he was entirely convalescent, and the nurse was about to leave him. Hitherto he had shrunk from asking directly of Kate, but now he ventured to inquire, though in an assumed and careless tone, if his attendant knew anything of the Stanleys. The nurse, though aware of Mowbry's relation to Mr. Stanley, little suspected the interest her patient felt in the niece, so she replied-

"I have never been in the house, for Mr. Stanley, when ill, is always attended by Miss Douglass, who allows no one else to nurse him. But the whole town is talking of her marriage with Major Despencer."

Mowbry fortunately was sitting, for if standing he would have fallen under the shock of this intelligence. He turned white as ashes.

"They are not married, surely?" he said, with

"Oh! no, sir-only going to be. Nothing but the war prevents it, they say. And dear me, how bad Miss Douglass looks since Mr. Despencer joined the army: she has grown as pale almost as a ghost, and nearly as thin too: I suppose she is all the time worrying herself lest the major should get killed."

Mowbry turned his face to the window, away from observation, and hot tears rolled down his cheek. Had he been entirely well, he would not have been thus unmanned, though he would have suffered equally, perhaps. He never felt until now how much of hope had lingered in his bosom. Some chance, he had secretly fancied, would bring Kate and him together before he left the city; for, even as a relative, surely she would feel some interest in him, sick and alone among strangers. From the physician, she must have heard of his presence in Alas! he knew now that he was utterly the city. deserted.

"I think I shall be able to start for the camp tomorrow," he said, at last, raising his head. "I will try at least. Though the enemy have been driven back on New York, there will be hot work in the spring; and I must be at my post." And he sighed profoundly, for, at that moment, he thought how little he should care whether he fell in battle, or survived. "Perhaps if I die in some gallant charge," he reflected, "she will remember me-it may be regret me. Oh! the happy hours we have spent togetherand now to be so utterly forgotten."

And was he forgotten? Was the tale of the gossipping old nurse correct? Had Kate, in the eight months that had elapsed since Mowbry was exiled from his uncle's house, changed her feelings so much as to be now about to marry Despencer. Let us so that I can afford to lose something now. His follow the old physician to Mr. Stanley's mansion, on the very day Mowbry departed for the army, and listen to the tete-a-tete conversation between him and Kate.

"Well, my dear Miss Douglass," said he, smiling, "your protege is off at last; and well quit are we all of him. I have been in fear of detection the whole period. Think what a censorious world would have said, if it had come out that you were nursing a handsome young captain by deputy, and paying all his bills."

Kate blushed deeply, and replied-

"All this you have said a dozen times before. But I could not see him perish, even if he had been only a friend. But now he is gone, the secret is safe; for no one knows it except you, and I can depend on your keeping it. He does not suspect the truth, does he?"

"No, but fancies you have all deserted him."

"Then he has asked after me."

"Not that I ever heard. His silence is my proof . that he believes in your neglect."

Kate clasped her hands, and sighed heavily, turning away her eyes to conceal the fast-gathering tears. The old physician soon took his leave, and as he closed the door, he heard a sob. He shook his head, muttering to himself-

"Alas! how that girl loves him, and how he loves her in return. Yet, so long as Mr. Stanley lives, their marriage is impossible; and, therefore, I had better allow them to continue to believe that each is forgotten by the other. They will soon forget, in reality."

He had never been in love himself, else his kind heart would not thus have reasoned. How little the best intentions and the coolest intellect fail to guide strangers to that all-conquering passion, in their actions toward lovers whom they desire sincerely to admire!

CHAP. VI .- VALLEY FORGE.

We must now carry forward our story an entire year: and what changes a year produces! How many who, a year ago, were in prosperity, are now ruined; how many who were then in health, are now on a sick-bed; how many, then blooming with youth { and hope, are now in the silent grave.

It was the last of January, 1778, more than a twelvemonth from the battle of Trenton. The campaign of 1777, after that glorious victory, had been a series of persevering attempts on the part of the British to recover their lost ground and gain possession of Philadelphia, the then capital of the nation. With the opening of spring, Sir William Howe had begun his operations to this end; but, after numerous attempts to dislodge Washington from the Jerseys, in all of which he had been foiled, he was compelled to think of some other route of approaching Philadelphia. Accordingly, toward the close of summer, he suddenly embarked his army at New York, and sailing to the Chesapeake, landed at the head of that bay. The American general, apprized of this movement, hastened by forced marches to throw himself between the British and the capital, and succeeded in bringing Howe to an action at Chad's Ford on the Brandy-

state of discipline gave the victory to the royal army; Washington was driven from the field, and the road to Philadelphia being now open, Howe entered that city soon after in triumph.

Anxious, however, to redeem the honor of the American arms, and believing that the absence of a portion of the British troops afforded an opportunity, Washington conceived the idea of surprising the royal army as it lay encamped at Germantown. The attack was made, but, in consequence of a thick fog, failed in the moment of victory. This defeat secured the British in possession of Philadelphia, and the season being now well advanced, the American army retired to their winter-quarters, which they took up at Valley Forge, among the hills of Chester county, about five and twenty miles from Philadelphia. In all the movements of this campaign, Mowbry had participated. Few had done such gallant deeds in arms. Indeed, as the commander-in-chief had said at Trenton, it seemed as if he was entirely reckless of danger. At Brandywine, he had formed one of that corps of artillerists who, posted in a defile, had checked the victorious career of the enemy and saved the patriot army from entire destruction. He was one also of that mounted band, who, joining Pulaski and the lifeguards, made the terrible charge, which cleaving the enemy's ranks like a thunderbolt, and scattering terror and dismay in their track, almost changed the for tunes of the day.

It was toward the close of January, 1778. The day was one of the most tempestuous of the season; the snow already lay more than a foot deep, and was still falling fast; while the icy wind roared wildly over the landscape. The rude huts of the soldiers were half buried in the deep drifts. Few persons were visible in the camp, except the sentries pacing to and fro, or an officer hurrying across the open space to paya visit. As the morning wore on, faster and still faster descended the snow, until the prospect was fairly obscured by the thick falling flakes: and the scene became dismal and melancholy beyond conception. Not a soul was now seen abroad.

As the hour of dinner arrived, however, four or five persons were observed moving in the direction of head-quarters; for it was the practice of Washington to invite a select number of officers to his table each day; and to share the hospitalities of the commander-in-chief was the errand on which these individuals were now bent. The residence of the general was a small, two-story dwelling, only one degree more commodious than the marquees of his officers. Nor did his table boast of anything but the plainest fare. For this he made an apology on the present occasion.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, glancing at the single round of beef, which constituted the only course for the occasion, "we have no luxuries to boast of; but I hope patriotism, if not hunger will sweeten the dish. Captain Mowbry, I am glad to see you safe home from your forage. It is not my wish to have provisions taken by force of arms, if it can be avoided; but until Congress changes the com-Howe to an action at Chad's Ford on the Brandy- missarait department, or we get golden guineas like wine. Superior numbers, however, and a higher the royal generals, I fear we shall have to starve, unless we seize what we require." And, as the great leader pronounced these words, he sighed.

The conversation soon became general, and turned naturally on the deplorable condition of the camp.

"Of the seventeen thousand men, who nominally compose our army," said the surgeon general, who was present, "scarcely five thousand are fit for duty. The fever daily grows worse, in spite of all we can do. Indeed, so long as the men are half starved, and half clothed, all our medicines will prove of no avail." And he too sighed at the melancholy prospect.

"What if the British should come out and attack us?" said Mowbry. "I heard rumors of such an enterprise in my forage, but fortunately our strength is overrated, and I think Howe's caution will scarcely allow him to make the attempt."

"I agree with you," said Washington: "and God knows we have enough to contend against, without having a battle on our hands. My heart bleeds for my poor fellows. I saw one, this morning, standing sentry, who had neither a decent coat nor breeches; some one, however, had lent him an overcoat, but as the wind occasionally blew this aside, I saw the rags in which he shivered; he had no shoes either, and, as he walked his round, blood frequently marked his steps. But I have faith in Heaven, and this supports me."

There was a solemn pause, and then a general officer remarked. "While we suffer thus, the royal troops enjoy every comfort in the city."

"Yes," said Washington, "and the officers indulge in constant festivities. I hear," he added, with as much of a smile as ever lighted his face in that dark period of trouble, "that our gallant foes are quite successful in their onslaughts on female hearts, more in fact than they have always been in more bloody.

undertakings. There is a whisper that Miss Shippen and the accomplished Adjutant General, Major Andre, are about to marry; but a more certain report is that Major Despencer was united, last night, to Miss Douglass, a beauty and bel esprit, and moreover the heiress of one of the handsomest fortunes in this state."

This intelligence, though less startling to Mowbry than perhaps to our readers, nevertheless called every drop of blood from the cheek of our hero. He saw an impassable gulf now raised between him and her he loved. "It is true then," he said, "she has loved this rival all along: now, at last, I know why she never cared to inquire for me when I lay wounded, and apparently dying a year ago"

Words cannot tell how crushing this blow was to Mowbry. In spite of what the nurse had said, he hoped secretly that Kate was not about to marry Despencer; and as time wore on, and he heard no more of the match, this hope grew almost to a certainty. But now, at one blow, the whole fabric of happiness, he had been building for a year, was thrown down.

Washington's eyes happened to rest on Mowbry at this moment, and noticing the latter's extreme paleness, he suddenly recollected that Mr. Stanley was the uncle of our hero, and as quickly understood all that was passing in Mowbry's heart. The recklessness of the latter in battle was now explained. He felt deeply pained to have been the cause of imparting this pang, and, as he divined that society was the best thing Mowbry wished for at this moment, he rose and broke up the party.

As our hero passed to his marquee, the tempest roared wilder than ever; but the storm without was a calm to that which raged in his soul.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

'NEATH THE OAKEN PORCH WE STOOD.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

Ir fell upon a day,
In the golden Autumn-time,
Ere the flow'rets feel decay,
Or the wild birds flit away
That thy spirit came to mine,
And taught my soul a lay
Most divine!

Oft I'd wandered years ago,
Pondered well the mystery o'er,
Longed my spirit oft to know
Who should cheer me here below,
And on earth forever more
Kindly feelings e'er bestow
And adore.

In my boyhood oft I'd bowed, Bowed to a bright ideal, Gazed on faces in the crowd— Smiled on angel ones that bowed— And wondered if the real Angel of my life was there— Or only my ideal.

'Neath the oaken porch we stood,
In the recess of the door;
Cold and chill the wintry blast
By our shady covert past,
But our hearts were evermore
By love's sunshine overcast,
In the door.

How our trembling lips essay'd,
Holiest hopes of life to tell:
My swelling heart forbade—
With her trembling voice she said,
To her bosom's holiest swell
When the wintry winds are laid,
'T will be well!'
And the echoing blast replied,
"Will be well!"



EDITORS' TABLE.

HORTICULTURAL.

We promised to give our readers, in 1847, a horticultural department. Ours was the first magazine to direct public attention in this direction, and the articles we published, in 1847, on the subject, attracted general attention.

As out of door plants cannot be grown in February, we shall give our readers, this month, some excellent hints in reference to the culture of flowers in parlors, and at parlor windows.

WINDOW GARDENING .- In cities, where ground is so valuable, that large houses have sometimes only a court ten or twelve feet square behind them, window gardening becomes an important branch of floriculture, as it affords the inhabitants almost their only chance of enjoying the luxury of flowers. That the cultivation of flowers, even in a window, is, indeed, an enjoyment to the inhabitants of cities, is evident by the pleasure with which we see many of those, who live by their labors with the needle or the loom, spending the greater part of their few leisure hours in tending a few geraniums or other flowering plants arranged on a window sill; and there is something affecting in the sight, when we recollect that many of these persons propably came originally from the country, and that these few leaves and flowers are all that remain to remind them of their native fields. The plants of persons of this class are, however, generally much more healthy than those of richer cultivators, probably because they are more cared for, and more diligently watched; for no living objects more amply repay the attention bestowed upon them than flowering plants.

All plants grown in pots, and kept in a room, require more attention than they would do in any other situation, as they are in a most unnatural state, and they need the greatest care that can be bestowed upon them to counteract the bad effects of their peculiar position. To understand thoroughly how disadvantageous that position is to their growth, we must recollect that plants derive their nourishment partly through their roots, and partly through their leaves, by means of pores so extremely fine, that they can only be seen by the aid of a very powerful microscope. When a plant is kept constantly in an inhabited room, the pores of the leaves become choked up with dust; and as the air of every room inhabited by human beings must necessarily be very dry, the delicate points of the roots, which are of a soft, spongy nature, to enable them to imbibe water, become withered or dried up, and lose that power of alternate dilation and contraction, which is absolutely necessary to enable them first to absorb moisture from the soil, and afterward to force it up through the stem and leaves. In addition to these evils, which it is extremely difficult to guard against, may be added another of almost equal importance, arising from the use of saucers to the flower-pots. These it is difficult to dispense with in a living room, as, without them, there would be danger of injuring the carpet, and other articles of furniture, every time the plant is watered; for water is of scarcely any use, unless it be given in sufficient quantity to saturate the whole mass of earth in the pot, and this cannot be done without some escaping by the hole at the bottom. If, however, water be suffered to stand in the saucer, unless there be abundance of drainage in the bottom of the pot, the water will sodden the earth, and if it does, the spongioles of the roots will inevitably become rotten. Where-

paramount object with the cultivator to set them out in the open air as often as possible, and then, while the pots are standing without their saucers, to give them abundance of water, either syringing their leaves, or washing them thoroughly by holding a water pot, with a fine rose, above them, and letting the water descend on their leaves like a shower. In summer, plants may be watered in this manner twice a day, and in spring and autumn once a day, without receiving the slightest injury from over-watering, In winter, however, the case is different; and as soon as the air becomes frosty, the plants should not be exposed to it, and they should be watered as little as possible, so as to keep them alive, unless they should be plants which flower in the winter, in which case they should be watered daily, as all plants when in flower require more water than at any other season. As these winter-flowering plants must, of course, be placed in saucers, for the sake of cleanliness, it will be necessary to take care, when the plants are watered, that the saucers are emptied out, as soon as the water has run through into them, so that no stagnant water may be allowed to remain to chill the roots. Another point which should be attended to, when plants are kept in living rooms, is to remove all the dead leaves as soon as they appear, as the decomposition of vegetable matter is extremely injurious to the health of human beings. Even the plants themselves appear to grow better when all the decaying vegetable matter they produce is regularly removed from them; and not only do they grow more vigorously, but the perfume and beauty of their flowers is said to be increased.

In attending to the cultivation of plants which are to be kept in rooms, it must never be forgotten that they require air as well as water to nourish them. It has been long known that plants will not thrive unless the air has free access to their leaves; but it has only lately been ascertained that the leaves not only act in elaborating the sap, but that they also take in nourishment from the atmosphere. Air should likewise be permitted to have access to the roots moderately, so as not to dry them; as the roots can derive nourishment from it, as well as the leaves, provided they are kept in a sufficiently moist state by the earth with which they are surrounded, to be capable of taking nourishment from anything.

The important fact that plants derive a great portion of their nourishment from the atmospheric air, was little known before the time of Liebig; and even now, it is so contrary to all our ancient prejudices, that even where it is acknowledged, it is rarely remembered when the rules derived from it are to be acted upon.

stem and leaves. In addition to these evils, which it is extremely difficult to guard against, may be added another of almost equal importance, arising from the use of saucers to the flower-pots. These it is difficult to dispense with a living room, as, without them, there would be danger of injuring the carpet, and other articles of furniture, every time the plant is watered; for water is of scarcely any use, unless it be given in sufficient quantity to saturate the whole mass of earth in the pot, and this cannot be done without some escaping by the hole at the bottom. If, however, water be suffered to stand in the saucer, unless there be abundance of drainage in the bottom of the pot, the water will sodden the earth, and if it does, the spongioles of the roots will inevitably become rotten. Whereever, therefore, plants are kept in pots, it should be a

points of the roots of the plants contained in them are very apt to become dry and withered.

It may possibly be thought by some persons, that it is scarcely necessary to enlarge on the importance of light, air, and water to the health of plants, as every one must be aware of that fact; this, however, is far from being the case. The generality of amateurs who cultivate plants in pots, think that the principal care requisite for their plants, is to keep them warm; and if they do not grow freely, to give them manure; but nothing can be more erroneous than this mode of treatment. Too much heat is as injurious as too much cold; and if plants are brought suddenly out of a cool green-house into a very warm room, they will become sickly; their flower-buds will fall off without expanding, and probably they will lose the greater part of their leaves.

Over-manuring is still more injurious. The roots of plauts in pots are so cramped by the confined space in which they are kept, that they have seldom strength to digest strong manure; and there is no doubt that great numbers of green-house plants were killed by over-doses of guano, when it was first introduced. Giving strong manure to a sickly plant is as injurious as giving strong food to an invalid; and in both cases, does harm rather than good. If to over-manuring be added abundant watering, and want of drainage, the earth contained in the pot becomes what is called sour, and is not only totally incapable of affording nourishment, but it actually rots the roots of the plants growing in it.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of a Physician. By Dumas. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to speak with unqualified praise of any work published by this enterprising house, and when we are obliged to say that the moral tone of this novel falls far short of its deep and startling incident, it is with sincere regret. The first and second portions of the book promised so well, and were so rich in style and incident, that we looked for the conclusion with more than ordinary interest; but it came to the publishers in fragments from over sea, and, like us, they could only read as they published. When the whole came we were disappointed. Not that there was any falling off in the interest of the story, but it seems impossible for a Frenchman, however brilliant, to make at the same time a tale of deep interest and preserve a pure moral. The nationality will break out, and that always to the distate of an American reader. Still this Memoir is preserable every way to the works of most French writers.

History of Charles I. By Jacob Abbott, with Engravings. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A pretty and most intensely interesting little work is this, for the young these condensed histories are invaluable, and to the old and well instructed historian they are full of interest, and serve without the effort of studied reference to refresh and invigorate the memory. The portraits of Charles I., and the Queen are full of touching and mournful interest. The royal palaces and scenes depicted in the various engravings are equally valuable to the reader. Indeed we know of few books in their line more perfect in every way than these by Abbott. When the author and the publisher of a series like Mary, Queeff of Scotts, and this history of Charles put forth their energy together, the public cannot fail to be benefitted.

Poems by Charles S. Eastman. 1 vol. Montpelier, Va: Eastman & Danforth, 1849.

We have long admired the fugitive poems of Mr. Eastman, and wondered that, while so many writers of less merit were publishing volumes, he did not collect his pieces and offer them to the public in a style worthy of him and them. For grace, melody and freshness Mr. E. deserves to rank among American poets. Everybody, at all familiar with our literature, knows by heart his little poem, beginning "The farmer sat in his easy chair." There are other effusions in this volume scarcely less worthy. "Kate was once a little Girl," "Purer than Snow," and "Fanny Hall," are in a different, though equally felicitous strain; while "The First Settler," for touches of quiet humor, mingled with pathos, almost rivals the first mentioned poem. Were it not for occasional instances of imitation, of which Mr. E. is unaware, and of which he will yet cure himself, he would rank still higher among American poets.

An Universal History of the World. By G. G. Hibbe, LLD. Nos. 1 and 2. Vol. 3. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.

The first volume of this work completed and bound for the shelves, gives rich assurance of the value of the portions that are to follow. It is devoted to ancient history, and concentrates a vast amount of knowledge in its pages. The style is good, the proofs of erudition and research immense. The publishers, too, enterprising and talented young men who deserve success, have spared no pains or expense in rendering the work worthy in all points of the greatest popularity; the typography is fine, the paper beautiful, and the binding in excellent taste. The two numbers issued of the second volume are devoted also to ancient history, and display no less library interest, and no less enterprise than their predecessors. The whole is an excellent work, and we earnestly hope it will meet with the success so richly deserved, both by the author and publishers!

The Biglow Papers. Edited by Homer Wilbur. 1 vol. Cambridge: George Nichals, 1818.

In this exceedingly clever volume we have a series of witty poems, written in the Yankee vernacular, under the assumed name of Hosea Biglow, a raw, country lad, who eschews war as "human slaughter," and runs a-tilt at other things, "too numerous," as the auctioneers say, "to mention." The book quizzes editors, politicians, military glory, almost everything. The spirit of fun riots on every page. It is edited by a pretended country elergyman, a single-hearted old man, with all the simplicity of Hosea, only brimful of pedantry: though the eloquence which runs over continually, and the delicious style, now reminding us of Jeremy Taylor, and now of the "Religio Medici," shows that the anonymous author is a man of first-rate powers. Suspicion points to Lowell as the writer of this brochure.

Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

There is but one fault in this book; all is in shadow; we have too little of the sunshine even of factory life, which has its bright sides even in England. Still for freshness and vigor few novels of the present day can compare with this. We know of nothing short of the trial scene in Scott's Heart of Mid Lothian to compare with the scene at Liverpool, where Jane Wilson is acquitted of murder. That scene is the delineation of no ordinary pen.

Frank Forester's Field Sports of the Unit'd States and British Provinces of North America. By H. W. Herbert. 2 Vols. Naw York: Stringer & Townsend.

In this very elegant volume, we have the best work we have yet seen on the subject of the game of America. Mr. Herbert is a practised author as well as an old sportsman, and consequently he comes to his task with unusually rare qualifications. Some of the finest wood-cuts we have ever beheld, are in the book.

Mr. H. is, in our humble estimation, not only one of the very best authors in America, but one of the most accomplished gentlemen also. At any rate, his book is one of the most beautiful affairs published this season, and popular as it is beautiful. We can imagine nothing from the pen or pencil of Herbert that would not be perfect in its way.

Kings and Queens; or, Life in a Palace. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In this prettily illustrated volume we have a brief but clear insight into the life of European Potentates, which is to be obtained from any other source only by diversified and laborious reading. The author has evidently studied history well and to an excellent purpose, and amid all the wide spread events that history chronicles he has sifted and gathered up the richer portion into biographies that prove interesting to all readers, and of peculiar benefit to the young, and to those devoid of leisure for more minute historical research. This book is prettily bound, and enriched with engravings, all of interest and value.

Sermons delivered in the Chapel of Brown University. By Francis Wayland, President of the University. 1 vol. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Philada: Daniels & Smith, 1819.

These sermons form a series of discourses on the most important doctrines of the gospel. The sermons on the late events in Europe were written immediately after accounts were received of the revolutions there. Mr. Wayland is one of the ablest elergymen in the United States; and we can recommend these discourses to all, but especially to the young. The volume is printed in elegant style.

Proverbs for the People; or, Illustrations of Practical Godliness, drawn from the Book of Wisdom. By E. L. Magraw. 1 vol. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Philada: Daniels & Smith, 1819.

The author of this book is favorably known for his "Orntors of the American Revolution." The present volume is a successful attempt to discuss the exalted principles of Christian morality in a manner adapted to the comprehension of the great mass of mankind. The work is eminently practical. The volume is handsomely printed, and well bound.

Love's Martyr. A Tragedy. By Mayne Reid. Philada: Printed for the Author, 1819.

This is a play of very high merit as a poem, written by one of our contributors. We regret our want of space to notice it, at length, this month.

Model Men. Embellished by Horacs Mayhew. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here is a little work brimful of wit and humor; every page is enriched by a laughable picture. It is a perfect casket of mirthful themes. The Poor Cousin. By Miss Pickering. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.

This is a very superior novel, indeed far better than any published by Miss Pickering during her life-time. If this is really from her pen, and was published anonymously, it argues little for an author's capacity to judge of the relative merit of his or her works.

The Vision of St. Launfal. By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol. Cambridge: George Nichols, 1848.

An exquisite poem, founded on one of the old legends of chivalry, to which, next number, we shall endeavor to devote more space.

The Old Dower House. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.

This is the best novel Mrs. Gray has yet written, and is published, in a neat styte, for the low price of twenty-five cents.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

There is little new, at this season of the year; but what there is, we give below. The fair correspondent who writes us that our fashion plates are always got up with more taste than those of other magazines, will be strengthened, in this opinion, we hope, by the very beautiful one in the present number.

Fig. 1.—A Walking Dress of cashmere, trimmed down the front of the skirt with rosettes of ribbon; a mautilla of velvet, finished with a deep fringe, with a heavy ympe heading. A silk bonnet, the ends of which meet under the chin: a fall of lace passes over the crown, confined there and there with riband.

FIG. II.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of silk: the skirt trimmed with six scalloped flounces: corsage high, waist slightly pointed: three-quarter sleeves, open on the under part of the arm, with under sleeves of cambric. A small French worked collar, and a bonnet of drawn satin, the crown and cape formed of a lace fall, complete the elegan. costume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—One of the newest and most elegant walking dresses of the season is a forest-green ishmere, trimmed down the front with very small gilt by ons. Promenade dresses of any color, made of cashmese or merino, look well, trimmed around the skirt with five or six rows of satin riband, a shade lighter or darker that the dress as taste may suggest, put on plainly: a shaded riband is also frequently used for the same purpose. All walking dresses are made high in the neck, with plain corsages, tight sleeves, and full plaited skirts. Flounces are a good deal worn, but only by tall persons. A trimming down the front of the skirt is considered in better taste for those of shorter stature.

Evening dresses are still made low in the neck, with very short sleeves. The most elegant material of the season is crepe, richly embroidered, white being the favorite color. Brocaded silks of gay colors are much worn, particularly by matrons. For the opera, theatre, or concert room white is the prevailing style; but dresses of rich crimson enshmere are frequently preferred, made high in the neck, but with short sleeves. This fashion suits the beauty of some ladies better than a full dress. Opera sacques of white, light blue, or crimson cashmere are much worn, finished with a row of cygnet down.

The styles for cloaks, sacques, &c., to be worn in the street have altered but little, if any: velvets are still the prevailing material; but a satin bias trimming is now considered more fashionable than fringe or gympe.



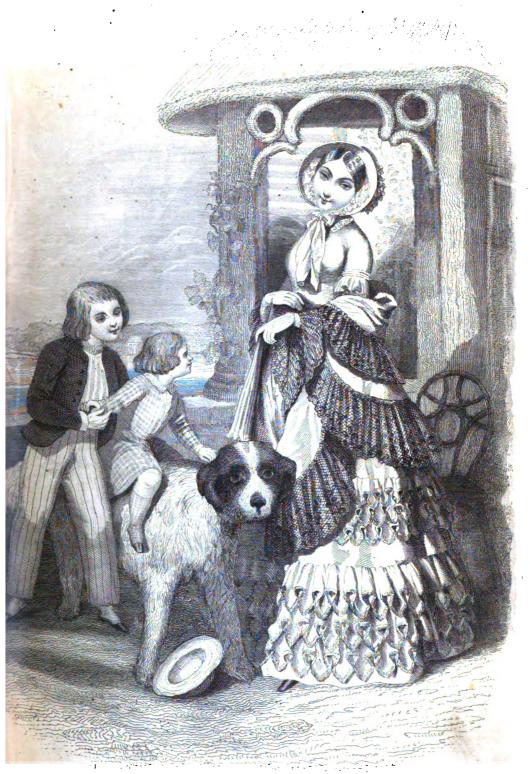


in the state of th



Digitized by Google





LES MODES PARISIENNES



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1849.

No. 3.

THE CALIPH'S DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave, Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?"—Lalla Rookh.

It was the afternoon of a sultry day, and two and the leopard fell to the ground together, the first females, both lovely, were seated by the side of a bath, in the gardens of a delicious pavilion, among the hills of Persia. The sculpture adorning the bath, and the roses that grew around, not less than the attire of the females, bespoke luxury and rank. The youngest and loveliest of the two had just emerged from the water, and with a loose robe thrown around her, and one foot still dangling in the cool liquid, sat in a pensive attitude, while her companion, who was evidently of lower rank, was endeavoring to console

"Nay! do not despair," said the latter. "Your father may relent. Surely if you throw yourself at his feet, and tell him that you love another, he will not force you to marry this strange prince."

"Alas! you little know the Caliph," replied his daughter. "When once he has resolved on a course of conduct, he is inexorable. It seems I was promised to this prince in infancy. There is no hope." And she burst into tears.

The Princess Amra, or as the poets of Ispahan called her, "Gul sed berk," the rose of a hundred leaves, had lived to the age of seventeen without loving. Her life had been spent wholly at the favorite country palace, or rather hunting-seat of the Caliph, a day's journey from the capital: her only employment being to walk with her female slaves, to play on the lute, and occasionally to go hawking, a sport still followed in the East.

One day, however, while flying her falcon, Amra became separated, for a few moments, from all her attendants except her favorite female companion. Just at this crisis, a leopard, pursued by some hunters, and mad with rage from the loss of her cube, broke from a neighboring thicket, and beholding the young princess, with a fierce growl sprang upon her-The beast alighted on the haunches of the palfrey which Amra rode, and the next instant the fangs of the wild animal would have been fastened in the princess, had not a lance, hurled with unerring aim, whizzed by and transfixed the savage assailant, Amra VOL. XV.-7

in a swoon, the last stone-dead.

The hunter who had thus opportunely come to the rescue, was a remarkably handsome youth, some four or five years older than the princess, but evidently of inferior rank. His attire indeed was that of a native of the hills, though worn with more taste than usual. He lifted Amra from the ground, carried her to a spring hard by, and sprinkled her face with water, while her attendant stood motionless, as yet bewildered with fright. Soon the young princess opened her eyes, and finding those of her preserver fixed ardently upon her, blushed deeply. In a few minutes her train came running up, when the hunter resigned his lovely burden, and withdrew to pick up his lance. When the tumult of Amra's attendants had subsided, and they came to look for the youth, they found he had disappeared.

For many weeks the young princess caused inquiries to be made after the hunter, but in vain: no one could remember to have seen him, either before or since that day. Meantime Amra thought of him by day, and dreamed of him by night. Educated as she had been, the romance of the rescue was irresistible to her heart. One day, when again hawking, and when again separated from her train, the hunter suddenly appeared before her. The stranger implored silence, saying, in tones that Amra thought inexpressibly musical-

"For many weeks, I have followed you unseen, whenever you have gone abroad; but dared not make myself visible on account of your attendants. The distance between the daughter of a Caliph and a poor soldier is immeasurable; yet, nevertheless, as our forefathers could worship the sun unchecked, so let me, at the same distance, worship you. I have loved you from the moment I saw you shrinking in terror from that savage wild beast."

As the hunter spoke, he stood respectfully, with his head slightly bent, before Amra, so that she thought she had never seen any one half as handsome. She was silent, for she knew not what to reply. Her heart, however, pleaded loudly in his favor. In Persia the freedom of females is greater than in other oriental countries, and Amra moreover had been brought up to roam where she pleased in the vicinity of the palace: so, it is no wonder that, in the end, love triumphed, and she yielded a tacit assent to another meeting. No such interview indeed was proposed by the hunter, but his eyes at parting looked his wish, and Amra the very next day, by accident as she tried to persuade herself, turning her steps toward the trysting spot, accompanied by her confidential attendant, met the hunter there.

This was the beginning of a romance which continued for several months. After a few interviews, Amra no longer disguised her affection; and, thereafter, the lovers met by explicit appointment, as they had before by a tacit agreement. What language can describe the bliss of a first love? The young princess during these months lived in a dream of Paradise. She forgot that her suitor could never aspire to her hand, she ceased to remember that she had been plighted to another in childhood: all she thought of was the felicity of the present moment. But to this vision of happiness there came a rude awakening. Her lover had long since told her that he was an officer in the Caliph's army; and now he informed her that he had been summoned to join the troops waging war against the Turks. She was almost heart-broken at the separation. But this blow was nothing to what followed.

One night, a courier arrived, covered with dust at the pavilion. He bore a perfumed missive from Amra's royal father, announcing his intention to visit his summer palace, the following day. The letter concluded as follows:—"The young Prince Hafiz, to whom you were betrothed in childhood, will accompany me in order to consummate the nuptials. Be ready, therefore, to greet us with your richest attire, a train of your handsomest slaves, and, what will be even more flattering to your future lord, your sweetest amiles. The prince is noble-looking, and as powerful as he is handsome. I am proud to give him my favorite daughter. Allah-il-allah!"

This epistle, as may be supposed, opened Amra's eyes to the folly, or if not the folly, the hopelessness of her love. Had her suitor been within call, she would have thrown herself into his arms, willingly sacrificing wealth, rank, and a father's blessing for a humble condition of life shared with the young hunter who had won her virgin heart. But he was far away, and no shadow of escape was open to her. She saw, with agony inexpressible, that submission was her only course; but she thought, day and night, how terrible would be her lover's anguish, when on his return from the wars, after seeking her in vain at the usual trysting place, he would learn that she was lost to him forever. The conversation between her and her attendant, with which our story begins, had been on this mournful theme; and it was the last conversation that they could ever hold on the subject; for that evening the Caliph and Prince Hafiz were expected at the pavilion.

It was with many tears that the young princess yielded herself to the hands of her attendants, to be

attired for the approaching interview. At last, arrayed in garments of the richest texture, and decked with the choicest gems, she came forth from the inner bower of the harem, and took her seat on the cushions of the receiving room. This was a large apartment, with walls painted in arabesques of blue and silver, and a divan of blue satin running around it. The floor was of tessellated marble. In the centre of the apartment a fountain threw up its sparkling jet, diffusing a refreshing coolness around. Through the lattices a view was obtained of the garden of the pavilion, which full of fragrant trees, at every gush of the breeze, sent its aromatic odors through the apartment.

The heart of Amra beat fast, for she knew that while her slaves had been attiring her, the Caliph and his guest had arrived; and she expected, every moment, to see the curtain lifted from the entrance, and hear the ennuch in waiting announce both her visitors. But she was disappointed, for only her parent appeared.

She sprang up, with instinctive affection, forgetting everything but that her father was before her, and threw herself around his neck. On his part, he returned her embrace fondly, and then, holding her at arm's length, gazed proudly on his favorite child.

"Thou art beautiful as ever, my rose of roses," he said, "only thy check is paler than wont:—and that too when I had looked to see it so bright: for even a Caliph's daughter may be proud of the alliance I bring you."

Poor Amra, who at these words remembered all her troubles, burst into tears.

"Weeping," said the Caliph in surprise, and with anger in his tones, "why, shame on you, girl, this will spoil your eyes! I have promised Prince Hafiz that he shall see you directly, and now you will look like a fright. La illah—il-allah—this is too bad."

Still the girl wept on, and now more convulsively than ever, till at last the father's heart was touched, and his tone of anger changed to one of concern.

"What ails thee, darling?" he said, fondly. "Is it anything thy father, the Caliph, can do for thee? Are thy jewels scant, thy wardrobe wanting, thy slaves not handsome enough—what is it?"

This tone of sympathy and affection went to Amra's heart, and gave her faint hopes that the revelation of her story, and an appeal to her father's generosity might not prove unsuccessful. She looked up, therefore, through her tears, and said—

"Oh! father, save me from this marriage. I do not love this strange prince, whom I have not seen, but another—"

But, when she had proceeded thus far, the aspect of the Caliph terrified her into silence. His face grew black with rage, his eyes shot fire, he rudely pushed her from him.

"What!" he said, "dare you tell me this? Love another! Where have you seen another, to love? By Allah, the head of every servant here shall pay for this indiscretion." And, as he spoke, he half unsheathed his scimetar. Then, sending it back into his scabbard with a thrust that made it ring, he stalked furiously up to Amra, who had now sunk on

the divan, and continued—"hear, shame of your race, and obey. I shall send Prince Hafiz here. I bid you receive him as you ought, for this very night the nuptials shall be celebrated. And mark me, not a whisper of this mad love to him, or, by the bones of my ancestor the prophet, it shall be the last day of your life."

With these words the incensed parent turned and left the apartment, bent on seeking out and punishing the guilty. Amra watched him till the curtain concealed him from sight, and then sank back on the divan with a shriek. The room reeled around her the next instant, after which consciousness deserted her.

When she came to herself she was reclining in some person's arms by the side of the fountain, and her face was profusely wet with water. She opened her eyes. A well known face—it was that of her hunter lover—gazed down on her. She uttered a cry of joy, and made a feeble effort to cling closer to him. "Save me," she cried. "You can save me, or you would not be here. Is the prince gone, or has he not entered? Haste, or it will be too late." And she gazed terrified toward the door.

"Fear nothing, dear one," said the hunter. "I am both your lover and the prince. Yes!" he added, as she endeavored to rise, and gazed at him in wild astonishment, "I am Prince Hafiz, who chose to woo his bride before receiving her, because he wished to be loved for himself and not for his rank. Forgive the pain my stratagem has caused you for awhile; for here I swear, by the good Allah, never to give you anxiety again."

And Amra, unable to speak, but with glad tears running from her eyes, hid her face on her lover's bosom, and in her heart blessed him for what he had done, since it had purchased her the exquisite happiness of that moment.

The reader may well believe that the nuptials were not delayed, and that the princess never looked lovelier than on the occasion. The Caliph forgot his anger, and forgave everything, when he heard that the hunter and Prince Hafiz were one.

To this day the story of the Caliph's daughter is the favorite lay of the maidens of Shirez; and often, as evening falls, the soft notes of their lutes, and the softer notes of their voices rehearsing it, float through the closed lattices of their harems.

A SKETCH.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

ONE Summer day, as by the sea
In contemplative mood I stray'd,
And heard the inconstant melody
Which the soft melting waters made;
I heard a voice, as from the air
Its low revealings softly fell,
Or seemed to tremble briefly there,
"That seeme is life—remark it well!"

Seest thou, where rushing one by one On the pale sands the billows die;
And yet they still are sweeping on,
The distant coming still more nigh,
Each destined on the shore to fall
And lose its harmony and fade:
Like stars beneath the midnight's pall
O'ereast with clouds of deepest shade.

How like the swift and busy years
The distant surges chequered seem:
Now one in radiant sunlight peers,
Now one is robbed of every beam:
The clouded sun illumes it not—
'Tis like the man in sorrow east
Hastening where pains are all forgot,
Where Joy and Grief alike are past.

Oh! life, thou art a chequered sea,
Begirt with chequered light and storm,
Sometimes the Thunderer's melody
Rings when the winds thy plains deform;
But soon the travellers on thy waste
Escape thy billowy rise and fall,
And on Death's peaceful shore are placed—
Where quiet darkness covers all!

SONNET.

BY ELIZABRTH J. EAMES.

I no not love thee less! ah! thou should'st know
The human heart hath ample room for love,
That mine for thee, nor time nor change can move
I need not tell, I who have lov'd thee so.
Not with the wild abandonment of youth—
Not as my passionate heart at first ador'd.
When over thine its deep, deep tide was pour'd—
But with unchanging tenderness and truth

I love thee still! Through all the pleasant hours
Flows the deep stream of calm yet fervent feeling,
The purest treasures of the soul revealing—
While in my life-path springs the sweetest flowers.
Serenely blest and beautiful is this enduring love,
And bless'd is the cloister'd home which Peace keeps
watch above.



EMMA DUDLEY'S SECRET.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"Prythee, if thou love, tell me."

"I love thee not."

"Why, then I care not for thee."-KING LEAR.

"I wish you would give your consent, Cecil. If you don't I shall go without it; for I have such a passion for riding on horseback."

"Ah, yes, no doubt you have a passion for riding; for women have passions for everything expensive—you have a passion for dancing, and consequently a passion for parties, and, therefore, a passion for fine dress, but I never hear you say that you have a passion for being a good housekeeper, or a passion for making your husband happy, or in short, a passion for anything useful and economical. Now, Emma, in the present state of things I can ill afford extravagancies of any kind; and even if I could, I would never consent to your riding, until I became anxious to have your neck broken."

Emma pouted her beautiful under lip, but maintained a most provoking silence.

Mr. Dudley knew that he had spoken hastily and pettishly, and now in a milder tone of voice, he said,

"Believe me, Emma, I would rather gratify you in almost anything else, but you must give up this whim to please me."

Still Emma made no answer, but rocked to and fro in her little chair, as though her life depended upon a certain number of movements in a moment. Mr. Dudley was a nervous man, and this constant rocking, together with her silence, annoyed him.

"Emma, I wish you would stop rocking," said he, in a short, quick tone.

"I will, Mr. Dudley," she replied, and gathering up her needle-work she attempted to leave the room.

"Now, Emma, don't go off in an ill-humor, but sit down and have a quiet talk with me, and I will convince you that I am right in this matter," said Mr. Dudley, with tender earnestness, as he took hold of his wife's hand.

"You will convince me that you are obstinate, and that is all you will succeed in doing, Mr. Dudley!" replied his wife, in a very chilling tone of voice, at the same time attempting to withdraw the imprisoned hand.

But Mr. Dudley retained firm hold, and closing the door, he drew her gently toward a seat.

"Will you not yield willingly in this one thing to me, Emma?"

Mrs. Dudley pouted, and her face wore a very indignant expression, but she made no answer.

"I want to have you take this kindly, Emma, for you know how much I love you, and how very painful it is to me to refuse any request which you make."

"If you loved me, Cecil, you would not refuse a trifle so pertinaciously. 'Actions speak louder than words,' is an old adage, and a very true one, I believe."

Mr. Dudley leaned back in the velvet chair, drawing a long sigh as his wife continued—

"There is Mrs. Bill Howell—her husband never thinks of refusing anything to her: she told me so herself the other day, and laughed at me when I said that I did not believe you would listen to my going. I am not near as extravagant as she is, and I am sure you are as well off as Bill Howell."

"He is the best judge, Emma, of what extravagancies he is able to indulge in; but don't quote that woman to me, for I never liked her, and have always disapproved of the intimacy between you."

"No, I know you never like any of my friends. If I were to do as you wish me to, I should immure myself within these walls, as closely as a nun in a convent, and never look through the lattices without a thick, green veil over my face."

"Now you are unjust, Emma," replied Mr. Dudley, "I do not wish you to go to either extreme, but there is a medium between being in the street constantly, as Mrs. Howell is, and the seclusion you speak of."

"Well, Mr. Howell is the right kind of a man," interrupted Mrs. Dudley, "he insists upon his wife's going out every day, and he takes her to operas and concerts—they go to ten parties where we go to one, and he never spends his evenings away from her, as you do from me, till one and two o'clock in the morning."

"Unkind and unjust again, Emma," sighed Mr. Dudley, "you well know how gladly I would remain at home with you, were it not for my business, but that I cannot neglect even for my own happiness."

"Ah, it does very well to make your husiness an excuse, but I don't believe that you spend one-third of your evenings at the store; and Mrs. Howell says she doesn't believe you are there at all."

"Confound Mrs. Howell," said Dudley, rising to his feet. "I wish that woman hadn't such a long tongue; you are as easily influenced by her as a vane by the wind, and instead of being the warm-hearted, loving little wife which you used to be, you are as fond of fashion and folly as any heartless woman of the world. It is all owing to your intimacy with her —I predicted it from the first."

"Go on—go on, Mr. Dudley, and abuse me, and my friends as much as you think proper, for I shall only love them all the better for it," replied Mrs. Dudley, in a sneering tone of voice.

Cecil Dudley looked sternly and steadily into his wife's face, and flushed with excitement she returned the gaze boldly and without qualing. With a feeling



of disgust which he had never before experienced toward his wife, Mr. Dudley turned and left the room.

CHAPTER II.

"Deceit, averments incompatible, Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell In Janus-spirits."

"It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumbed and wish to be no more,
But in the after silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life."—Byron.

The morning of the following day found Emma Dudley in her luxuriously furnished parlor in earnest conversation with her friend, Mrs. Howell. The velvet tete-a-tets upon which they were lounging, was opposite the large mantel mirror, and certainly two more beautiful countenances were never reflected upon its gleaming surface. Through the rich crimson hangings of the lofty windows poured a flood of ruby light, subdued, yet full of warmth and beauty, and the velvet carpet, and costly furniture were bathed with the glowing color.

As they sat side by side, their beauty was of so different a cast, it was difficult to tell which was the most lovely.

Emma Dudley, scarce twenty, with a complexion clear as a lily's, yet radiant as a rose-eyes of darkest hazel, shaded by their long, silken fringe of jet, and raven hair banded over a forehead of brilliant purity, was a being to love passionately, and even so had Cecil Dudley loved her from the moment they had met. Madly and wildly had he devoted every hour of his leisure to the winning of her love; and when in a few short months they were wedded, he gazed with mingled emotions of joy and pride upon her beautiful face, forgetting that her disposition-her tastes-her intellect were all as a sealed book to him. In love with the beautiful casket, he rested not until he called it his. Ah! little dreamed he, that beneath its jeweled lid a serpent lay encoiled, whose fangs should one day pierce his heart.

Emma possessed the elements of a noble nature; but they were all but overgrown with the weeds which pride and vanity had fostered. Had Cecil been less exacting—had he made her character his study, far different would have been the record of this portion of their lives.

This morning a wrapper of garnet cashmere, trimmed with velvet, fitted tightly her graceful form, and frills of the finest lace drooped over the small, blue-veined hands.

Mrs. Howell, with her transparent and pure complexion—her large, blue eyes—arched eye-brows and auburn ringlets, had by far a too innocent expression to have justified Mr. Dudley in his dislike. And Anne Howell's face was an unerring index of heert. With a joyous disposition, a fondness for mirth and pleasure, were mingled all the high feelings of a noble and sensitive nature. Open and pure as the day, she scorned deceit, and would have been the last person to suspect it in her friend.

Mrs. Howell dressed well, but not extravagantly, and this morning the dark blue velvet bonnet, and cloak of the same, which enveloped her person, were

both graceful and becoming. It was the last month of winter, and at the suggestion of her husband, she was to commence, in a few days, a course of riding lessons. Not wishing to go by herself, she had requested Emma Dudley to accompany her, and Emma had wilfully misrepresented her remarks to her husband, and was now in the same manner misleading her friend.

"There is no use in my saying anything more to him," she continued, after a short pause, "he is as obstinate as he is close—only to think of his objecting to it, because it was so expensive! I hate meanness, and I have half a mind to go without saying a word to him until the bill is sent in."

"Oh, no, Emma, that will not do at all—you ought not to think of such a thing for a moment. I presume he has some other motive for not consenting."

"Yes, you always take his part, but if you knew what he said about you, you would scarcely take the trouble to defend him, I think."

"Oh, I know he doesn't like me, but then we both know it is because that he loves you so well, that he is jealous of your love for me; and so I don't mind what he says."

"Well, you would mind if you knew—we had a regular quarrel about you yesterday, and he went off without his breakfast, leaving me to eat mine by myself."

"Now you have excited my curiosity—pray what could he say?"

"Why, he said that you were like a vane, always perched up where every one could see you, and that he did not want me to take you for a guide in any thing; but I told him that all he could say against you would only make me love you the more, and then he left me, and I have not spoken to him since."

Mrs. Howell's face crimsoned as Emma Dudley repeated the misrepresented remark.

"Why, Emma, I don't see what could make him so unkind toward me—doesn't be know that our physician has ordered exercise in the open air for me every day? Do tell him this, dear Emma, and tell him that Willie insists upon my going whether I feel inclined or not."

"I have told him a thousand times, but there is no use in talking to a man as jealous as a Turk, and twice as selfish—he won't listen to reason about any one, and I have made up my mind to let him take his course, and I'll take mine."

"Don't talk so, Emma, for depend upon it, you will only widen the breach already formed. Do everything in your power to please him. Acquiesce in every wish, and he will become ashamed of his unreasonableness. You will then have your reward in your own happiness, and in finding him more indulgent and less selfsh."

"Ah, it's well enough for you to preach, but I am not agoing to practice, it would only make him more whimsical than ever."

Mrs. Howell sighed—she felt more sympathy for her friend than she dared to express, and when she left her last words were—

"Do as I wish you to, Emma, and you will be al the happier for it." She turned to descend the marble steps, and met Mr. Dudley face to face—he had heard a her last remark. He bowed coldly, and she answered at as coolly as she passed on.

"Well, and what does your friend wish you to do now, Emma?" said Mr. Dudley, in a pleasant tone of voice, his arm encircling his wife's waist. Emma pushed the arm from her, and replied chillingly—

"I do not know as it is of any consequence to you, Mr. Dudley."

"It is of consequence, Emma—of life-long consequence. If she is persuading you to act contrary to my wishes, and you listen to her persuasions, you will find that it is no light thing to trifle with my happiness; but I know you too well, Emma, to think that you will—do I not, darling?"

For a moment Emma was softened—it was but for a moment, and forcing back the tears which had started to her eyes, she replied—

"I shall follow my wishes, and you are at liberty to follow yours."

"Are you determined to take these lessons in riding?"

"I am."

"Will you wean yourself from me forever, Emma?—think before you answer, I entreat of you."

"If such a little thing as my taking lessons in riding will wean you from me, your love is not worth having."

"Ah, Emma, it is the principle—not the thing itself. You will not wring my heart by persisting—will you, darling? Look at me, and see how full of love are my eyes for you, and tell me you will yield in this one thing for me."

Emma smiled scornfully as she answered-

"If paying a bill of twenty-five or thirty dollars will so wring your heart, there cannot surely be much love in your eyes, excepting the love of money."

Cecil Dudley's face became of an ashy paleness, for a moment he was speechless, then he said—

"My God, Emma, this is more than I can bear. You have never loved me as I have loved you, but we have found it out too late."

He opened the door, and passed up the staircase to a room used as a library—locked the door, and threw himself upon a sofa.

Twice during that long day Emma Dudley went to the room and istened, but not a sound—not even a breath could she hear. She felt that she had gone too far, but her pride would not allow her to seek a reconciliation, and impatiently she awaited the time when he should come to seek her, and make the first advances. But she waited in vain.

The next morning, Mr. Dudley appeared at the breakfast-table, with a pallid face and blood-shot eyes. He drank his coffee in silence, and pushing the untasted mussin from him, arose and left the room.

Had Emma followed the impulses of her better ature, she would have hastened after him and thrown her arms about his neck, but the pride within her heart held her back.

Weeks of mutual estrangement passed, and Emma began to yearn for the love she had so reckiessly thrown from her. She denied herself to all her friends, and in solitude pondered over her errors.

Reflection convinced her of her unworthiness of his love, and she despised herself for the deceit which she had practiced toward him, and her warmest female friend.

The latent good which had so long lain dormant was at length awakened, but the sun of her husband's love was withdrawn, and there was no light or warmth to develop the beauty of the germ.

One evening, at twilight, Emma sat by the open window in her room, fanned by the gentle spring breezes. Oh, how she longed for her husband's presence!

"If he were only here now," she mentally said, "I would tell him all." Suddenly, as if he had divined her wish, he stood before her.

"Emma, you are not happy!" he said.

"No, I am miserable, Cecil," she replied, sobbing.
"Well, I have been making arrangements to travel—my brother will take care of my business, during my absence; but it will be necessary for you to return to your parents, for I am not able to support so much style—you will no doubt be happier there."

Emma was astounded. Not once had she dreamed of a separation, and scarcely had Cecil retreated from the door, when burying her head in the pillow, she sobbed till her brain seemed bursting. Then the strong pride of her nature came to her aid, and haughtily she arose—for one moment leaned her head against the richly carved bed-post, then murmured—

"No! no! I will never go home again! I sent back like a disobedient child to my father's house? never—no! never while I have strength to work for a living!"

Fastening her chamber door, she proceeded to take her dresses down one by one from the wardrobe, and hastily folding them placed them in a large travelling trunk. One by one she opened her bureau drawers, and filled another trunk with the contents. Her travelling dress she had left hanging in the wardrobe, and now she placed a coarse, straw bonnet and green veil beside it—a heavy, long shawl, and her gaiters. She drew her watch from her pocket-it was past nine, and enveloping herself in a shawl and hood, she descended the staircase and passed from the hall into the street, leaving the door ajar. A few minutes walk brought her to a hack-stand-here she engaged a driver to take her to the New York boat-the nine o'clock line, on the following morning, and then hastily retraced her steps.

Mr. Dudley had not yet come in, and gathering a few little articles from the parlor, she returned to her room. Her husband's miniature she deposited in her trunk; but from her daguerreotype she removed the glass, and with a towel erased every feature excepting the eyes—then replacing the glass, she laid it on the dressing-bureau.

She heard her husband's steps upon the staircase, through the entry, and her heart throbbed wildly as she listened, to hear if he should pause at her door; but he passed on as had been his wont of late, and she heard the door of the adjoining chamber opened—shut, then fastened.

Heart-sick, she cast herself into a luxurious chair, and with gleaming eyes gazed around her. The brilliant light of the gas illuminated every corner and niche of the large chamber. Her eyes roved restlessly from the lace embroidered curtains of the windows, to the costly and splendid furniture upon every side of the room.

A magnificent cheval glass reflected her entire figure, but she scarcely knew the countenance that so steadily met her gaze. The dilated pupils of the eyes—the crimsoned cheeks—the banded hair thrown rudely back over the small, round ears—the naturally pouting lips compressed until they seemed but as "a line of coral," had indeed changed Emma's face, but the expression so thoughtful—so resolute, was far more beautiful than the unmeaning smile which she had worn in her days of vanity.

It was nearly morning when Emma started from her dreamy reverie, and turning the key of her escuitoire, set down, and wrote hastily.

"Cecil, I am going to leave you, but not in anger. I part from you with a heart as full of love as upon our bridal morn, but oh, so mingled with agony that every fibre seems stretched to its utmost tension. Do not hate me—I will yet be worthy of your love if years of toil and privation can make me so. I will not upbraid you in my parting hour, but, Cecil, think how young I was when we were married—how fond of society, and answer to yourself if it was not wrong to keep me so secluded. But I am blaming you when I alone am to blame—forgive me, however, for all I have ever said or done to displease you—I have already suffered enough.

"One more question, and I have done. Have you not been too severe with me of late? Ah, had you been more willing to forgive, this cruel separation would never have been."

She folded and sealed the letter, which was moist with her fast falling tears—then wrote another, and directed it to her mother.

The morning light now struggled through the lace hangings, and Emma darkened the room and sank back pallid and exhausted in her chair. A step near her door aroused her—she arose, turned the key, and looked out—it was only a servant passing with water to his master's room.

Disappointed she threw herself upon the couch, and her eyes, heavy with watching and weeping, closed. All her misery was for the time forgotten, for she slept. Again a footstep aroused her. Springing to her feet, she saw through the open door her husband's form. "Cecil," she called, but in a voice so feeble, it failed to reach his ear. She followed him down the stairs—she was so near him that the folds of her muslin wrapper touched him as he passed—
"stop a moment, Cecil," she gasped. He turned around, and cast such a withering look upon her that she shuddered, and turning hastily retraced her steps.

That look gave her strength to finish her remaining preparations, and when at eight o'clock she descended to the breakfast room, and found her husband had already gone, she felt a strange relief, and without tasting the food, she gave one farewell look through the suite of rooms, and hastened up the staircase again.

After putting in her purse the money, which for the past few weeks her husband had left from time to time upon her bureau, she locked the trunks, took the keys, and putting on her shawl and bonnet, stole noiselessly to the front door. The hack was not in sight. The servants were all at their breakfast, but she trembled with fear lest some of them should appear before she should have gone. Just then a carriage turned the corner of the street, and stopped as she had directed a few doors below. She beckoned to the man. He came and removed her baggage from the room to the hack, and as yet not a servant had appeared. Tremblingly she closed the door, took her seat in the carriage, and rapidly over the paved streets was whirled along to the river side.

CHAPTER III.

"Now speak to me again!—we loved so well— We loved—oh! still, I know that still we love!" MRS. HEMANS.

AFTER Cecil Dudley left the house, the memory of Emma's look so haunted him he could not rest, and he retraced his steps to his dwelling, trying to stifle the thought that he had been unnecessarily harsh toward her. He went directly to her room, and tapped gently at the door. There was no answer. Clasping the silver knob, he turned it gently. She was not there. The doors of the wardrobe were open, but it was empty. On the dressing-bureau his quick eye espied the letters—he broke the seals, but they gave no clue to her destination. Wild with grief, he threw himself upon her bed, and sobbed like a child. Keen as was his mortification, it was as nothing in comparison with the remorse which that one upbraiding sentence caused him. He had been to blame-he had expected too much of one so young-so petted and admired. Himself sick of the folly and heartlessness of the world, he had expected her to renounce it before a single pleasure had palled. Bitterly did he lament his short-sightedness, for he saw the very course he had taken was calculated to wean her from him and to foster deception, but he had discovered it too late! Then came thoughts of the worlds sneer -he should be pointed out as "that Mr. Dudley, whose wife had run away from him," and perhaps some would even dare to breathe injurious reports regarding her character. Maddened with the thought, he rushed wildly from the house, and hastened to Mr. Ellis, his wife's father.

Scarcely less great was the agony of the parent, but it came witth such a stunning weight that for a time it stupefied him. Mrs. Ellis went immediately around to her daughter's house, while Mr. Ellis and Mr. Dudley visited all the depots of the different lines, but found nothing which could guide them in determining which she had taken. After a day of ceaseless anxiety and useless toil, Mr. Ellis returned with the nearly heart-broken Cecil, to his desolate dwelling.

Mr. Dudley entered his wife's chamber. This time he took up the miniature and opened the case. The gleaming eyes looked reproachfully upon him, and with a cry of agony, he sank upon the floor.

Mr. Ellis immediately went for their family physician, leaving his wife with Cecil. When they returned he was bled, but he awoke delirious.

"Those eyes!—those eyes!" he would scream, "take them away, they burn my heart!—they will kill me! take them away!"

Then again he would talk long and earnestly, pleading for forgiveness—telling how devotedly he had loved—how madly he had worshipped, but the one alone whose voice had power to soothe him was far away, suffering even more intensely than himself, for her reason was not dethroned. The excitement which had so buoyed her up the night previous to her departure, forsook her immediately after she left the house. She then felt that all she held dear in life was buried to her. She wondered at her pride, and longed to throw herself at his feet, and plead for forgiveness. But she had gone too far, she could not return.

After she reached New York, she ordered her baggage to be removed onto a North River boat, which lay side by side with the one she was on.

"That doesn't go up the river to-night, Miss; but that one further along goes in a few hours—shall I put your baggage on?" said the porter she had adressed. Mrs. Dudley bowed her head and followed him. She entered the elegant saloon of the Knickerbocker, and taking a berth, laid down and tried to sleep, but there seemed to be no rest for her. Hours she lay motionless, with the damask curtains drawn closely around her, her open eyes fixed upon the one little window, and her head throbbing with intense pain. At supper time she drank the cup of tea which the unusually kind and thoughtful chambermaid had brought her, and this acted as a quietus upon her excited nerves, and she slept.

It was morning when she awoke amidst the bustle and confusion of a stoppage at a city wharf. She had intended to have stopped at some small, country town, and disappointed she turned to the chambermaid—

"Does the boat go no further?" she said.

"No, we have reached Albany; but she goes back to the city to-day."

Mrs. Dudley arose, gave her baggage into the care of the first hackdriver who spoke to her, and followed. "To what hotel shall I drive, Miss?" he said.

"It is of no consequence—any," she replied.

The carriage at length stopped in front of an illlooking, dirty, third-rate house, and Mrs. Dudley felt a repugnance to enter it. A stage was directly in front of the door, and she asked where it was going.

"To Springfield, Miss," was the reply.

She ordered her baggage to be put on, and took a seat in the stage, which already held several passengers. She was pale and exhausted, and a matronly looking lady upon the back seat insisted upon her taking a place beside her. Emma leaned back in one corner of the coach. Weary and desolate she did indeed look. The remaining passengers were a gentleman, a young girl about fourteen, and an elder brother of the last. Mrs. Dudley gleaned from the conversation of these two, that they were returning to school, after a vacation of four weeks, and that the elderly lady was the principal female teacher.

Emma's drooping eyes became more expressive as she heard her remark to the young girl whom she called Helen, that she would be disappointed in not finding her old music teacher.

"Why, has Miss Atwood been getting married?" inquired the girl, in a sorrowful tone of voice.

"No, but she is so ill that her physician gives no hopes of her recovery." They talked a long while about her many virtues, and at length Emma interrupted them by timidly asking if they had as yet procured a substitute.

"We have not," the lady answered; "do you know of any one suitable?"

"I was on my way," answered Emma, "to find employment as a teacher in music, and as I am alone I should find much relief in being able to engage myself with you." Her voice was tremulous as she paused, and they noticed her agitation.

"Why this is very fortunate," remarked the lady, in a kindly tone of voice; "have you been accustomed to teaching?—you look very young."

"No, I have never taught," replied Emma, crushing back her tears, and striving to check the convulsive motion which was almost choking her.

"Well, you can at least stop at Glenwood with us, and if you like the place we shall no doubt agree in other matters."

Emma made no reply, but she looked her thanks, and the kind-hearted lady saw that her heart was full—so full that she dared not trust her voice. After a few moments of silence, unbroken save by Emma's half stifled sighs, the lady again spoke.

"I think we should feel better acquainted if we knew each other's names, my dear—mine is Mrs. Easton; and what shall I call you?"

Emma's face was painfully flushed—this was her first temptation to deception since her new resolves, but she struggled with it and obtained the victory.

"Mine is Emma Dudley," she replied, but her answer had been so tardy that Mrs. Easton felt a sudden feeling of distrust creep into her bosom, and she questioned whether it was right for her to engage, or even encourage one she knew nothing about for the pupils whose welfare was so dear to her. But the tearful eyes, and compressed lips of the fair young being plead their way to her heart, and she resolved that she would throw out all distrust until some act should convince her that she was indeed unworthy.

When Emma mentioned her name the gentleman opposite fixed his large, grey eyes upon her.

"Are you from Philadelphia?" he said.

This time Emma answered without the least hesitation.

"I am."

"I once knew a Dudley from Philadelphia—he was a classmate of mine at Yale, and as noble a fellow as ever lived."

"There are many families of that name, I expect," replied Emma, in a faltering tone of voice, but her heart whispered to her that the one the stranger meant must be his whose name she bore. She pressed her hand against her heart to quiet its painful beatings, while the stranger remarked—

"His first name was rather an uncommon one, I

think you would remember if you had heard it-it was Cecil-Cecil Dudley-did you ever hear of such an one?"

Emma's face was as pallid as death, but she answered firmly-

"He is a relative of mine, sir; please say no more about him."

The gentleman looked musingly at her-thinking that Cecil Dudley must have grown strangely coldhearted and worldly, to allow so young and fair a relative to seek her own living. He leaned back, whilst Emma doubled her veil over her face and tried in vain to suppress her sobbing.

It was late in the afternoon, when the driver stopped at S. Falls, to mend a portion of his harness, which had given way. Gladly the young Helen and her brother bounded from the stage, followed by Mrs. Easton and the stranger, while Emma pleaded her fatigue as an excuse for not joining them. But as she looked from the window of the stage and saw the beautiful view, she resolved upon following. The air was mild and delicious, but as she stepped from rock to rock, over fissures so deep and dark that you could see no bottom, she almost wished that she could slip between them and forget her misery in death. Her companions were already out of sight. She looked around upon the masses of waving green that clad the sloping hills upon every side—then her eyes rested upon the pure sheet of water mirroring every floating cloud, and the far expanse of azure, until suddenly with wild leaps plunging downward, throwing far up the wreathing foam and rainbow spray it gathered in its fearful descent, it lost itself in winding chasms and vaulted passages. Emma leaned over the very topmost crag, and gazed far down into the abyss. She looked upon the mirrored semblance of the tumult within her own bosom. The restless waters whirling and eddying in one continued vortex so far below, lashing and foaming against the rocky barriers upon every side, was indeed a true counterpart of the strugglings of her spirit.

She had too long suffered herself to act from impulses to obtain the victory at once-too long been the victim of her own pride to endure with humility.

To and fro, like the withered leaf upon the surface of the water below, was her heart borne by its struggles-now engulphed by the memory of the love she had lost-now rising strong with resolutions to win it back, and again plunged deeper than ever into the dark abyss by its utter weakness and inability to escape from its loneliness and misery.

The cool air fanned her fevered brow, but it bore no healing on its wings to minister to a sick and struggling beart, which still beat with painful throbbing-still bringing the lost and mis-spent hours of the past before her, and anon, like the changing panorama of a dream, summoning wierd forms from the misty future, which beckoned her on to still increasing misery.

Emma had laid a volume which she brought from home with her upon the very summit of the rock-she moved it slightly, very slightly, but down the sloping surface of the rock it slid, and was soon lost to her { her bosom, stung her heart to its inmost core. sight forever.

"Ah! had it been me," she sighed, and a thrill of regret shot through her heart as she thought how speedily would her sorrows have been terminated.

"If I but dared," again she murmured, and she drew herself still closer to the edge from where the slope commenced.

She looked wildly about her-up to the blue sky mocking her in its brightness, and down to the wreathing arms of the waters below wooing her to their embrace, and scarcely conscious of her own, terrible resolve, she moaned to herself, "ah, Father, forgive!" and loosening her hold, she felt without terror or dismay that she was slowly, but surely sliding to the gulph below. The last sounds that fell upon her ears were those of mingled screaming, rising far above the roaring of the torrent-a feeling of sudden pain-a dizzy faintness, and all was over.

But the pain had not been occasioned by the jutting crags. It was by the grasp of the strong arm of her preserver, and now he bore her drooping form over the rocks, followed by the little group who with pallid faces had watched the stranger as he cautiously stood near, and grasped her in her moment of peril.

They entered a little, brown cottage, by the road side, and after applying the usual restoratives, Emma opened her eyes upon the tearful faces beside her.

"My poor-poor child!" said Mrs. Easton. The warm blood mantled Emma's pure face as the affectionate tones fell upon her ear, and pressing the extended hand, she wept passionately.

Glenwood was but a few miles from the falls, and they continued their journey, reaching the grove embowered village at twilight. A strange calmness stole over Emma's heart as the stage wound through the elm-skirted road, and deposited them at the gate of the beautiful grounds which surrounded their boardinghouse.

CHAPTER IV.

and thou, oh! thou,

Dost thou forget me?
Thou comest not!—through the silent night e'en now, I that need prayer so much, awake and pray Still first for thee. Oh! nearest, dearest friend, Still first for thec. Oh! nearest, dearest How shall I bear this anguish to the end

MRS. HEMANS.

THE first month of Einma Dudley's engagement as a teacher passed wearily and heavily to her. How calmly she looked back now and reviewed the feverish haste with which she had rejected the then humiliating present for the unknown future.

Ah! deeply did she regret the wretched pride which had kept her from confessing her faults to the husband who had been so lenient and kind to her many errors. How plainly they rose before her-those same errors which had led to her self-banishment! With patience and without murmuring she bore the penance she had inflicted-her life become one of continued effort, but she faltered not in the painful path she had chosen.

"I will become worthy of him," was her constant thought, and this gave her strength to persevere when her delicate frame was wearied, and her spirit faint with the self-reproach which constantly nestling in

Daily from its wounded depths arose prayer and

thanksgiving, that in the wildness of her grief, when her mind had been shrouded in darkness and bitterness, and she had sought the quiet of the grave-that in that terrible moment a hand had been outstretched to save her from such a fearful sin.

Twice, by merchants who had left the village to purchase summer goods in New York, she had sent long letters to her mother, telling of her occupation in her village home, but as they were mailed from that city, her parents received no clue to discover her retreat.

Mrs. Easton had proved a most excellent friend. She was fully convinced that there was some secret connected with her protegee's past life, but with a delicacy which Emma appreciated she forbore alluding to the incidents of the day of their meeting, and Emma's secret remained untold, and even unconjectured.

Alone in her school-room Emma sat. She taught drawing in the afternoon, and her music lessons were given in the morning. It was nearly sunset, and Emma had remained to finish several drawings for her pupils. She heard from afar the bugle horn of the stage-coach with which the driver always announced his approach to the village.

She leaned her head upon her hands and wept. With the tears came memories of the loved one who had always caressed her more fondly when any light grief had overshadowed her joyous spirit-yearning memories which would not be stifled or subdued.

"Ah, Cecil," she sobbed, "what have I done? how can I live through this separation, my husband? and I!-I alone, am to blame!"

A door opened from an adjoining room, and Mrs. Easton passing through, drew a seat beside Emma's.

"My child, you know me too well to think I have come to you with any motives of curiosity. I heard your violent weeping, and I hesitated in disturbing you, but I overheard what I know you did not intend or wish me to know, and I came to tell you; and to beg of you to make me the confidant of your troubles -will you not tell me, and let me sympathize with \ here?" you?"

"I cannot-I cannot," sobbed Emma, "they are all my own fault, and I deserve no sympathy-you would only despise me if you knew."

"I have studied your character for a month, Emma, and I am sure you could never have done anything intentionally bad-nothing for which I could despise you. I offer you my warmest sympathy for your sorrows, whatever they are-will you accept them?"

"No, I thank you, dear, kind, good Mrs. Easton, but you do not know."

"No, Emma, I know I do not, neither shall I unless you confide in me," and Mrs. Easton drew her tenderly toward her.

Emma's heart opened at once, and clasping the hand of her friend, she poured out in broken words the history of her married life.

Mrs. Easton was astonished at the recital-astonished that Emma could have so resolutely banished herself from such a home-astonished at the want of knowledge of the world, which she had shown in braving its opinion. Her heart bled as she thought of the undreamt of mortifications which were in store ' her dark eyes glittering with tears.

for her sensitive spirit—the many hours of unavailing regret which her impulsive act would over cause her.

She saw at a glance the agony of the husband-the keen mortification of the man of the world-and the distorted view which Emma had taken, forgetting in her own wretchedness the misery she was inflicting upon others: but although all this immediately presented itself to her mind, she hesitated in inflicting new pangs in the heart of the already sufficiently suffering Emma.

Suddenly a shadow flitted past them, and raising their eyes they both rested them upon the tall form which darkened the doorway-how pale was the strikingly handsome face! A step further and Emma sprang into the outstretched arms. With wild sobe she clung around his neck; and Cecil, weak from his previous illness, and overcome with the excitement of the meeting, staggered to a seat; where supporting her in his arms, he bent over her with the fond look of other days.

Mrs. Easton left them alone; and it was well, for oh, there was so much to say. In that hour they read more of each others heart than many married couples have read in a life-time. How bitterly Emma chided herself for causing that wan and pallid brow!-how tenderly Cecil folded his wife to his heart, resolving she should never know cause for grief again!-how filled were both their hearts with happiness that their troubles were so soon over!

Again and again she questioned him. He told her of all the agony he endured when he found she had gone-of his severe illness, of the forethought of her parents, who had immediately discharged the servants before they had time even to suspect the absence of their mistress. The physician and an old nurse, who had been for years in their family, had been their only confidants, and so well had everything been managed that not one out of their immediate family suspected her absence.

"But how, Cecil, came you to think of finding me

"Can you not imagine, my dearest?"

"No, I have tried in vain to think."

"During my illness a letter was sent to me, which not having my place of business upon, was advertised before I received it. When I opened it I found it from an old college friend-

"Ah, Cecil! and you know the whole?" interrupted Emma.

"Yes, darling, I know all-all the wretchedness which my poor little wife must have endured before she could have yielded to such a dreadful temptation; but let us bury the past, and live for the future; for this bitter lesson will not be a useless one. My friend wrote me the particulars of his meeting with you. when, where, &c., and asked if you were a near relative. I, with your father, immediately made arrangements to travel-we left home the next day, and your parents are now awaiting us in New York, where we shall join them, and spend the summer together in travelling. Shall we not be happy, Emma?"

"I do not deserve such happiness," she replied,

"And I, Emma, feel as though I hardly deserved you for not understanding you better—oh, how much misery would have been saved both had we made each others dispositions our study. But it is too late for regrets, we have at length learned how dear we are to each other, and I am thankful we have learned before it was too late."

They made immediate preparations to leave on the ensuing day.

Mrs. Easton rejoiced in her young friend's happiness, and felt greatly relieved when she found that owing to her parents forethought, she would not have the causes of mortification which she had anticipated. On the ensuing morning they parted, and Emma's secret remained safe with Mrs. Easton.

Her meeting with her parents was extremely touching. They wept over her, chiding her through their tears, but Emma was so changed, so humbled, so penitent for the past, that their words of censure changed to expressions of the deepest and the purest love. They forgot the torturing anxiety of the past four weeks in the blissful meeting.

In conversing with them, Emma realized for the first time the suspicious nature of the step she had taken—how narrowly she had escaped the sneers of a world ever ready to suspect—and she felt renewed thankfulness for the misery she had escaped.

Their summer was spent in journeying through the most beautiful portions of the North, and late in the season they returned to their elegant house in town.

Mrs. Dudley's friends came thronging to see her, another to live together another year."

"Well, Emma," she said, "after their salutations were over, "do you not feel repaid for devoting yourself so constantly to your husband during his illness?"

"I was not half as devoted as I ought to have been, Anna," replied Emma, sadly.

"I am sure you could not have been more soevery day I called I received the everlasting reply, 'Mr. Dudley is very ill, and Mrs. Dudley sees no one!"

"That was all very true; but I cannot bear to think of his illness, we have been so happy since."

"Ah, I know that very well. I saw the Pelhams the other day—they met you at Niagara, and they said they should have taken you for bride and groom, you were so devoted to each other."

Mr. Dudley entered.

"Mrs. Howell I am delighted to see you. Emma has talked a great deal about you during our absence, and I am glad to find she has a friend who gives her such excellent advice—I am sure she profitted by it, and perhaps now will be able to give you some lessons in return—is it not so, Emma?"

She smiled her reply, and Mrs. Howell looked equally delighted, for it was the first really cordial greeting she had ever received from Emma's husband.

"Truly he is changed," she thought, as she left them that morning. "I do not know a happier couple in the city, and yet before his illness I thought they would not be able to live together another year."

TO MRS. JAMES K. POLK.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Lady, had I the wealth of earth
To offer purely at thy shrine,
Bright gold and buds of dewy birth,
Or gems from out the teeming mine,
A thousand things most beautiful,
All sparkling, precious, rich and rare,
These hands would render up to thee—
Thou, noble lady, good and fair!

For as I write sweet thoughts arise

Of times when all thy kindness lent
A thousand hues of Paradise
To the fleet moments as they went;
Then all thy thoughts were winged with light,
And every smile was calm and sweet,
And thy low tones and gentle words

Made the warm heart's blood thrill and beat.

There, standing in our Nation's home,
My memory ever pictures thee
As some bright dame of ancient Rome,
Modest, yet all a queen should be;
I love to keep thee in my mind,
Thus mated with the pure of old,
When love, with lofty deeds combined,
Made women great and warriors bold.

When first I saw thee standing there,
And felt the pressure of thy hand,
I scarcely thought if thon wert fair,
Or of the highest in the land;
I knew thee gentle—pure as great,
All that was lovely, meek and good;
And so I half forgot thy state
In love of thy bright womanhood.

And many a sweet sensation came, .
That lingers in my bosom yet,
Like that celestial, holy flame
That vestals tremble to forget;
And on the earth, or in the sky,
There's not a thought more true and free
Than than which bents within my heart, .
In pleasant memory of thee.

Lady, I gladly would have brought
Some gem that on thy heart might live,
But this poor wreath of woven thoughts
Is all the wealth I have to give.
All wet with heart dew, fresh with love,
I lay the garland at thy feet,
Praying the angel forms above
To weave thee one more pure and sweet.

WIFE'S PARTY.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND, AUTHOR OF "BAVING AT THE SPIGGOT."

A BETTER woman than Mrs. Sunderland does not remarked, after a good number of erasures had been kist anywhere, though I do say it myself. I con- made. They were two of my nieces; good girls, but exist anywhere, though I do say it myself. I consider her one of the "salt of the earth," and I think I ought to know. Still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults -no, I will not call them by so hard a name-still Mrs Sunderland has her weaknesses, and one of these is a disposition to think well of everybody. On this head, I believe, no one can accuse me of weakness. I am not aware that, as a general thing, I think any better of people than I ought to think. No-I am not blind to anybody's faults, though I can see and appreciate excellencies as well as any one. But to my story.

After we had risen a little in the world, and could . afford not only to live in our own house, but to enjoy our share of the elegancies and luxuries of this life, we found ourselves surrounded by a good many who, before, were not over liberal in their attentions. Mrs. Sunderland believed their friendship sincere; but I reserved to myself the right to doubt the genuineness of some of the professions that were made. I didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland!" nor the particular solicitude expressed by not a few in anything that concerned my wife's welfare; and when she talked about Mrs. Jones being such a kind, good soul, and Miss Peters being so disinterested in everything, I shrugged my shoulders and reserved the privilege of a doubt in regard to all being gold that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable life, we had no taste for display, and, although we had our share of company, whether we cared about it or not, we had never ventured so far to sea as to give a party, although we had accepted several invitations to assemblages of this kind. But some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and acquaintances insisted upon it, last winter, that she must give an entertainment, and they used such cogent arguments that she, good soul! was won over. I remained for a long time incorrigible; but, as nothing could put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that it was due to her position and relations to give a party, I, with much reluctance, withdrew my opposition, and forthwith the note of preparation was sounded.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first question.

Our circle of acquaintance had considerably increased within two or three years, and when we went over the list it was found to be rather large.

- "You will have to cut down considerably," said I.
- "To do so without giving offence will be difficult," replied my wife.
- "Better cut all off, then," was on my tongue, but I repressed the words, feeling that it would be unkind to throw cold water upon the affair at this stage of its
 - "You havn't got Fanny and Ellen on your list," I

made. They were two of my nieces; good girls, but poor. Both were dress-maker's apprentices. They were learning a trade in order to relieve their father, an industrious, but not very thrifty man, from the burden of their support. I liked them very much for their good sense, agreeable manners, and strong affection for their parents.

- "Shall we invite them?" inquired my wife.
- "Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?"
- "Will they be able to make a good appearance? You know that a number of fashionable people will be here."

"If you doubt it, we will send them each a handsome dress pattern with the invitation."

"Perhaps we had better do so," was Mrs. Sunderland's approving remark, and the thing was done as I had suggested.

The pruning down of the invitation list was no easy matter, and it was not without many fears of giving offence that my wife, at last fixed upon the precise number of persons who were to honor us with their company.

The exact character of the entertainment was next to be considered, and an estimute of cost made. Several ladies, au fait in such matters, were consulted; and their opinions compared, digested, and adopted or rejected as they agreed with, or differed from, what we thought right.

"It will cost at least a hundred dollars," said Mrs. Sunderland, after we had come to some understanding as to what we would have. The sum seemed large in her mind.

"If we get off with two hundred we may be thankful," I replied.

- "Oh, no. It can't go above a hundred dollars."
- "We shall see."
- "If I thought it would cost so much, I would-
- "There is no retreat now, Mrs. Sunderland. We have taken the step initiative, and have nothing to do but go through with the matter as best we can. My word for it, we shall not be very eager to give another party."

This threw a damper upon my wife's feelings that I was sorry to perceive, for now that the party must be given, I wanted to see it done in as good a spirit as possible. From that time, therefore, I was careful not to say anything likely to awaken a doubt as to the satisfactory result of the coming entertainment.

The evening came in due time, and we had all things ready. I must own that I felt a little excited, for the giving of a fashionable party was something new in the history of my life, and I did not feel altogether at home in the matter. Unaccustomed to the entertainment of company, especially where

ceremony and the observance of a certain etiquette were involved, I was conscious of an awkward feeling, and would have given double the cost of the party for the privilege of an escape from the trials and mortifications it promised to involve.

In order to give additional beauty and attractiveness to our pariors, we had purchased sundry articles of ornamental furniture, which cost over a hundred dollars, and which were of no manner of use except to look at.

It was so late before the elite of our company began to arrive, that we were in some doubt whether they were going to come at all. But, toward nine o'clock they came along, and by ten we were in the full tide of successful experiment. My nieces, Fanny and Ellen, were among the first to appear, and they looked pretty and interesting.

As soon as the first embarrassment consequent on the appearance of the extra fashionables had worn off, and I felt at home once more in my own house, I began to look around me with an observant eye. About the first thing that attracted my attention was the sober aspect of a certain lady, whose husband, by a few fortunate adventures, had acquired some money, and lifted her into "good society," as it is called. She was talking to another lady, and I saw that their eyes were directed toward my nieces, of whom I felt a little proud; they looked and behaved so well.

"What's all this about?" said I to myself. And I kept my eyes upon the ladies as intently as they did upon Ellen and Fanny. Presently I saw one of them toss her head with an air of dignified contempt, and rising up, make her way across the room to where her husband stood. She spoke to him in evident excitement, and directed his attention to my nieces. The sight of them did not seem to produce any unpleasant effect upon him, for he merely shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and answered in a few words that I could see were indifferent. But his wife was in earnest, and placing her arm within his, drew him away toward the door. He remonstrated, but she was not in a humor to listen to anything, and, with surprise I saw them retire from the parlors. first impulse was to follow them, but the truth flashing across my mind, I felt indignant at such conduct, and resolved to let them do as they pleased. In a little while, the offended lady, bonnetted, cloaked and board, came sweeping past the parlor doors, with her husband in her train, attracting the attention of a third part of the company. A moment after and she had passed into the street.

"Who is that? What's the matter?" went whispering about the rooms.

"It is Mrs. L---."

"Mrs. L-! Is she sick?"

"Why has she gone?"

But no one seemed at first to know. Soon, however, the lady to whom she had communicated the fact that we had insulted our company by inviting "mantua-maker girls," whispered to another the secret, and away it went buzzing through the rooms, finding its way as well to the ears of Fanny and Ellen as to those of the rest of the company. About one Vol. XV.—8

half of the ladies present did not exactly seem to know whether they ought to follow the example of Mrs.

L—— or not; and there was a portentous moment, when almost the waving of a finger would have caused our party to break up in disorder.

The moment my nieces understood the feeling that had prompted the lady to withdraw indignantly, they arose and were retiring from the room, when I intercepted and detained them with as little ceremony as possible. They begged hard to be permitted to retire, but I said no; for my blood was "up," as the saying is.

"Ellen and Fanny are worth as many Mrs. L.—,'s," said I to myself, "as you can find from here to Jericho."

The disaffected ones noticed, I suppose, my decision in the matter, and thought it prudent not to break with Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland, who could afford to be independent. Money is a great thing! Humph! There was a time in our history—but, no matter. We are people of character and standing now!

We had rather a dull time after the withdrawal of Mrs. L.——. For a little while the spirits of the company rallied, under the effects of wine and a good supper, but they soon flagged again, and a sober cast of thought settled upon almost every countenance. My poor wife found it impossible to retain a cheerful exterior; and my nieces looked as if almost any other place in the world would have been a Paradise in comparison.

At least an hour earlier than we had anticipated, our rooms were deserted, and we left alone with our thoughts, which, upon the whole, were not very agreeable. Mrs. Sunderland, the moment the last guest retired, went back into the brilliantly lighted parlors, and setting down upon a sofa, burst into tears. She had promised herself much pleasure, but, alas! how bitterly had she been disappointed! I was excited and indignant enough to say almost anything, and a dozen times, as I paced the rooms backward and forward, did I check myself when about uttering words that would only have made poor Mrs. Sunderland feel ten times worse than she did.

"The next time we give a party-"

"We won't!" said I, taking the words out of my wife's mouth She was recovering from her state of mortification, and beginning to feel indignant.

"You've said it exactly," responded Mrs. Sunderland. "I call this throwing away a couple of hundred dollars in a very bad cause."

"So it strikes me. When fifty or sixty people eat an elegant supper, and drink costly wine at my expense again, they will behave themselves better than some of our high bred ladies did to-night. As for Mrs. L.——, Fanny and Ellen are worth a hundred of her. It's my opinion that if she knew everything she would curtail her dignity a little. If I'm not very much mistaken, her husband will go to the wall before a twelvemonth passes."

On the next day we settled all accounts with confectioner, wine merchant, china dealers and waiters. The bills were over a hundred and fifty dollars, exclusive of a hundred dollars paid, as before intimated, for parlor ornaments to grace the occasion.

"So much paid for worldly wisdom," said I, after

all was over. "I don't think we need to give another party."

Mrs. Sunderland sighed and shook her head Poor soul! Her kind and generous nature was hurt. She had looked upon a new phase of character, and the discovery had wounded her deeply.

A few months after this unfortunate party, from which so little pleasure and so much pain had sprung, I said to my wife, on coming home one day—

"It's as I expected. Pride must have a fall."

"Why do you say that? What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Sunderland.

"L—— has failed, as I predicted, and his lady wife, who turned up her aristocratic nose at our excellent nieces, is likely to see the day when she will stand far below them in society."

I spoke in an exultant voice. But my wife instantly reproved my levity. She cherished no animosities, and had long since forgiven the offence.

So much for My WIFE'S PARTY!

THE PAST.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

YE shall build your seat in the place of graves,
Where the serpent and owl have birth,
Ye shall search the desolate plains and caves—
Through the desert's horror and dearth,
Ye shall track the path of the howling waves

For the grandeur and pride of earth.

Oh! where are the hands and the heads of oak,
And the chiefs renowned in story,
Who shook the realms with an earthquake shock
In their wrath, and strength, and glory,
Till the plains were fire, and the skies were smoke,
And the vales and rills ran gory?

Sages and bards of the daring thought,
The god-like and undying,
The flame from the lips of angels caught—
Through the darkness of ages prying,
Burning and cheering, but waning not,

The time and the storm defying?

They struck the lyre by the haunted streams,
By the haunted shades enfolden,
To the meeting stars and the changing gleams

Of the cloud and sunset golden,

And the gods stood there with their crown of beams, In the ages gone and olden.

They piled their domes with a fearless hand, And the earth was red before them; They traversed the isles with torch and brand Till the sun was blotted o'er them; Thrones were rolled in the startled sand, And onward the whirlwind bore them.

They wove, oh! many a burning lay
When the moon looked out at even,
And a twisted wreath of the deathless bay
To the victor proud was given,
And they through the brave where they ship.

And they throned the brave where they shine alway With the stars that shine in Heaven.

The maiden lay down in her summer bower—
Her dreams were of her lover,
There rained on her bosom a purple shower
As the night-gust blew above her,
But gone is the maid and faded the flower,
And the love and the dream are over.

They spake of a clime in the far-off seas— In the silvery waters lying, A beautiful land with its Heavenly breeze Through the amaranth vallies signing—

A beautiful land with its glorious trees, Where the tear came not, nor dying. Short is the tale—they laughed, they sighed,
They breasted the icy river,
And the banded winds where they feasted, glide,
And falter, and fret, and quiver,
And rolling and rocking the antique pile,
Roll, roll and mourn forever.

There are kings whose dirge unheard is tolled By the lank hyena's screaming, There are hearts of more than earthly mould, There are forms of anger seeming,

By the gong of the trainpling billows knolled, And wept by the moonshine dreaming.

It is written on high, it is written below,
It is heard in the moan of ocean,
It is breathed where the heart's pure offerings flow
From the lips of pale Devotion—
In all that we dream, or see, or know
Of beauty or life, or motion.

That never the sword, nor love, nor bay,
Nor vigils, nor gold, nor sorrow,
One line of the wasting cheek can stay,
Or a truce from the grave can borrow,
Or unite the hope which is ours to-day,
With the smile and the love of to-morrow.

³Tis a world at best of many a fear— This clouded scene we wend, And we know not whether the joy or tear Our trembling hopes will end, Nor yet with whom on that distant sphere Our weary being will blend.

And over the heart a shadow will come,

And a sorrow upon the eye

As we wander back through the night and gloom

Of the centuries long gone by,

Where the strength of man, the pride and bloom,

In the mould of ages lie.

But it warms the heart, and it conquers pride
To dwell on a theme so solemn.

To sit where the wave of years bath rolled Its hungry and whelming volume, And a lesson is ours, most mighty and deep,

In the crumbling and ivied column.

For alone in the awful shadow of graves,
Where the serpent and owl have birth,
Under the sands, in the gloom of caves,
'Midst the desert's horror and dearth,

And deep in the path of the thundrous waves Are the grandeur and glory of earth.

PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.

CHAPTER II.

"Wild as a bird, when first it tries the wing, Bright as the sun-beam glistening o'er a brook-Sweet as the earliest blossom of the spring. Was that young child, in every tone and look!"

In the basement of a low, rear building in one of those cross streets that grow more and more squalid as they stretch down to the water's edge, sat an aged couple, at nightfell, on the day when our humble heroine was presented to the reader. The room was damp, low, and dark; a couple of rude chairs, a deal table, and a long wooden chest were all the furniture it contained. A rough shelf ran over the mantle piece, on which were arranged a half dozen unmatched cups and saucers, and a broken plate or two, and a teapot, minus half its spout, all scrupulously washed, and piled together with some appearance of ostentation. A brown platter, which stood on the table, contained the only approach to food that the humble dwelling afforded. A bone of bacon thrice picked, and retained probably from a wretched desire to possess something in the shape of food-though that something was but a mockery-and a fragment of bread lay upon the platter, covered with a neat crash towel. A straw-bed made up on one corner of the floor partook of the general neatness everywhere visible in the wretched dwelling, the sheets were of homespun linen, such as our down East house-wives loved to manufacture years ago, and the covering a patch-work quilt, formed of rich, old fashioned chintz, was neatly turned under the edges-one might have known how more than precious was that fine old quilt by the great care taken to preserve it. The whole apartment bespoke extreme poverty in its most respectable form. Perfect destitution and scrupulous neatness so blended, that it made the heart ache with compassion, was visible everywhere.

The old couple drew their seats closer together on the hearth-stone, and looked wistfully in each other's faces as the darkness of coming night gathered around them. The bright morning had been succeeded by a chill, uncomfortable rain, and this increased tenfold the gloomy and dank atmosphere of the basement. Thus they sat gazing at each other, and listening moodily to the rain as it beat heavier and heavier upon the sidewalks.

"Come, come!" said the old woman, with a smile that she intended to be cheerful, but which was only ? very wrong: once to-day the Lord has sent us food, seems like that warm coffee boiling over on the and here we are desponding again. Julia will be bearth, even the shavings as they lie in the corner are

cold and wet, poor thing; don't let her find us looking so hungry when she comes in."

"I was thinking of her," muttered the old man, in a sad voice. "Yes, the poor thing will be cold and wet and wretched enough, but that is nothing to the disappointment; she had built up such hopes this morning."

"Well, who knows after all, something may have happened!" said the old woman, with an effort at

"No, no," replied the man, in a voice of touching despondency, "if she had done anything the child would have been home long ago. She has no heart to come back."

The old man passed his hand over his eyes, and flung a handful of chips and shavings on the fire from a scant pile that lay in a corner. The blaze flashed up, revealing the desolate room for a moment, and then died away, flashing over the pale and haggard faces that bent over it, with a wan brilliancy that made them look absolutely corpse-like.

Though wrinkled and meagre with the lack of sustenance were those two miserable faces, still in the faded lineaments there lay nothing to revolt the heart. Patience sweet, and troubled affection, were blended with every grief-written line. But the wants of the body had stamped themselves sharply there. The thin lips were pale and fixed in an expression of habitual endurance. Their eyes were sharp and eager, dark arches lay around them, and these were broken by wrinkles that were not all of age.

As the flame blazed up, the old man turned and looked earnestly on his wife, a look of keen want, of newly whitted hunger broke from his eyes, naturally so meek and tranquil, and the poor old man turned his glance another way with a faint groan. It was a picture of terrible famine. Yet patience and affection flung a thrilling beauty over it.

One more furtive glance that old man cast on his wife, as the flame went down, and then he clasped his withered fingers, wringing them together.

"You are starving-you are more hungry than ever," he said, "and I have nothing to give you."

The poor woman lifted up her head and tried to smile, but the effort was heart-rending.

"It is strange," she said, "but the food we had this morning only seems to make me more hungry. Is it so with you, Benjamin? I keep, thinking of it a wan reflection of what she wished. "This is all all the time. The rain as it plashes on the pavement constantly shifting before my eyes, and seem like she will eat them, you know, all-all. Only think rolls and twists of bread, which I have only to stoop \ forward and take."

The old man smiled wanly, and a tear started to his eyes, gliding down his cheek in the dim light.

"Let us try the bone once more," he said, after a brief silence, "there may be a morsel left yet."

"Yes, the bone! there may be something on the bone yet! In our good fortune this morning we must have forgotten to scrape it quite close!" cried the old woman, starting up with an eager look, and bringing the platter from the table.

The husband took it from her hands, and setting it down before the fire, knelt on one knee, and began to scrape the bone eagerly with a knife. "See, see!" he said, with a painful effort at cheerfulness, as some strips and fragments fell on the platter, leaving the bone white and glistening like ivory. "This is better than I expected! With the crust and a cup of clear cold water it will go a good way."

"No, no," said the woman turning her eyes resolutely away, "we had forgotten Julia. She scarcely tasted a mouthful this morning!"

"I know," said the old man, dropping his knife with a sigh.

"Put it aside, and let us try and look as if we had been eating all day. She would not touch it ifif---" Here the good old woman's eyes fell upon the little heap of food-those precious fragments which her husband had scraped together with his knife The animal grew strong within her at the sight; she drew a sharp breath, and reaching forth her bony hand clutched them like a bird of prey; her thin lips quivered and worked with a sort of ferocious joy, as she devoured the little morsel, then, as if ashamed of her voracity, she lifted her glowing eyes to the form of her husband, and cast the fragment of food still between her fingers back upon the platter.

"I could not help it! Oh, Benjamin, I could not help it!" Big tears started in her eyes, and rolled penitently down her cheek. "Take it away! take it away!" she said, covering her face with both hands. "You see how ravenous the taste of food makes me!"

"Take it!" said the old man, thrusting the platter into her lap.

"No! no! You have not tasted a morsel; youyou-I am better now, much better!"

For one instant the old man's fingers quivered over the morsel still left upon the platter, for he was famished and craving more food, even as his wife had been, but his better nature prevailed, and dashing his hand away, he thrust the plate more decidedly into

"Eat!" he said. "Eat! I can wait, and God will } take care of the child!"

But the poor woman waved the food away, still keeping one hand resolutely over her eyes. "Nono!" she said, faintly, "no-no!"

Her husband lifted the plate softly from her lap: she started, looked eagerly around, and sunk back in her chair, with a hysterical laugh.

"The strawberries! the strawberries, Benjamin! Only think, if Julia could not sell the strawberries

what a delicious feast the child will have! Bring back the meat; what will she care for that!"

The old man brought back the plate, but with a sorrowful look. He remembered that the strawberries entrusted to his grandchild were the property of another; but he could not find the heart to suggest this to the poor, famished creature before him, and he rejoiced at the brief delusion that would induce her to eat the little that was left. With martyr-like stoicism he stifled his own craving hunger, and sat by while his wife devoured the remainder of their precious store.

"And you have had none!" she said, with a piteous look of self-reproach, when her own sharp want was somewhat appeased.

"Oh, I can wait for Julia and the strawberries."

"And if that should fail," answered the poor wife, filled with remorse for her selfishness, or what she began to condemn as such, "if anything should have happened, you may pawn or sell the quilt to-morrow -I will say nothing against it-not a word. It was used for the first time when-when she was a baby, and-

"And we have starved and suffered rather than part with it!" cried the old man, moving gloomily up and down the room, "while she-but why add to our distress by conjectures of what or where she may have been! Would she care though we all starved in a heap here, in this wretched cellar?"

"Oh, Benjamin, do not say this! She may be dead !"

The man did not seem to heed this pathetic appeal for his forbearance. The gnawing of hunger, the heavy gloom that lay everywhere around-even the presence of his wife, were forgotten in the train of anxious and bitter thoughts that a single word had brought upon him. He sat down again by the hearth, and with a thin hand pressed hard upon each knee, bent forward, gazing into the smouldering fire gloomy and silent. The old woman only stole one hand over his and pressed it gently. It returned no answering token of her sympathy, but still rigidly held its grasp on his knee. Thus minutes stole on; the rain came down more furiously; the winds shook the loose window panes, and the fire grew fainter and fainter, only shedding a smoky gloom over those two pale faces.

All at once there came a faint sound in the area -the moist plash of a footstep mingled with the sound of falling rain. Then the outer door opened, admitting a gush of damp wind into the hall that forced back the door of the basement, and there stood little Julia Warren, panting for breath, but full of wild and beautiful animation. The rain was dripping from her hood, and down the heavy braids of her hair, and her little feet left a wet print on the floor at every step.

The old man started eagerly up, and flung some fresh fuel on the fire, which instantly filled the basement with a brilliant but transitory light. There she stood, that brave little girl, dripping with wet, and deluged by the sudden light. Her cheeks were all in a glow, warm and wet, like roses in a storm. Her eyes were absolutely star-like in their brilliancy, and her voice broke through the room in a joyful gush that made everything cheerful again.

"Did you think I was lost, grandpa, or drowned in the rain-don't it pour though? Here, grandma, come help me with the basket. Stop, till I light a candle, though." And the child knelt down in her dripping garments to ignite the candle, which she had taken somewhere from the depths of her basket. But ber little bands shook, and the flame seemed to dance before her; she really could not hold the candle still enough for her purpose, that little form thrilled and shook so with her innocent joy.

"Here grandpa, you try," she said, surrendering the candle, while her laugh filled the room like the carol of birds, when all the trees are in blossom, "I never shall make it out; but don't think, now, that I am shivering with the wet, or tired out-don't think anything till I have told you all about it. There, now we have a light; come, come!"

The little girl dragged her basket to the hearth, and no fairy, telling down gold and rubies to a favorite, ever looked more lovely. Down by the basket the old grandparents fell upon their knees-one holding the light—the other crying like a child.

"See, grandpa, see; a beef-steak-a great, thick beef-steak, and pickles, and bread, and-and-do look, grandmother, this paper-what do you think is in it? oh! ha! I thought you would brighten up! tea. green tea, and sugar, and-why, grandfather, is that you crying so? Dear, dear, how can you? Don't you see how happy I am? Why, as true as I live, if I ain't crying myself all the time! Now, ain't it strange; every one of us crying, and all for what? I-I believe I shall die, I'm so happy!"

The excited little creature dropped the paper of tea from her trembling hands, as she uttered these broken words, and flinging herself on the old woman's bosom, clung to her, bathed in tears, and shaking like an aspen leaf, literally strengthless with the joy that her coming had brought to that desolate place.

While her arms were around the poor woman's neck, the grandmother kept her eyes fixed upon the basket, and she contrived to break a fragment from one of the loaves it contained, and greedily devour it amid those warm careses.

Joy is often more restless than grief; Julia was soon on her feet again.

"There, there, grandmother! just let the bread slone: what is that to the supper we will have byand-bye. I'll get three cents worth of charcoal, and borrow a gridiron, and-and-now don't eat more than half enough till I come back, because of the supper !"

The little girl darted out of the room as she uttered this last injunction, and her step was heard like the leap of a fawn, as she bounded through the passage. When she returned, the larger portion of a loaf had disappeared, and the old couple were in each other's arms, weeping, while fragments of prayer and thanksgiving fell from their lips. It was a beautiful picture of the human heart, when its holiest and deepest feelings are aroused. Gratitude to God and to his creatures shed a touching loveliness over it all. Julia with her bright eyes, and her eager little hands, bustled \ once; grandpa means that, I suppose?"

about, quite too happy for a thought of the fatigueshe had endured all the day. She drew forth the little table. She furbished and brightened up the cups and saucers, and gave an extra rub to the bright iron candlestick, which, was, for the first time in many a day, warmed up by a tall and snowy candle. The scent of the beef-steak as it felt the heat, the warm hiss of the tea-kettle, the crackling of the fire, made a cheerful accompaniment to her quick and joyous movements. The cold rain pattering without-the light gusts of wind that shook the windows only served to render the comfort within more delightful.

"There now," said Julia, wiping the bottom of her broken-spouted tea-pot, and placing it upon the table, "there now, all is ready! I'm to pour out the tea, grandpa must cut the steak, and you, grandma, oh, you are company to-night. Come, come, every thing is warm and nice."

The old people drew up to the humble board. A moment their grey heads were bent, while the little girl bowed her forehead gently downward, and veiled her eves with their silken lashes, as if the joy sparkling there was suddenly clouded by a thought of her own forgetfulness in taking a seat before the halfbreathed blessing was asked. But her heart was only subdued for a moment. Directly her hands began to flutter about the tea-pot, like a pair of humming birds, busy with some great, uncouth flower. She poured the rich amber stream forth with a dash, and as each lump of sugar fell into the cups, her mouth dimpled into fresh smiles. It was quite like a fairy feast to her. Too happy for thoughts of her own hunger, she was constantly dropping her knife and fork to push the bread to her grandfather, or heap the old grandma's plate afresh, and it seemed as if the broken tea-pot was perfectly inexhaustible, so constantly did she keep it circulating around the table.

"Isn't it nice, grandma, green tea and such sugar. What, grandpa! you havn't got through yet?" she was constantly saying, if either of the old people paused in the enjoyment of their meal, for it seemed to her as if such unusual happiness ought to last a long, long time.

"Yes," said the old man, at length pushing back his plate with a pleasant sigh, and more pleasant smile; "yes, Julia, now let us see you eat something, then tell us how all these things came about. You must have been very lucky to have coined a meal like this with one day's work.

"A meal!" cried the child, "Oh! the supper. You relished the supper, grandpa?"

"Yes; you hardly guessed how hungry we were, or how keenly we should have relished anything."

"But-but, you are wondering where the next will come from. You think me like a child in having spent so much in this one famous supper."

"Yes, like a child, a good, warm-hearted child, who could blame you?"

"Blame!" cried the grandmother, with tears in ber eves; "blame! God bless her!"

"But then," said the child, shaking her head and forcing back a tear that broke through the sunshine in her eyes, "one should not spend everything at "No, no!" answered the old woman, eagerly, "he does not mean to find the least fault. How should he?"

"It would have been childish though; but perhaps I should have done it, who knows—one don't stop to think with a bright half dollar in one hand, and a poor old grandfather and grandmother hungry at home. But then look here!"

The child drew a coin from her bosom, and held it up in the candlelight.

"Gold!" cried the astonished grandfather, absolutely turning pale with surprise.

"A half eagle, a genuine half eagle, as I am alive!" exclaimed the old woman, taking the coin between her fingers and examining it eagerly.

"Yes, gold—a half eagle," answered the exulting child, clasping her small hands on the table, "worth five dollars—the old woman in the market told me so!—five dollars, only think of that!"

"But you did not earn it," said the old man, gravely.

"Earn it—oh, no," said the little girl, with a joyous laugh, "who ever thought of a little girl like me earning five dollars in a day? Still I don't know. That good woman at the market told me to let every one give what he liked for the flowers, and so I did The most beautiful lady you ever set eyes on took a bunch of rose-buds from my basket and flung that money in the place."

"But who was this lady? There may be some mistake. She might not have known that it was gold!" said the old man, reaching over, and taking the half eagle from his wife.

"I think she knew; indeed I am quite sure she did," answered the child, "for she looked at the piece as she took it from her purse. She knew what it was worth, but I didn?"

"Well, that we may know what to think, tell us more about this wonderful day," said the old man, still examining the gold with an anxious expression of countenance. "Your grandmother has finished her tea, and will listen now."

Julia was somewhat subdued by her grandfather's grave air; but spite of this, tears and smiles struggled in her eyes, and her mouth, now tremulous, now dimpling, could hardly be trained into anything like serious narrative.

"Well," she said, shaking back the braids of her hair, and resolutely folding both hands in her lap. "Very well; please don't ask any questions till I have done, and I'll do my best to tell every thing just as it happened." You know how I went out this morning about the basket that I got trusted for at the grocery, and all that. Well, I went off with the new basket on my arm, making believe to myself as bold as a lion. Still I could but just keep from crying—everything felt so strange, and I was frightened too—you don't know how frightened! The babes in the woods must have felt as I did, only I had no brother with me, and it is a great deal more lonesome to wander through lots of cold looking men and women that you never saw before, than to be lost among the sen woods, where flowers lie everywhere in the

een woods, where flowers lie everywhere in the moss, and the trees are all sorts of colors, with birds

hopping and singing about—dear little birds, such as covered the poor babes with leaves, and—and—finally, grandmother, as I was saying, I felt more lonesome and down-hearted than these children could have done, for they had plenty of blackberries, you know, but I was dreadfully hungry—I was indeed, though I would not own it to you; and then all the windows were full of nice tarts and candies, just as if the people had put them there to see how bad they could make me feel. Well, I have told you about going into the market, and how my heart seemed to grow colder and colder, till I saw that good woman—that dear, blessed woman—"

"God bless her, for that one kind act!" exclaimed the old man, fervently.

"He will bless her; be quite sure of that," chimed in the good grandame.

"I wish you could have seen her-I only wish you could!" cried the child, in her sweet, eager gratitude, "perhaps you will some day, who knows?" And in the same sweet, disjointed language, the child went on relating her adventures along the streets, and on the wharf, where for the first time she had seen an ocean steamer. When she spoke of the lady and her strange attendant, the old people seemed to listen with more absorbing interest. They were keenly excited by the ardent admiration expressed by the child, yet to themselves even this feeling was altogether unaccountable. When the little girl spoke of the strange man whom she had met on the wharf also, her voice become subdued, and there was a half terrified look in her eyes. The singular impression which that man had left upon her young spirit seemed to haunt it like a fear, but the moment she related how he drove away with his beautiful companion, her courage seemed to return, she glanced brightly around, and went on with her parrative with renewed

"He had just gone," she said, "and I was beginning to look around for some way to leave the wharf, when I happened to see a handkerchief lying at my feet. The carriage wheel had run over it, and it was crushed down in the mud. I picked it up, and ran after the carriage, for the handkerchief was fine as a cobweb, and worth ever so much, I dare say. In and out, through the carts, and trunks, and people, I ran with my basket on my arm, and the muddy handkerchief in one hand. Twice I saw the carriage, but it was too far ahead, and at last I turned a corner-I lost it there, and stood thinking what I should do, when the very carriage which I had seen go off with the lady in it passed by; the lady had stopped for something, I suppose, and that kept her back. She was looking from the window that minute. I thought perhaps the handkerchief was her's, after all; so I ran off the side walk and shook it, that she might take notice. The carriage stopped; down came the driver and opened the door, and then the lady leaned out. and smiling with a sort of mournful smile, and said, "'Well, little girl, what do you want now?'

"I held up the handkerchief, but was quite out of breath, and could only say, 'this—this—is it your's, ma'am?'

"She took the handkerchef, and turned to a corner

where a name was marked. Then her cheek turned pale as death, and her mouth so full, so red, grew white. I should have thought that she was dying, but she fixed her eyes on me so wildly.

"'Come in, come in, this instant,' she said, and before I could speak, she caught hold of my arm, and drew me—basket and all—into the carriage. The door was shut, and in my fright I heard her tell the man to drive fast. I did not speak; it seemed like dreaming. There sat the lady, so pale, so altered, with the handkerchief, all muddy as it was, crushed hard in her white hand—sometimes looking with a sort of wild look at me, sometimes seeming to think of nothing on earth. The carriage went faster and faster: I was frightened and began to cry, but she looked at me very kindly then, and said—

"'Hush, child, hush! no one will harm you.' Still I could not keep from sobbing, for it all seemed very wild and strange.

"Then the carriage stopped before a great stone house, with so many long windows and iron work all before it. No one came to the door. The strange man who rode with the driver let us in with a key that he had, and everything was as still as a meeting-house when we went in. The lady took my hand, and led me up a great high stair-case, covered from top to bottom with a carpet that seemed made of roses and wood-moss. Every thing was still and half dark, for all the windows were covered deep with silk curtains, and it had begun to cloud up out of doors.

"The lady opened a door, and led me into a room more beautiful than anything I ever set eyes on. But this was dark and dim like the rest. My feet sunk into the carpet, and everything I touched seemed made of flowers, the seats were so silken and downy.

"The lady flung off her shawl, and sat down upon a little sofa covered with blue silk. She drew me close to her, and tried to smile.

"'Now,' she said, 'you must tell me, little girl, exactly where you got the handkerchief!'

"'I found it—indeed I found it on the wharf,' I said, as well as I could, for crying. 'At first I thought it must belong to the tall gentleman, but he drove away so fast; then I saw your carriage, and thought——'

"She stopped me before I could say the rest—her eyes were bright as diamonds, and her cheeks grew red again.

"'The tail gentleman! What tall gentleman?' she

"I told her about the man with the beautiful lady. Before I had done she let go of my hand, and fell back on the sofa; her eyes were shut, but down?

through the black lashes the great tears kept rolling. till the silk cushion under her head was wet with them. I felt sorry to see her so troubled, and took the handkerchief from the floor-for it fell from her hand as she sunk down. With one corner that the wheel had not touched, I tried to wipe away the tears from her face, but she started up, all in a tremble, and pushed me away, but not as if she were angry with me, only as if she hated the handkerchief to touch her face. She walked about the room a few times, and then seemed to get quite natural again. By-and-bye the queer looking man came up with a satchel and a silver box, under his arm; and she talked with him in a low voice. He seemed not to like what she said; but she grew positive, and he went out. Then she lay down on the sofa again, as if I had not been by; her two hands were clasped under her head; she breathed very hard, and the tears now and then came in drops down her cheeks.

"It was getting dark, and I could hear the rain pattering outside. I spoke softly, and said that I must go. She did not seem to hear; so I waited, and spoke again. Still she took no notice. Then I took up my basket and went out. Nobody saw me. The great house seemed empty—everything was grand, but so still that it made me afraid.

"I had no idea where I was, or what street to take after this, but went up one street and down another, inquiring the way, till after a long, long walk, I got back to the market, quite tired out and anxious.

"The good market woman was so pleased to see me again. I gave her all my money, and she counted it, and took out pay for the flowers and strawberries. There was enough without the gold piece; she would not let me change that, but filled the basket with nice things, just to encourage me to work hard next week. There, now, grandfather, I have told you all about this wonderful day. Isn't it quite like a fairy tale?"

The old man sat gazing on the sweet and animated face of his grandchild; his hands were clasped upon the table, and his aged face grew luminous with Christian gratitude. Slowly his forehead bent downward, and he answered her in the solemn and beautiful words of Scripture, "I have been young, and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." There was pathos and fervency in the old man's voice, solemn even as the words it syllabled. The little strawberry girl bowed her head with gentle feeling, and the grandmother whispered a meek "Amen."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRAYER.

NEAR or afar,
We're not on earth as others,
No rank divides us sisters, nor us brothers
In Christ, the "bright and morning star."
He is the way that leads us to the Father,
He hath prepared our living there together.
Near or afar.

Near or afar, Meet where His foot-prints are! South or the North,

If hearts are Heavenward turning,
And brightly there Faith's lamp is ever burning,
With Love's clear fire still glowing forth,
Though frigid zones class round earth's lake-warm bosom
Down in the vallies roses sweetly blossom!
South or the North,
Bright Sharon's flower blooms forth.

KATE DOUGLASS;

OR, PHILADELPHIA IN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY-SIX.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE OATH OF MARION," "AGNES COURTEMAY," &CC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 77.

CHAP. VII .- THE FETE.

It was the night before the dinner party at Washington's head-quarters, and the fashionable circles of Philadelphia were all on the qui vive of expectation; for the fets, given to celebrate the nuptials of the handsomest officer in the royal army and the richest heiress of the city, was to come off that evening. The cards of invitation had been issued a week before, and milliners and mistresses had thought of nothing but gala dresses since.

Yes, Kate had at last consented to marry Despencer. To bring about this union was the sole object for which her uncle now lived. In laboring to effect this aim, he sincerely believed he was securing her happiness for life; for Mr. Stanley knew nothing of her secret love for Mowbry; yet, if he had, he would still have urged her marriage with Despencer, satisfied that only misery could flow from a union with a rebel and a beggar. But, so long as a hope remained to Kate, she persisted in refusing Despencer; and neither the solicitations of the lover, nor the arguments of her uncle sufficed to change her purpose. It is true that as month after month elapsed, bringing no intelligence from Mowbry, the bright dream which she had all along nourished, that he continued to love her, faded gradually. She had indeed rejected him in fact, if not in words; but she had never intended to do so: he had misapprehended her meaning on the morning of that fearful breakfast scene; and he had never since given her an opportunity for explanation. "I cannot go to him, and it would be just as unmaidenly to write," she said. When she heard he was wounded, and comparatively friendless, we have seen how she acted; but no words can tell her disappointment on learning, from the old physician, that he had returned to the army without inquiring for her. "Surely," she reasoned, "he might have managed an interview, or at least have written to me, if he had loved me: but he has forgotten me; it was but a momentary fancy: or, perhaps, he thinks I have trifled with him, and in } revenge has cast me from his heart."

Month followed month, still there was no news of Mowbry. Had he been dead, they could not, Kate bitterly thought, have known less of him, at least by his own volition. Occasionally she heard of him through other persons; and once she saw him: it was when Washington's army passed through Philadelphia just before the battle of Brandywine. Standing at a window, with some female friends, she had seen \

toward her, and, as she thought, recognized her, he had taken no notice of her whatever. She remembered how the blood had rushed over her face as she distinguished his tall form, and she half believed she had smiled and bowed, a reflection that would have increased her mortification, if any common emotion of pain could have found place in her bosom, after the pang of a hopeless love. "Perhaps it is a just retribution," she said, with tears, as she lay thinking on her pillow, that night. "I was proud and supercilious to him, and that though I knew his affection; he was stung by my refusal to go to the assembly with him, and then the next morning completed his anger. But I did not know then how I loved him, nor did I intend to trifle with him: he, as well as I, has been too hasty." Here fresh tears flowed, until at last, completely exhausted, she fell asleep.

At other times her spirit rose against what she considered the injustice of her lover, and she proudly resolved to forget him, as he had evidently forgotten her. Such moods were favorable opportunities for Despencer, after the British had captured Philadelphia, and he was on the spot, to press his suit; nor did he omit them. Gradually, yet without intending it, Kate found herself almost entangled with Despeacer. Her acquaintances all believed her engaged, and her uncle already talked of her marriage as a certain affair. She could not reveal the true causes of her opposition to the union; and, feeling this, her negatives became feebler daily, for she knew not what to say further in their defence. At last, Despencer became urgent for a day to be fixed. She attempted to repeat her refusal, but he would not listen to her, and called in the interposition of her uncle. Mr. Stanley, believing her hesitation to be the result of maiden modesty only, for he could not comprehend how a woman with no prior attachment could refuse a title in perspective, for Despencer's uncle, the earl, was now childless, took upon himself to fix the day.

A crisis had now come when it was either necessary for Kate to incur her uncle's eternal displeasure, or yield up her few remaining scruples to the marriage. "Since Mowbry has ceased to love me," she said, "and I can never be his, as I had once fondly hoped, ought I not to gratify my kind uncle and marry Despencer? I can respect him, though never love him, at least as I have once loved; but his affection for me is profound, and surely it deserves some reward. I must not be too selfish. Unhappy myself, shall I make two others equally so, or shall I yield?" The conclusion was that she consented to sacrifice Mowbry ride by, but though he had looked directly herself, only stipulating that the nuptials should not take place till late in the winter. She did this, in the ; fugitive could be found: and the gay party broke up faint hope that something might arise before then to convince her that Mowbry still loved her. But week after week passed, and she heard nothing of her absent relative, except a vague rumor, that reached the city from the camp at Valley Forge through several sources, that Mowbry was very attentive to a niece of Lady Washington, who was spending the season with her august relative at head-quarters. This final blow destroyed the last lingering hope to which Kate had clung; and, from that hour, she saw the preparations for her wedding going on, without a regret.

Brightly blazed the windows of the Stanley Mansion, and gay were the guests assembled in the great parlor, on the evening of the fete. Lovely women arrayed in rich brocades, and handsome officers in imposing military costume thronged every portion of the large apartment, except a space immediately in front of the sofa, left vacant for the bridal party. The minister, dressed in his robes, and with prayer book in hand, stood opposite; while on one side was the uncle of the bride, who was to give her away; and on the other, the groom, superbly attired, and surrounded by his friends. Expectation meantime was on tip-toe, for the bride was looked for, with her attendant bridemaids, every instant.

Five, ten minutes elapsed, and then the company began to grow impatient. Mr. Stanley often glanced to the door, and the groom was evidently nervous. At last, the uncle, with a jest uttered aloud on the tardiness of the sex, which even the ladies forgave as characteristic of an old bachelor, left the parlor to escort his niece down. He was gone but a minute, before his voice was heard in strong altercation up stairs; and immediately he rushed back, followed by the bridemaids and servants, all mixed in confusion, and on every face consternation. Despencer, pale as death, sprang forward, every one making way for him to reach Mr. Stanley-

"For God's sake," cried he, "what is the matter? Is she dead?"

"Dead. No!-better she was," answered Mr. Stanley, furious with rage. "She has eloped!"

"Eloped!" cried Despencer, staggering against the wall: and he placed his hand to his forehead, as he asked wildly-

"With whom?"

"That we do not know," said one of the bridemaids, who seemed to be the most collected of the party. "Half an hour ago, Miss Douglass left us to go into her own room, saying she wished to be alone for the few minutes left her. We were to call her when the hour struck. Having waited for nearly ten minutes over the time, finding she did not appear, we called her. There was no answer, and we were discussing whether to enter her room, when Mr. Stanley came up, and hearing our story, forced open her door. She was not there; but her bridal dress had been taken off and left on the bed; while her hat and walking attire was missing. On a piece of paper, which I picked up from her dressing-table, was written hurriedly Dear uncle, I love you still, but I cannot marry Mr. Despencer.' Here is the note."

All inquiry proved useless, for no trace of the

in silence.

CHAP. VIII .- THE FLIGHT.

WHILE Mr. Stanley, transported with rage, is vowing never to forgive his niece; and the disappointed bridegroom is hesitating whether to give way to indignation or despair, let us endeavor to unravel the mystery of Kate's flight.

Two days before the one appointed for her marriage, as Kate sat musing in her room, still somewhat in doubt as to the justice of the step she was about to take, a servant announced that an elderly female wished to see her, and was waiting in the hall. "I will see her here," said Kate, "show her up."

The woman, whose dress bespoke a comparatively humble position in society, entered with some embarrassment, which was not lessened when Kate pointed to a chair and waited for her to speak. At last, however, she summoned courage to say-

"I had the honor, Miss, to nurse a young officer, who lay dangerously wounded at an inn in Fifth street, about a year since."

Kate colored to the brows at this remark, her first reflection being that her own agency in the affair was known. Then the thought arose that, perhaps, this person might bring her some ill news, and she turned suddenly pale. She looked anxiously at the speaker.

"I'm afraid, Miss," said her visitor, still embarrassed, "that you will think me impertinent; but the poor gentleman, in his delirium, used to talk continually of you."

Again Kate blushed crimson, and her heart began to beat fast. What could this beginning portend?

"I never let him know I had overheard your name," resumed the visitor, "though he seemed dreadfully anxious to find out: he was a proud gentleman, Miss, and feared his secret would be known; for indeed he loved you with his whole soul."

The nurse, for the reader has already recognized Kate's visitor, almost feared, at these words, to see Miss Douglass angrily ring for a servant to show her out; but Kate sat silent, trembling violently, however, and flushing red and pale by turns.

"You must forgive me, Miss," she continued more boldly, reading something of the truth in Kate's manner, "but I found out, the other day, who it was that employed both me and the physician-no one else knows it," she continued, breathlessly, seeing that Kate covered her face with her hands. "The doctor did not even tell me, but he let out by accident that a young lady did it, and I guessed, from Captain Mowbry having lived here, and from few else knowing him, that it must have been you. So I came here to tell you that the captain loved you still, if you loved him. I hesitated about it a long time, but I know people sometimes marry under a mistake, and as I thought it possible this might be the case in your marrying Major Despencer, I resolved to venture. I hope, Miss. you are not offended."

Kate gave no answer. Her countenance still concealed in her hands, she sat, totally immoveable: she might have been a statue for all the evidence she



gave of life. But her mind was busy. At first her thoughts were in a whirl at this strange intelligence, so rudely imparted; but soon she began to collect her faculties and reflect whether any, and what credit was to be given to this woman's tale. Could it be possible that Mowbry had loved her when he was lying wounded a year ago? How could his silence be interpreted, except as a proof that he considered his suit hopeless? What must be think, if he knew of her approaching marriage? At this reflection her heart grew sick, and tears gathered in her eyes at the injustice she had done him. But then came the thought that a year had passed since this woman had seen Mowbry, and what proof was there he loved her now? At this she looked up.

"My good woman," she said, with a faint smile, "you mean well; but you appear to go more by suppositions, than by facts. I will not speak of the sentiments you attribute to me," and she colored, "for I believe you mean well, though some persons, in my place, would think your conduct an unwarrantable interference. But-nay! I am not offended, do not apologize-but," and she hesitated, then said quickly, "do you know that Mr. Mowbry's infatuation-I should say his affection-no! I mean, his sentiments -have undergone no change within the past year?" "I do know it," eagerly replied the nurse, "and it is that which has brought me here."

Kate had vainly striven to conceal her agitation during the instant that elapsed between the question and reply: she held her breath from anxiety, and grasped the back of her chair nervously. Her heart leaped into her throat at the answer; and she could just articulate-

" How?"

"Why, you see, Miss," replied the nurse, "I have a son with General Washington; and, hearing he was on a furlough, and visiting my sister's unbeknowns to the king's men-my sister lives just outside the lines at White Marsh-I managed to get out of town. last week, to see him. Naturally, I asked him all about the army, and especially about Captain Mowbry. I had heard that the captain was in love with a niece of Lady Washington, though I did not believe it-for if it is so, said I to myself, there is no such thing as true love left in the world-and so I asked him if he knew anything about it. Bless your heart, Miss, if Jim ain't the captain's own servant; and he says its not a word true, though the general, and his lady, and maybe the niece are mighty fond of him: 'and its my opinion,' says Jim, 'that the captain's in love with somebody else, and been crossed, for he behaves as if he was; and all the mess says it of him beside.' And Jim added, Miss, that it was his cousin he loved-meaning you, Miss-with whom he had once lived at his uncle's. So, when I heard this, it determined me to come and see you; for I thought, if you liked the captain-

"Thank you, my good woman," said Kate, crimsoning; and she waved her hand as if to dismiss her. "I feel unable to hear more to-day. What you have said requires that I should be alone. But come to-morrow. By that time I shall have more to say to you. At present I am bewildered. Be silent, and prompt." tempest and heavy drifts would allow.

Left to herself, Kate began seriously to consider her position. She was, as we have endeavored to show, possessed of great firmness of character; and her decision exhibited it now. Her first conclusion was that she could not marry Despencer; for even though the nurse's tale might be incorrect, it might also be true: and she would not, while there was the least hope of Mowbry loving her, consent to sacrifice both his happiness and hers. "I promised Despencer to be his, under a misapprehension," she reasoned, "and I consider myself released by a change of circumstances. But, if I assert this, Despencer will besiege me with entreaties; and my uncle will storm, perhaps thrust me from his house. These altercations I would willingly avoid: Heaven guide me in this extremity."

All that day, and far into the night, she thought of the subject, and finally came to the resolution to fly. By adopting this resource she would avoid the pain of an interview with Despencer, and escape what could only be a useless and trying dispute with her uncle. "He will insist that the ceremony shall go on, if I remain," she soliloquized: "it is the wisest, nay! surest plan to fly, for the present. And I will do so, if this good woman can lend me any assistance." A less energetic person, or one who knew more of the censoriousness of the world might have reasoned differently; might have remained; but Kate was without any counsellor but her own pure heart, and she never thought that a wrong construction could be placed on her conduct.

Before the nurse called, on the following morning, Kate had made sufficient inquiries to satisfy her of the good woman's honesty and discretion, and accordingly she admitted her into her confidence. The nurse mused awhile, and then said that she had a cousia living in New Jersey, about forty miles distant, where she thought Kate could find a home.

"Will you accompany me?" said our heroine. "I can well afford to pay you, and retain you as my companion: of course I cannot travel alone."

The nurse thought she could, and undertook also to get a pass to leave the city. As the necessary preparations, however, could not be finished before the ensuing day, which was the one fixed for the marriage, the flight had to be postponed until evening. Kate, as we have seen, arranged her scheme well, choosing the only moment when it was possible to execute her design in safety.

It was snowing fast when, descending by a back staircase, and letting herself out through the garden door, she entered the street; but the nurse was already there, with a waterman she had bribed to attend them. In the midst of the driving tempest, Kate was ferried over the Delaware in a small boat; but though the waves ran high, and the sleet froze on her cloak, her heart never quailed; for, in spite of the inclemency of the weather without, and the painful regrets within at leaving her uncle, she was upheld by a strong sense of duty.

A conveyance was waiting for them on the Jersey shore, into which the fugitives stepped; and all through the night, their flight continued, as fast as the driving Kate could only see that the direction they took was toward the North; and that, in the course of the night, they passed through several villages.

CHAP. IX. - MONMOUTH.

IT was a Sabbath day in June, a few months after the events narrated in the last chapter, when, toward sunset, two females stood at the door of a parsonage { house, not far from Monmouth Court House, in New Jersey. But what a Sabbath day it had been! No bell had called worshippers to prayer; no quiet groups had been seen wending their way to church; none of the usual holy repose of the sacred day had hung over the landscape. On the contrary, from almost early dawn, the fierce roar of battle had shook the ground : the advance, the retreat, the rally, the charge, the desperate melee, incessant vollies of musketry, contiauous cannonading! The struggle, which had fluctuated all day, had at last terminated in favor of the Americans; and the two females above mentioned had ventured in consequence to come forth, to see if they could succor the wounded.

"Is not that a group of soldiers, bearing a wounded man, nurse?" said the younger of the two; "see, they are advancing toward the house! Poor sufferer!"

"My services will be required again, I fancy," (said the nurse, with a smile and sly look. "You know, my dear Miss Douglass, to whom they were given before."

Kate, for it was our heroine, blushed, but quickly added—

"Run, nurse, and tell the pastor—he has some knowledge of hurts—and get a bed ready, and lint. The wounded man seems almost lifeless—see how heavily his arms hang toward the ground. He may be faint—I will run to the spring and bring some cold water."

When Kate returned, bearing a pitcher of the refreshing liquid, the wounded man had been brought into the house, and laid fainting on a settee in the kitchen.

"Give him air—stand all aside," said a gentleman, apparently a surgeon. "Ah! here is the cold water you spoke of, hurry on with it!" But, at this instant, catching a sight of Kate's attire, which was unmistakeably that of a gentlewoman, and of her face, now looking more beautiful than ever from the excitement and exercise, he lifted his hat, and added in a deeply respectful tone. "I beg pardon, Miss—shall I take it and bathe his forehead?"

"Let me do it," said Kate, hastily advancing, her heart bleeding for the poor sufferer.

As she spoke, her eye, for the first time, fell on the wounded man; and, to her astonishment and horror, she recognized Mowbry. The pitcher almost fell from her hand But instantaneously she remembered that not only were all eyes on her, but that her lover's life might depend on her composure; so, with an effort of which a nature less strong would have been incapable, she stepped quickly forward, and kneeling by his side, began to chafe his temples. She continued this, until he showed signs of returning

animation, when fearing that the excitement of the recognition might be too much for him, and not wishing to betray herself before strangers, she tore herself hurriedly away, and locking herself in her room, gave way to a flood of tears, half joyful, half sad.

In about half an hour, there was a knock at the door; and rising to open it, the nurse entered.

- "Cheer up, my dear lady," she said, "his wound has been probed and dressed: the surgeon pronounces it not dangerous, though it may prove tedious."
 - "Thank God he is safe!"
- "You behaved nobly, for your presence, at his revival, might have overcome him. You are a heroine. I am sure I could not have controlled myself as you did"
- "Does he know I am here? Oh! nurse, now I shall soon learn whether he continues to love me."
- "He suspects it. When you broke away, he was, you know, reviving; and must have caught a glimpse of your face; for his first action was to look bewildered around, as if seeking some one, his first words to murmur your name."

Kate clasped her hands, and looked up to Heaven fervently.

- "He loves me still!" escaped involuntarily, in a low whisper from her lips, as if she rather thought aloud, than spoke.
- "Look here, and doubt his love, if you can," said the nurse. "I found this on his bosom, when he lay inanimate: it is a miniature of yourself, drawn, I judge, from memory. And see, it has a dent, as if from a ball—perhaps it has saved his life."
- "Oh! I am too—too happy," cried Kate, amid glad, gushing tears. "What shall I do? I feel as if I could fly. When can I see him? Do let me tell him how much he has misunderstood me, and that I never, never have loved any one but him."

And that night, when the moon was rising over the wooded hill, Kate, admitted to her lover's side, listened blushing to the story of his long despair, and owned her own unchanged and unchangeable affection. In that blessed interview all was explained, on both sides. "I first began to hope," said Mowbry, "when I heard that you had fled, sooner than marry Despencer. But little did I dream, when I fell on the field to day, what a fount of happiness this wound would open up to me."

"My uncle has known of my place of residence," said Kate, "ever since I left the small house belonging to nurse's relative, for better accommodations and more congenial society at this parsonage; but he refuses to forgive me; and, I suppose, he continues equally wroth with you"

"No—for since your flight, he has offered, if I will leave the army, and come to live with him, to make me his heir. I learn that since the evacuation of Philadelphia, and the decline of the royal prospects, he is more lenient to the patriotic side than before. I should not wonder," he added, with a smile, "if he were to forgive us both eventually; for, after all, he thinks more of the Mowbry and Douglass name, to say nothing of that of the Stanleys, than even of the royal supremacy."

The recovery of Mowbry was rapid, for he had the

best of nurses. Besides, was not the knowledge that his love was returned, and the sweet companionship of Kate sufficient to ensure his recovery, without other medicaments? It was not long before he was well enough to walk out, leaning on her arm; and one of his first visits was to the various localities of the battle-field.

"Here," he said, "was where Stirling was posted, and with his artillery, checked the enemy's advance. That spot, close by the parsonage, you well know; for there Wayne made his terrible stand."

"Ah! I remember it," said Kate, "and how, while the desperate *melee* continued over the corpse of Col. Monckton, I thought of the struggle for the dead body of Hector. And then I prayed for my country's cause."

"And here," continued Mowbry, "was the spot where I stood, with the artillery of Knox. The general says, you know, that the way in which we served our pieces had much to do in deciding the victory. Here is where I fell."

Kate pressed her lover's arm, at these words; and,

after a momentary glance at the trampled earth, turned shuddering away.

"I thank God, dearest," she said, "daily, nay! hourly for his mercy in sparing you, where so many have fallen. Yet I thank him, too, that you have been instrumental in assisting to establish the liberties of our country. But the night air grows chill, and you are yet weak—we must go back to the house."

A few months subsequent to these events, Mowbry and his fair cousin were both reconciled, as he had predicted, to their uncle: the more readily, perhaps, because the Stanley estates would have been in some danger of confiscation, if the next heir had not been such a patriot as our hero.

Again the old mansion was lighted up for a bridal, but this time the male guests were American, not British officers; and again a commander-in-chief honored the fete with his presence, but now it was Washington, not Sir William Howe. Nor did the bride disappoint the company, as on a former occasion; but went through the ceremony, if not without agitation, certainly without unwillingness.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

BY J. M. WILLIS GEIST.

THE solar beams of rising morn
Come dancing o'er the Eastern hills,
As ebon night from earth is torn,
And gladdening day her empire fills;
Sweet warbling voices fill the groves,
While living Nature swarms abroad—
Oh, lovely day! thy opening proves
The sovereign influence of our God.

Meridian sunbeams gild the earth
With variegated hues of life,
While pregnant Nature groans in birth,
With riches big, with blessings ripe!
The sturdy oxen browsing now
Beneath the oaklets' spreading shade,
Enjoy a respite from the plough,
And graze well pleased the neighboring glade.

The day-god, walking o'er the sea,
His fading glory flashes back,
And flings his mellow light on me,
Love tracing his diurnal track—
Wherein I read the flight of Time
Which measures off each mortal's span,
And learn this truth for every clime—
Each day unfolds the type of man?

The morning of our life advenes
In innocence and infant peace;
Maternal love and fairy scenes
Come bounding forth as days increase;
The prattling glee of childish hearts
Distills sweet music all around,
And young unbroken Hope imparts
Pure joy to pleasures early found.

The moontide of our mortal years
Comes rushing on with noisy speed,
And seeds of sorrow hopes and fears—
Are scattered o'er life's dewy mead;
Within the beautiful parterre
Which fancy nurtured for our own,
(How prone the sanguine mind to err')
The weeds of sin and strife are grown.

The evening of our life draws on,
The flickering lump begins to wane;
Our pilgrim race is lost or won—
A race we ne'er can run again!
Oh, then it seems a little while
Since sporting in our childish glee,
When manly strength and Fortune's smile
Gave flattering hopes of years to be.

When sinking in the arms of death
And bidding fondest friends adieu,
How sweet to yield our fleeting breath
T'inhale the life of Heavenly dew!
To make our pillow on his breast,
Who made his bed on fiery wrath
To purchase everlasting rest,
And lead us in his Heavenly path!

'Tis sweet to think when gloomy night Throws her dark mantle o'er the eye, That morning with his rosy light Will gild again our lovely sky; And thus when sleeping out the close Of mutual life's allotted span, How sweet to dream of that repose Which Heaven gives Immortal man!

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

NO. II. MARCH.

BY MES. MARY V. SMITH.

In this month turf is generally laid down, the ground having been first dug over, levelled, and rolled with a heavy roller. It is then slightly watered, if the weather happens to be dry; and the turf, which is brought to the ground in long strips rolled up, is laid down, the edges being carefully joined, and the pieces made to fit exactly. The turf is then generally beaten with a heavy beater, and carefully rolled. Where a lawn has been laid down a long time, it should be frequently rolled in this month, as lawns are very apt to become uneven during winter. The grass should now begin to be mown once a fortnight, as it is impossible to have a fine, closely covered surface of grass without regular mowing: the rule is, once a month in winter, that is, in December, January, and February; and once a fortnight for the rest of the year. In warm, moist seasons, the grass sometimes grows so fast as to require mowing once a week in summer; but in dry seasons the roots are apt to be burnt, and the grass killed, if it is mown too often.

If the season is late, or the latitude high, the early part of March will find the weather inclement. In this case, great care should still be taken to protect the half-hardy plants, not only from the frost, but from the sun, which at this season is frequently very powerful. It must be observed that the mischief done by frost is always very greatly increased if the sun be permitted to shine upon the frozen plant: it is like exposing a frost-bitten person to the heat of a great fire. The best thing that can be done when a plant is frozen is to cover it over with a flowerpot, or some other covering, till the air has gradually become sufficiently warm to thaw it slowly. The choicer kinds of anemones and ranunculuses are p'anted in this month. They are generally planted in rows about five inches apart and two inches deep; and a little sand is put under each tuber when it is planted. In planting the ranunculus tubers, care should be taken to put the claws downward, and not break off any part of them, as when the claws are broken off the tubers are very apt to rot. In planting the anemone tubers, the eye or bud should always be kept uppermost. This is generally considered the season for manuring a flower-garden, and the best kind of manure for the purpose is the remains of an old hot-bed. Decayed leaves, which have become a kind of mould, and chopped turf taken from an old pasture, are also very useful for enriching the ground intended for flowers; but guano and the new kinds of mineral manures are very dangerous to inexperienced hands, and even first-rate gardeners frequently find them produce injurious effects.

If the season is advanced, or the latitude low, most \ This renders an examination of the roots, or reducing Vol. XV.—9

plants will now require to be taken up, divided, and re-planted; a little fresh earth being given to them, and all the decayed parts cut out before they are re-planted. The seeds of half-hardy annuals, such as the China asters, Chinese pinks, French and African marigolds, everlastings, and ten-week stock, may now be sown in a slight hot-bed; and a few of the more hardy annuals, such as the sunflower, larkspur, lupin, convolvulus, candytust and poppy, may be sown in the open border; also some of the California annuals. Carnations and pinks which were raised from layers last year, should now be planted out where they are to flower. Box edgings should also be now planted, and gravel walks made where necessary. Old gravel walks, which are in a bad state, may now be raked or forked over, and then rolled, though this should never be done when the walks are wet. In the open ground the crocuses, hepaticas, and other spring plants are now in full flower.

In greenhouses the plants should be carefully examined, and re-potted when necessary, taking care that the fresh pots are quite clean and dry. Cuttings of greenhouse plants are frequently made at this The shoot should be cut off as smooth as season. possible, and planted in sandy soil, the earth being pressed firmly round it. The length of the cutting is generally about five or six inches, and two of the lower leaves are cut off with a sharp knife close to the stem. Cuttings of camellia and other hardwooded greenhouse plants, are generally made at this season from the point of the shoots, after the spring growth has been completed, but before the young wood has thoroughly ripened. The cuttings are generally planted about an inch deep and covered with a bell-glass. Those of the different kinds of heath being very difficult to strike, are usually made not more than one or two inches long, and they are planted in pure white sand, being then covered with a bell-glass, and the pot plunged in a hot-bed.

Cuttings of cactus, and other fleshy-leaved plants, should be dried for two or three days before they are planted; if they are put in the ground when the wound is fresh they will rot.

Having given these general directions, we proceed to add a few special instructions in reference to the choicest flowers now in season.

The Camellia.—Attention must at all times be paid to watering this properly, the roots being apt to become matted in the pots, so as to render the ball of earth impervious to moisture; hence it is necessary to see that the ball of earth is moistened by the water poured upon it, instead of the web of fibres only. This renders an examination of the roots, or reducing

and re-planting them at least once a year, a measure almost indispensable. At the respective periods of growth and flowering, the camellia will require plentiful watering; during the latter, if not regularly supplied, the bloom-buds will infallibly fall off, instead of expanding into flower; at other times a regular moderate supply is essential. The effect of constant watering may be presumed to diminish or destroy the fertility of the small quantity of earth allotted to each plant, therefore when the annual re-potting occurs, carefully take away as much of the former ball of earth as can be done without injuring or cutting the roots. The camellia may be considered as a hardy greenhouse plant, requiring only a slight protection in severe weather, like the myrtle; and if the plants are kept just above the freezing point, they will succeed much better than when grown in a high temperature. At the time they are making their growth, an increase of heat will be advantageous.

Hyacinths.—These are grown either in pots or in glasses; their treatment in the latter we shall reserve for another time. When in pots, give them enough space to grow in without starving their roots; the easiest way to do this is to obtain pots of a deeper shape than those in common use. An inch or two of cow manure put at the bottom of the pot promotes the richness of color and perfume of the flower. Water freely, and give as much air as possible during the day; never omit to turn the pot daily, so as to insure that regular pyramidal shape which is so essential to the beauty and symmetry of the spikes of flowers when in blossom. After the blow is over, put those which are fine varieties and worth preserving in some

warm and light place; there they will require no more care nor watering; and after the leaves wither, they may be sorted, and lie until the planting season returns.

Candy Tuft.—When this plant has done blooming, cut or pinch off the withered flowers, and trim off all unsightly shoots, water it well and place it in the light, turning the pot frequently, that it may not become crooked. In this way you may have a succession of flowers through the year. When it is transplanted into the garden in the spring, tie it together, or else it will rapidly encroach on its neighbors.

Mignonette must be watered sparingly; when it is deficient in perfume it is because the temperature is too low. If it is not allowed to run to seed, although an annual, it will bloom for two or more seasons.

The Polyanthus, Narcissus and large Jouquils are bloomed in glasses of water in rooms in early spring. The season for placing in water is any time from October till March, observing to fill the glasses with fresh, soft water, so full that the bottom of the bulb may just touch it.

Geraniums are raised without trouble, requiring but moderate watering, and the dead leaves to be taken off as they appear.

The Heliotrope survives through the winter in the house, if but protected from the frost, and due attention is paid to watering. If it grows too tall and scraggy, cut off some of the higher and superfluous branches, and it will in a short time become much more beautiful in shape.

BEREAVEMENT.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

'Mono grass and tangled wild flowers,
Where evening shadows glide,
Five bright-haired little children
Are lying, side by side.

Their mother's heart is cheerless,
In its silent agony
As the hearth-stone, where they gathered
With words of childish glee.

Each little garment hanging Against the cabin wall, Speaks anguish to the spirit Of her, bereft of all!

The rake beside the corn-crib,
The rag-doll near the door,
And the wooden coach, with broken wheels,
Are gathered from the floor.

Rude houses near the meadow, Each tiny garden bed 'Mid trailing vines and curling leaves, Tell only of the dead!

The soft, clear light has left them, Those laughing eyes of blue, And the long, dark silken fringes Shut out the hazel too! The fingers of Bereavement
Drew darker curtains near,
When the mother's heart was breaking
Above her freighted bier!

Oh! sounds of infant laughter,
Oh! words, where are ye gone?
The mother's heart is aching
For but your whispered tone!

In dreams ye'll come to greet her When the hearth-fire's burning low, And the cricket's song is ringing Amid the embers' glow.

Ye'll bear her far beyond it,
This slope of graves and flowers,
To hill-sides, never blighted
With Wintry frost like ours!

She'll learn thee how the Saviour
These Summer paths bereaves.
To build our dwellings more secure
Among life's healing leaves:

Her own five little children She'll meet, in robes of white, Till, comforted, she'll bless the stars Of cold Bereavement's night.

WOMAN HATER. THE

D. ANDERSON.

"So, Frank, you positively refuse to accompany us to Weston's to-night?" asked Henry Dalton, of his friend. Frank Harrison, as they left the hall from afternoon exercises. "It is young Weston's birth night party, and all the class will be there. Besides, to see Florence, is worth a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Holy Prophet."

"It is because women are to be admitted that I will not go," said his companion. "Nothing now-a-days can be done without women. I expect next to hear of their being elevated to the chair of some of the colleges, and, if they were, I suppose you would justify the proceeding, and cry, as you usually do, 'let the toast be, dear woman!' No, I will not go; 1 hate women."

"Yes, with a most ancient hatred," replied the other, laughingly. "Now there is Florence Weston, that you would give the blue riband you got at the last examination for. And still you hate the women. Ah! you may talk as you will, but in a mind so filled with the beautiful as yours, (and what so beautiful as woman) there can be no hatred." And he commenced humming the old air of-"My love is like the red, red rose."

"Why, Harry, will you be harping on that silly tale about Florence Weston? You know that I despise the whole sex, and still you continue to lend your aid. to the circulation of that scandal. I tell you, if I did not know your perfect insanity on this subject, I would be disposed to find fault with you on this ac count; but as you love me, do cease those vile, sentimental songs that you are eternally singing. Next to the crying of a child, I detest this love of the sentimental-this sickly, die-away trash. Tom Moore has much to answer for in getting up this pseudo taste in 80ngs."

"And Frank Harrison has shown himself no mean pupil in the line, if I read initials aright. Who is F. H., in Peterson's Magazine, that discourses so masterly of 'Love?' There, you need not blush, it is all out; and Florence thinks it beautiful—but if so bad, why don't you correct the taste?"

"Why, I do not pretend to be a saint, and preach to all-one must write something that will please, or he will have no readers; besides, it is fashionable, and one falls in with the current without knowing it. Who has been kind enough to indicate to Miss Weston the paternity of that effort? That was the unkindest cut of all!"

"Why, her brother, I suppose; who so likely? He knows of your devotion to the muses; you and he used to read Byron together! A precious companion for a woman hater. By-the-bye, did you know that \

"There, just stop that singing, while I tell you that if anything serious grows out of this. I shall hold you responsible for the offence; your nonsensical songs have done it all."

"Oh, a most grave Newton!" said Dalton, indulging in a burst of merriment; "but let Weston alone, he is gathering the roses in his youth, and not waiting until the cold blasts of autumn have scattered half the perfume, and then have to be content to take the remainder. That will be your case, Frank; some happy fellow will spirit away Florence vet."

"I do not believe in modern prophets, Henry, and if I did, I do not think the mantle has fallen on you; and as for Florence Weston, she is, and always must be, a stranger to me. I extend to her the same general respect I do to the sex; nothing more. I do not like women; not because they are not like us in form and feature, as some think, and ascribe it to personal vanity, but because I think them devoid of principle. You have not forgotten the sad end of poor Singleton, and all for a woman. He was worth a host of heartless coquettes, and yet he fell a victim to their arts. No! no! you cannot change me-I am resolute."

"Well, Harrison, you are a strange compound of contradictions. Young, ardent and enthusiastic, with a soul alive to the sweet emotions of our natureliving in the ideal, and revelling in the enjoyment of the poet's life, and yet flinging from you the poet's greatest prize-woman. I will give you up in despair. You are an enigma, but the key will yet be found to unlock the casket."

"I'll bide my time without a fear as to the result," was the answer; "but here we are at my lodgings, and so farewell. I wish you all happiness to-night, and of that happiness, I suppose, there can be no doubt, when love rules the feast. Give my regards to young Weston."

"Yes, and Florence too," said Dalton, and striking into the air of a favorite song, he passed gaily down the street, his thoughts filled with rainbow visions, and in all sweet woman ruled supreme.

Frank Harrison was the only child of wealthy and indulgent parents, and now had left the paternal residence for the purpose of finishing his course of studies in a sister city. Possessed of a noble and prepossessing appearance, as well as the more engaging charms of the mind, he would have been welcomed into any circle in which his fancy or his vanity could have called him. To him study had been a pleasure rather than a task-but he ever preferred the flowery paths of light literature to the rough and difficult sciences. Still he did not neglect them; but in his moments of leisure and relaxation, he came back to cull the roses Weston is paying his addresses to Miss Colton, quite of poetical inspiration, and live for a brief time amid attentively? 'Take now this ring, it is thine, love.'" the faultless creations of his fancy; and now as be sat in that student's room, no better picture could be presented than the arrangement of his chamber. Around the walls were ranged busts of the older masters-Plato and Virgil, and Dante and Homer; and still later, in mingled confusion, Voltaire and Locke, and Newton, and Milton and Byron, and then the works of all these were strewn upon the table of the young dreamer. And now he was seated before that table, his head resting upon his hands, and gazing pensively on the features of a young and fair creature in miniature that was lying before him. The lamp was sinking low, the curtains were closely drawn, and all within was stillness. And where are the dreamer's thoughts? Perhaps with the scenes of his infancy, in the green field of his youth, with the sister that gladdened him in the days of his childhood, and the recollection of whose parting prayer is now stimulating him in the pursuit of fame; perhaps with the companions of his boyhood, the partners of his early joys and cares; but no, he looks up, and re-placing he miniature, he says aloud-

"I'll not believe those who speak of woman's faith; did I not trust all to her? and she was faithless, and how I did love that girl—without a fear—without a doubt I trusted all to her; in that one venture all was lost. And she left without a word, she who had so often spoken of love that could I have doubted her voice would have won away all fears; but she took her departure without a sign of farewell to one whom she knew worshipped her."

Here his feelings overcame him, and he rose and paced the apartment with the mood of one who would escape from that bitterest of all sorrows—to think. Long and stormy was the struggle for the mastery—but when the stream of his passion had subsided he resumed his seat in silence.

The morning of the day succeeding that on which the party was held, broke upon the earth in beauty and freshness. It seemed as if nature was holding a festival over the charms of the season, and dressed like a bride for the altar, was waiting the gaiety and the song. All was beauty. The rill danced in the sunlight; the notes of the song bird echoed melody from the hill side; the breath of the zephyr came laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers; the merry voices of children, all broke upon the senses of Frank Harrison, as he, in company with a friend, was enjoying the delights of a morning ramble in the country. His companion, like himself, was a young student. Like him, young and enthusiastic, they had become the firmest friends; and now Ernest Leman was the only confident and adviser of Frank Harrison. The beauty and variety of the scenes through which they were continually passing acted upon the fancy of the friends, and kept up the stream of conversation for a time; but as the walk was extended, they gradually sank into silence, and each seemed occupied with his own thoughts. And when do youth and poetry want companions? To them everything is dressed in the colors of the rainbow, and peopled with the creatures of the fancy. This silence was at length broken by Ernest, who said inquiringly-

"What detained you from Weston's last night, Frank? Dalton said you would be there."

"Oh, that was one of Dalton's jokes. Do you not know him yet, Ernest? He is always bantering me about young Weston's sister, Florence. I am inclined to think he does that to draw attention from the rather particular civilities of himself. Do you not think so?" "Quite probable, Frank. But what is the reason you absent yourself so much from the company of females; and you are growing worse as you continue among us. I do not mean to flatter, but you are welcome to any circle. Come, Frank, tell me in the name of old friendship, what are the reasons?"

"Well, Ernest, I will trust you, as I know you will sympathize with me; but it is an old story, and one that I fear you, like the world, will not believe. It is fashionable to talk of broken hearts and blighted hopes, but it is also fashionable to connect them always with women, and make man the sufferer, not as one who feels, but one who inflicts the pain. This may often be the case—and I am not the apologist for such conduct; but the shade is not all on that side of the picture. Here let us take a seat beneath this oak, and I will fulfil my promise.

"With the history of my early life you are familiar. I was in youth what the world would call romantic. I was particularly fond of poetry, and loved to call up around me scenes of fancy, bright and beautiful as Calypso and her Golden Isle. My excitable fancy had fashioned forth such a being as I could love, one whom I could talk to-and that converse would be poetry and love. In this wise I made the current of my life to flow. Of the real world I knew but little. I did not mingle in its busy, stormy scenes. Thus passed the early days of my existence, and this was my character when the time came at which I was to enter college. I left the home of my infancy for the first time, and entered upon the new, and to me dreaded career of public life. Here all was strange. The lessons I had learned from books must be reread, and the sterner and more practical ones of experience substituted. Of man's character I soon was made the master, in the many exhibitions I saw in the daily walks of life. I soon became, like them, guided by the light of experience, but with woman the case was different. Mingling little with them, I still continued to hold high the standard of female faith. Among the many students entered at Cnone were more universally respected than George Mordant. A sameness of tastes and feelings soon ripened into friendship, and we became firm and constant companions. He was a native of the East, but the illness of an only sister had made a change of climate necessary for her, and he had accompanied her South, and taken up his residence at C-As was anticipated, the change had proved beneficial, but still they had determined to protract their visit for the time necessary for a completion of one term of collegiate life. After repeated invitations from Mordant to accompany him to his house I did so, and was introduced to his sister. Clara Mordant was all the most fastidious could wish for in female perfection. I will not describe her. Need I tell you I loved her. The long-wished for idol had been gained-the dreams had been realized, and I went home that night a new being. I now felt as if the world had been created

dant's. Night after night found me there, drinking in { from the voice and eyes of Clara the untold delights of a first love, and I fancied I was not an unwelcome visitor to her. I thought I could detect the tinge of { color on her cheek at my coming, and the tremor of her voice at my farewell. The repetition of the praised song made me hope, and all the thousand trifles by which the birth of love is heralded, came upon my spirit sweet as the voice of angels. And I yielded to the young hope without distrust—such was my trust in woman. One by one the bright and fairy wishes of my heart would betray themselves to her, and she, all blushing, would consent, and thus the ties that bound me to her were eternally fixed. Thus wore away their sojourn at C---. No word had as yet been spoken, but the eyes had spoken more truly than words to me the love I hoped for. What need of language to picture the poetry of devotion like mine. To me she was all that was pure in character and action. I had mingled but little in the society of females, and looking on them through the medium of an excited fancy, no marvel that I was trusting. But time flew away, and the hour of parting come. I told her all, and she listened. And though no answer came, still to me the silence was eloquent, and as I pressed her hand, and her head rested upon my bosom, I felt the prize was mine. But she departed, and now came the hours of lonesomeness to me-but still I lived on the sweet hope of the fulfilment of my wishes—and how welcome to me the long-looked-for letter! It is true it did not breathe the deep spirit of my burning passion-but it was a letter from Clara. Another, and another-and then came the last. It spoke of brighter prospects for me than the student's sister-told me of the hindrance she feared she would be in the path in which I might be called to act; hinted at a father's displeasure, and a mother's frown, and concluded by bidding me adieu. Oh! the sting of that bitter taunt. The scales fell from my eyes as if by magic, and I saw myself the victim of a coquette. I heard from the lips of all around the arts that had been used to catch me-I heard the story narrated of the bantering jest that led Clara to the trial. My feelings had been sported with, and now I was taunted with a want of discernment. Stung as I was by this want of principle in Clara Mordant, I returned her an answer, bidding her farewell forever.

anew. I saw new beauties in nature, and fairer forms (Disappointed where I had staked all my affectionsin art. From that time I was a constant visitor at Mor- { pained at the conduct of her brother, and heartily tired of a place that constantly reminded me of her, I obtained leave of absence and came here. Here I have tried, but in vain, to forget the scenes of my early life. The memory of Clara Mordant still clings to me. I have joined in the gay and exciting scenes of a college life, but still that dream and that fair face are by my side. They stand beside me in sickness and in health-in the busy walks of days, and the still hours of night-and when they talk to me of youth and beauty, and solicit me to the dance and the song, they little think what a bitter fount they unseal. But now you know all-if wrong, censure me-if not, at least when all the world blames, I will have the consolation of knowing you understand me."

As he ended there was a pause of some minutes, as if each was fearful of disturbing the chain of thought that bound them to the past. Ernest at last spoke in a tone of voice that betrayed his agitation—

"But why do you let the memory of one so unworthy of the ex, deter you from the enjoyment of the society of the true and the good, or do you think them all alike devoid of principle?"

"No, that would be a libel on the sex I do not wish to be guilty of—but I am fearful of again trusting my happiness in the keeping of any woman. That they are all devoid of principle I do not believe."

"Women, certainly," answered his friend, "have a greater amount of pure feeling than men, and where this is, there cannot be a want of correct principle."

"That women in general have purer feelings than men cannot be denied, and of principle, when that principle is not buried in the mass of vanity and false pride introduced through the medium of a perverted education, and the examples of those by whom they are surrounded. This is the rock on which so many are wrecked—and I fear it will be hard to unite me to the world again."

"I will trust to time to heal the breach between you and the sex," said his friend, and rising, they wended their way back to the city.

Years have passed since then, and Frank Harrison has risen high in the esteem of his fellow men, and enjoyed many gifts of honor from the community among which he has fixed his residence. He is still a bachelor—for in Clara Mordant his heart saw the beginning and the end.

TO M. L----

Long years have pass'd since last I met thee, Years dark and dreary to my heart,
Vainly I've striven to forget thee,
But still, alas! how dear thou art;
Though false to vows once deeply plighted,
Though time and distance both divide,
The flame which at thy shrine was lighted,
Burns as when bless'd by thy side.

9*

Though now another's, and my passion
Is scorned by man, condemned by Heaven,
Give me, oh! give me thy compassion,
By thee to sin and woe thus driven.
One tear bestow on him who never
Will hear thee, see thee, loved one, more:
But doomed to love and, weep forever,
Thy loss in secret must deplore.

THE SPECTRE HORSEMAN.

A LEGEND OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY SAMUEL S. FISHER.

On the summit of the far extending range of the Rocky Mountains runs an old Indian path, now frequently used by travellers in passing those lofty barriers which separate the valley of the Mississippi from that of the Columbia.

A few feet south of the highest point in the route, is the brink of a fearful precipice, which extends perpendicularly many hundred feet to a narrow but beautiful valley, traversed throughout its whole extent by a babbling brook. On the bank of this rivulet, between it and the stupendous wall of rock, stand two small mounds or Indian tombs, which are pointed out by the neighboring tribes as the "graves of the guilty lovers:" and in connection with which the following tale is told:

Who was so brave, so beloved by his tribe as "Swift Arrow?" His unconquerable spirit and never erring bow made him dreaded by his enemies; and his beautiful figure and excellence in athletic sports caused him to be almost idolized by his tribe. Many a pretty Indian maid sought by looks and words to give his heart a bias in her favor; but Swift Arrow had his own opinions on the subject, and arrogantly chose for his loved one her, for whom half the young braves of the tribe were languishing away. This one was the loveliest of the lovely. From her grace and activity she was called Ta-le-ka-no-mene, or the "Bounding Fawn," by her companions.

Unluckily, both Swift Arrow and his lady love were afflicted with a terrible fault. This was their ungovernable tempers, which were of such a nature as to lead them to inflict the most deadly revenge for a trifling injury.

"Owaha," or the "Melancholy One," was a young brave of the same tribe, bold as a lion in war, but melancholy and sorrowful in the wigwam; and on this account much shunned by his companions. He had seen the beautiful Bounding Fawn, and loved her passionately, but silently.

When this was discovered by Swift Arrow it aroused all the feelings of his revengeful and jealous nature, and he soon contracted a deep and lasting hatred toward the innocent Owaha. Not that he was in any fear of his proving a successful rival. But because he had presumed to love one upon whom he had placed his affections, did Swift Arrow hate him.

The Bounding Fawn was also angry by his ardent and burning gaze, which followed her wherever she moved; for being naturally of a lively turn of mind, the sadness of his looks displeased her, and she designated him by the contemptuous epithet of the "Crying Boy."

One evening the subject was introduced at a meet- shrieked, for in the pale and livid face the ing of the lovers; and Swift Arrow feeling deeply nized the features of the murdered Owaha.

insulted by the remarks of some of the young braves, who had taunted him on the prospect of Owaha's depriving him of the love of the Bounding Fawn, swore that at the first convenient opportunity, the Melancholy One should fall by his hand.

"And why does Swift Arrow wait for an opportunity? Is he afraid of Owaha that he must waylay him?" asked the Bounding Fawn, with a contemptuous sneer.

"By the Great Spirit he dies!" replied Swift Arrow, stung to the quick by the taunting tone in which the words were uttered.

"Yet," said he, after a moment's pause, "I cannot kill him in open day, for it was but two moons ago that he saved me from the terrible embrace of a panther; and so much ingratitude would disgrace me with the braves."

"Listen, Swift Arrow," answered the proud beauty.
"You will go with him upon to-morrow's hunt—you will pass the mountain precipice—I say no more."

The young brave gave a significant look, showing that he understood the hint so darkly offered, and left the wigwam.

On the following day, Swift Arrow, for the first time, courted the society of Owaha, and accompanied him to the hunt with many demonstrations of friendship.

On the way they passed near the edge of the precipice, and Swift Arrow remembering the hint of the Bounding Fawn, struck the horse of his companion on the flank, with his hunting spear. The animal reared, plunged, and before he could be restrained, dashed over the brink. With a fearful cry horse and rider were hurled into the abyss below!

The body of the murdered Owaha was found at the foot of the precipice, where he had fallen; but no suspicion of the manner of his death arose; and all went on well with the now guilty lovers. The moment was fast approaching when they were to be united in wedlock; in fact they waited but for the return of Swift Arrow from an embassy to a neighboring tribe. It was near midnight when his party at length arrived at the fearful brink on their return home. Here they were astonished to meet the inhabitants of their village flying in terror from an invasion of a hostile tribe.

Swift Arrow soon sought the Bounding Fawn, and stood by her side, near the spot over which Owaha had been so treacherously hurled.

Suddenly she shrieked, and pointed to an approaching figure. It was a horseman clothed in white, mounted upon a steed of the same ghastly hue, coming toward them at a fearful pace. Both shrieked, for in the pale and livid face they recognized the features of the murdered Owsha

backward-slipped-and were gone forever.

ever at the hour of midnight the Spectre Horseman or the wild screech of the owl.

As his fierce charger approached them, they sprang (is seen pursuing two figures to the edge of the precipice, over which they throw themselves with an awful ckward—slipped—and were gone forever. \times \text{pice, over which they throw themselves with an awint}

The Indians who point out the grave, tell you that \times cry, which is responded to by the howl of the wolf,

HERNANDO.

BY JOHN A. STINE.

THE war-worn band lay resting upon the moonlit lea, But darkly musing Cortez stood beneath the mangrove tree:

His folded arms and hearded chin upon his breast repose, And from beneath his frowning brows, each burning eye-ball glows.

He weareth not his burnoose, nor iron burgonette, But the Andalusian turban with its golden tassellette; His mantle on the greensward all negligently lies, And from its folds his gleaming sword looks snake-like in his eves!

His war-worn hand were resting upon the moonlit lea-Of all that band of valiant men, the bravest sure was he-Why watched he-their leader-upon Ayotla's hill? Why keepeth he, by the mangrove tree, his trist so lone and still?

There is a fervid writhing within his spirit's fane, A surging turmoil in his heart, a volcan in his brain! Whose heaving founts of passion, all fearfully uproll A burning deluge of revenge upon his burning soul.

For av! he was a scion of Spain's impetuous breed. And ill could brook, or cross or crook that Fate might have in meed-

And he but yester-morn had led Mexibli's conquering foe; The victor of a hundred fights-the Lord of Mexico!

But Aztec's haughty warriors no stranger lord obey! And at the cost of thousands they crushed his iron sway; And from their golden city they spurn'd his rugged band, As the Ocean casts the rough sea weed upon the rocky strand.

And leaning 'gainst the mangrove upon Ayotla's hill, In sullen mood Hernando keeps his trist so sternly still. Defeat and thwarted longings have set his heart a flame, And he lights a brooded vengeance with the boiling rage of shame.

"Oh! upstart fools and pagans, exult while well ye may, For by my sword this triumph ye yet shall dearly pay! And from this giddy glory I will hurl ye, in my might, As once I hurled your idols from the teocalli's height!

The might which once in horror ye read amid your slain, That might with stormy vengeance ye ay! shall read again! Your dead shall strew my pathway-your homes shall house my braves,

Your gold shall fill my coffers-yourselves shall be my slaves!"

And all unheard or heeded, (for thought had tranc'd his ear)

A stealthy footstep rustled 'mid the bushes bending near-And from the parted branches within the shadow's wall, Stepp'd out into the moonlight an Aztec warrior tall.

A golden fillet gleaming embraced his flowing hair, And save a gem-refulgent scarf his tawny breast was bare-

The bright Apoda's plumage enfring'd his golden zone, And lightly in his grasp he held a dented mace of stone.

A rapid glance of caution around him casteth he, Till he marks the Spanish Chieftain beneath the mangrove

And with his mace uplifted to deal the deadly blow, As fleet as riven lightning he springeth on his foe.

Down like a hissing meteor against the mangrove tree The dented weapon crasheth-but Hernan, where is he !--

Heav'n save thee! Aztec warrier! an iron grasp is round-Thou'rt glancing in the moonlight, and prostrate on the ground!

The Spaniard bendeth o'er thee—his knee is on thy breast— His steel is bright above thee-thou soon shalt feel the

rest! Why waits the lifted poniard? Hath mercy chang'd his

And will he spare thee, Aztec, when thou art here to kill?

will?

In scorn he lowers his weapon, but fury fires his brain, And flashing through the moonlight it darteth up again-And midway it descendeth, and midway it is stay'd, And slowly in its scabbard he sheaths the gleaming blade.

He riseth to the greensward and lifts his prostrate foe And meaningly he pointeth to distant Mexico; "I spare thee, vile assassin," he saith in accents stern, "Go tell thy fated city that Cortez will return!"

The Aztec proudly stalketh adown the moonlit lea, And Hernan 'neath the mangrove resumes his reverie-His war-worn band are slumb'ring, and all around is still-But gloomily he keeps his watch upon Ayotla's hill.

A twelvemonth and the Aztre beneath the Spanisrd falls, And Hernan's banner floateth on Montezuma's halls-Their dead had strew'd his pathway-their city hous'd his hraves.

Their treasures filled his coffers-and for ay! they were his slaves.



HINTS FOR LADY EQUESTRIANS.

NUMBER I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HORSEMANSHIP."

RIDING on horseback has become so fashionable an amusement, of late years, that every lady is now presumed to know something about it. Persons, who have had little opportunity for practice, are frequently deterred from riding, supposing that it will be impossible for them to succeed. But all that is required is some share of confidence, and the following of a few rules, which can be imparted in print, as well as orally: and these we shall now proceed to state. By following these suggestions any lady, with a little practice, will be able to ride not only with safety, but gracefully.

The most desirable height of a lady's saddle-horse is fourteen and a half or fifteen hands, though a variation of half a hand over or under is allowable. He should possess the most beautiful shape and figure, the highest breeding, the best condition, and a good mouth. It is also necessary that he be perfectly well broken to the saddle; and, though his temper should be gentle, he should have a due share of mettle, for nothing can be more unseemly than the application of the whip by a lady.

A horse that stumbles, starts, or shies, should never be mounted by a lady, no matter how well experienced she may be in the art of riding. When it is convenient, a lady should always ride the same horse. By this means the rider and the horse become accustomed to each other's habits, and a mutual confidence springs up, which makes the exercise more pleasant to both.

It is necessary that the saddle should sit easy on the horse's back When the tree is badly shaped, or

by the motion of riding, and he will become so restless as to make the rider insecure in her seat.

The large flap or skirt of the saddle should be soft and pliable, and a large square cloth should be placed underneath, to prevent the habit from coming in contact with the horse's side. The best material for the saddle-cloth is coarse, unbleached linen.

Before the lady mounts, it should be ascertained that the saddle is securely girthed. To render the position of the saddle still safer, a broad sursingle should be passed around it, and a good crupper and foreband should never be omitted.

The bridle should be of fair leather, have double reins, and, under all circumstances, be provided with martingals.

When a lady rides a suitable horse, she will have no occasion to use a whip; but it is, nevertheless, proper that she should carry one.

Before attempting to mount a horse, the rider should satisfy herself that her cap is well secured to the head, and the hair properly adjusted, so that it cannot be disarranged by the motion of riding. When the hat falls from the head, in riding, the horse is very apt to start, or even run away; and should it be prevented from falling to the ground by means of the fastening under the chin, the action of the rider in endeavoring to replace it, is almost certain to alarm the horse. The hair too, by being carelessly dressed, is apt to fall over the face, and prove a source of great annovance.

Generally it is safer and better for a lady to mount from a stile, or other similar structure, than to subject the pad illy constructed, the horse's back will chafe her escort to the unpleasant task of elevating her by

the feet, from the ground. When the mounting is to take place from a stile, the rider should previously place herself upon it, holding her skirt in such a manner as to enable her to seat herself with the greatest possible ease. The escort should lead her horse to the side of the stile-the near side of the animal approaching as closely as the nature of the ground will permit. The saddle being brought to the side of the lady, and the reins placed in her right hand, she throws herself into the saddle, the escort meanwhile holding the horse by the bit, to prevent him from prematurely starting. The assistant now places the lady's left foot in the stirrup; and she, by pressing her right hand upon the off crotch of the pommel, and her left foot upon the stirrup, elevates her body sufficiently to enable herself, or her attendant to arrange the skirt of her habit in its proper position.

When mounting is to be made from the ground, the process is difficult; and if the lady be not expert at it, the gentleman will have trouble in elevating her to the saddle. Mounting from the ground should not be practised when it can be avoided; but as it sometimes is the only feasible method, the following directions \ will be found useful.

The lady having gracefully gathered up the skirt of her habit, approaches the horse, when the groom gathers the reins with his left hand, smoothly and evenly, the bit-reins between and somewhat tighter than the bridoon, properly dividing them with his forefinger. The lady receives them a little more forward than the point of the horse's shoulder, with her right hand, which still retains and passes the whip over the saddle to the off side. On taking the bridle in this manner, her forefinger is placed between the reins; the groom removes his hand, and the lady draws hers back, suffering the reins to glide gently and evenly through her fingers, until she reaches the near crotch of the pommel, which she seizes with } her right hand, still holding the whip and reins, and places herself close to the near side of the saddle, the forefinger, and the thumb is placed upon them with her back turned almost toward it. The groom that their ends fall down in front of the knuckles.

now quits his former post, and prepares to assist her in mounting. The horse being thus left under the lady's government, it is proper that, in passing her hand through the reins, she should not have suffered them to become so loose as to prevent her, when her hand is on the pointel, from having a light but steady bearing on the bit, and thus keeping the horse to his position during the action of mounting. The groom then joins his hands by interlocking the fingers, and stoops for the lady to place her left foot in them. After placing her foot firmly in the groom's hands, the lady lays her left hand on his right shoulder, and straightening her left knee, she bears her weight on her assistant's hands, which he gradually raises (bringing himself erect at the same time) until she is seated on the saddle. During her elevation, she steadies, and even (if necessary) partly assists herself toward the saddle by her hands, one of which, it will be recollected, is placed on the pommel, and the other on her assistant's shoulder. It is important that she should keep her foot firm, and her knee steady. If these directions be attended to, she will find herself raised to her saddle, with but trifling exertion either to herself or to her assistant.

Having reached the saddle, while her face is turned to the near side of the horse, and before she places her knee over the pommel, the assistant puts the lady's left foot in the stirrup, while she removes her hand from the near to the off crotch of the pommel, preparatory to elevating her body to have her riding habit adjusted properly.

The reins are to be held in the left hand. Some ladies separate them by the third and fourth fingers: others by one of these fingers only; and many by the fourth and little fingers, but the greater number use the latter alone for this purpose, passing the off or right rein over it, and bringing the near or left rein up beneath it. The reins are carried, flat upon each other, up through the hand, near the middle joint of the forefinger, and the thumb is placed upon them, so

THE STARS.

BY C. C. VAN ZANDT.

In the azure arch of Heaven Stars are keeping watch to-night, Fleecy clouds, by light winds driven, Sailing on their silvery light; And I think, as far in ether I behold the moon's great shield, They are flowers the angels wreath her Culled from earth's deserted field.

Flowers that once have loved to linger In the world of human love, Touched by death's decaying finger For a better life above:

Oh! ye stars! ye rays of glory! Gem lights in the glittering dome! Could ye not relate a story Of the spirits gathered home?

Ye have seen life's wearied sailor Sink beneath the storm-ploughed main, Do your beams grow never paler? Are not dews the tears ye rain? When my dearest hopes are broken, And my world in darkness lies, Still shine o'er me as a token Of the land beyond the skies.



EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT.

March.—Blessings on the spring-time! At the very prospect of its coming the blood leaps in our veins, and we almost fancy we hear the voice of the bob-o-link, or smell the first wild flowers in the wood. Oh! for "a beaker full of the warm South." There is something in the bursting grass, the returning birds, the fragrant earth turned up by the ploughman, that makes the soul drunk, as it were, with joy. We write on one of those warm, delicious days, dropped in the lap of winter, when the balmy air that comes and goes in gushes through the open casement, seems redolent of orange-groves. Welcome, welcome to the spring-time!

March, with its blustering skies, and rivers swollen with melted snows, comes in, the herald of this glorious season. The skater's heel no longer rings on the ice; the sleighbells are heard no more across the moonlit landscape; but the hail patters against the casement, the wind roars fascely by, and the torrent is heard thundering on its course all through the hours of night. As the month advances, the snows disappear from the hill-sides, and in warm meadows the grass begins to spring greenly. The birds are heard returning, the crocus blooms, the willows show their silver buds, and, day by day, the near presence of spring, like that of one we love, is felt, though as yet unseen.

It was in March, that our English ancestors kept the festival of Palm Sunday, in commemoration of our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem; and it is still the custom, in Great Britain, to ornament country-houses with the silvery buds of the willow. The Roman Catholic Church, in the United States, still keeps up the festival of Palm Sunday, when worshippers crowd the churches bearing green branches. Easter, too, frequently falls in March.

"Oh! Spring, dear Spring, thou more dost bring
Than birds, or bees, or flowers—
The good old time, the holy prime
Of Easter's solemn hours;
Prayers offered up, and anthems rung
Beneath the grey-church towers."

Thomas Millar, the basket-maker, an enthusiast in woods and fields, rapturously describes the effect of the first days of March upon him when a boy. He says:-"With what delight did we hail the first appearance of the pearl-like buds of the willow-they told us that spring was near at hand; the sun also came to throw his light upon them two hours earlier than he did a few weeks ago, and in the budding hedges we had already discovered the sky-stained eggs of the hedge-sparrow. Well can we remember the woods where we gathered the first primroses, and which were soon to be green with lilies of the valley. What a refreshing smell there was about the earth we dug up to get at the moss-covered roots of those early primroses, for they were the first treasures which we transplanted to our little gardens, where, day by day, they lost that beautiful bloom which they only bear in the solitude of the wildwood. The sounds of youthful voices seem in accordance with the opening of this happy season, as they fall at intervals upon the ear, filling up the pauses which occur between the singing of the blackbird or the thrush, and wafting pleasant memories to the wanderer, telling him that enger eyes are already watching the opening beauties of the flowers.

"Although the trees are leafless, there is something about a mild, sunny day at the close of March which tells us that all the out-of-door world is alive-that the very air which seemed so silent in winter now murmurs with life, while a thousand insects are dancing about overhead, as if rejoicing that the time of flowers is so near at hand. The winding roads have on such days a dry, warm, summer look, and you can scarcely peer under any hedge without discovering on the sunlit bank the silent progress that spring is making; for here and there the starry celandine has thrown open its golden-rayed flower, and the furze hung out its burning blossoms, which shoot up like a thousand flames from a green chandelier. Now the first bee comes blundering abroad, and running his black head against everything, as if not yet thoroughly awake. You wonder where he has hidden himself all the long winter, for you see at a glance that he belongs to no hive, but has his home somewhere in the neighboring wood. What a summer sound his booming gives to the air; depend upon it he knows where the bravest primroses and sweetest violets blow; but he has gone to ransack yonder furzebush, and will soon be busy rifling the yellow blossoms;

While the ploughman, near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land."

A WORD TO READERS .- The present number, we think, will not derogate a whit from the reputation of our magazine, in either embellishments or letter-press; but will rather increase it. "The Caliph's Daughter" is, beyond comparison, a prettier embellishment than any in our three dollar cotemporaries for March. "Prayer" is one of those exquisite creations of the artist's pencil which fix themselves in the memory and live there forever. The story by Clara Moreton is of thrilling interest. "Palaces and Prisons," by our condittor, Mrs Stephens, bids fair to be her chef d'ouvre : and has already created such an impression, that we receive almost daily letters from those interested in the fate of the little strawberry girl. We give, in this number, another hitherto unpublished poem by the late Willis Gaylord Clark, furnished us by one of his oldest friends. Our fair readers will thank us, we know, for the "Hints for Lady Equestrians," and for our "Horticultural Department," and will be glad to learn that we shall continue these two subjects throughout the year, or till they are exhausted. In a word, we shall endeavor to render the Ladies' National so complete a boudoir companion that every female of taste in the country will come to regard it as indispensable. The low price—only one dollar and twenty-five cents in clubs of eight—places it within the reach of all.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rhymes of Travel. By J. Bayard Taylor. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam.

This young poet, favorably known by his "Views Afoot," is rapidly rising to eminence. The present is his first volume of collected poems, and evinces talent of a very high order. Among the best of the poems are the "Ode to Shelley," and a few stanzas written from Italy. He adds to the mere intellectual faculties, an elasticity

of spirit, apparently the result of robust health, which gives many of his poems a glow and spring exceedingly fascinating. The ballads of California forcibly illustrate this. Take, for instance, this fine poem—

THE FIGHT OF PASSO DEL MAR.

Gusty and raw was the morning, A fog hung over the sens, And its gray skirts, rolling inland, Were torn by the mountain trees; No sound was heard, but the dashing Of waves on the sandy bar, When Pable of San Diego Rode down to the Passo del Mar.

The pescador, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees like a white thread the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fail!

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows,
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang, as the sec-winds
Drove cold on the Passo del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Corral,
Had travelled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him—
Good reason had he to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzy road.
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
Were stippery and wet as he rode;
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Passo del Mar.

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely, And "back!" shouted Pablo, in wrath; As his mule hatted, startled and shrinking, On the perilous line of the path! The roar of devouring surges Came up from the breakers' hoarse war; And "back, or you perish!" cried Bernal, "I turn not on Passo del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland; He clutched at the jingling rein, When Pablo rose up in his saddle And smote till he dropped it again A wild onth of passion swore Bernal, And brandished his dagger, still red, While flercely stout Pablo leaned forward, And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought, till the black wall below them Shone red through the misty blast; Stout Pablo then struck, leaning further, The broad breast of Bernal at last. And, frenzied with pain, the swort herdsman Closed round him with terrible clasp, And jerked him, despite of his struggles, Down from the mule, in his grasp.

They grappled with desperate madness
On the slippery edge of the wall;
They swayed on the brink, and together
Reeled out to the rush of the fall!
A cry of the wildest death-anguish
Rang faint through the mist afar,
And the riderless mule yent homeward
From the fight of the Passo del Mar!

The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol. Cambridge: George Nichols.

This beautiful poem is founded on the legend of the Holy Grail, the cup in which the Saviour poured the wine when he instituted the Last Supper. According to the romances of the Round Table, it had been carried into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and kept there, for many generations, until lost through the wickedness of his descendants. From that time it became an object of search to the Knights of King Arthur; but only one succeeded, for it required that the finder should be chaste in thought, word and deed. Lowell supposes his hero, Sir Launfal, to be about setting forth in search of the Grail; but, prior to departing, he dreams. The vision it is the purpose of the poem to narrate.

The Knight, in this vision, beholds himself arrayed in golden armor, leaving the gate of his castle. Just as he crosses the drawbridge, his eye lights on a poor leper, sitting there begging. At this loathsome sight, the dainty nature of Sir Launfal revolts, so that when he flings down a piece of gold, he looks another way. The leper, however, refuses the coin thus tendered, declaring that the poor man's crust, if accompanied by his blessing, is better than gold given from a mere sense of duty, and without any love or charity for the succored. Then the vision changes. Years have passed, and the Knight returns old and poor, after disasters among Paynins and vain expeditions in Christian lands, and returns without the long sought and ardently expected Holy Grail. The winter wind roars wild around the bare heath in front of the castle-the icy hait freezes on the gray hairs of the Knight -but a new heir is in the house, the rightful owner is forgotten, and the warder shuts the door in the face of the tattered and travel-worn soldier. Again he knocks. Merrily the fire-light flashes up within, casting its ruddy glare far over the black landscape, and making the cold more intense to those without; yet still no one opens, but, with a mocking laugh, the Knight is turned a second time from his threshold. Suddenly he spies, sitting there in the cold, the same leper he had scorned many a long year before. But the Knight is changed from what he was then, both in heart and estate, so he sits down on the snow by the sufferer, and taking his solitary bit of brown bread from his scrip, divides it, and gives half to the leper. He takes his cup, too, and going to a neighboring stream, breaks the ice, and draws water for his fellow beggar. All at once a light floods Heaven and earth, and his companion rises up, no longer a loathsome leper, but radiant with a beauty not of this earth: and his words fall with bewildering music on the ears of the Knight, as he says, that, in this bit of bread shared from his destitution, in the cup of water drawn from the icy river, is the true Holy Grail: and, with these words, the speaker vanishes, and the Knight wakes, knowing new why none but the pure in heart can find the immaculate cup.

This beautiful story is told in poetry as exquisite. Some of the descriptive passages are equal to anything which Lowell has ever written. The picture of the castle, standing in the summer landscape, "like an outpost of winter, dull and gray," is very graphic. The following passage is also fine.

"Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak, From the snow five thousand summers old; On open wold and hill-top bleak. It had gathered all the cold; And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's check; It carried a shiver everywhere. From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare; The little brook heard it and built a roof 'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof; All night by the white stars' frosty gleams

He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Stender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trin the stars;
He sculptured every Summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-cryyt,
Long, sparkling ansies of steel-stenamed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-feru leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of Henven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them quickly with diamond drops,
Which crystilled the beams of moon and sun,
And in ide a star of every one:
No mortal builder's in strare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths seriese through the Summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Hud been minicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost."

Here, too, is a picture full of fancy.

"Within the hall are song and laughter,
The checks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbet and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennous droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift thite troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the sost-forest's taugled darks
Like herds of startled deer."

The effect of the vision on the mind of the young Knight, is told in the following concluding portion of the poem.

"The eastle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is over;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
Sho entered with him in disguise.
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Laundal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."

Poetry like this, which makes us better men, is such poetry as Milton thought of, when he said that no person could be a good poet until first a good man. We shall ever honor Milton for those words.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

WE present our readers, this month, with a plate of early spring fashions, containing costumes for children as well as for adults.

Fig. 1—A Lad's Costume, consisting of a jacket of velvet, made single-breasted, and without a collar; trowsers of striped kersymere and gaiters

Fig. II.—A CHILD's Costume, consisting of a coat of tartan, cut tight to the chest, and trimmed with a frill on the bosom. This coat falls to the knee, with leggins to match.

FIG. III.—A WALKING COSTUME, consisting of a dress of silk, trimmed with six scalloped flounces, finished with fringe, the corsage high and tight, the sleeves finished with a ruffled cap; a silk mantilla, trimmed with two rows of black French luce, put on full; a bonnet of silk, round in the face, trimmed on the inside with bows of ribbon, and ornamented outside with flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS - There are no changes yet made in the fashion of dresses. Plain tight sleeves; high coranges; trimmings down the front of the dress, &c. &c., continue to be in vogue. We may notice, however, as new and elegant, a cap for a sleeve, of a bias piece, put in the shoulder in three box plaits on the top of the arm, trimmed up the middle of the plaits with small buttons, and finished around the bottom with fringe: this cap, as well as entirely plain ones, being made to stand out from the sleeve For a plain cap of thick material a bias fold of satin is a rich trimming. A Jenny Lind spencer made generally of knotted Swiss mull, high in the neck, with tight back and front, very much like a coat dress: it is confined at the waist by a belt, or else by a ribbon run through a piece by inserting, and finished with a ruffle: the neck is trimmed with inserting, with ribbon passed through it, and edging, like the stand-uppers now in wear. This is particularly pretty with low necked dresses.

Scarfs will generally take the place of mantillas, visites, &c., a change we record with pleasure, as the scarf is one of the most graceful articles of female wear. There are some superb cashmere ones, which have already made their appearance on warm days: these, however, are too light in general for the early spring, a richer velvet one being more suitable for the season.

A PRETTY AND NEW COSTUME for an evening soirce is made of a robe of rich amber-colored satin, trimmed with a deep flounce of Honiton lace at the bottom of the skirt. Front trimming, consisting of a festion of the same lace, gathered up at each side and fastened by a bow of amber-colored satin ribbon with long flowing ends; the flounce and festion are each headed by a puffing of satin ribbon. A low corsage and short sleeves, the corsage surmounted by a berthe of Honiton lace, and the sleeves trimmed with the same lace turned up. The berthe is gathered up on each shoulder, and fastened by a bow of amber-colored satin ribbon. A round cap of Honiton lace, trimmed with cerise-colored velvet and velvet berries. Short white kid gloves, and a large hand-bouquet. White satin shoes.

ANOTHER, for a ball, is made of a petiticost of white satin, under a short tunic dress of blue satin. The dress open at each side, and closed by four bows of blue satin ribbon. The corsage low and plain, open in front in the stomacher form, and fastened by bows of blue satin ribbon; the under-corsage of white silk. Above the blue corsage is a full lace chemisette. Over the short sleeve of white siffety there is a blue satin epaulette, with bows of blue ribbon on the shoulder. Demi-long white kid gloves; and a large fan mounted on mother-o'-pearl, inlaid with gold, and ornamented with pastoral paintings. The front hair in waved bandesux, and the back hair plaited. Across the forehead a wreath of flowers. White satin shoes.

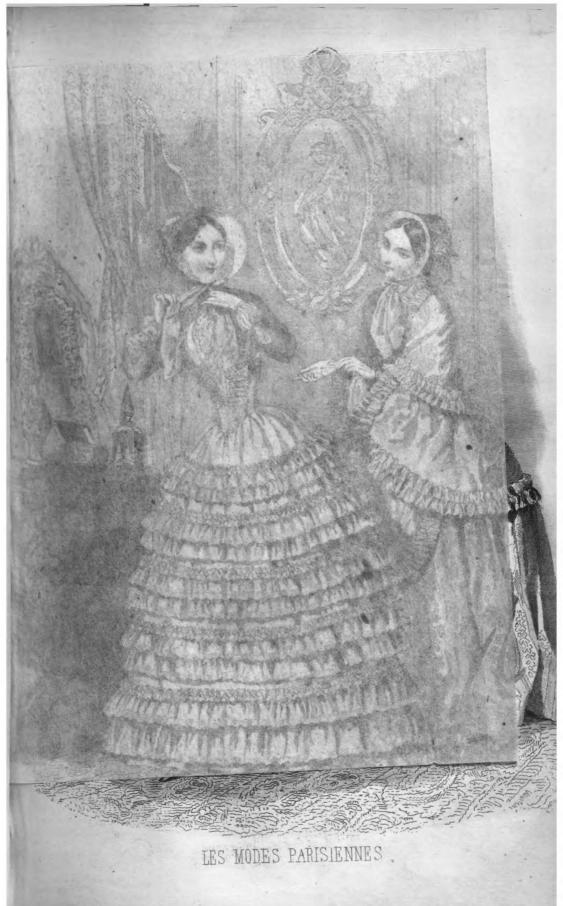
HEAD-DRESSES.—Two very elegant ones are as follows. First.—The huir turned back in the centre of the forehead, and bandeaux on each side of the face. Demi-turban of crimson and gold, having on one side an end finished with gold fringe; on the opposite side a plume of white feathers. Second.—The back hair arranged in small twists, and fastened with an ornamental comb at the back part of the head; the front hair arranged in one thick rouleau, above which is a wreath of roses with foliage.

In our April number—which will appear early in March—we shall give full accounts of the fashions for that and the ensuing months.



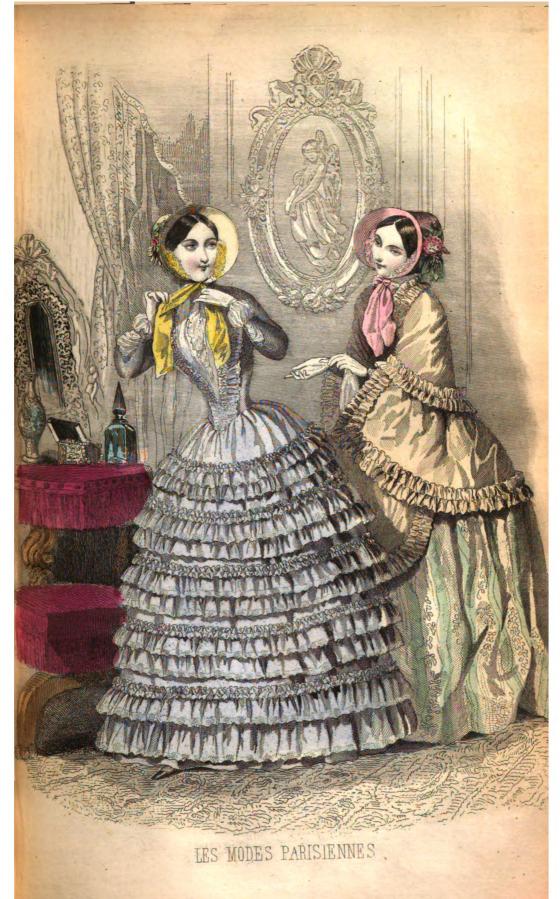


. Vinita



Digitized by Google





Digitized by Google



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1849.

No. 4.

THE OPEN HAND.

BY A. J. WHITTAKER.

"How wonderful the common street, Its tumult and its throng, The hurrying of the thousand feet That bear life's cares along."

"For the love of Heaven, good friend, a penny," said a feeble beggar, one bitter night, to a wealthy merchant in Chestnut street. But the proud man, wrapping his rich mantle about him, turned scornfully away: and the beggar passed on.

You would scarcely have noticed the scene, yet there was in it a whole history of life: the calm, unfeeling coldness of an inhuman apathy, and the great agony of a breaking heart. The one went to his lordly home, where music and gladness, and the bright faces of his happy children were around the hearth-stone: the other tottered along with trembling steps to the wretched hovel, where his pale-faced wife awaited his return. The light flashed forth from the rich man's mansion; but the beggar's home was desolate.

Follow now and tell me which of the two was blessed above the other; the one in his wealth, or the other in his rags!

Through the whole of that weary night, did the beggar and his wife sit musing over the past, and looking for some light in the future. Above, around them, on all sides they beheld nothing but the gloom which no ray might penetrate; nothing but the impenetrable obscurity which is ever resting upon the wretched and the outcast. For God knows, God knows if we do not, that at all times, even at this moment, in many a desolate home, by many a cheerless hearth, there are strong men bowed beneath the weight of an overwhelming despair; trembling women, pining away in their great despondency; and bright-eyed little children growing pale and ghastly from the want of bread!

God knows, God knows, that even upon our neighbors and our friends, possibly upon the one next door, there is resting the cold, relentless hand of poverty, that poverty of which we can form no true conception, until we shall find ourselves bending like them over the last dead ember, and famishing like them for food.

Vol. XV.-10

God knows that in the crowded city thousands die and are buried without an epitaph, whose path through life was one of sorrow, who struggled ou, and struggled on, bravely perhaps and cheerfully, and yet never came up from the darkness about them, but died of a weary heart.

Could we but enter into the homes so near us; go. like the angels, into every haunt of wo and grief, and touch the lips of the wretched ones gathered there, what tales of agony should we hear. One would tell us sweet dreams of his sinless boyhood; tell us how he started in life, all gladly and gaily, and with no fear of the unknown future; how, for a time, the breeze was fair, and the sky blue, and the ocean calm, and with his flag thrown out upon the gale, he sped along bravely and rapidly, until his voyage was nearly over, when, just as he caught sight of the desired port; saw its temples and spires glittering in the sunlight; heard the music of the harp, and the voices of the singers wasted from its streets-just as the last billow was bearing him in upon its bosom to his destined anchorage-just then, just then, alas! alas! the storm came down and the billow dashed him back, and the rudder gave way, and his gallant vessel was carried out again, all crushed and broken, a thousand leagues into the angry sea. He would tell us, perhaps, how that storm passed by, and the sun shone out as brightly as before, and the sea became calm again, and that once more with the blue sky above him he sped along toward the haven. But again the storm came down, and again, and again, until at length his brave and beautiful barque was thrown high up upon the rocky reef, and left, a solitary hulk, to moulder in the sun.

Another would tell his tale of love. How the sweet being whom he worshipped, the idol to which his yearning heart gave homage, loved him and blessed him for many a long and pleasant year; but that before long her cheek grew pale, and her eye dim; and that now his only solace in life is to go at the twilight hour, and bending above the grave where she lies sleeping in death, hold communion with her spirit, and pray to meet her again in the silent land.

Still another, an old and feeble man leaning upon his staff, would tell, perhaps, the saddest tale of all—that of a boyhood unblessed, of a manhood wasted, of an old age comfortless and wretched. He would tell that from his youth up, as the days and weeks and months passed slowly on, the gloom had deepened, and the guiding star gone out, and that now he was only waiting God's good time that he might depart and be at rest.

Such suffering ones are all around us. Such tales of wo have come so often to our ears that—God forgive us—we pass them by unheeded, and leave the starving to their untold agony, even as the rich man did.

Through the whole of that long and dreary night, as we have said, the beggar and his wife sat musing thoughtfully, sometimes cheering each other with words of hope, then again giving away to tears; at one time lured into forgetfulness of the sorrow, at another, utterly desolate as the full sense of their situation burst upon them. A vision of the past came over them, and in its light they looked again upon the pleasant memories of old, and heard again the love-legends of their native valley. Once more the woodbine wreathed the cottage window, and through its leaves the checkered light stole gently in upon their home of joy. Once more the rose was shedding around its rich fragrance, and the meek lily bowed in the summer breeze; and as the lily bowed without, and the light stole calmly in, they heard the prattle of their child, and were blessed.

But suddenly, amid their dreams, there came a ghastly phantom form—the spectre of their present and most woful poverty. How it followed and haunted and cursed them, peering into their very faces, driving the warm blood back again to their hearts, reminding them that the cottage was deserted, and the window broken in, and the wood-bine blasted, and the rose withered, and the lily trodden down, and their sweet babe lying cold and lonely in its little grave.

Thus passed the solitary vigil—and as the gray light came stealing through the casement, the beggar starting up imprinted a kiss upon the pale brow of his wife, and went hastily forth into the silent street, with the spirit of a stern resolve upon him.

Come now, with me to the home of the man who had so scornfully refused him a pittance in the hour of his extreme necessity. Come sit by the fireside and see the red light flash back from the polished dens of the poor furniture; look upon all the gorgeous appliances of thousands look up wealth and ease; listen to the sweet music, breathe the perfume flung out from unseen censers, behold THE OPEN HAND.

all that unbounded wealth can purchase—then judge whether, with all his gold, God's blessing rested upon that proud and heartless man.

The next morning his magnificent coach bore him away to his counting-room. As he passed down the busy street, he caught sight for a moment of a man clothed in rags, yet knew not that it was the very one he had spurned from him the night before. Again, as he stood at his desk, that form went by the window—and again, and again, until at length it became a familiar sight to see that same forsaken, sorrowful man go past to his humble, daily toil. Before long the merchant could perceive that his rags had given place to better clothing, and his look of sorrow changed to one of joy and thankfulness—yet all the while he knew not the friendless beggar.

Meantime a change had taken place in his own fortunes. Silently, but surely day after day his wealth was leaving him. His ships were lost at sea—the banks failed—his speculations were unfortunate, and ruin looked him in the face. The curse had come!

Years passed away, when one winter night, but a few weeks since, a beggar stood again at the door of that proud dwelling, and was admitted, and clothed, and fed, and rendered comfortable. By some strange magic a most wonderful change had been wrought. The door which for so long a time had been closed to every form of human want; which had a thousand times denied admittance to the wretched and the outcast, was now thrown open to welcome and assist them. They were greeted warmly and cheerfully, and the best robes were put upon them, and every desponding man, and sad woman, and forsaken little child, as they crossed the threshold, prayed for a benison upon that house and its occupant.

The miserable man who now stood there asking alms had stood there before, but not as a suppliant; had looked around upon the lofty walls a thousand times, but not with his present tearful gaze. He was once the owner of that stately mansion, within which he now so humbly bent for bread: and the man to whom his urgent appeal was made, was the very man from whom in the day of his prosperity he had turned so carelessly away. Their circumstances had changed. God's blessing had gone forth with him whom men would not assist. God's curse attended him who left his fellow man to die.

And thus it is forever. Say what we will, deny it as we please, the blessing of God does rest upon the charitable: the curse of God does follow the unfeeling. The bond of brotherhood may not be broken.

So Heaven help us, now and ever, to bear the burdens of the poor—and do it joyfully. For so shall thousands look up from their wretchedness, and thank God for the angels he has sent—the cheerful heart—The Open Hand.

EVENING.

The day has set, the night comes on, And in the Western sky, A single star shines out, a lamp Before God's altar high. How like a Summer day is life!
And when old age has come,
May we, with those we love, await
Calmly the summons home.

C. A.

FLIRTS AND FLIRTING.

BY JEREMY SHORT.

"Alas, what perils do environ The man that meddles with cold iron."

In the old times, Oliver, when we were both which were as numerous as the Forty-Thieves. He younger, neither of us would have thought it a compliment to be told that we knew nothing, even theoretically, of flirting. Nineteen is an age when boys believe themselves of more importance than they do when men; and, if I remember aright, we each fancied then that ladies' hearts, at least toward us, were even softer than the down upon our chins. We now think our heads were softest of all; but that, as Toots says, "is of no consequence in the least."

Have you forgot our friend Joe, who used to get us to write verses to his lady-love? We practised sonnetizing on her, as little girls learn nursing with wax-dolls. She thought the poems were her admirer's, and we thought them ours; but I fancy they belonged chiefly to Byron or Tom Moore. Joe is a staid divine now, profoundly versed in the Westminster catechism, and would scarcely thank me for recalling these reminiscences: nor should I have dared to allude to them, but that I know he is too fond of the brown stout of polemics, ever to indulge in the champagne of light literature. "Heaven bless each man's appetite," as Sancho Panza says. I shall always like Joe, especially as he preaches better sermons than he wrote poems. When you and I are still only editors, or at best ticketed in the directory as gentlemen, he will be a Professor at least, or-"clarum et venerabile nomen"-a Doctor of Divinity.

We three formed the trio, as it was called-the wheel within the wheel of our set-for the rest were what stock-brokers would dignify as "outsiders." We all fancied ourselves lady-killers, and you and Joe really were; but as half a score of us courted in a drove-to keep up our courage, I suppose-each appropriated to himself the sly glances shot at you That was a sort of communism in flattery, which has made you a conservative ever since. Ah! how we used to ogle the school girls at Mrs. -God bless the dear creatures-I wonder what has become of them. All married, I dare say. I doubt if we would know them now. Last week I met a lady, and, pon my soul, I thought it Emily B-—, till I saw three children following clamorously behind, like young Canada geese after a file leader. I knew then that it could not be she, for the Emily of my memory is still sixteen, and fresh as a moss-rose bud blowing

Do you remember Harry Vavasour? He used to say he knew all about flirting: from the first ogle to the last squeeze of the hand, the a and the izzard of love-making. He was a tall, handsome man, and has since become a lawyer of eminence; but at that

sang; played; painted; wrote poetry; waltzed "divinely," as the girls said; was the best belles-lettres scholar of his set; and could talk German, French, and Italian, or, for all I know, half the languages before the flood. At our symposiums his jokes kept the table in a roar. Among ladies he had the conversation all his own way, that is if he chose to exert himself; for no mere dandy can play the cavalier like a man of sense, after all. Whiskers, stays, and tailors can do much, but not everything. Women, who are not fools themselves, want something more than pomatum in a lover's head.

But, with all his advantages, Harry had one drawback-and that was worse than the seven plagues of Egypt-he was poor. Now, to be poor in this country, is like being a galley slave in France. It is lese majesta-the highest crime known to the laws. In Boston a man's talents can do much, and in Philadelphia his birth can do more, but in New York, and throughout the country generally, money is the Aladdin's lamp for us all. A poor man is no man-he is a fillius nullius, as the law has it—a sort of lusus naturæ, good for nothing under Heaven:-a fellow to be elbowed in the streets, sent to jail for being houseless, and avoided in churches as if he had the plague. A poor man cannot wear a shabby coat lest his creditors should pounce on him as trout on a scarlet bait. A poor man cannot eat enough at a dinner party lest people should think he gets nothing at home. A poor man cannot borrow money without raising a rumor that he is about to break. Men have died howling on the wheel because they were too poor to prove their innocence-others from the same cause have starved in squalid huts, and been cast out like dogs with a few shovelsful of earth upon them. Why, for comfort in this world, I would rather be the worst of villians, than a poor man. And, to crown all, the old proverb tells the truth when it says, "a fool for luck and a poor man for children!" Ah! this poverty is no joking matter, and when I see some men reposing on beds of down who have not a cent for the storm-drenched outcust who knocks at their door, I thank God, with the old Irish beggar woman, that there is such a parable as Dives and Lazarus, to warm the hearts of the poor. But I forgot-I began to tell a story.

Harry was twenty-five before he fell in love: for young lawyers have usually enough to do to keep off duns and blue devils, without thinking of matrimony. Meantime, like many a clever fellow in the same category, he took to flirting, not, he said, flirting of a time he was chiefly known for his accomplishments, { serious kind, but harmless affaires du caur, or rather

triendships, flavored by a little bit of love like punch? speak. And Harry resolved to do it. But, going two with lemon peel. But at last he me his fate. She was a glorious creature—was Kate Wentworth—with one of those bright sunshiny faces, that conjure care away as if by magic; a voice like the sound of a fountain by moonlight; and a hand and foot that revealed, better than any pedigree could have done, the high blood of her race. When she walked, she seemed to float as Circe in one of Flaxman's illustrations:-by-the-bye, Flaxman was a greater man than Canova. I must not forget one quality she had, and that was a fortune. Harry, however, had determined to win her if he could, before he knew this, and trust to luck for a maintenance; for all men reason very prettily against love in a cottage, till they lose their hearts, and then invariably act like fools. There was only one thing in his way-Miss Wentworth was a flirt.

There is no use in disguising it, she was a flirt, and a desperate one. But then she could not help it. It was all because her name was Kate. I never knew a girl of that name who was not more or less of a coquette; and I would recommend it to the serious attention of the clergy, whether they ought to baptize children with such a fatal cognomen. But Kate justined her coquetry, by saying the gentlemen were only after her fortune. She had heard of Harry, and what a terrible flirt he was; and had resolved he should fall in love with her, in order that she might reject him, and thus make him a sort of expiatory sacrifice for the sins of his whole sex. Harry, meantime, had come to the same conclusion. But, as Hudibras moralizes-

> Alas! what perils do environ The man that meddles with cold iron."

In a word, it was not long before both Kate and Harry were, to use a homely but good old Saxon phrase, "over head and ears in love." Yet each believed the other to be only flirting. Kate, resolute to dismiss her admirer before he dismissed her, was held back from doing it as yet by a sort of fascination she felt in his society. As for Harry he knew not what to do. Now he resolved to throw himself at her feet, only he feared she would laugh at him: now he vowed to leave the country, to shut himself up like a hermit, to do anything rather than continue his visits; for happy as he was when with her, and allured to her side in spite of himself as a moth to a candle, he knew his passion "grew by what it fed on," and that he was only laying up for himself "much store of sorrow." Had there been such a refuge then as California is now, for poor lawyers and despairing lovers, he would have gone off to make his fortune, and try to forget her; but, as it was, he could only starve on, consoling himself that he did it secundum artem—that is in a good coataccording to the usages of civilized society.

Things had proceeded thus for several months, when Kate determined to leave town for her usual summer trip; but, this time, Europe instead of Saratoga was her destination. She did not know it herself, but a secret desire to bring Harry to the point, had not a little to do with her whim of a July jaunt to Paris. She felt convinced that now, if ever, he would blown into the air. In this terrible calamity she acted

or three times to see her, without finding her tete-atete, time slipped away, till the last week of her stay came round, and his love was still untold. At this crisis he was called to Boston on imperative business. He hurried back, but the boat was delayed by a fog in the Sound, so that he lost two days; and when he reached home, it was the very evening before Kate was to leave. All this time she had been in suspense. She knew nothing of Harry's absence in New England, and attributed his not calling to design. "He was flirting after all," she said, angry at herself for having, for a moment, hoped otherwise-"if ever he gives me a chance, I'll have my revenge." She had scarcely said this, standing in the parlor, when she heard a well known step: and, full of indignant feelings, she stopped the footman in the hall, and told him to deny her. Harry was thunderstruck. "Engaged," he said, "surely she will see me-take in my name." Unfortunately Kate overheard all this, and misconstrued the words: they only told his anxiety, but she thought they expressed his assurance; and, more indignant than ever, she repeated her denial. Harry turned away, perplexed and offended; "if she loved me," he reasoned, "she would have taken care not to be engaged on this last evening." Half a square off, he looked back, and saw a rival enter the door. And now his doubts changed to certainty, his chagrin to rage. "She has jilted me, by the gods," he exclaimed, "fool that I was not to foresee it!"

The next day Kate sailed for Europe. Almost as soon as her denial had been repeated, she repented That night, she shed bitter tears over her hasty conduct, for her other visitor had casually mentioned Harry's absence, and his return only that day. Once she thought of sending Harry a note, but maiden delicacy forbade this. Never, until now, had she known how much she loved. And Harry-what of him? His affection scorned, his vanity humbled, his bright dream of happiness blasted: he could not, for some days, find any relief for his agitated mind. "That I should not have known all this; that I could believe any woman was sincere," he bitterly exclaimed. But soon his mood changed. In spite of her scorn he adored Kate still; and often would implore her, as if present, to return his affection. Sometimes he almost persuaded himself that she loved him; for he remembered looks, tones and words that could imply nothing

"There must surely have been some mistake," he argued, "in the denial: she took me for another. But no," he would add, "she heard my name." Then pride would regain the ascendency, and he would register a vow to forget her. Harry had but one resource amid all this; a distant relative died, and left him a competence. But what was wealth to happiness?

It was the fatal year of 1840, when the dykes of credit were broken down, and ruin, like a great flood, came in and overwhelmed the land. Suddenly Kate's trustee, though believed to be a millionaire, failed; and her whole fortune went, like a whiff of smoke

courageously. Less than a year after she had gone abroad, she returned, and at once resolved to become a governess, in order to earn her livelihood. "I will not be dependent on any one," she said. In that little twelvemonth, Kate had suffered much, and with suffering came improvement. "I have, perhaps, flung away the richest boon of life," she said, "and by a single hasty message; but I can still find happiness in doing my duty:-I will go through the daily tasks of my hard vocation without a murmur, content to see others blessed though I can never be so myself; and when grown plain and old and my early prosperity is forgotten by the world, none will fancy I ever could have awakened love." But she shed tears, at this thought, in spite of her attempted resignation. Already her reverse of fortune had driven away her acquaintances, for none would visit a governess; and her heart grew sick when she thought of her hopeless and desolate future.

This was the time to prove the purity of Harry's love; and it rang out like true metal. The moment he heard of Kate's misfortune, that moment he forgot everything in sympathy. He pictured her toiling, day after day, in her thankless vocation, tyrannized over by parents, insulted by the children, placed on a par with menials. Or he imagined her, driven to seek a livelihood by the needle, sitting up far into the night, in order to earn the barest necessaries of life. "I will seek her again," he said; "but I will not speak of love: I will only offer my sympathy in silence: it would be insult to presume on her poverty with my suit, unless she has an affection for me, and that will soon betray itself." And then, at the possibility of such a thing, what blissful visions possessed his imagination! But, brightest of all, was the reflection that he could restore her to wealth.

Kate sat, one evening, sewing, and entirely alone; but the tears were falling fast on her work. She had, that morning, called on a lady who wished a governess—a lady who, in better days, had vainly striven to get into Kate's set—and the supercilious air with which the parvenu had treated her, had convinced Kate that her lot was to be even harder than she had fancied. As no other opportunity presented itself, Kate had resolved to accept the place, though the salary was miserably small, and she knew not how she could make it suffice for her wants. She was low-spirited that evening, and felt utterly deserted —what wonder the tears dropped fast!

Suddenly the door-bell rang, and she heard a well known voice inquiring for her. She had scarcely time to remove the traces of her weeping, when Harry entered, of all persons the one she least expected to see. Her heart beat fast, and she felt the blood flushing to her very forehead. But, through all her embarrassment, she showed her happiness involuntarily indeed, but in a manner that was unmistakeable, and that made Harry's pulse flutter. His hand trembled to hers, as Kate's fingers touched his: and then they sat down on the sofa.

But, in a little while, this mutual embarrassment wore off, though a consciousness remained, at least on Kate's part, that sent the blushes over her cheek continually, like the flushes of the Aurora Borealis.

Harry made no allusion to her change of fortune, though there was an increased respect in his tone: a delicacy of conduct which Kate appreciated, almost to tears. They were soon talking as they used to in former times, until each became animated. The conversation turned on the female characters of Shakspeare, and in discussing this fine subject, Harry's face grew eloquent with enthusiasm. Kate listened breathlessly: her eye kindling, her cheek glowing; for it was long since she had met such thorough intellectual sympathy.

"And who do you like best?" she said, at a pause. "Rosalind!"

"Why not Beatrice?"

"You would say Beatrice was more witty, that is why you ask. Well—perhaps she is—but Rosalind has more delicacy of character, as well as more ingenuousness. One never hears Beatrice speak, without feeling that she wants heart; while Rosalind is all heart. Beatrice is not so sprightly as Rosalind either. In the latter there exists that exquisite compound of intellect, grace, and affection that makes up my bean ideal of a true woman. One sees that Beatrice is a flirt, and is proud to find Rosalind could never trifle in that way. One feels that Rosalind would die for one she loved; but one doubts it very much of Beatrice."

"He means me when he speaks of flirting." sighed Kate to herself. But she said aloud, though her voice shook a little.

"Would not any woman, who truly loved, give her life for that of the beloved object?"

"Would they?"

"I think they would," said she, in a low voice, looking down.

"Would you?"

Kate's hand lay on her lap, and that of Harry was close to it: as he asked this question, he took the fingers in his, perhaps pressed them; we will not venture to say positively, however; for he never afterward remembered exactly what he did. Few men do.

Kate hesitated, trembled violently, and her cheek was pale and red, red and pale by turns. At last she raised her eyes—those eyes so eloquent of soul—and regarded Harry for an instant. That half reproachful look answered him in the affirmative.

"Kate, dear Kate, only say you could love me so," whispered Harry, drawing her gently toward him. "To me you have always been in real life what Rosalind is in poetry."

She burst into tears, while her head fell unresistingly upon his bosom; and he knew that he was beloved.

"And do you think I resemble Rosalind?" said Kate at last, amid crimson blushes, after everything had been explained. "Have you never thought me a flirt like Beatrice?"

"I'm afraid we have both been sad flirts," said Harry, "but we'll be so no longer—will we? No, you are not Beatrice, but Rosalind, my Rosalind."

"All intellect, grace, and affection," said Kate, smiling gaily through happy tears: "is not that the phrase? Oh! deceiver—I do believe, after all, it is your flattery which has won me."

are as happy a couple as the world can show. By a the place. They attribute their perfect felicity to lucky chance Kate has recovered part of her fortune, their mutual sincerity, and say that, even before marso that they have even more than what Joe would call a sufficiency of this world's goods." They live in a pretty cottage, a short drive from town: any one And, to tell the truth, so do I too, Oliver.

Harry and Kate have been married for years, and (familiar with the roads about Philadelphia, knows

AN APRIL PICTURE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

THE April rain falls gently, Like tears from a maiden's eyes, And the floating clouds glide lightly Over the azure skies; And the soft, South wind is breathing New hope to the budding vine, As it reacheth out its tendrils More trustingly to twine. Oh! I love the gentle April rain, Which rests like stars where the dew has lain.

In the East, a rainbow spreadeth In promise of watchful love-A bright and beautiful banner That fairies might have wove, With rays of gold and of purple-With the emerald's flashing light-With the pure and stainless sapphire, The ruby glowing bright. But we know the hand that placed it there; And a type of love is the rainbow fair.

From the grass so lowly waving The violet lifteth its head; And the pale and meek young crocus Peeps from its Winter bed, And over the latticed trellice The "virgin bower" doth creep, While down amidst the moss and leaves The hare-bell lies asleep. The robin chirps from the trembling spray, And the brown wren sings his sweetest iny.

Oh! I love the gentle April, With her soft and balmy sighs, Though her smiles are oft-times tearful, There's hope in her carnest eyes. And sweet indeed is the lesson The grieving may learn alway, Forever the weeping April Is followed by joyous May. She weaveth flowers for her sister's tomb, And in song and sunshine forgets her gloom.

THE LAST THOUGHTS OF A YEAR.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

CLOSE up, old Time, this page of life For me, like all my years; Write much of triumph, much of strife, Some smiles, and many tears; Write sadly down, while angel eyes Are on the record cast That this year leaves me, as it dies, No better than the last.

No fault I had is weaned away However much I willed, No word of pride have I to say, No hope have I fulfilled; No sun will rise to-morrow morn Unknown a year ago, Nor promise with the year be born That I shall ever know.

Still time has been a blank to me That might have been a prize, Still dull and drowsy lethargy Has bound my hands and eyes; Seeing the good I yet have done, The useless and the ill, And pause, with every goal unwon, To hate my weakness still.

Not yet have I discerned my place Amid my human kind. Been welcomed by a kindly face, Nor left my grief behind. No step toward the far-off goal Of glory have I trod, Nor learned one lesson of the soul From Nature or from God.

Farewell the hope! 'Tis time to draw The curtaining veil ande, Bow down my neck to fortune's law And cast away my pride; 'Tis time to wait and watch no more When passing years go by, And stand upon Time's wasting shore In silence till I die.

LUCY DALE.

BY JANE GAY.

"A voice from the spirit-land, A voice from the silent tomb."

AYE, there thou art shining on me again, bright morning star, soft and beautiful as a spirit-eye from the home of the departed! Long in the coming dawn have I watched for thee, bright orb, as a fondly cherished link betwixt my cold, earth-bound heart and Heaven; for the memory of one deeply enshrined on my youth's warm tablets, but early passed away, is associated with thee, until another heart too has grown cold, and the light of another eye has gone out forever.

I am thinking of my childhood, and of thee, sweet Lucy Dale, for they were linked together in the closest companionship! I am thinking of the village school-house among the rocks, and the bright red columbines overhanging the cliffs—and of the dear old butter-nut tree, under the shade of which we had our rustic table through the long summer months spread with the leaf-cups and paper-napkins! And I am thinking too of the hand so readily profiered whenever thy frailer companion faltered in the rough ascent to our favorite nooning-place, and am wondering much why the frail and sickly should survive the blooming and beautiful.

Years have gone by, and others gather the flowers to deck our rock-table of old—for thou art gone from me, and I am no longer a child. A bright sun was darkened in the blue sky of my youth when thou wert removed, and I could weep even now, but you pure star, thine own associating symbol is looking softly upon me, and whispering, "the light shall again be restored," and my faith grows stronger and holier when I think of the morning dawn upon the grave.

A warm, gushing, happy heart was Lucy Dale'sa heart that gladdened all around like the blessed sunshine of Heaven. There was ever a smile playing round her pretty dimpled mouth, and a sparkling in ber jet black eye that told of an overflowing fountain of joy within. How well I loved that beautiful girl! She was but a few months my senior, and we were constant and untiring playmates through the long and happy years of childhood. Stronger and more vigorous by far than myself, I clung to her for support until we had grown together like two young plants, whose tendrils are interwoven so firmly that strong hands alone can sever them. We were scarcely apart for a single day—we roamed the hills and meadows for flowers, gathered berries, and picked up nuts, and every season had its charm, and every day its pleasures! Our patch-work quilts were the rame star-pattern-our samplers wrought in the same colors, and we were a constant source of annoyance to our teacher, lest she should forget to write the same copy in our copy-book.

Our first separation was when I went away to school, when Lucy was sixteen, and I nearly of the same age. But the year that elapsed before my first vacation, soon slipped away; and I found myself one day returning home. The sun was just setting as the old stage-coach drove merrity through the streets of my native village, and I was soon in my parents' arms. After the first happy half hour had passed, my thoughts turned to my old schoolmates, but especially to my bosom-friend. "Where is Lucy Dale?" I asked. "Coming," said my little sister, who was standing at the window. I sprang to the door, and we were locked in each other's arms, mingling our tears together.

A long time did we lie awake that night weeping over the changes which one brief year had wrought, and revealing to one another every event, however trifling in our own personal history. Lucy, weeping, informed me of the health of her father. She told me of the long hours of watching by his bedside in the first attack of his illness, and how fondly she had hoped and trusted in his perfect restoration when that fearful fever was over; of the pleasant days they had spent during his convalescence, journeying from place to place, until the chill breezes of autumn warned him back to his chamber; and then they dreamed of no more than a temporary confinement, until his lungs should have gained sufficient strength to cope with the rigor of the season. "But you know," she added, "consumption ever takes its victims by stealth, and he went from us just at the season when we had looked forward to see him again going forth to enjoy the warm sunshine of the world."

I could hear the half stifled sobs of the poor girl, long after she had ceased speaking of her father, and seeking to divert her thoughts from so sad a theme, began to inquire after all our old school-friends. "And where is Edward Clare, Lucy?" inquired I. "Does he still maintain his early preference? I was afraid he would steal you all away from me, in my absence. Tell me true now, Lucy, for I am exceedingly jealous."

"You need not fear that any one will supplant you, dear Jane, for our love is tried and true; but I have longed to reveal to you a secret, and have only waited for an interview—for I could not write it. To-night our meeting was so sad I have felt no heart to speak of it, but since you have introduced the subject, I will speak frankly as ever." Then followed in low whispered tones the story of her first, pure, ardent love, and engagement to Edward Clare. "And you will like Edward better now than you used to—for my sake will you not, dear Jenny?" said the loving girl,

after she had revealed her whole heart's history. have always wondered why you and he should think so little of each other, and I so much of you both! But you will like one another better now, I know."

"Yes, I will try, Lucy," said I, "but you and Edward are so unlike, I never could account for the interest you have manifested in each other, but with much sincerity I wish you nothing but joy.'

Edward Clare was the youngest son of a respectable, but highly ambitious family, whose pride somewhat over-reached their income. He was a young man of fine talents, and rather prepossessing in his looks and manners-but there was in his disposition a kind of cold-hearted selfishness that had ever rendered him repulsive to me. I had long observed his boyish predilection for Lucy, and it was of him I had bantered her at our last visit at the old "nooning place," in the grove near the school-house, the day before my departure to school. He had now gone from home to enter upon studies preparatory to a profession: and Lucy told me it was at their last interview that he had asked and obtained her father's permission to their engagement; and that her parent, in his dying hours, had expressed the satisfaction it gave him to feel that he left Lucy not wholly uncared for and alone.

Colonel Dale's property was left in an unsettled state—his illness for so long a period having caused { a serious interruption in his business matters, and he was looking forward to more favorable health when he should settle and arrange everything, at the time when he was so unexpectedly removed. It was a mere pittance that was left for his widow and child when the "law had taken its course," and I looked on Lucy and wondered at her continued cheerfulness when I learned that her beautiful home was to pass into the hands of strangers-but never a shadow was on her brow, save when the image of her father came over her mind, and then the warm tears fell fast to a memory so deeply and devotedly cherished. As my vacation was drawing to a close, I began to feel the deepest solicitude to know what her plans were for the coming year, but shrank from inquiries, lest I might jar some tender chord in the bosom of my friend. At length as we were sitting one evening discoursing of my return to school, she spoke freely of the change in her prospects, and unfolded to me her determinations for the future.

"It will probably be some time before Edward can complete his studies, and gain a competence for our support," said she, "and I am determined accordingly to apprentice myself to a milliner for a year. I can then return here, and not only make myself useful to my friends, but also gain an independent livelihood, and be far happier than to live as a dependant on the bounty of any one. And now, dear Jenny, what do you think of my resolution?" said the heroic girl, after calmly explaining her plan. "I am afraid you are not pleased, you look so grave-but I am determined to do something for myself. My stepmother will return to her own friends: they have generously offered me a home, but I cannot be dependant on those who have never loved me. You alone know

reveal it even to my father, though it was evident from his gentleness and constant care for me, that he knew I had no mother."

"And how does Edward like the idea of your learning a trade, Lucy?" I asked. "You have probably consulted him since you are engaged?"

"At first he would not consent, wishing me to return to school, and make my home, at vacations, with his family. His sister has been urging me to comply, and said she would go with us too-but I feel a year at school now would not only consume the mere trifle my father left me, but also unfit me in a measure for the personal exertion I may be required to make. To day I have received a letter from Edward, giving his free consent for me to act as I deem best, and, therefore, I now confide to you my plans: but you have not told me yet how you regard them!"

"They are not as I would have them, Lucy-if it were in my power to better them-but since we must be separated, I can think of none that would please me better than your's. If you go to B--- we shall still be near, and, whenever you have leisure, you can come and share our little room with me again, for I found it lonely enough after you left it last year."

I returned to my school, and in a few weeks Lucy arrived, and began her self-denying labors as shopgirl. We did not meet as often as I had anticipated, for the poor girl's hours of leisure were now fewer than my own; and I was allowed to go out but once in a week. Sometimes, however, she would come after the fatigues of the week were over, and share my pillow for a Saturday night; and I soon found she had many cares and perplexities unlooked for in her new situation. Many who had known and courted the society of the beautiful and only daughter of Col. Dale, would turn a cold glance upon his young orphan, for no other reason than "she was a milliner's girl." But for this the heroic girl thought little, and cared less: yet when the rude stare of strangers was directed toward her, or she heard the murmured "pity-she must have seen better days," then her young cheek crimsoned with a deeper glow, and her heart throbbed heavier with a sense of its own sorrow. -

I could perceive that the months which were passing so fleetly and happity with me, with her wore heavily away, although her brow still had its accustomed sunshine-and she never complained. "Edward is coming to-morrow!" said she, one evening, "and I am going home with him for a few days! Oh! I shall breathe free once more, and shall be so happy-so happy!"

He came, and I could scarce recognize an acquaintance in the fine, noble-looking young gentleman whom Lucy presented as our old school friend, Edward Clare! Nearly two years had passed since we had met, and the late youth had put on the form and features, yea, and the beauty too, of manhood. I could not forbear whispering to Lucy, "how handsome he has grown," and she cast on him such a look of pride and affection as I shall never forget. They urged me to accompany them home for a few daysbut as my term was drawing to its close, I declined. As the unkindness I have received, for I would not they drove away, I exclaimed, "Lucy will be happy!"

The next spring found me at home again: my school days over, and Lucy too had hired her own chamber, and hung out a little sign of "Millinery," beside the same window over which she had trained the woodbine and rose before a shadow had dimmed her pathway. We were now much together again, though Lucy was indefatigable in her labors, and seldom went abroad; yet nearly every afternoon found me, with my book or work, treading the old familiar path to "Lucy's." I read to her while she worked, and strove by every method in my power to beguile her from loneliness, and make her forget the changes of the past in the bright hopes of the future. Expecting friends to spend the warm weeks of summer with me, I entreated her to leave her work and enjoy the time with us in seeking health and recreation.

"My customers have been very kind," said she; "I must not disappoint them. There can be no gain, Jenny, without some self-denial. Your friendship has made me forgetful of confinement, this summer; and judging from our present appearances you have been the greater sufferer, for I am strong and vigorous, while you are pale and drooping. I hope a little rambling in green fields, with gay company, may add bloom to your cheeks; not the deep red of mine, Jenny, for you know I am not partial to red roses; but like better the delicate blush, or the pure white."

This was said with an affectation of gaiety: and it was in vain I urged her, even for a few days, from her new and weary labors. My friends came, and the day before their return to the city, it was agreed we should have a pic-nic down the river on the Hemlock Bank. After much urging, Lucy had consented to accompany us; and who should arrive in the village the evening previous but Edward Clare. Nothing could have been more fortunate: and among the whole happy group that thronged the grove that day -the gavest, the happiest of all, seemed Lucy Dale! Every eye was directed toward her and her lover, for his attentions to her could not be mistaken; and every voice save one pronounced her the queen of the day, and that one I afterward heard reply to a stranger who inquired her out, "she is only our village milliner!" We tied a crown of wild flowers around her head in token of our preference, and most gracefully did she wear the rustic honor amid whispers of admi-

The next evening I was alone. My friends had left me, and at an early hour I saw Edward and Lucy approaching. It is useless to detail the well-remembered words of that evening! They are registered on my heart, and will ever remain there as a mournful memorial of a false one's perfidy! It is enough that he told they would be married as soon as he had fixed upon a locality—having already completed the studies of his profession. I could not but rejoice with them, so perfect seemed their felicity—so cloudless their anticipations! Alas, how little thought I then man's love was so like the winter's sunshine—fitful, though often so dazzling—the offspring of circumstance—a thing that changes! The lesson was soon to be learned—but let me not anticipate!

Clare remained in the village but a few days, then repaired to a large sea-port town in an adjoining

state and commenced the practice of law, and every week brought tidings of success, to one heart at least, on which it fell like sunshine. Customers began to be neglected, and those not specially informed soon were whispering, "we were on the point of losing our young milliner."

As I was to leave home to spend a portion of the winter, the arrangements for a wedding on Lucy's next birth-day were all made and disclosed to me as bridesmaid elect, lest I should prolong my visit too late for "the preparation days." I was absent until spring, and latterly, to my surprise, heard nothing from Lucy.

To one of my first inquiries on returning home, I was told "nothing had occurred." Lucy was still at her own hired room, but probably much engaged. I was not satisfied, and tying on my hat and shawl again, in a moment was standing at the door of her chamber, and striving to lift the accustomed latch, but in vain-it was locked. I listened, and heard a slight rustling, and then said aloud, "Lucy, it is no one but me!" In a moment the latch was lifted and the door was opened, but instead of the confusion of preparation I had expected, nothing but an open writing-desk was visible on the table, from which she had apparently just risen. The welcome seemed even more affectionate than usual; but I had never seen her so pale before, and traces of tears were ou her cheeks.

"Oh! Lucy! What has happened to make you forget me so long?" said I, after the first salutation was over; but I checked myself, observing a troubled expression gathering over her sweet face!

She drew a low stool by my side, and clasping my hand in her's, said-"I will tell you truly, Jane; I have been waiting to hear from Edward. It is a long time since I have had a letter, and yet I know not as I ought to blame him much he is so busy! In his last letter he complained of want of leisure: and because he wrote little, I sometimes fancy he is changed and cold-yet I know it cannot be. He is noble and generous, but must struggle with circumstances, and would not acquaint me with every trial in his professional pathway. But see," said she, extending her hand to the table, "I have written him a long letter of comfort and encouragement. I would not be behind him in devotion or self-sacrifice; and as the day fixed for our union is near at hand, I have urged him to postpone it for a season, if it be likely to add another care to his burden. Stern necessity alone will make him yield to the proposition, for it was his own chosen time, this birth-day: but we shall soon hear from him now."

"And are your preparations nearly completed?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, almost entirely! I have beguiled the hours of these long winter evenings, so they have really seemed short, until these last few weeks which have been so lonely; but now you are come, I shall banish all the gloomy thoughts that have haunted me, and robbed me of rest." And as she spoke, her cheek was lit up with a glow as bright as when we parted. She laid one and another specimen of her labors before me, and when all were examined and

re-placed, she took a bundle from her drawer, and laying it in my hand, added, "this only remains to be done; I have waited for you." I opened it—a dress-pattern of the purest blonde, and the bridal veil were its contents.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Have you been to the city, Lucy?"

"Oh! no! Edward sent them soon after you left. I have scarce looked on them until you should come, and now, perhaps, I shall not need them," added she, and the color grew faint on her cheek again: and she put them away with a mournful expression. I strove to cheer her—and it needed but a word, her own pure, trusting spirit having stronger confidence in the fidelity of Edward Clare than mine, for I had felt—I know not why, from the first expression of his neglect, strange misgivings—though for the world I would not have told her.

"I believe Edward intends to give us a surprise," said Lucy, next morning, after calling in vain at the office for a letter. "He will certainly be here now very soon and everything will be explained. I should not wonder if he came this very day, in the evening stage!"

"Perhaps so!" I added—for how could I express my real sentiments to the fondly, confiding girl—but my spirit was boiling with resentment, and I could scarce repress the outbursting of my indignation. The wedding dresses served to occupy our attention in a measure for the ensuing week; and my little sister was sent regularly to the office every mail to see if there were letters for Lucy or me—but day after day passed, and the one most engerly expected came not; and I observed sometimes in the first moment of disappointment a tear trembling in her dark eye, but it seemed a momentary sorrow, for at other times she was happy and cheerful.

A beautiful spring morning was that birth-day morning of Lucy Dale's! Buds were bursting in rich profusion, loading the air with incense; green leaves were springing from every deserted bough, gladdening the lonely forest, and the wild violet looked humbly up again from its home by the way-side. No clouds were on the blue Heavens above us, but darkness and gloom were resting upon our hearts—for never a message—not a word had been heard from Edward Clare. Fortunately few knew of the anticipated event on that day: none indeed save the family of Clare and ourselves. Lucy was thus spared the trying inquisitiveness of friends, and suffered to bear alone and in peace the deep and mysterious trial.

Few were the words spoken by us through the long hours of that day, for well I knew it was too late to seek to beguile her from fancies which had ripened into dark realities! My tears fell like raindrops, but no stone was ever calmer than she. "We shall know the worst," said she, at length; "I will try to wait with patience!" She took her guitar from its old hiding-place and attempted to play; her fingers ran tremblingly over the strings, but a chord was broken, and she cast it aside with a deep sigh. "Thou art like me, poor harp," said she, "neglected and broken—go back to thy resting-place."

Toward evening, the sister of Clare came in with an open letter in her hand, and a look indicating the sorest agitation.

"Is Edward sick?" said Lucy, starting up with sudden energy. "Tell me quick!" She made no reply, but placing the letter in my hand, exclaimed,

"Cruel, wicked Edward!" and burst into tears.

I thought I was prepared for any event, but when I read in his own hand-writing the intelligence of his marriage to a wealthy heiress, and his weak, cowardly apology for his treatment of Lucy, I could restrain my feelings no longer—and crushing the letter under my feet, exclaimed, "sordid villain," what else in my wrath I cannot tell. Lucy arose, took up the ill-fated letter, and with more spirit than I had ever seen her manifest before, said in rather a severe tone—

"Speak not those words again, Jane—they are false!" and then seated herself calmly to its perusal. I watched her closely, but not a muscle moved as she read and re-read the death of her fondest hopes.

"Blame him not," said she, at length, "for I will not blame him! It is a bitter struggle he has already encountered—it is enough! We were both poor—he thought not, perhaps, how much a faithful heart might accomplish. May the one he has chosen love him as I have loved him, and he will be happy. He has asked my forgiveness—I will write it to-night; yes, on this very birth-day night, which he himself chose for our bridal, will I tell him that Lucy Dale, for the love she has borne him, will forgive him all!"

"Nay, nay, it cannot be," interrupted his sister. "You have been too deeply wronged, Lucy, to submit thus. My father says he will never forgive him—that you shall henceforth be as one of us, and Edward shall be an outcast, for he has brought sorrow and shame upon us."

"Mary, Mary, it shall never be that evil or sorrow shall come to Edward Clare, for the sake of one who has worshipped him with the strongest of human idolatry! Mine be the suffering—for I too have been guilty."

We felt that remonstrance would be useless, for well we knew though gentle as the most gentle creature on earth, Lucy was not one to swerve from her purpose—and we gazed on her pale but tearless face as she sat calmly down to her holy task, with the awe we would gaze on a martyr pressing triumphantly on toward the fatal stake. Ye who measure strength by endurance call not woman weak: but look to the heart that writeth forgiveness for all its wrongs, and tell me if there be any strength that equals it!

Not long after, in the holy quiet of the Sabbath, Lucy Dale was kneeling before the consecrating altar, and none who witnessed the peaceful and Heavenly expression of her countenance at that time, could doubt that the lonely orphan laid thereon an acceptable offering. A holier flame than earthly love had been illumined on the heart's sacred altar-stone: and there, far down in the spirit's secret depths, was light and peace. I felt she was fast ripening for an angel, and wept though I scarce knew why.

The summer wore away as usual: Lucy inbored unweariedly, always cheerful, and few suspected that

a worm was at the root sapping the fountain of life: though her voice was softer and fainter than usual, and her footsteps fell lighter amid the flowers. But as autumn approached the flush on her cheek grew brighter, and the low, hollow cough fell sadly on our ears like the death-knell of the beautiful, and warned us that her days were fast numbering, though I dreamed not then she would fall with the earliest leaf. Many a kind friend now offered a home to Lucy; and the mother too came back to the child and was freely forgiven for every neglect—but all could not win our loved one back from the "gate of the grave." The freed spirit seeketh not its chain!

Little more remains to be told. Those who have watched the progress of consumption know well how many and deceptive its aspects—how life sometimes lingers on like a lamp when the oil is wasted, burning feeble and more feeble until with a sudden brightness it expires—and at others it dissolves suddenly like the extinguishing of a taper with a breath—none can tell from whence!

It was a sweet moonlight evening in early autumn, and Lucy and myself were seated side by side again in her little chamber. Her easy-chair had been drawn to the window that she might watch the sunset, and we had lingered there until the stars were all in their places, and the full moon was shedding its silvery rays upon the dark elm leaves, which as yet wore no mark of decay. We spoke of every event of our lives from earliest childhood, when we were accustomed to linger out on such an evening as this, to count the stars as fast as they peeped from their hiding-places, that we might tell how many there were to the darker events of later years, and among them we were able to number many which had resulted as unsatisfactory as our first project of numbering the stars.

After a time Lucy's mother, who had now the entire charge of her, came in to prepare her for rest, and I arose to depart, but Lucy whispered, "stay with me to-night, Jenny. I feel so well, and it seems like old times!"

I consented on condition I might be allowed to perform the office of nurse, which was readily acceded, and after giving some slight directions for the night, her mother left us to ourselves.

"It looks a little more like a sick room now," said Lucy, after I had dropped the curtains and lit up the nurse lamp, "although I scarce feel like its occupant to-night. I have many things to say, and know not when we shall have another such opportunity as the present, for I am quite sure my life is fast wasting away, though I suffer so little except from restlessness."

I begged her to cast away such gloomy thoughts, for I was sure she was better, her appearance that evening having inspired me with fresh hopes. "Do not be deceived, Jane," added she, cheerfully. "It is not a gloomy thought to me that I am on the verge of another being—for I know we shall live again! Far down through the dim chambers of death I see a light, and it beckons me onward—that beacon of immortality!"

Many a joyful word of hope came from her lips

that night, though mournful seemed they then from one so young and lovely. At last she proceeded—"I have one more request to make of you, dear Jenny, and will do it to-night. You have often told me you could never forgive Edward Clare—never feel as a friend toward him—but will you not for my sake, if not for his own, treat him kindly should you ever meet him again? Will you not speak to him as sister, and tell him once more from me I forgave him all, and hope to meet him again? Tell him I die happy! Can you—will you do all this for my sake, Jane? Promise me!"

"Anything for your sake, dear Lucy. I will even be a friend to Edward Clare, if possible, though my heart rises in rebellion."

"Thank you—thank you," added she, pressing my hand which she was holding to her lips. "It is the last request I make, save to be buried beside my father! Good night! Now I can sleep."

She sank into a peaceful slumber soft as an infant's, but her words had affected me too deeply for repose. For a long time I lay stifling my sobs lest I might disturb her, then crept cautiously from the couch and gazed out in the still midnight hour, that my heart too might grow calm as the night. I returned and seated myself by her bedside, and until day-dawn watched her slumbering features with an intensity that stamped them indelibly upon my memory.

Oh! how beautiful she looked as she lay there still a dweller of earth, though the immortal spirit was beaming brightly through its mortal veil, and lighting up those snowy features with the ideal beauty which the artist loves to cast on the pictured brow of angels!

She awoke at length, and seeing me by her side, said—"is it morning? I have had such a pleasant night—no cough. But why are you not sleeping—it is yet dark?"

"I would give you some nourishment," added I, evasively, "but you slept so sweetly I ventured to wait."

"Thank you," replied taking the beverage— "but is it near day-break?" I lifted the curtain that she might look out on the Eastern horizon glowing with the first tinge of red.

"It is beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Raise me up that I may watch another day break! Oh! Jenny, do you remembered one morning, years ago, when you used the prophetic words—'that mournful shadows were resting on our homes.' The result proved they were all on mine—but they have passed away now. Look—there comes up my talisman again, but I never saw it so bright and beautiful before! You will remember me when you see it, and think that I too faded in the morning like my chosen star."

As she ceased speaking, her pallid cheek brightened for a moment, and her clear, dark eyes kindled with an unwonted lustre as she fixed them again on the silvery planet! Long was that gaze—long, long, alas, too long—too fixed and earnest. I spoke to her, but she seemed wholly absorbed, and turned not her eyes from that morning star! An indefinite fear stole over me, I knew not why, and, taking her hand in mine, I spoke her name again in tremulous accents. Still she heeded me not, and the hand was icy cold which I clasped shuddering in mine. I ran to the door of an adjoining room and called hastily for her mother, and in a moment more we were standing side by side in the presence of the dead!

Nearly five years had passed, and I had never seen Edward Clare, consequently never violated or fulfilled the promise made to my dying friend. Yesterday seeing a carriage stop in front of our house and a gentleman alight, I looked, and in a moment recognized the features of the man, for whom of all on earth, I still felt the greatest abhorrence. My first impulse was to avoid seeing him, but that last request rang still in my ears, and, gathering new resolution. I went steadily to the door to meet him. It was a pale, haggard looking man that stood before me, wearing the lineaments of Clare, but so changed I could scarce deem it possible! He took the hand so unexpectedly extended to him with an earnestness that almost startled me, and I led him to the same seat he had occupied on that last evening he had spent there with Lucy. Some minutes elapsed before either of us spoke, and when at length I gathered strength to ask him of his wanderings and fortune since he had left us-he bowed his head upon his hand, and his pale cheek grew paler, and he wept with convulsive earnestness. After a little silence he spoke.

"A fearful change is on me, Jane; I am a man no longer! From the moment they told me Lucy Dale was an angel in Heaven, all the projects which an overmastering ambition had framed—all the lofty aspirings of my young and comparatively sinless years vanished forever. And when they told me her dying love and saint-like forgiveness, my haughty spirit was crushed. Like Cain, I felt that the Almighty had branded me murderer! Vainly did my innocent wife strive to arouse me from the gloomy spell that was on me by the most endearing caresses, and the fondest devotion. It would not do. Stung with remorse as

I was, her very presence grew loathsome to me, and I longed to be free. My guilty spirit shrunk beneath the calm and holy glance of affection, for I fancied it was reading the secret of my degradation, and words of reproach at length fell like leaden drops, wounding too deeply another spirit that loved me. My health was evidently deranged, and change of scene was recommended as an antidote for too close confinement. Gladly did I avail myself of this plea to become a wanderer.

"Months and years have passed. I have roamed through lands that the ardent imagination of youth has often clad in rainbow romance—but the reality had no charm, and wherever I went I carried with me a restless yearning of heart—an unceasing desire to visit once more my native village and the grave of Lucy Dale. It is for this I have re-crossed the ocean and come hither, otherwise I would have made my grave in a strange land, and none have learned my destiny!"

He then conversed awhile calmly, inquiring every particular of the last hours of Lucy: and the sun was lowering in the West when he rose to take leave. Pity had supplanted indignation within my heart, and I urged him to remain until morning, that his exhausted frame might take repose, but he steadfastly refused, saying he had a watch to keep. He departed, and from my chamber window I saw him enter the grave-yard. There in the evening twilight a lonely figure might have been seen bending mournfully over a marble tablet: and there too in the still hush of midnight, that same form was kneeling on the sod, and mingling his tears with the dews of night!

I too have spent the night in lone and sorrowing vigils—but in the dim, gray twilight a light has arisen whispering, "peace." Now mayest thou do thy worst, oh, death! Lay thy cold, skeleton hands upon us, and cover us with the shadows of the dark valley—we know that our morning star has arisen, and will never again go down in night!

VISIONARY SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

ı.

A BRIGHT intelligence—a spirit cast
In a fair mould, as beautiful as thought
When with celestial visions wholly fraught,
Before my eyes, like plumage, swiftly past.
I knew it was too beautiful to last,
It was so like to that departed one,
Who often comes between me and the sun,
Whose grave-thrown shadow darkens all the East.
It came—it vanished! "Stay, oh, lovely shade,"
My voice exclaimed, "nor fly away so fast—
Spak! though thy tones be mourful as the blast
That wails in Winter." But no sign it made,
Nor even whispered, but with solemn mien
It melted mutely—and no more was seen.

II.

That there are sceptic souls, who hear with scorn How some hold voiceless commune with the dead Without one charm or incantation said,
To summon them from their "returnless bourn,"
I know full well. Alas! that I forlorn
Have clearer insight. Would that I were blind
And wore a veil material on my mind;
Then should I not at midnight long for morn.
Wakeful, yet dreaming of my burled friends,
Till faces dear and forms familiar glide
Before my couch or cluster at my side;
And one, much-loved, in pensive fondness bends
A moment and then mingles with the air,
Deaf to my sigh and heedless of my prayer.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

NO. III. APRIL.

BY MRS. MARY V. SMITH.

In the pleasure-ground and shrubbery, half-hardy shrubs are generally planted at this season. If they have been kept in pots, the ball of earth about the roots should be broken, and the roots carefully spread out before they are covered with earth, which should be to the depth of only from two to four inches, according to the soil; the greatest depth being necessary in the lightest soil. The Provence, white, and moss roses should now have their young shoots shortened to three or four buds; but the hybrid Provence roses should have five or six buds left; and the hybrid China, the Bourbon, and the Scotch roses, if intended for planting against a post, or a wooden frame, should have only the tips of their shoots taken off. The evergreen roses should be left at their full length; for if they are cut in they will produce long, vigorous shoots, covered with an abundance of leaves, but having no flowers.

In the flower-garden, the early-flowering dwarf kinds of dahlia may be planted; and as the auriculus will now begin to flower, they should be shielded, if possible, from the effects of the weather. The hardy annuals that were sown in March, in the open border, should now be thinned, and the seeds of the remainder of the hardy annual plants should be sown. In thinning the annuals that have come up, care should be taken not to pull up or loosen those which are intended to remain. Annuals should always be thinned according to their height, three or four of the larger kinds being left in each patch; while of the dwarf kinds it may be safe to leave as many as seven or eight. Some few annuals are worth the trouble of transplanting; but when this is the case, the hole in which they are to be put should be made with the point of the trowel, instead of using the dibber, as the latter instrument renders the earth on the sides of the hole so compact that it is impossible for the roots of a young and feeble plant to penetrate into it.

The greenhouse will require very little attention in this month, except as relates to watering the plants regularly, and giving them air. The plants that are coming into flower should be syringed over their leaves every other day till the flowers expand, when the syringing should be discontinued. In samll greenhouses where there are vines, they begin to show flower-buds in this month.

In the conservatory, climbing plants are generally pruned and thinned at this season. The passion-flower should have its side shoots cut to within half an inch of the main stem; and this will occasion strong blossoming shoots to spring from the part left. Maurandyas may be treated in a similar manner; but most of the greenhouse climbers will only require a little thinning.

Vol. XV.-11

When camellias are required to blossom early, they should be placed, during this month, in a hothouse, or some other situation where they can be kept at a heat of from fifty to sixty degrees; taking care that while they are kept in this heat, they are regularly watered every day, and their leaves syringed every other day. Bulbs, in water-glasses, which have done flowering, should now be planted in the ground, after cutting down the stalks; the autumn flowering ones should be taken up and stored away, ready for planting in July, and the spring flowering ones must be removed from the borders to some place where they can complete their vegetation.

Carnations in pots should have liquid manure, and be watered frequently; remember also to stir the earth occasionally.

Mignonette sown in the open ground from the end of April to the beginning of July will produce a sure succession of blooms through the year. If allowed to seed and the soil suits it, it will continue to propagate itself.

Ross when grown in pots may be pruned closer than those in the open garden. By the end of March, if room cannot be granted them in a greenhouse, the tender varieties may be brought from their winter residence and plunged in an airy situation, and such as were left unpruned for late flowering, should now be pruned. When the pots are plunged, place them so that the bottom can rest on an inverted flower-pot. This secures drainage, prevents the roots growing through the bottom of the pot into the soil, and is an effectual barrier to the ingress of worms. The pots may be plunged level with the ground, and so far apart that the plants may not touch each other when full grown. After plunging, it is beneficial to cover the surface lightly with stable manure.

Water should be given abundantly through the growing and blooming season. Guano-water is an excellent manure for roses in pots; it should, however, be used cautiously. If the plants require watering oftener than once a week, pure water should be given at the intervening periods.

When the buds first push, if two or three break close together, the weakest, or those taking the least favorable direction, should be rubbed out. Such shoots as are inclined to grow rank without blooming, should be stopped or taken out, if not wanted to form the head, for they appropriate to themselves the sap, which should be directed into the flower branches, and further render the plants of uneven growth. When the flower-buds are forming imperfectly, they should be nipped out; and the size of the early flowers may be increased by removing, at an early stage, the small tackward flower-buds.

THE BENDING BRANCH.

A STORY OF AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

BY GEORGE SWANQUILL.

It is now many years since the occurrence I am about to narrate took place, and strongly has it impressed itself upon my memory. It was during the month of March, on a cold, windy, disagreeable night, that I sat over a brilliant fire, in company with a friend, cracking jokes, and singing songs, when the old clock that had ticked in the corner for many a year, commenced striking. I counted the hours one—two—three, till it struck eleven. "What!" was my exclamation: "so late! well, really, hadn't the least idea of it," and taking a candle, I hurried up the stairs to my sleeping-room.

Before long I was snugly ensconced under the bedclothes, gazing through the window at the pale moon, and noticing the swiftly driven, stormy looking clouds. I felt, moreover, in very good spirits, and lying there ran over in my mind the principal occurrences of the evening, and when I recollected any joke that had been uttered, burst out into a peal of laughter which sounded strangely in that large, dismal, retired room, lit only by my flickering candle.

I again heard the clock strike. It was the mystic hour of midnight! As the first stroke died away upon my ear, the door below was loudly shut. .! What could have caused this?" thought I, "ah! pshaw! it was but the work of the wind," and thinking in that ? wise, and also that it was high time I was asleep, I turned upon my pillow. Now comes the strange part of my narrative. As I was thus trying to sleep, 'tramp! tramp!" sounded on the wooden staircase. "Tramp! tramp!" continued the voice. "Hillo!" exclaimed I, inwardly, "what's that?" "Tramp! tramp!" and the stepping was so solemn, so measured in its time, and so unearthly withal, that a slight sensation-very slight let me state, reader, I always am a courageous man-that a slight sensation of fear entered my heart. "What is it? Who can it be?" "Tramp! tramp!" was my only answer. The steps sounded close to my door, I heard the knob turn, and the door slowly opened, when-I dove under the bed-

I heard the door shut.

"Ah! it is gone," I said, relieved, for although I am a very courageous man, yet I had not seen what opened it. Do not smile, most fault-finding reader, for you would have done the same if you were in my situation, that is if—you had seen the object that met my astonished eyes.

There stood in front of my bed a man apparently about seven or eight feet in height, as lean as a lamppost, dressed entirely in red: red coat, red pants, shoes, face, hair, cap, and feature all of a vivid red; never did I see such a sight before, and never wish to again—but his eyes! I had nearly forgotten to mention them. They both looked in different ways,

one out of the right corner of the lid, the other out of the left, and such eyes! they appeared of a still more brilliant scarlet than his coat.

He stood upright, and raising his arm beckoned to me.

By an irresistible impulse I arose, dressed and followed him.

He went down step by step with the same dull, heavy, measured tramp that had before startled me, it was surprising that none of the family heard us, till he came to the front door, which, like the one upstairs, opened of itself, and when we were out slammed to with tremendous force and noise. "Am I awake, asleep, dead, in this world, or in the next?" I asked myself, as I rubbed my eyes and gazed upon him; after a short walk we came to the fiver, where was a small boat painted also of a bright red. He motioned me te get in. I set myself down in the middle, while he, getting in the stern, took hold of the helm, and the boat glided onward without either sail or oars.

Soon we emerged from the peaceful river into the turbulent ocean, and as we dashed onward the land sank beneath the distant horizon, and on all sides nothing was to be distinguished but sky and water. At one time we were tossed high upon the angry waves, at another sunk between them, and it seemed as if the billows would overwhelm us with their fury, and dash in pieces our fragile bark. Never shall I forget, as long as my life endures, the horrors of that night. As we continued advancing, I felt the air grow more warm and balmy, and dark leaden colored clouds swiftly arose. Out of them dashed vivid streaks of lightning, dazzling the eye, and terrific thunder accompanied them. Mine was a horrible situation, alone, without friends or companions, save this mysterious being.

The storm passed off and all was tranquil. A light streak ran along the edge of the sky meeting the water, and, as I gazed upon it, faint rays shot up toward the zenith, and soon the monarch of the day arose in all his splendor, illuminating the vast expanse of water around us, and cresting their waves with flashing silver. Before us I distinguished a thin line of blue which I supposed was land, but what land?-where were we? In what part of the world? For what purpose was I thus undertaking this perilous voyage? All these were questions I was unable to We neared the land which had the resemanswer. blance of an island, and I saw nothing but craggy rocks of brownish hue, with here and there a few stunted trees, looking like pines and firs growing where sufficient earth could be found to nourish them. Dreariness was upon all. Our boat lessened in sped, and gliding upon the stormy beach, left us high and

dry. I sprang out. My conductor following, led the way to a crevice in the dark rock which he entered, motioning me to come after. I entered a sort of grotto or chamber, at one end of which hung a curtain of black velvet.

"Where am I?" I inquired of my silent guide. But he answered not.

Solemn music now rose faintly on my ear, and the deep swelling notes as if those of an organ filled the grotto. It grew louder and increased in sweetness. I was entranced with the melody and forgot the place, the occasion, and the company in which I was. I thought of nothing, and heard nothing but those sweet strains, and while I listened a ray of dim light was discerned behind the curtain of black velvet. Slowly it raised itself—what a sight I beheld!

It was a picture representing the first place of my life, when I was in childhood; and it kept continually changing, showing all the different events and actions of my past life.

"I could," said the red being, "show you what is yet to come."

- "What is yet to happen me?"
- " Yes."
- "Why do you not?"

"Because my time is come: I had not expected it was so late and must away; shortly, however, I will return. Hark! I am called."

- "Who calls you?"
- "Listen!"
- "I hear nothing."
- "Hark! the knell!"

And as he spoke, I heard a faint stroke as if of a bell, far, far-off, yet getting louder and still louder. He folded his arms, and, standing straight up, the ground opened, and he sank from my sight. Meanwhile the echoes of the stroke I heard vibrated through the grotto and died away—a dizziness overspread my eyes. I fell senseless to the ground, and when I again recovered them, found I was laying on the sand of the sea-shore, the mighty waves dashing their briny spray over me, the rising sun shedding his glorious light above me, and alone, for the boat had disappeared.

I arose, and tried to discern the opening through which we entered the chamber in which was the picture, but could not. I examined the rocks attentively, but could find no aperture of any kind. "Surely," cried I, "I am laboring under a dream. but I am awake--where am I?-what is the land on which I stand?" I was enclosed on one side by the flashing ocean, while perpendicular rocks and jutting crags formed the two other, making a sort of semicircle. At last, seeing that either I must stay where I was, and most likely starve to death, or clamber up the sides of the rock, I came to the resolution of doing the latter, and after some time spent, with considerable labor, accomplished my undertaking, but with hands sadly blistered, and a tired, exhausted frame I raised my eyes. Never can the recollection of the enchanting prospect pass from my memory. It realized my ideas of fairy land.

I stood upon a sort of promontory, the surface of which was composed of stony soil, covered with furze,

here and there a green plant, and a wide, parched hill, gradually sloping down to the level of the island, and carpeted with green grass, profusely sprinkled with crimson flowers of great beauty. Being upon the highest ground, I noticed the blue waters entirely surrounding the island, which appeared to be about nine miles in circumference. Below, lay spread out in all its beauty a magnificent plain abounding in graceful trees, and one or two small sheets of water, which could hardly be called lakes. Clusters of trees surrounded them, while beyond lay the hills wrapped in magical tints bounding the picture, the whole under a sky of the purest azure dashed here and there with feathery clouds, and a glorious sun pouring down his golden rays. But when I had descended and walked along the plain, I saw beauties that before I had no conception of, superb flowers impregnating the air with their delicious fragrance, groves and rustic bowers, together with sparkling brooks and cool grottos, all appeared as if it was some fairy home, and I expected at every moment to see light and airy forms floating through the perfumed air, or behold them dancing on the velvet-like grass.

The whole day was spent in wandering about this enchanted island, at times resting my tired limbs beside the purling brook, or ascending some height to view the delightful scenery which was altering at every different point of view; appeasing my hunger with the delicious fruit which hung from the trees in tempting display; and my thirst by the cool fluid of the numerous waterfalls, whose silver voices were distinguished issuing from the lovely groves, uniting in harmony with the songs of the birds, and silver gushing, sparkling water fell on rocks rendered green by plants and moss. Everything was bathed in loveliness.

The day declined. The sun set behind the distant wave in inexpressible splendor, and the different magnificent hues in which the clouds were thrown defies description. As night was shrouding the earth with her sable garment, I sought for a place of rest, and resolved to take my habitation, in safety, in a high tree, up which I clambered.

I was startled by hearing beneath me a hissing noise, and, on casting my eyes in that direction, what was my horror on perceiving an immense snake glaring at me with his brilliant, yet black eyes! I held tightly to the branch, but my senses nearly forsook me when he commenced winding his body around the trunk of the tree, and slowly rising. I saw his jaws loaded with the deadly venom open, and beheld his forked tongue dash in and out with the rapidity of lightning! I shudder even now at the recollection.

Still higher did he raise his swollen head, till it rested on the branch I sat; his neck curved gracefully, and he neared me with his eyes still glaring at mine. Summoning up what was remaining of my courage, I retreated to the end of the branch which bent with my weight, and caused the reptile for an instant to stop. I now let myself down, still supported by my hands, and commenced raising and depressing the branch for the purpose of stopping his progress, and to get an opportunity of escaping. I

was all ready for the jump, when, on looking down, ground, curling beneath me the fragile plants, when for the purpose of seeing the distance, my eyes en- the serpent bounded toward me, and—I awoke! Yes! countered those of another hideous serpent, apparently I awoke to find myself lying on the floor of my apartthe mate of the other.

branch bent quite low—my courage had entirely gone. } that it was twelve o'clock. My dream had lasted just I gave a shriek, and, loosing my grasp, fell to the one minute, and it was now the First of April.

ment; and while I sat wondering at my new position. There he sat calmly awaiting my descent. The I heard the hour strike. Looking at my watch I found

SPRING.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

THE Spring! the Spring, the beautiful Spring! How joyful the feelings her mem'ries bring; The woodlands awake, and the dreamy dell, With joyous sighs of life doth swell; And the Summer birds 'wake the flowery lea With their Heaven-born songs of melody; Oh! I love the Spring, the bountiful Spring, For the gladsome smiles her mem'ries bring.

How sweet to wander the wild-wood through In the early morn, while the pearly dew Yet lingereth within the violet's breast-A velvet couch for a quiet rest-And the song of the streamlet purling along, Singing in quiet a hopeful song, Telling of brighter days to come When the air shall be sweet with a joyous hum, And the fields rejoice; and the hills be glad! Oh! the Spring is no time to be solemn and sad.

Oh! fair were the Springs of my early time! Oh! bright were the days of my childhood's prime! And joyous the hearts that wandered then, Exulting thro' flowery brake and glen:-A fair young face went with us there, It was sweetly mild and Heavenly fair, And the flowers we twined in the golden hair Grew pale as they gazed on her face so fair; For the sight of her face made the sorrowing glad 'T was so 'witchingly fair, so sweetly sad.

The fields awake, and the balmy breath Of the warm, sweet South sweeps over the heath; The earth awakes from her death-like sleep,

And the gladsome flowers with happiness weep, For we find the tear-drops pearly bright On their mossy cheeks at morn and night; All seems as of yore: but the heart asks, where Is the fragile form of that lily fair?

Over the fields, in a quiet spot, Where the village revellers riot not; By the winding road, in a shady dell, Where the winds go by with a mournful swell; In the church-yard lone where her echoing tread Oft lingered in fondness among the dead, Musing the long Summer hours away In gentle thoughts that did Heavenward stray, She sleepeth now: a sacred spot: The heart's unfading forget-me-not.

As the gentle Spring returns to bless The waking earth with a fond caress, How many a heart must throb and swell To think of a flower that early fell By the wayside of life, in its early bloom, That finds in the heart a living tomb When the fragrance still lives, and the deathless ray Of her warm, young heart shall never decay.

'T is ever the same while we tarry here! A smile of joy and a sorrowing tear-Companions that wander o'er life's rugged way, Side by side with the Pilgrims that onward stray; But our sorrowing days will soon depart, And peace re-visit each lonely heart; The Winter of death will surely bring The smiles of an everlasting Spring.

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

THE pathway of life is not always through flowers, The gladness and perfume of roses; The beauty and bloom of the opening hours, In which thy young girlhood reposes.

Our steps are not always to music and mirth, The songs of the gay and light-hearted, The shadows of evining will mantle the earth When the sunshine of day has departed.

Our dreams are not always as happy and glad As the bound of thy footsteps in lightness;

The tones of the spirit's harp sometimes are sad, Though deck'd in a rainbow of brightness.

Then rouse thee, young dreamer, thy May-day is here, And gather the flowers whilst springing, For Autumn will come with a sigh and a tear, And wild are the strains of its singing.

Look up to that One who has told us to pray, To Him "let our sins be forgiven," And He will support thee through life's weary way-And teach thee the Pathway to Heaven.

SIREN;

OR, THE HEART'S TRIALS.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd, and talk'd and danc'd, and sung;
And proud of health, of frolic vain,
Dream not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding in those hours of glee
That all the world was made for me."

PRINCESS AMELIA.

"What do you think, Fanny darling?" wrote Siren Orton to her friend Fanny Weldon, "I am beside myself! I can scarcely write, and yet I must steal a few moments to tell you the news. I am not going back to school! Jubilate! Farewell to Madame P—and the whole tribe of mademoiselles! farewell without a sigh or a tear. I am so happy! I should be perfectly so were it not for thoughts of you and Lizzy, and Anne, and all the rest. I shall miss you! but you too must coax to come home, for it is perfectly nonsensical to stay at school so long: why I am younger than any of you, and I am most sixteen.

"I wonder how I came to get leave to leave? I'm sure I cannot remember, I am so delirious with joy! Only Frank and Aunt Florence wanted it so, and Uncle Charles and Aunt Lucy didn't—you see which party proved the strongest.

"And then I am coming out—actually coming out, this winter; and shall go to balls and parties, and to the opera and concerts, and shall walk and ride and drive forever. Oh, isn't it delightful? Why I am going to the opera this evening for the first time with Frank! You ought to see Cousin Frank. He has just come home from Europe, and is so handsome—such splendid eyes—and he is so noble, so tall, and so grave, and yet so full of mischief. Is not that strange? But it is true. I felt quite afraid of him at first, for he has such odd ways; but I love him dearly now; only I wish he would not tease me so.

"Can you read what I write? My hand trembles so I cannot hold my pen. It is quite a nervous affair, this coming out business. Frank says I am to make a sensation. I hope so, I am sure. Who wants to play a stupid part? Not I—nor you either. I shall not soon forget all the scenes of school-life. It makes me really sad to think I shall not see you for so long: but I will though, for you must come home—if you do not, I shall think you are perfectly content to be separated. Pshaw! there's Frank calling to know if I am ready, and I haven't done the first thing yet. What shall I do?"

The little ladye sprang from her chair and stood quickly before her glass, her white fingers fluttering through her wavy curls like "snow-flakes."

It was never a very long task to arrange that lovely hair, which would curl bewitchingly despite all obstacles; but then there was a multitude of trifles to attend to, and the dress was so—something was the matter.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Siren; and then her face brightened again, as looking up she espied Aunt Lucy's pale, placid, live-for-other's face.

"Oh, Aunt Lucy! is that you? How kind! you have come to help me, I know, and--"

"Siren!" again called out Cousin Frank from the stairs.

"Oh, dear—dear! how impatient men are!" Siren's sunny face was most dismally beclouded.

"But this dress, Si! it will never meet."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Lucy! pull it, make it, it must, it is not very tight—there, now, I knew it would! Now where is my fan and gloves and bouquet? I am going to do like the lady of whom Frank was telling us."

"Siren!"

"Coming, Frank, directly. The lady of whom Frank was telling us yesterday; who threw her bouquet at the Prima Donna, and hit her right in the face. Poor thing! how badly she must have felt. But I shall not; I shall laugh and say, Frank did it. Be so good, aunt, as to fasten this bracelet. Thank you. Oh, I had almost forgotten my handkerchief—terrible thing that would have been—what should I have done when the affecting part came, and I wanted to cry? There, now—don't laugh, Aunt Lucy, for I'm in sober earnest! Good night—give me a kiss!" and the giddy creature bounded from the room.

At the foot of the stairs stood Cousin Frank—a tall, bandsome young man of seven and twenty; with just now rather an alarming frown on his brow.

"You little gipsey!" he said, taking her in his arms as he spoke, and placing her on the high, hall table, "what do you mean by keeping me waiting this way? Do you know that we have lost that magnificent overture?"

"Oh, Frank, please let me down!" pleaded Siren, uncertain whether to laugh or cry, and in sorrow for her little head.

"Answer me first."

"I did get ready soon! I'm sure I was not long! but I forgot it was late; and, and—let me down, Frank, that's a dear cousin," and the girl stooped and pressed a loving kiss on the lofty brow beneath.

"Now, coaxer!" he exclaimed; but he looked pleased for all, as he bore her laughing gaily to the carriage.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II.

On one so fair, I must believe that Heaven
Sent her in kindness, that our hearts might waken
To their own loveliness, and lift themselves
By such an adoration from a dark
And grovelling world."

What was she?—a witch?—a fay?—a sprite? Each, all, with the appendage of a loving, trusting woman's heart! oh, she was beautiful.

They called her Siren in her cradle days, though at first they had given her another name; but her baby eyes beamed so brightly, and the "love-light" shone so warmly there, that the embers of romance which time had not yet extinguished in the parents' hearts, discarded the soberer name, and Siren became their star and dream. She was but one left among many budding blossoms; why should they not love her? And they bore her watchfully on their hearts till the angel of death took them away to their last, bright abode.

Peacefully would Mrs. Orton have departed had she not known that her beautiful, passionate, sensitive child, would before long be intrusted to the care of one, who, though a sister, and an only one, she felt was inadequate to take charge of her peculiar disposition.

But as to that sister, Siren must go, she could only hope that the lessons already received, would in some measure protect her from a system of education directly opposed to her own.

She died—and Siren was removed immediately to the house of her aunt, and in the new, gay, brilliant scenes which surrounded her, the child gradually became lost to all painful recollections, and involved in a dream, whose fairy coloring had not dimmed, nor lessened as yet, though years had rolled over her head since her irreparable loss.

Sent to school of course; a favorite there from her beauty, brightness of mood, and sunny temper; spoiled, petted on all hands, when she came home for the vacations what wonder if all her thoughts, her ideas, her experience "turned to brightness." Now, however, she was to advance a step in life. Not quietly, with circumspection and foreknowledge, but boldly; with confidence in greater happiness than she had yet known. Not only in disbelief, but perfect ignorance of the dark shadows which fall on all. Poor Siren! God save thee!

One evening Siren stood at the door of a spacious drawing-room, where light and music dwelt on the enticing air. She paused with a new and sudden feeling before she entered. She was fairy-like in form, and one elfin foot was lightly poised on tiptoe, while the other glanced from her dress in hesitation it would seem. She could not cross the threshold of those gay rooms without a serious, solemn thought on the untried future. Then with a smile at the sad fancy, she bounded forward with a low, light laugh; and seating herself at the piano, strove to drown reflection in melody. But she was alone; and shadows rose again in her dreaming eyes, and large tears came unbidden to those thick, golden-tipped lashes. She

felt nervous, tremulous—afraid to be alone; so she stole timidly out to nestle beside her kind Aunt Lucy.

By and bye, those brilliant rooms filled with company, who gathered round the young debutante, and bade her welcome to their ranks with gay, deceitful smiles, and tempting pictures of a life glad and beautiful, but which found no echo in their cold and weary hearts.

The fair girl was very happy, and murmured of her hopes and fears with the trust of childhood; hanging always for protection on the strong arm of Cousin Frank. This evening he displayed only the serious part of his character, and, bending over the buoyant creature beside him, revealed by the troubled depths of his dark eyes that a fount of affection, deeper than that of a brother, was waking to life within him.

And Siren! alas! before that evening passed, by the tremulous color in that rounded cheek, by the wavering sparkle in those wondrous eyes, by the quivering of those bright lips, and the depth of those siren tones, might be told the beginning of change in that young heart. Pray Heaven it may but end here, and she will yet do well!

CHAPTER III.

"I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air,
And thine eyes beseeching earnestness,
May be to thee a snare;
For silver stars may purely shine,
The waters stainless flow;
But they who kneel at woman's shrine,
Breathe on it as they how.
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain."

Six months later. Yes, six months later, reader, and again a bright room lit up warmly! But now it is summer, and the lights are soft and subdued; and the silver moonlight mingles here and there—creeping in stealthily through the plants in the conservatory, and flashing in one broad sheet through the low, opened casement. The polished columns are wreathed with fragrant flowers, through which the evening wind breathes its low music; naught else disturbing the silence: and we had almost thought the room without occupant, but for that low, faint sigh, sure token of the presence of some sorrowing heart. Ah, there is the queen of this enchanted scene! no wonder unperceived before; so white her garments, so more than white her fair face-her fragile arms outstretched and wound despairingly round the cold marble of the column! She moves not-does not breathe perceptibly. Can it be-oh, no, surely not!-our Siren, the gay, joyous Siren?

Alas! a change had come over the spirit of her dream. She scarce remembered how six months ago she had burst from her chrysalis, radiant, the admired of all. Such a long life she had lived since then; and gained so much experience, she thought, poor child!

sancy, she bounded forward with a low, light laugh; She had learned to love. That was but natural, and seating herself at the piano, strove to drown reflection in melody. But she was alone; and shadows worthy of him. How he worshipped her, Ernest rose again in her dreaming eyes, and large tears came Sinclair! How she worshipped him—in her heart, unbidden to those thick, golden-tipped lashes. She

of vanity; and she could not bring herself to regard with indifference the homage of the crowd. How delightful to live by the breath of admiration! But in her quiet morning room, with the fresh, pure air about her, and fevered thought at rest, she would say, "thee, and only thee, Ernest," and resigning her small, fair hand to his affectionate clasp, sit contented for hours, her head nestling from time to time upon his shoulder, her clear eyes raised to his. But when the evening came, and Siren stood before her glass, and met there the sparkling gaze of her beautiful semblance, faster and faster her pulses beat, and that baby brain unconsciously laid out the plot of the evening's romance. "I am not a coquette," she would say to herself, but she felt she was; felt that she was giving way to a vanity which must before long be checked, or bring deep unhappiness.

Yet volatile and thoughtless as she was, she had her moments of reflection; and it was at one of these periods we have seen her.

Ernest had that day left her in anger, and for the first time. He had expressed his displeasure at her trifling conduct the night before; and Siren had retorted, quick ly—angrily—vehemently! Amazed at the display of anger witnessed, he hurried away sorrowfully; and she had let him go without a word. He the noble, the generous, the forgiving, who was so far above the common offences of mortality, that Siren had never ceased to wonder at his love for her—so weak and faulty as she felt herself to be.

She compressed her lips in agony. But while the still small voice strove for a hearing, another spirit was warring in her heart—a spirit of defiance. Would Ernest expect her to humble herself to him? "Never!" and the firmly closed lips, and nervous stamp of the small foot, gave token of a quick re-action. All his moble qualities, so late in her mind's eye, faded; and instead arose only the discolored picture her imagination presented Ernest, proud, haughty, cold—herself abject, seeking, striving. She whose lightest word was imperative with her admirers.

"Never, never!" she repeated—"he shall see I am not dependant on him for happiness!"

Still she stood there, pressing her fevered brow closely to the twining, dewy flowers—and thought. She looked back over the past. It was a short time: but what a court of pride and wealth, talent and beauty she had gathered round her in her bright career! Was she happier for it? And she half asked the question of her heart, and then shrank from the low dissenting plaint sent forth.

Away, far away her childhood's sunny hours loomed out indistinctly; and she remembered with the confused recollection of a dream the happy, careless castles she had built upon their firm foundations. Then she strove to put away the memories which came thronging fast upon her, for time and place assumed each moment more distinctness; and she wished not to remember all.

Amid the gay groups who crowded that stately mansion that night, Siren moved like a floating star, tremulous and bright! She would not look at Ernest, though she knew he stood near with folded arms and eyes fixed sadly upon her.

She struggled bravely to be gay—she succeeded in the appearance. But to an acute observer the bitterness within was marked by her wild and thrilling laugh, which rang out startingly at intervals. Struck with her fevered movements, her aunt put out her hand to stay the giddy creature, who flashed by on the arm of a noble suitor.

"Why, Siren!" but the next moment she had parted from the lively baronet, and was kneeling with the grace of a falling snow-wreath the centre of a small group, chatting gaily, and weaving the while a pure, pale garland of jessamine. "Not for me!" she cried, as some one strove to fasten it in her bright locks. "Not for me," she repeated, with a shudder. And then she rose and placed it gently on the placid brow of Aunt Lucy.

Anon, she hung on the arm of one who bent over her till the spicy breath breaking like incense from her red lips fanned his changing cheek; and when as into the sleeping moonlight he drew her, and his pulse beat fast and boldly, and he stooped in a daring moment to imprint a kiss on her cold brow, she was gone! away at the far end of the room, amidst light and music, her gay laugh breaking mockingty on his

"Siren, are you mad?" exclaimed Frank Lee, sternly, seizing her by her delicate wrist until she screamed with pain.

"Mad, Frank! Oh, no! only happy!" and she stood out from him with burning cheek and flashing eye, all radiant in her glorious beauty.

Poor Frank! he withdrew into the shade and gazed at the unconscious girl with a dark fire in his eye. He would not own, even to himself, that her image reigned supreme in his manly breast. He knew not that she loved another, for he had been absent when that fact must have been disclosed to his jealous heart, and returned only on this evening, he saw but her coquetry; and that alone goaded, irritated him almost beyond endurance.

And when that evening bore its record away, the Siren who had made men fools for hours, turned her to her luxurious sleeping apartment, and sinking on her knees. wept wildly over the part just played, and resting her head upon her folded arms, sobbed the sad night away.

Morning brought her fresh sorrow—poor child! A note from Ernest—a sad farewell—a withdrawal from his engagement to her: brief, but not cold: no upbraiding, but much pain; agony almost—that she loved him not, "but as one among many." He spoke of his inability to witness her, as his wife, caring as much for the many as for him. Yes, he must part—before the task became too hard to perform. He blamed her not—only his own "selfish, exacting heart!" She would "soon forget one so selfish."

Poor Siren! did pride upho'd her now, and compensate for this sacrifice? She read it once—twice—shed no tears, spoke not! but clasping the fatal missive tightly with her small fingers, sank back cold and inanimate.

Aunt Lucy and Aunt Lee came in after a while to rouse their pet, and thus they found her. While Aunt Lucy strove to restore her, Mrs. Lee drew the note

136 SIREN.

away from the relaxed fingers and read it—then deposited it in her bosom.

It had been a favorite plan of her's to wed her son and Siren; and she had exerted her self-command to its utmost extent to conceal her chagrin at its failure. She could not feel sorry now that something had happened to part the lovers, and make her plan once more feasible. She believed affairs of the heart were easily cured, and trusted to future finesse to work her will. In the meantime she determined to exact silence from her husband and sister on the subject of the engagement which had been so abruptly broken off; for Frank would never learn that out of the house which was known only to themselves.

Siren revived at last. But she was flighty—talked incoherently—strangely—wandering back to infancy, and detailing childish scenes with a voice heart-rending to hear. Her illness was sad and long; but her nurses were tender and affectionate; none more so than Cousin Frank—noble Cousin Frank! He sat by her bedside, and bathed her fevered brow with a woman's tenderness; soothed, loved her.

She waked to her senses calm and quiet; she convalesced in the same frame of mind. She did not refer to the past by words, nor seem to by thoughts. The physician shook his head over her passive state. Some dreadful blow had produced her illness he did not doubt. Something must be done to rouse her: society—travelling.

So the whole family set off for Saratoga and Niagara.

When they returned, late in the fall, Siren was the affianced wife of Frank Lee.

"He asked me," she had murmured to herself.
"How could I refuse him? So noble—so good—my darling cousin! So tender and kind to me! it does not much signify who one marries, does it?"

Poor Siren! would she ever wake? It was plain to be seen that travelling had not had the effect desired.

CHAPTER IV.

"Tis Spring and yet I only sigh— My pleasures all are flown away; Oh! who can tell me where, and why?"

WE copy some leaves from Siren's diary, and leave them to tell their own tales.

"Aunt bade me go to rest soon, for she said I must be weary. Oh! so I am-of life-and sleep-and awakening! I cannot rest now under this weight of misery. I marvel at the ease with which but an hour ago I sustained my part. I am sure I could not do so now. Oh! how glad I was to escape from those bright rooms, they so reminded me of those in which I beheld him for the last time; and then so changed -so cold! I know I was wicked-mad-foolishtrifling-yet surely I did not deserve to be relinquished so quickly. I wonder why that dreadful blow produced so little change in my conduct. Yet why do I ask? I know my pride prevented me from turning from a life I now loathe. To-night C--- drew me away from the crowd, and fixing his calm, earnest eyes on me, whispered"'Surely, I was not born for this!

I feel a loftier mood

Of general impulse, high resolve,
Steal o'er my solitude.'

"I tried to laugh! but he regarded me so seriously, yet timidly, with his almost holy gaze, that tears started to my aching eyes, and I turned away.

"Such a being was my Ernest—only more pure, more perfect! Ernest—Ernest! come back, or I die! Do you know, Ernest, that they want me to wed nother? Him I used to love so warmly? my Cousin Frank? Ah, if you know, you care not; and I shall soon be sacrificed, for I cannot struggle much longer against their wishes! I feel so weak—so utterly unable to act! I only wish to lie down and die."

Here are some extracts of a later date.

"What did Uncle Charles call me just now? Mrs. Lee? Surely not! Oh, no! I am Siren yet—not married? Ah, if I could only think so! but I remember too well how we stood before the altar and vowed to love till death—till death—will it ever come? How wretched I am, and yet I look happy! I know I must—for none seem to perceive my misery. If I could only weep—could only break through this dreadful calm—this hollow peace!

"And Ernest, they tell me, has gone to a Southern clime for his health. He will die; and I shall see him no more; for where the pure spirit goes, mine cannot follow laden thus with sin. Oh! for what have I bartered my all on earth, and more than all in Heaven? I cannot tell—my soul gives back no answer. All is dark, vague, and hopeless!"

We copy from another page of this book of the neart.

"I feel calmer to-day than I have done for a long, long time. I think I must have been in a dream since I married Frank. I remember no particulars—nothing clearly—only that Frank told me one day—and often, how proud he was of me; and that he has been very, very kind! Kinder than I deserve, who can give back but the affection of a sister, although I am his wife. And now I remember how very much I have been flattered, and followed, and feted since then; but I do not care for such homage now. Oh! if I could only cast the past two years from my history, and go back to the time when I was simply Siren, and so happy.

"But C--- told me, this morning, that none were happy always; that all had their trials: and then he talked so beautifully about how our Father chastened us, to bring us nearer Him, that all became clear to me, and I wanted to love that God who has done so much for us. I have never thought of Him since mother died! I wonder why, ungrateful heart! -'s conversation made me wonder also, how I ever became so weak as to wed with one I loved but as a brother. I know that married as I am, I ought not to have asked the question; but I did simply to try and remember why it was so. I wish I could clear away the mist from the past! I cannot think. I only know I was sick and feeble, and they prayed me to wed him; and I yielded without clearly knowing what I was about. But now that it is so, I will try to fill the part of a true wife, casting away

sinful, repining thoughts. So help me God! Strengthen me, make me worthy of my noble husband's love."

CHAPTER V.

"I'm weary of the crowded ball: I'm weary of the mirth Which never lifts itself above the grosser things of earth. I'm weary of the flatterer's tone; its music is no more, And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as before: I'm weary of the heartless throng, of being deemed as one Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of fashion's sun.

I speak in very hitterness, for I have deeply felt. The mockery of the hollow shrine at which my spirit knelt. Mine is the requiem of years in reckless folly passed, The wail above departed hopes on a frail venture cast; The vain regret that steals above the wreck of squandered

hours,
Like the sighing of the Autumn wind over the faded
flowers."

J. G. Whittier.

Two years after the above was written, our Siren was a widow-alone in this wide world. She sorrowed, yet not without consolation. She had been, what night and morning she prayed God to make her, "a faithful, tender, and true wife." Frank saw that over the young life of his beautiful Siren hung a sad shadow; but he knew not-fortunately guessed not the cause.

"Siren has always been taught to consider me as a brother," he would say to his yearning, jealous heart, whenever a suspicion crossed his mind that she loved not so ardently as he. "She does not feel the intense passion which fills me always." And so thinking, his love grew stronger; more devoted. Around her were gathered "affection's ministers," in all the shapes which wealth, taste, and love could desire. Her life might have passed like a fairy tale but for its remembrances!

When her husband died she was beside him, her hand clasped in his; and his last sigh was breathed out on her bosom. And when all was over, and she alone with the dead, she bent over the glorious casket which had enshrined his noble soul, with passionate tears and bitter wailing.

"Oh, Frank, dearest Frank!" she exclaimed, "why did I not love you more as you deserved to be loved?"

But closed forever were those splendid eyes which ever waited on her slightest motion; and hushed the deep, rich voice of melody, which ever answered in love's sweetest cadences her every breath! She felt all this in its bitterness, felt that in death he had become dearer than in life, and was still.

"Plead with me no more, dear Aunt Florence!" she wrote, on being solicited to see more society, some time after her husband's death, "I cannot go back to the great world, its light is so glaring, and I am but a weak, sinful child, and cannot struggle with its strong waters! No, dearest aunt, henceforth I shall live retired from the world as much as possible. Aunt Lucy has promised to be my companion, my monitor; and I shall strive to atone as much as in me lies, for my woful misuse of the powers my Father bestowed on me.

"Do not call me capricious! I am doing what I think is right, and what my conscience approves. Is not my husband dead?-my hopes dead?-my heart would die were I to go back and plunge into the wild her own peculiar, gentle, wily way she led, the

life I once led! Aunt, aunt! you know the fatal warning I received there: you cannot urge further. Farewell then-love me as ever! I can never forget your kindness: you will be kind still? my own aunt!"

This letter Siren had written from Linmere, a country-seat, whither she had retired after her husband's decease. It was in answer to one from her Aunt Lee, urging her to come to town. But Siren had experienced so much more of real peace since her retirement, that she shrank from all renewal of the gay scenes of her first, wild youth. But Aunt Florence, though she seemingly acquiesced in her decision, by no means dropped her scheme.

The autumn and winter at Linmere glided away peacefully to its inmates. There was much to be done in the walks of usefulness, and oh, how new, the pure, chaste delight upspringing in Siren's heart! Aunt Lucy, ever good, remained the same, but Siren seemed lifted midway between earth and Heaven.

"Do you not know that book by heart?" said her aunt, one day, with gentle playfulness, observing her poring over the Bible.

"Oh, that I did!" was the heartfelt reply; "it surely is the best of books, for it has given me peace!" and smiles, and tears of joy contended for the mastery in her sweet face.

The spring and summer passed, and when the autumn leaves fell again, a travelling carriage rolled up the broad avenue at Linmere, and stopped before the noble old mansion. The door was flung open, and Aunt Florence sprang up the marble steps: Siren was at the window. She rose hastily, with an expression of pain in her countenance.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Aunt Lucy.

"My aunt!" was the faintly murmured reply, "oh, I dread evil!—I dread evil!"

"Well, my little nun-like sister, how art thou?" exclaimed Mrs. Lee, entering quickly, and saluting the pale cheek of Aunt Lucy. "And Siren, too," advancing gaily; but Siren lay cold and senseless upon the glowing carpet; like a crushed lily.

"Poor child! it must have been your sudden appearance!" said Aunt Lucy, lifting the slight form of her pet in her arms, and bearing her to the open

"Not so," was the angry reply. "I knew when she took this whim in her head it would undermine her health. Siren required the sun: and she has moped here till she has almost withered away."

When Siren revived, she was alone with Aunt Lucy.

"Has she gone?" she whispered, faintly.

"No, dearest, but she will go when she has had a short conversation with you. Are you able to hear it now?"

"Oh, no-not now-not at all."

"Dear Siren, it must be-when you are strong enough."

The girl made no reply, but shuddering closed her eyes. When she again opened them, Aunt Florence was beside her, and pressed a warm kiss upon her pallid cheek.

"How are you, dear? Better, I hope!" and in

conversation to indifferent topics, till the color bloomed again in the transparent cheek, and light returned to the drooping eyes.

"And now, Siren, dear, let me talk to you about yourself for a few moments; now that we have discussed common-places. I have come to take you back to that circle of which you were, and will be, the brightest ornament!"

"I cannot go!" was the quick reply.

"Just wait, my child—and refuse when I have done talking. I see plainly that this place does not agree with you. You were born to shine! Come hither," and Mrs. Lee led the girl directly before a tall mirror empaneled in the wall. "Look you there, girl!"

Siren mechanically raised her eyes. She blushed deeply.

"Ah, now!" laughed her aunt, "you blush not only at the praise, but the sight of your own loveliness."

And truly Siren might have been forgiven the glow of vanity, which once more warmed her heart as she stood there in all her subdued, yet undimmed beauty! Her loosened hair fell over her shoulders in wavy masses of soft, light brown, enwoven with gold. And her complexion, so delicate, glowing, transparent; the blue veins gleaming through the pure skin; the ripe lips parted, and quivering with contending emotions.

"Siren, awake, love! remember the past—Ernest!"
At the sudden mention of that name Siren started

onvulsively. "Oh, aunt!" covering her mouth with her slender fingers, "stop! stop! I am a widow— you are childless! remember that also—let, let me go!"

"Forgive, forgive, dearest! but a moment longer. My peerless Siren, know you not that Ernest, so long, so dearly loved, is returned—is in the city?"

"Aunt, aunt," gasped the girl, "you sport with me: it cannot be—it——"

"My child, I do not sport. He is there. Come with me once more; you know a word would chain him captive."

"I know it not," murmured the girl, sadly. "He despises me—I cannot."

"You can—you must," began Aunt Florence, but Siren put her aside, and glided swiftly from the room. She dared not remain longer—she feared for her weak heart.

Sadly sat Siren among her books and flowers. Sadly she listened to the sound of departing wheels.

"She is gone," she whispered to herself, "and I am here. I who might have gone too; and now---"

"Ernest!" she uttered thrillingly. "Ernest!" and she stretched out her yearning arms; then as a sense of her desolation came upon her, she sank upon the floor and wept bitterly.

Aunt Lucy, a few weeks later, bent over the wasting form of her pining charge, and pressing her lips to the faded cheek, whispered—

"Come, love, rouse thyself—this is not right."

"Only let me live my own way now, aunt: it will not be for much longer;" and she held up her small, thin hand with a faint smile.

Aunt Lucy took that hand in hers, and winding her

arm around the girl's waist, seated herself beside her.
Then she drew the weary head to her bosom, and taking out a small pocket Bible, opened to that ever comforting, ever sweet, fourteenth chapter of St. John.
As she read tears gathered beneath the veined lids the girl, and fell slowly, one by one, upon her folded hands. The look of hopeless despondency passed from her countenance, and one of sorrow and contrition re-placed it.

"Oh, aunt, bless you—bless you—aid me by your prayers—how sadly I have wandered—my heart grows light again."

"Always, ever, my own dear love. Now I know you. In this world we must have tribulation—but what then? It is but a little while."

"Oh! yes—but a little while!" echoed the girl, with clasped hands and beaming eyes; "and then, then—" her voice failed through tears, but the transparent fingers pointed triumphantly Heavenward.

CHAPTER VI.

"Think not, beloved, time can break
The spell around us cast,
Or absence from my bosom take
The memory of the past;
My love is not that silvery mist
From Summer flowers by sunbeams kissed,
Too fugitive to last—
A fadeless flower, it still retains
The brightness of its earlier plains."

It was an afternoon in Indian summer, and Siren Lee sat alone in the drawing-room at Linmere. The soft, hazy air around lay in clouds of dreamy sunshine: pure and mild, the breeze from the lawn swept into the room and fanued the delicate cheek, where a soft rose-tint was blooming into life again. She had thrown aside her work and was bending over a volume of "L. E. L." Aunt Lucy came into the room for a moment, and stooping over her shoulder, whispered—

"Put away that book, dear Si! it will not fit thee for thy life."

"I know it, aunt; and yet I must indulge myself a few moments, this luxurious day."

"And pay the penalty of a wounded conscience, and an awakening of old desires afterward," said Aunt Lucy, sadly.

"Aunt is right—and yet I cannot help it," whispered Siren to herself, turning again to the book. She paused at the words—

"Life, vain life!
The bitter and the worthless—
Wherefore here do thy remembrances intrude!"

She shuddered and grew pale. Her head drooped upon her slender hands, and she sat long in sorrowful meditation.

A single horseman passed the window. She started at the sound, but he had vanished from her sight: yet she felt a strange, unaccountable thrill running through her frame. She rose and busied herself about some work; but it dropped from her hands. She tried to read: to sing—but her voice failed her. She rose again and left the room scarce conscious of so doing, yet listening nervously to every breath.

In the meantime, the horseman who had passed her

One might have thought it was a lover of the gentle old lady, for she sank trembling upon a seat, and raised her hands imploringly-

"Mr. Sinclair-Ernest!" it was all she could say; but her looks were eloquent, yet anxious.

It was indeed Ernest Sinclair, who stood there before her. Not as she had seen him in former times -calm, composed in mien; but looking thin, pale, harassed-wild in his movements.

He took her hand in his burning one, and said almost incoherently-

"Forgive me-forgive me for intruding. I could bear my misery alone no longer! You must sinypathize with me. She-is she alive? But I know she is, and well, and happy. While I am in torments insufferable-indescribable. Tell me-talk to memay something about her, Aunt Lucy. She might have loved me still had I not hastily thrown my chance away, fool that I was!"

"Hush, Ernest, Ernest, hush!" whispered a soft voice, as a slight, fragile figure broke through the door-way, and Siren flung herself beside him, beseeching forgiveness.

How calm he grew suddenly, while bliss superhuman overpowered him-bathed his face in light.

window, had alighted on the other side of the house, , she clung to him while he looked down upon her and soon stood before Aunt Lucy, who was passing \ pale face; and the memories of other days came crowding fast upon him. Thoughts of the artless, playful, trusting girl, who first attracted his attention; thoughts of that Siren whom all bowed before and worshipped; thoughts of their mutual love-their mutual confessions; and then he durst not think of what followed, and so he bent more tenderly over the still bewitching Siren, and wondered how she was so changed, yet the same. They did not speak of what each had suffered. They read all without the aid of words.

A few weeks and Siren was alone no more.

Yet amid her joy the roses of health bloomed but faintly on her young cheek.

How soon affection discovered this, and as Ernest pressed his wife to his bosom, he spoke of their wanderings in "smiling France and sunny Italy;" and brightly beamed our Siren's eyes at the thought.

They departed-faithful Aunt Lucy still accompanying them.

A brief and happy year, and they had returned; and Siren, now in the full tide of her glorious beauty, and radiant with health and joy, took her high, holy place in her husband's house.

Again, as in former days, was she flattered and feted; but the fair woman had gained enough worldly wisdom to estimate these things at their value; and Murmured words of love and tenderness followed she ever turned true in thought, word, and deed, to the unsealing of two sorely tried hearts. Closely her noble, noble husband.

THE SUMMER DAYS WILL COME AGAIN!

BY MARIE LINTON.

This dreary world! this dreary world! How cheerless are the hours When all the birds have fled away, And leafless are the bowers; The days of dream-like melody, When earth was fill'd with glee:-But Summer days will come again, And I shall happy be.

I know the smile of Spring will play, Irradiate o'er the fields, And Pilgrim feet stray where the flowers Their richest off'rings yield;

The balmy air and flowery brake All vocal soon will be :--The Summer days will come again, And I shall happy be.

Yet not the flowery fields can give The heart a golden glow; Not all the melody of earth One lasting bliss bestow; A brighter, holier power, alone This bliss can give to me:-The Summer days will come again, And I shall happy be.

SONNET.

TO MARIE.

Joys deep and pure, hopes innocent and bright On their light pinions wafted me to Heaven; Thou wert my hope, by thee all joys were given, Filling my soul with visions of delight, But like a bird winging its airy flight, Struck by a dart downward to earth is driven, Never to soar nor sing again: so even

Pierc'd by thy treach'ry from that happy height, Plung'd in despair I sank to hope no more; When thou proved faithless then, alas! the light From life was faded, and the earth which wore Unnumber'd charms in loveliest garb arrayed, Of thee deprived a desert drear is made.



THE MISFORTUNE OF HAVING A DOWRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY G. A. ATLEE.

The day after Quasimado, in the year 17—, there was holiday in all the shoe-shops of the village of —, a chief seat of one of the pretty principalities of Germany. It was not the festival of St. Crispin, but was the wedding of Fritz Hæbber, who on this day espoused Catharine Vanburn; Fritz, the most spruce, the gayest, and most active of the journeymen cordwainers of the village; Catharine, the prettiest and freshest laundress of the neighborhood.

In the morning Fritz was at the door of his intended. He was arrayed from the feet to the head, the coat, vest and breeches of camlet, bran new; he had stockings well drawn upon his legs, shoes of white leather well fitted to his feet, and an enormous bouquet fastened to his buttonhole with a profusion of ribbons of all colors.

At his side was Catharine ready adorned in a white wedding dress, and carrying at her waist a bouquet from an orange tree, which shed upon the final moments of the life of the girl the last expiring perfume of its blossoms. The maids of honor who tied the last ribbons of her dress, made a great outcry when Fritz came to embrace his affianced, they ran off with her and shut themselves up in another chamber: he rapped, and begged, and teased; they were inflexible, and would give him but a moment's time to take the hand of Catharine and conduct her to the altar.

Never were hearts more merry. Never were vows ratified with more earnestness. Fritz was doubtless not rich, but had he not an arm for labor, and was he not very able to work at his trade? His living would be poor but happy. Fritz would love his Catharine freely and loyally, and if God should send their children, he would take care to maintain them. On their return from church, all the wedding company took the direction toward the suburbs: there, under an arbor having more nets than leaves, was the shelter dressed off for the whole company. At the moment of sitting down to table, they perceived that the married pair had disappeared. Great was the bustle! They waited some time, but soon their stomachs lost patience; otherwise their expectation was fixed on the hour for the dance. A deputation was, therefore, sent in haste to find the new married couple.

During this time Fritz and Catharine walked joyfully through the village, arm in arm, without false modesty, without pride, without envy. Soon as they arrived at the house, the bride opened an old trunk, the bottom of which was heavily ornamented with copper, took out a leathern purse quite new and ornamented with nice embroidery, and showed it to her husband, who was stupefied at seeing the purse well filled with golden ducats. "See the surprize which I reserved for you, dear Fritz," said she. "Are you not pleased? This purse contains ten thousand florins."

"How did you acquire this treasure?" cried Fritz, in amazement. This question somewhat disconcerted Catharine; but she replied—

"What matters it to you, my friend? Can you not receive the gifts of God without being inquisitive about them?"

"Yes," replied Fritz, "if they really come from Heaven, but this is what I want to know."

"I tell you that this gold is mine, or rather yours, since I give it you," replied Catharine, with some spirit.

"But still," continued Fritz, "it is necessary that you explain."

The mingled noise of a burst of laughter which issued from the next room, put an end to this speech. The persons there clamored violently at the door.

"They are our friends who come to seek us," said Fritz, not without impatience, "I conjure you, Catharine. inform me."

"Not to-day," answered the young wife, "time enough, if you are prudent, if you love your wife, and above all, if you are not suspicious, not jealous."

In saying these words she opened the door. Her appearance was welcomed with much applause.

"And Fritz, where is Fritz?" spake many voices.
"Let us take off the bride," said the chief of the guests, "and I'll answer for it, Fritz will not delay to join us."

So saying, he took the arm of Catharine, and conveyed her off in triumph, amid the acclamations of the whole company, that marched in train.

Fritz was a little displeased at their departure. Chance had already robbed him of his gaiety, while it had promised him happiness. He took the purse, his eyes dilated at the sight of the ducats. The metal shone as it was opened out to the sun. The effigy of the sovereign seemed to smile at Fritz on its golden base, and promise him a thousand unknown joys. His imagination presented to him, all of a sudden, in place of the ducats that he contemplated, a fine shop filled with customers; Catharine enthroned at an ivory counter, the elegant, the noble, pressing in crowds around the beautiful laundress; the young folks of the village besieging the shop, and rushing to the boots and shoes. On her part, Catharine, insensible to all these marks of homage, would have no feeling nor regard but for the happy Fritz. As for him, dressed in a large doublet with steel buttons, he would promenade through the village with thoughtful gravity. becoming a rich and consequential man of business.

The workmen, his former companions would salute him with humility, while he would return their salutation with the hand of a protector and benefactor. To seize at once the image so deceptive, he eagerly plunged his hand into the purse, and felt in the midst of the ducats a small paper rolled up, which he hastily took out. It was a billet containing these words, well calculated to rouse his spirit in reality.

"Dear and beloved Catharine."

Fritz rubbed his eyes, but could plainly read-

"Dear and well-beloved Catharine, I send you these few ducats, to use as I told you yesterday. I could wish to have divine prescience, to anticipate your last desires. May I now give back part of the happiness which you gave me since the commencement of our love? Adieu, dear Catharine, it is not your prince who embraces you, it is the chief and most devoted of your servants."

And this billet had the signature of the Prince Regent, absolutely like the proclamations and ordinances. The poor husband, as soon as he read it, lost his wits. Seized with a sort of furious folly, he sallied forth, without his hat, the purse in his hand, and presented himself hurriedly in the midst of the dance. At sight of him, and at his cries, the waltzes were interrupted. Fritz stood confronting Catharine, his countenance haggard, his clothing in disorder.

"Thus! miserable wretch," cried he, with a voice of thunder, "see your gold, keep it to spend a merry life with your equals, I shall not partake of the price of infamy."

He threw the purse at the feet of Catharine, but she laid hold of his arm.

"Fritz," said she, all in tears, "my dear Fritz, what have I done? Why these dreadful words?"

Fritz was choked with rage, he could but answer in these words—"the prince, deceiver, remember the prince! Don't touch me, don't come near me, leave my sight if you don't wish me to commit a crime!"

He answered poor Catharine so rudely that she fell in a swoon at the feet of the dancers. They raised her, and, at length, after some had rubbed her temples with vinegar, others asked her questions with more of curiosity than discretion. When she recovered her senses, Catharine looked around for Fritz, and seeing that he had gone, she covered her face with her hands, and sighed bitterly. There needed nothing more to convince most of the company that she was guilty. They separated in silence; Catharine, re-conducted to her dwelling, at the request of the more compassionate was abandoned to despair, the purse full of gold was near her, which had been designed as the source of all their wealth.

After the violent scene which had in some sort broken off his marriage, Fritz left the village, and those was a marched at a venture, without knowing whither his feet should carry him. Night came on, when he found it necessary to halt. He entered a public house, and called for wine, which he drank, glass after glass, with the distraction of a man pre-occupied by violent wexation. Fritz never recollected in the sequel, that he had told one of the club a part of his misfortunes. Neither could he say how it happened that this companion was seated at his table, and tippling with him.

Vol. XV.-12

Finally, he could never explain to himself, how he had signed a paper that his companion presented to him, how he had refused money that his comrade offered him, and above all, how, after he had been asleep in an open field at the edge of a ditch, he awoke at a barrack.

It is certain that it was with a feeling of what may well be called repugnance, perhaps also, because he had no other clothea, that Fritz dressed himself in uniform pantaloons, and put on a military clock. When they brought him the cockade of prince's colors, it was impossible for him to restrain his just indignation. To carry the colors of the Prince—on his head! At this idea Fritz felt that his dignity had sustained, by such condescension, an irreparable loss. He pulled the cockade to pieces and trod it under foot. Unfortunately this act did not escape the watchful eye of the corporal. Fritz was condemned to receive a hundred and fifty lashes.

In consequence of this paternal correction, he remained six months in the infirmary, where he made salutary reflections on the utility of discipline. However the pains which he felt on the region of the back could not divert him from his mental grief. Devoted to the charms of exercise in the sweet times and delights of the bowling green, Fritz continued to protest, at least by his taciturnity. But he profited by the lesson of obedience that had been so judiciously administered, and distinguished himself henceforth by the greatest exactitude in the service.

At this epoch Fritz's country was at war with France. His regiment was ordered immediately to the frontier, but before his departure he had the honor to be created corporal. Whether he thought himself unworthy of this honor, whether it was that his spirit was soured by his misfortunes; he did not fail to attribute this favor to the influence of the prince, and trembled to think of what it would cost him. It is just to say, that despite his grief, and despite his aversion, he waited every hour to receive news of Catharine, and the silence that she preserved respecting him, confirmed him more in his conviction on the subject of her guilt. Fritz did not reflect that, in the two months he had passed in the country, he kept his bed six weeks, lying upon his face; and that when he left, his superiors hardly knew what was the name of their last recruit.

Fritz fought with the energy of wrath and the courage of despair. He had read of giving vent to his rage, and his enemies suffered the penalty of the unfaithfulness of Catharine. This did not hinder the battle being completely lost for the prince and his army. The cowardice of the troops who had fled was a new motive to recompense the constancy of those who had remained firm. Fritz was decorated and named an officer. This promotion and honor were to him a new source of bitterness, since he did not hesitate to attribute it to the protection of his wife, and thought that each grade, as well as the famous purse of gold, was the price of her fidelity.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "if it be that I daily receive a new grade, on this account, where am I to

Fritz could not be stationary in fact. The courage

which he showed was so extraordinary that it must have attracted attention. When he became a captain he resolved to quit the service, not thinking himself capable to perform superior functions. It was not without self-violence that he wrote to the prince a respectful petition, desiring his dismission. Fritz waited for the answer with anxiety. He feared indeed that Catharine was not opposed to his return to private life. Happily the resignation was accepted without difficulty. The prince valued good soldiers, but he valued more the disposal of grades of favor to his own creatures. An aid-de-camp of his highness took the pains to visit Captain Fritz, and acquaint him that his request was granted. To make peace with his conscience, which reproached him for depriving himself of the services of Fritz, the prince gave him five hundred ducats from his private purse. This sum was counted to him the same day on which he received his brevet of dismissal. At sight of the gold Fritz felt a pang, and one would for an instant have believed that he had revolved in his mind the project of strangling the paymaster. But the military state had considerably modified his scruples. He took the gold without abjuring his rancor. After having bade farewell to his comrades in a banquet where every care was drowned in the bottle, Fritz betook himself to his native village, where he had not appeared for two years.

The war had spared our hero, who was returning to his wife a husband complete. As he journeyed he thought of Catharine's beauty, of the love she had pledged him, and he thought too that it were perhaps better to be happy in being deceived, than miserable in being too well informed. He said to himself that the letter was indeed very indiscreet, and that husbands would be happier if lovers were not such babblers.

These recollections and thoughts led Fritz close to the house occupied by Catharine, and just as he was saying that he never would enter it, he found that he had already knocked at the door.

It was Catharine herself who came to open it. But how was she changed! Tears had traced long furrows around her eyelids, her cheeks were pale and meagre, she was nevertheless ever cheerful. She recoiled with surprise on perceiving her husband, stretched her arms, gave a cry, and fell unconscious on the breast of Fritz.

Much moved at the interview, he carried his wife to an elbow chair, and felt much disposed to pardon her. One idea, however, withheld him. "For what benefit," thought he, "have I worn for two years the livery of the state, received a hundred and fifty lashes, bivouaced and paraded in the mud, lain all night under the starry canopy; to forgive my wife at last?" At length Catharine opened her eyes and recovered herself.

"It is you at last," exclaimed she, throwing her arm round her husband's neck, "you are indeed returned, you love me again?"

Her grief had been so real, her joy was so lively, that Fritz felt himself decidedly softened.

"Yes, madam, I have really returned," said he; "as to loving you again, it will depend on my losing the remembrance of a certain purse of gold." "Yes, this gold, this purse," cried Catharine, "I know well that this is what caused our quarrel. I have never touched it, all is there."

She ran to the old trunk, took out the purse, and threw it through the window into the river that flowed by the house. This act was performed with such rapidity that Fritz had not time to oppose it. He leaned over sadly enough looking at the bubbling of the water, which closed again without noise upon the treasure buried in its bosom.

"Now," said Catharine, "you see that there remains no motive for not loving me."

"I see," answered Fritz, hardly concealing a sort of disappointment, "that you have thrown your money into the river; but I do not see how this prodigality can explain this letter here."

"What letter?" said Catharine.

"This letter, written by the hand that signs nominations and brevets; this letter that I found in the purse which you threw out of the window."

"A letter of the prince!" said Catharine, confused.
"And whose should it be?" said Fritz.

"This letter was not to me," replied the young wife.

"Truly!" answered Fritz, "dear and well-beloved Catharine. Is it not to you that these words are addressed, and the purse, was it not sent to you?"

"I do not know the prince," said Catharine, weeping, "I never saw him; this gold was sent to me by my aunt"

"Eh, what!" replied Fritz, at the height of amazement, "your aunt is then-"

"Alas! yes," said Catharine, "my aunt is named Catharine like me, but now they call her Baroness de B——. My father, at his death, ordered that I should never see her, nor receive anything from her. Many times she sought to make me presents, I have always refused, but this time, on account of our marriage, I believed I might take it—it was for you. If I have committed a fault, did it deserve an abandonment so cruel?"

"So," said Fritz, "it was not to you that the prince gave that gold, and sent this letter?"

"No, doubtless, it was to my aunt," answered Catharine, all in tears.

"It is not then on your account that I was made corporal, next decorated and made captain after having been scourged?"

"No, it was, perhaps, through the influence of my

"Triple fool that I am!" cried Fritz, smiting his forehead, and uttering a fearful oath, "and to think that I enlisted, obtained my dismission, and that Catharine threw my money out of the window!"

Fritz almost fell senseless, but the caresses of his wife re-animated him, and the two married ones forgot their misfortune in a long embrace. Then Fritz thought to ask Catharine the motive that had prevented her giving him this news.

"After you were gone," said Catharine, "I spent almost six weeks in making inquiries, but it was impossible to trace you."

"I passed that time in the hospital," replied Fritz. "Well," replied Catharine, "my poor, aged mother

fell sick at this time, and I waited on her without? When at the shore, and at the moment of casting ceasing till the moment of her death. Afterward I re-commenced my search, I learned that you were enlisted, and that your regiment had left the country. I wished to follow you, but I was poor, and was careful not to increase my fault by addressing my aunt. I resigned myself to fate, waited, hoped, and now you have returned."

One may well think that this explanation was a complete re-conciliation. Nothing now was wanting to the happiness of Fritz and Catharine, if calamity had not knocked at their door. Catharine lost her custom by running after her husband; as to Fritz, after he had been a soldier, he was not good for any thing. The five hundred ducats of the prince might support them for the present, but it would soon be spent. One morning when they had in the house neither fire, nor bread, nor money, Fritz thought of throwing himself into the river, doubtless to go in

himself in, his eyes were directed to the other bank, and he perceived on the wall of the quay a bill posted up, on which was written:

"Was taken out of the water at this place a purse containing a large number of ducats in gold. The owner may recover it by telling the number and thus proving property. Apply to Ludwig, the fisherman, Faubourg neuf."

This reading put off the suicide which Fritz premeditated; he took the road to Ludwig's house. It is needless to say that the honest fisherman gave up the purse untouched. Fritz hoped at last to realize his first dreams in hiring a handsome shop, where he would instal his wife at an ivory counter. Prosperity restored Catharine's beauty, and in a short time Fritz's shop became the rendezvous of all the young people. Our hero made a fortune at last, and had the felicity to march through the village in the coat search of the gold that his wife had squandered. with steel buttons, and with a gold-headed cane.

THE LAST ARROW.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"All perished!-I alone am left on earth!"-CAMPBELL.

"His voice was like the blast which burst the portals of fabled Hell!"-SHELLY.

WHERE is Manito that he will not hear? Is there no covert for the stricken deer? I hear him coming from the Land of Souls! His steps are thunders!—how the big sound rolls! He wraps the clouds around Him in the storm! The whirlwinds are the garments of his form! I hear the lion thunder in his lair Growling among the clouds!-Look there! look there! I see my father's spirit in the air! His soul is dark !- his angry look is Hell! He walks upon thick clouds!-he comes to tell Yanassa that his mighty race is run!-Where is Arezkou? Speak! thou Mighty One!-No-hark! the white-man comes!-they come! they come To tear the Indian from his native home!-Where is my quiver? All my arrows gone?-Yes!-then Yanassa dies! No! here is one! The last one! but the best-the very best-And this shall do the work of all the rest!-Pour down thy lightnings in my arrow!-send Thy thunder through my arm!-that it may rend The white-man from the earth !- for now they come To tear the red-man from his native home! I plucked it from an eagle as he flew Up to the sun-which no one else could do! He dashed the clouds behind him as he went

Soaring up proudly through the firmament! I heard beneath his wings the thunders roll, And shake the earth, as Hell now shakes my soul! This is the Arrow stone that fell from Heaven! I knew by the Great Spirit it was given, And shouted when it fitted it so well!-Would it were tempered in the fires of Hell!-The rest went swifter from my locust bow, Than lightning when it lays the big oak low! For when it whizzed before my bowstring's twang, The mighty hills-the forest woodlands rang With my ferocious yell! The Nations moved, And shouted at the sound! The warrior-bird Soared, screaming, up to Heaven !-his iron wings Hung, pausing, far above all earthly things! Till, in the firmament, the hasty flight Of his far-reaching wings went out of sight! Nor did he come back to the earth, until The elements below were all as still; Then, like a thunderbolt let loose from Heaven, As if the sky by lightnings had been riven-Down, sweeping, came he to the earth again, And perched far off on the battle-plain, An emblem of our spirits which are free The proud ensignium of our liberty.

EPIGRAM.

As wearied with the labors of the day I laid me down to drown my cares in sleep, Deep, heavy slambers o'er me held their sway, Like the still waters of the boundless deep.

Methought a fairy did to me incline Such lips as grace the fronts of Venus' loves: I strove to press those ruby lips to mine, And wakening found-I'd lost a pair of gloves. s.



PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99.

CHAPTER III.

"There are some feelings grief cannot benumb, Nor torture shake." CHILDE HAROLD.

LITTLE Julia Warren had given a very correct description of the house to which she had been so strangely conveyed. Grand, imposing, and unsurpassed for magnificence by anything known in our city, it was nevertheless filled with a sort of gorgeous gloom that fell like a weight upon the beholder. Most of the shutters were closed, and rich draperies muffled and tinted the light wherever it penetrated a crevice, or struggled through the reversed fold of a blind. As you passed through those sumptuous rooms, so vast, so still, it seemed like traversing a flower-garden by the faintest starlight: you knew that beautiful objects lay around you on every side, without the power of distinguishing them, save in shadowy masses; all this indistinctness took a strong hold on the imagination rendered more powerful, perhaps, by the profound stillness that reigned in the dwelling.

Since the great front door had fallen softly to its latch, after the little girl left the building, no sound had broken the intense hush of the dwelling. Still the lady, who had so marvelously impressed herself upon the heart of that child, lay prone upon the couch in her boudoir in the second story. She was the only living being in that whole dwelling, and but for the quick breath that now and then disturbed her bosom, she might have appeared lifeless as the marble Flora that seemed scattering lilies over the cushion where she rested.

After a time the stillness seemed to startle her. She lifted her head and looked around the room.

"Gone!" she said, in a tone of disappointment, which had something of impatience in it—"gone!"

The lady started up, pale and with an imperious motion, as one whose faintest wish had seldom been opposed. She approached a window, and flinging back the curtains of amber damask, east another searching look over the room. But the pale, sweet features of the Flora smiling down upon her lilies, was the only semblance to a human being that met her eye—she dropped the curtain impatiently. The statue seemed mocking her with its cold, classic smile. It suited her better when the wind came with a sweep, dashing the rain-drops fiercely against the window. The irritation which this sound produced on her nerves seemed to animate her with keen anxiety to find the child who had disappeared so noiselessly. She went to the door, traversed the hall

and the great staircase; and her look grew almost wild when she found no signs of the little girl! Two or three times she parted her lips as if to call out, but the name that she would have uttered clung to her heart, and the parted lips gave forth no sound. It was strange that a name, buried in her bosom for years, unuttered, hidden as the miser hides his gold, at once the joy and agony of his life, should have sprung to her memory there and then; but so it was, and the very attempt to syllable that name seemed to freeze up the animation in her face. She grew much paler after that, and her delicate fingers clung to the silver knob like marble, as she opened the hall door and looked into the street.

The entrance to the mansion was sheltered, and though the rain was falling, it had not yet penetrated to the threshold. Up and down the broad street no object resembling the strawberry girl could be seen; and with an air of disappointment the lady was about to close the door, when she saw upon the threshold a broken rose-bud, which had evidently fallen from the child's basket, and beside it the prints of a little, naked foot left in damp tracery on the granite. These footprints descended the steps, and with a sigh the lady drew back, closing the door after her gently as she had opened it.

She stood awhile musing in the hall, then slowly mounting the stairs, entered the boudoir again. She sat down, but it was only for a minute; the solitude of the great house might have shaken the nerves of a less delicate woman, now that the rain was beating against the windows, and the gloom thickening around her, but she seemed quite unconscious of this. Some new idea had taken possession of her mind that had power to arouse her whole being. She paced the room, at first gently, then with rapid footsteps, becoming more and more excited each moment; though this was only manifested by the brilliancy of her eyes, and the breathless eagerness with which she listened from time to time. No sound came to her ears, however-nothing but the rain beating, beating, beating against the plate-glass.

The lady took out her watch, and a faint, mocking smile stole over her lips. It seemed as if she had been expecting the return of her servant for hours; and lo! only half an hour had passed since he went forth.

"And this," she said, with a gesture and look of self-reproach—"this is the patience—this the stoicism which I have attained—Heaven help me!" She walked slower then, and at length sunk upon

the couch with her eyes closed resolutely as one who forced herself to wait and be still. Thus she remained, perhaps fifteen minutes, and the marble statue smiled upon her through its chill, white flowers.

She had wrestled with herself and conquered. So much time! Only fifteen minutes, but it seemed an hour. She opened her eyes, and there was that smiling face of marble peering down into hers, it seemed as something human were scanning her heart. The fancy troubled her, and she began to walk about again.

As the lady was pacing to and fro in her boudoir, her foot became entangled in the handkerchief which she had so passionately wrested from the strawberry girl, when in her gentle sympathy the child would have wiped the tears from her eyes. She took the cambric in her hand, not without a shudder, it might be of pain, it might be that some hidden joy blended itself with the emotion, but with an effort at self-control she turned to a corner of the handkerchief, and examined a name written there with attention. Again some powerful change of feeling seemed to sweep over her; she folded the handkerchief with care, and went slowly out of the room, still holding it in her hand. Slowly, and as if impelled against her wishes, this singular woman mounted to the upper story of the dwelling. Even here the same silent splendor, the same magnificent gloom that pervaded the whole dwelling, was darkly visible. Though perfectly alone. carpets thick as a forest moss-bed muffled her footsteps, till they gave forth no echo to betray her presence. Like a spirit she glided on, and but for her breathing she might have been taken for something truly supernatural, so singular was her pale beauty, so strangely motionless were her eyes.

For a moment the lady paused, as if calling up the locality of some object in her mind, and then she opened the door of a small room and entered.

A wonderful contrast did that little chamber present to the splendor through which she had just passed. No half twilight reigned there, no gleams of rich coloring awoke the imagination; everything was chaste and almost serene in its simplicity. Half a shutter had been left open, and thus a cold light was admitted to the chamber, revealing every object with chilling distinctness:-the white walls; the faded carpet on the floor; and the bed piled high with feathers, and covered with a patchwork quilt pieced from many gorgeously colored prints, now somewhat faded and mellowed by age. Half a dozen stiff maple chairs stood in the room. In one corner was a round mahogany stand, polished with age, and between the windows hung a looking-glass framed in curled maple. No one of these articles bore the slightest appearance of recent use, and common place as they would have seemed in another dwelling, in that house they looked mysteriously out of keeping.

The lady looked around as she entered the room, and her face expressed some new and strong emotion; but she had evidently schooled her feelings, and a strong will was there to second every mental effort. After one quick survey her eyes fell upon the carpet. It was a humble fabric, such as the New England housewives manufacture with their own looms and spinning-wheels; stripes of hard, positive? man, drawing back from the hand which she had 12#

colors contrasted harshly together, and even time had failed to mellow them into harmony: though faded and dim, they still spread away from the feet harsh and disagreeable. No indifferent person would have looked upon that cheerless object twice, but it seemed to fascinate the gaze of that singular woman as no artistic combination of colors could have done. Her eyes grew dim as she gazed; her step faltered as she moved across the faded stripes; and reaching a chair near the bed, she sunk upon it pale and trembling. The tremor went off after a few minutes, but her face retained its painful whiteness, and she fell into thought so deep that her attitude took the repose of a statue.

Thus an hour went by. The storm had increased, and through the window which opened upon a garden might be seen the dark sway of the branches tossed by the roaring wind, and blackened with the gathering night. The rain poured down in sheets, and beat upon the spacious roof like the rattle of artillery. Gloom and commotion reigned around. The very elements seemed vexed with new troubles as that beautiful woman entered the room whose humble simplicity seemed so unsuited to her. She saw nothing of the storm, or if she did, the wildness and gloom seemed but a portion of the turnult in her own heart. Yet how still and calm she was-that strange being! At length the chain of iron thought seemed broken; she turned toward the bed, laid her hand gently down upon the quilt, and gazed at the faded colors till some string in her proud heart gave way, and sinking down with her face buried in the scant pillows, she wept like a child. Every limb in her body began to tremble. The bed shook under her, and notwithstanding the stormy elements, the noise of her bitter sobs filled the room. The voice of her grief was soon broken by another sound—the sound of passionate kisses lavished upon the pillows, the quilt, and the homespun linen upon the bed. She looked at them through her tears: she smoothed them out with her trembling hands; she laid her cheek against them lovingly, as a punished child will sometimes caress the very garments of a mother whose forgiveness it craves. Yet in all this you saw that this strange, almost insane excitement was not usual to the woman, that she was not one to yield her strength to a light passion; and this made her grief the more touching. You felt that if such storms often swept across her track of life, she did not bow herself to them without a fierce struggle. She lay upon the bed weeping and faint with exhausted emotion, when the sound of a closing door rang through the building. This was followed by stumbling footsteps so heavy that even the turflike carpets could not muffle them. The lady started up, listened an instant, and then hurried from the room, closing the door carefully after her. It was now almost dark, and but for the angular figure and ungainly attitude of the person she found in her bouloir, she might not have recognized the man who stood waiting her approach.

"Jacob, you have come-well!" said the lady, in a low voice.

"Yes, and a pretty time I have had of it," said the

much of the surliness, and all the indifference of a mastiff, till the rain fell in showers from his coat. "I am soaking wet, ma'am, and dangerous to come near: it might give you a cold."

"It is raining then?" said the lady, constraining her impatience.

"Raining! I should think it was, and blowing too. Why don't you hear the wind yelling and tusseling with the trees back of the house?"

"I have not noticed," answered the lady, mournfully; "I was thinking of other things."

"Of him, I suppose!" There was something husky in the man's voice as he spoke, the more remarkable that his strong down East pronunciation was usually prompt and clear from any signs of feeling.

"Yes, of him and of them! Jacob, this has been a terrible day to me."

"And to me, gracious knows!" muttered the man, giving his coat another rough shake.

"Yes, you have been upon your feet all day-you are wet through, my kind friend, and all to serve me -I know that it is hard!"

"Nothing of the sort-nothing of the sort! Who on earth complained, I should like to know. A little rain, poh!" exclaimed the man, evidently annoyed that his vexation, uttered in an under tone, should have reached the lady's ear.

"No, you never do complain, Jacob; and yet you have often found me an exacting mistress-or friend I should rather say-for it is long since I have considered you as anything else. I have often taxed your strength and patience too far!"

"There it is again!" answered the man, with a sort of rough impatience, which, however, had nothing unkind or disrespectful in it-"jist as if I was complaining or discontented-jist as if I wasn't your hired man-no, servant, that is the word-to serve, wait, tend on you; and hadn't been ever since the day-but no matter about that-jist now I've been down town as you ordered."

"Well!"

Oh! how much of exquisite self-control was betrayed by the low, steady tone in which that little word was uttered.

"Of course," said the man, "I could do nothing without help. The little girl's story was enough to prove that-that he was in town, but that only went so far. Neither knew which way he drove, or how the coach was numbered; so it seemed very much like searching for a needle in a hay-mow. But you wanted to know where he was, and I determined to find out. Wal, this morning, as we left the steamer, I saw a man in the crowd with a great, gilt star on his breast, and as the thing looked rather odd for a republican, I asked what it meant. It was a policeman, they have got up a new system here in the city, it seems, and from what was said at the wharf, I thought it no bad idea to get some of these men to help me search for Mr. Leicester."

"Hush, hush; don't speak so loud," said the lady, starting as a name her lips had not uttered for years, was thus suddenly pronounced.

"I inquired the way, and went to the police-office

almost placed upon his arm, and shaking himself with ; at once: it is in the Park, ma'am, back of the City Hall. Wal, there I found the chief, a smart, active fellow as I ever set eyes on; I told him what brought me there, and who I wanted to find. He called a young man from the out room; wrote on a slip of paper; gave it to the man, and asked me to sit down. Wal, I sat down, and we began to talk about my travels, and things in general, like old acquaintances, till by and bye in came the very policeman that I had seen on the wharf.

"'Mr. Johnson,' says the chief, 'a Southern vessel arrived to-day at the same wharf where the steamer lies. Did you observe a very tall gentleman, with a young lady on his arm, leave that vessel?'

"'Dark hair; large eyes; a black coat?' says the man, looking at me.

"'Exactly,' says I.

"'The lady beautiful; eyes you could hardly tell the color of; lashes always down; black silk dress; cashmere scarf; cottage-bonnet!' says he, again.

"'Jist so!' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, to the chief, 'I saw them."

"'Where did they go?' questions the chief.

"'Hack No. 117 took three fares from the vessel and steamer, one to the City Hall, one to the New York, one to the Astor. This was the second, he went to the Astor."

"And the young girl-did she go with him?" cried the lady, striving in vain to conceal the keen interest which prompted the question.

"That was just what the chief asked," was the reply.

"And the answer—was she with him?"

"Wal, the chief put that question, only a little steadier; and the man answered that the young

"Well."

"That the coachman first took the young lady to a house in-I believe it was Ninth street, or Tenth,

"No matter, so she was not with him," answered the lady, drawing a deep breath, while an expression of exquisite relief came to her features; "and he is there at the Astor House. And I in the same city! Does nothing tell him?-has his heart no voice that clamors as mine does? The Astor House! Jacob, how far is the Astor House from this?"

"More than a mile-two miles. I don't exactly know how far it is."

"A mile, perhaps two, and that is all that divides Oh! God, would that it were all!" she cried, suddenly clasping her hands with a burst of wild agony.

The servant man recoiled as he witnessed this burst of passion, wherefore it were difficult to say; for he remained silent, and the twilight had gathered fast and deep in the room. For several minutes no word was spoken between the two persons so unlike in looks, in mind, in station, and yet linked together by a band of sympathy strong enough to sweep all these inequalities into the dust. At length the lady lifted her head, and looked at the man almost beseechingly through the twilight.

The storm was still fierce. The wind shook and

tore through the foliage of the trees; and the rain swept by in sheets, now and then torn with lightning, and shaken with loud bursts of thunder.

"The storm is terrible!" said the lady, with a sad, winning smile, and with her beautiful eyes bent upon the man.

He thought that she was terrified by the lightning, and this brought his kind nature back again.

"This—oh! this is nothing, madam. Think of the storms we used to have in the Alps, and at sea."

A beautiful brilliancy came into the lady's eyes.

"True, this is nothing compared to them: and the evening, it is not yet entirely dark!"

"The storm makes it dark—that is all. It isn't far off from sun-down by the time!" answered Jacob, taking out an old silver watch, and examining it by the window.

"Jacob, are you very tired?"

"Tired, ma'am! What on earth should make me tired? One would think I had been hoeing all day, to hear such questions!"

The lady hesitated. She seemed ashamed to speak again, and her voice faltered as she at length forced herself to say—

"Then, Jacob, as you are not quite worn out perhaps you will get me a carriage—there must be stables in the neighborhood."

"A carriage!" answered the man, evidently overwhelmed with surprise: "a carriage, madam, to-night, in all this rain!"

"Jacob—Jacob, I must see him—I must see him now, to-night—this hour! The thought of delay suffocates me—I am not myself—do you not see it? All power over myself is gone. Jacob, I must see him now, or die!"

"But the storm, madam," urged poor Jacob, from some cause almost as pale as his mistress.

"The better—all the better. It gives me courage. How can we two meet save in storm and strife? I tell you the tempest will give me strength."

"I beg of you. I-I--"

"Jacob, be kind, get me the carriage!" pleaded the lady, gently, interrupting him: "urge nothing more, I entreat you; but instead of opposing, help me. Heaven knows but for you I am helpleas enough!"

There was no resisting the voice, the pleading eloquence of those eyes. A deep sigh was smothered in that faithful breast, and then he went forth perfectly heedless of the rain; which, to do him justice, had never been considered in connection with his own personal comfort.

He returned after a brief absence; and a dark object at the door, over which the rain was dripping in streams, bespoke the success of his errand. The lady had meantime changed her dress to one of plain black silk, perfectly plain, giving no evidence of position, by which a stranger might judge from what class of society she came; a neat, straw bonnet and a shawl completed her modest costume.

"I am ready, waiting!" she cried, as Jacob presented himself at the door, and drawing down her veil that he might not see all that was written in her face, she passed him and went forth.

But Jacob caught one glance of that countenance with all its eloquent feeling, for a small lamp had been lighted in the boudoir during his absence; and that look was enough. He followed her in silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

1

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

BY LELIA MORTIMER.

I FIRE for the light of my own blue skies,
For my own soft murmuring rills;
I miss the buds with their thousand dyes
That bloom on my native hills.
I long to hear as I oft have heard
At the quiet hour of even,
The notes of that pensive, gentle bird,
That came like a breath from Heaven.

I long for the voice on my childhood's ear

That fell is its melody,

When the mother who loved me knelt for prayer
In her angel purity.
Oh! for one more look from those holy eyes,
One grasp of that mother's hand—
One breath 'neath the pure and sunny skies

In a strange, strange clime, with no kind tone
To soothe and bless my heart,
I dwell in my wildhood home alone,

I dwell in my wildhood home alone, From the race of mankind apart.

That smile on my native land.

There is majesty here; for the glant trees
In their pride and deep strength stand;
But I listen in vain for the murmuring breeze
Of my own soft native land.

Here is grandeur too; for the mountains rise
In their bold and mighty height,
Till their dark brows pierce the arching akies,
And are lost to the wond?ring sight.
And the streams roll on with their glittering foam
With a motion most sublime;
But give me the hills of my native home,
The air of my own bright clime.

Oh! give me that cot with its cheerful hearth,
And the dear ones all about it:
For I wander, a Pilgrim, over the earth,
Unloving, unblest, without it.
And give me the hills by the soft winds fanned,
The meadows in wild flowers drest,
The murmuring streams of my native land—
That my heart from its load may rest.



MATCH-MAKING.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"Poor Mrs. Lincoln, how I pity her!" exclaimed; is rich and fashionable, and who so sadly misuses the Mrs. Mervyn, as she turned her eyes from the lady in question, to address a gentleman who had just taken a seat beside her.

"Why so?" replied Mr. Howard, "she does not look in a very pitiable condition, at the present moment at least, with her smiling face, her glittering turban, and her velvet dress."

"Look again," said the lady, "and you will see that she is in a perfect fever of impatience and anxiety. Her mouth smiles, it is true, but look at her eyes rolling in a fine phrenzy between my Kate, who is talking to that fashionable rowdy, St. Clair, and her own pretty, over-dressed daughter, who is listening with such a tell-tale face to poor young Marston. As the fates seem always against her, I wish with all my heart she may fail in her endeavors to separate those two who would suit each other so well."

"Have the fates such a peculiar pleasure in crossing Mrs. Lincoln?—in my ignorance I have always supposed her a very successful manager."

"In some respects she may be, yet she seems to fail in attaining what she sets her heart most upon. She tries her best to govern her husband-he walks the even tenor of his way, allowing her to fret and fume and manœuvre as she may. Another of her aims has been to be a leader in the world of fashion -she has succeeded in only being its most subservient follower. She has set her heart upon her daughter's being a dashing belle, and is bitterly disappointed that nature intended her for something better. Strong, however, in her determination to 'conquer fate,' she forces the girl to undertake the part she wishes her to play, and then wonders at her want of success. Just look at the poor child, almost crushed under the load of finery with which her mother has bedizened her."

Mr. Howard looked in the direction indicated, and smiled as he observed the gentle brow of the pretty Flora overshadowed by a ponderous wreath which would have served to crown three genuine goddesses of spring, her slender arms weighed down with their multitudinous bracelets, and her petite figure flounced to the waist until its symmetry was destroyed in the profusion of drapery. Extremely diffident by nature, she was at that moment shrinking still more from notice, to conceal the blushes that were mantling on her cheek from pleasure in the society of one she secretly preferred.

"But you were about telling me of a love affairwere you not?" said Mr. Howard.

"Nay, I know nothing about it. I only surmise from Flora's conscious looks that she prefers young Marston, whose only fault is that he is poor; and from her mother's fidgets and manœuvres that she has fixed

gifts with which kind nature has endowed him, that no sensible woman would wish him for a son-in-law."

"Nay, you are too hard upon St. Clair," said Mr. Howard-"besides fortune and fashion in these days are not so much despised, even by sensible people; and if St. Clair is a little wild, why a pretty, gentle wife would be the very thing for him. So I am for the match decidedly," and with a gay laugh Mr. Howard moved through the crowd.

Flora Lincoln had looked forward to this ball with intense pleasure, for she knew that she would then meet with one who rarely mingled in such scenes, and who now for some unknown reason had seldom sought her society. Henry Marston had been an intimate friend of her eldest brother, now abroad, and always a favorite with herself, though till the partial estrangement we have alluded to she scarcely knew how highly she had valued him. It was but this winter that she had entered society, and all was as yet new, dazzling and strange to her. She felt in a sort of bewilderment that deprived her in a measure of the powers of pleasing that she really possessed; and the injudicious course of her mother, whose determination that her daughter should take a prominent place among the belles of the season, often forced her into positions she felt to be both ridiculous and painful. Mrs. Lincoln had no idea of the possession of a single gift of nature or accomplishment of education, save for the purposes of display. To shine was all her aim, and shine Flora must and should-not with her own soft, moon-like radiance, but with the adventitious glare the meteor fashion could throw about her. Nothing, therefore, that expense or management could do, had been spared to attain this desirable end-if end that can be called which was but a means of reaching one still more desirable—a wealthy and distinguished marriage.

To achieve this, Mrs. Lincoln thought her prime, maternal duty-a duty rendered still more onerous because four younger daughters were awaiting in nursery and school-room their turn to play their part on the stage of fashion. Flora was, therefore, to marry early, and, as soon after her debut her pretty, child-like grace attracted the attention of the rich and fashionable St. Clair, he was fixed upon as the chosen future husband.

Until this unfortunate evening everything had favored Mrs. Lincoln's plans. Mr. St. Clair met all her advances very cordially, was always at hand to dance or talk with Flora, and when she was present seemed to care for no one else; while the gentle diffidence with which she permitted his attentions indicated to the sagacious mother a growing preference. her heart upon St. Clair, whose only virtue is that he ? At this ball, however, a change seemed to come over

the spirit of both the intended lovers. Flora, deeply "your hair must be arranged so and so"—"you will interested in Marston's conversation, appeared to shrink from St. Clair's notice; while he revenged himself for her indifference by an animated flirtation with Kate Mervyn, who though less beautiful than Flora, possessed the style and air of fashion she so greatly needed.

"your hair must be arranged so and so"—"you will dance in this style, play in that, behave in the other," and so on forever. The business of her life in fact was that of giving directions and seeing them obeyed. Her husband, satisfied with his own personal freedom with which he had taught his wife never to interfere, greatly needed.

Mrs. Lincoln was almost beside herself!—what was to be done? How willingly would she have annihilated both Kate and Henry on the spot!—but as it was, she was forced to smile, and compliment, and appear to listen, while forming plans innumerable to subvert the threatened failure of her darling scheme. Poor Flora!—little did she dream as with a beating hearting and glowing cheek she said good bye to Henry as he placed her in the carriage beside her mother, of the storm that was about to burst on her devoted head. Mrs. Lincoln had been irritated past endurance by the restraint she had been obliged to impose upon her feelings, their outbreak was, therefore, proportionally strong, and Flora wept and strove to pacify her in vain.

It was some time indeed before the poor girl was able to comprehend the ground of her offence, for until this moment she was entirely unconscious of her mother's plans. When the truth at last dawned upon her, it came with such stunning force that as the light from the opening door of their home gleamed upon her daughter's face, Mrs. Lincoln was shocked at the change that had come over it. The soft and gentle expression was gone, the tears dried, and a stony calmness that awed the angry mother into silence had usurped its place. No further word was spoken on either side. Flora silently took her candle and proceeded to her solitary chamber, and when there sat decked with her mocking finery until daylight dawned.

But oh! the bitter, bitter thoughts that chased each other through her busy brain as she sat there so calm, so still. It seemed as though a veil had been stripped from her eyes, and she no longer looked upon the outside of things, but upon their hard realities. The mother she loved so dearly now stood before her a worldly schemer, who had avowed herself ready to sacrifice her daughter's happiness to her own ambition-and to what other love could she trust if hers had failed? Even the thought of Marston brought no relief. She knew that she loved him, but had she any proof that he loved her in return?-none but kind looks and gentle words and tones, which perchance he might give to others as well as to her. So Flora at daylight sought her neglected couch as utterly miserable as one so innocent could be.

Mrs. Lincoln's nature was one that never could bear opposition. Let her have her own way, and few could seem more amiable and pleasant than she. Oppose her, and she made you feel it every hour in the day, and every minute of the hour. She was a fond mother, but one that exacted implicit obedience; and her children, who were naturally gentle, seldom ventured to disobey her. To Flora in particular, who was always self-distrustful and diffident to a fault, her mother's wishes had hitherto been absolute commands. It was "Flora, you will wear such a dress to-night"—

dance in this style, play in that, behave in the other," and so on forever. The business of her life in fact was that of giving directions and seeing them obeyed. Her husband, satisfied with his own personal freedom with which he had taught his wife never to interfere, allowed her to be the sun round which the domestic system moved with admirable regularity. The very thought then of Flora wandering from her proper sphere, like some eccentric comet, and daring to think, and feel, and decide for herself, was not to be suffered for a single moment. Next morning Flora was summoned like a culprit before the maternal bar, when in plain terms Mrs. Lincoln requested she would hold no further intercourse with Henry Marston than the barest civility demanded, as he was an acquaintance of whom she entirely disapproved. Flora ventured to inquire, "why?"

"I request I may be obeyed, Flora, without being accountable for my wishes to a child like you. There may be many reasons why I think a young man an unfit companion for my daughter, which it would be improper for me to speak or you to hear. Nay, no heroics," she added, as Flora was about interrupting her with clasped hands and streaming eyes—"your duty as a daughter is submission, and it is well for you that you have a mother better able to judge what is for your true happiness than you are capable of doing for yourself. As to Mr. St. Clair—you have compromised yourself too far in the eyes of the world to think of receding now."

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" said Flora, in an agony, "do not speak to me of Mr. St. Clair, when my whole heart---"

"Silence, Flora!" said her mother, imperiously, with a tone and look that checked the warm tears of her daughter, and closed the warmer heart that was about pouring forth its inmost feelings into the mother's ear. But Mrs. Lincoln knew too well what she was about, to listen to any confessions. Coldly and authoritatively she reiterated her commands; and poor Flora, after a few hopeless struggles, was forced to submit. Her constrained manner to Henry grieved him deeply, and after a vain effort to ascertain the cause, he disappeared from the circles in which she mingled.

Thus time went on, and Mrs. Lincoln's plans seemed on the eve of their fulfilment. Flora, who for a while appeared to droop and languish, had now brightened up again, and attained to more than her former vivacity. She seemed daily to gain more confidence in herself, and to claim more consideration from those around her. Mr. St. Clair was her constant visitor, he sang with Flora, walked and rode with her, and she would often return from these excursions with so glowing a cheek that Mrs. Lincoln was sure the mystic words had been spoken, and though restless and fidgeting as ever, she was perfectly certain that all was going right. To add to her satisfaction, it was currently reported that Henry Marston was seriously attentive to Kate Mervyn, and though she wondered that her mother would allow her to think of one so poor and unknown to fame, she felt doubly thankful that her own masterly policy had checked the incipient flame in her daughter's bosom, (and by forcing him to see there was no hope there, had directed his views into another channel.

It was evening, the lights burned brightly on the table of Mrs. Lincoln's spacious drawing-room, and flashed upon the splendid mirrors and the gorgeous gilding; the rich curtains fell with their heavy folds across the darkened windows, and the whole apartment with its brilliant carpet and its luxurious furniture spoke of wealth, and ease, and comfort. But neither the ease nor the comfort that surrounded them seemed to have found their way into the hearts of the master and mistress of all this elegance. Mr. Lincoln was walking restlessly up and down the room, and his usually good-humored face looked puzzled and anxious; while Mrs. Lincoln in her authoritative and dogmatic style, exclaimed-

"It will be a most admirable thing for poor Flora besides it is my match from beginning to end-I planned and arranged it all, and though Flora was a little restive at first, I fixed the matter at once by saying it should be as I desired-you see the result. She is now as happy as the day is long, and I am sure will consent to marry St. Clair as soon as he asks it-indeed I wonder he has not spoken before this."

Mr. Lincoln stopped short in his hurried walk, and with a peculiar expression replied-"I do not wonder at it all. Mr. St. Clair knows very well that I will never consent to his marrying Flora, and that for once in my life I intend having my own way."

"My dear Mr. Lincoln how very absurd!"

"Absurd! yes, it is absurd—the very height of absurdity. I can't help laughing for the soul of me at the absurdity of the whole affair"-and Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily.

"What do you mean, Mr. Lincoln?" said the lady, angrily-"this is no laughing matter."

"It is, my dear-upon my life it is: 'let those laugh that win,' you know," and Mr. Lincoln's merriment redoubled.

"Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean?"

"Read this, my dear, and you will see," and Mr. Lincoln placed in her hand a note addressed to himself by Mr. Mervyn, announcing his daughter's engagement, alluding to the happy termination of all their difficulties, with thanks for Mr. Lincoln's kind offices, and hopes that Flora would act as bridesmaid. Mrs. Lincoln read the note nearly through before she discovered the bridegroom was not to be Henry Marston as she anticipated-but St. Clair!

it is enough to tell its termination. After having exhausted herself in invectives against St. Clair, Kate, Flora, and the whole world, Mrs. Lincoln had sunk sobbing upon the sofa, when her husband said to her-

"I have so long let you have your own way, Sarah, that you must forgive me if I have made use of a little stratagem to carry mine. I confess that I wanted the courage to endure all that we both should have had to suffer had I opposed you openly. Now the matter is done, and you will be obliged to submit. But you might have spared yourself all this mortification, had you been willing to listen to your daughter, when she would have laid bare her whole heart to you; and you may be thankful your unkindness did not drive her to deceit or desperation. In her misery she came to me-told me that she loved Marston, and implored me not to force her to marry St. Clair. I told her to submit to your wishes, while I would see what could be done. Through my friend Howard I soon discovered exactly how matters stood. St. Clair had long been attached to Kate, but her mother was prejudiced against him, and his attentions to Flora were but a blind to conceal his real feelings, so that if her heart had not been occupied by another, she might, through your fault, at this moment have been suffering the miseries of a hopeless attachment. Mr. Mervyn approved of his daughter's choice as I did of Flora's; but as both of us were under petticoat government, we concerted together our plan, by means of which all our young people were able to see a good deal of each other, until their mothers could be brought to hear right reason. Mrs. Mervyn, finding her daughter's happiness is so deeply interested, has at last given her consent, and confesses she judged the young man too hastily. Howard, who has been the master mover of our plot, dines here to-day, and with him Henry Marston. He is a son-in-law I shall be proud of, and so will you when you come to your senses. Remember how the world will laugh if they think you are outwitted."

And the dread of the world's laugh prevailed. Mrs. Lincoln digested her disappointment: put a good face upon the matter: praised Henry's virtues and abilities in all companies, and declared, in her usual stereotyped phrase on such occasions, that "had she searched the world over Flora could not have made a better choice." The wedding was as grand as though it had been for a millionaire; and Mr. Mervyn, in his delight at his daughter's happiness, declares that he is so pleased with his success, that he is afraid he may be tempted to We cannot attempt to describe the scene that ensued, \(\) take up his wife's forsaken business of match-making.

LINES.

COUNTRY or town; We plant our hearts' green meadow With trees of life that cast a pleasant shadow, Jehovah's groves their fruits will own; What though our way by dungeons dark be bounded? To free, glad homes leads one, once sorely wounded, Country or town

Blest they whom He doth crown!

Sleep-or thou death, Welcome are ye, twin-brothers! To him who loves Christ's cross; for you, o'er others, He blessed God with grateful breath :-For thee, oh, sleep! consoler of the wearied; For thee, oh, death! since thou his Lord hast buried. Sleeping or dead Clear shines the morning red! E. H.

EDITORS' TABLE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Macaulay's History of England. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols.

Harpers' Pictorial History of England terminates at a point which renders this new work by Macaulay a most desirable acquisition. The events which followed the expulsion of the last Stewart from the British throne-events in which our own revolution was remotely blended, are so important, and so full of interest that the research of a living and responsible author seems perfectly invaluable. Honesty of purpose, a firm and solemn determination to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is essential to our trust in the relation of events of which we feel almost the immediate effect. To this sincere and houset purpose Macaulay brings the great force and vigor of his own peculiar style, the clear energy of a well regulated and far-searching mind. Nor is the volume before us a dry detail of political events, but personal aneodotes, pictures of court life, pervaded by a gay, cheerful, gossipping spirit, are interspersed wherever the interest can be excited by them. Altogether, these volumes are a rare acquisition to English literature, and when the work is completed its publication will be another triumph to the Harpers, who in this class of books have never been even approached.

Franklin, Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This noble pictorial is illustrated by Chapman, and the autobiography unequalled as it is by anything of the kind known to our language—is enriched with a narrative of Franklin's public life and services, by the Reverend H. Hastings Weld. A man more capable of a task like this could not have been found in this country. His talent, his taste, his earnest admiration of the printer and statesman, the natural bias of his own symmetrical character must have made this task a labor of love indeed. The illustrations too, spirited and delicate—the exquisite taste and lavish expense bestowed upon each number of the work, renders everything connected with it excellent beyond comparison. The work will be completed in eight numbers, at twenty-five cents each, and a rare production it will be. The artist, the author, and the publishers have all outdone themselves in perfecting it for the public. Three numbers are now complete—the rest will follow

The Boy's Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Book.

New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a most delightful volume, full of rustic illustrations, beautifully executed, and rich in everything that its title indicates. Beautiful little gems of natural history are interspersed throughout the volume, and the letter-press makes one completely in love with childhood and its country enjoyments.

Model Men, Women and Children. By Horace Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Laugh—why you could not for your life keep from laughing over this book—the pictures, the sketches, the very cover is redolent of mirth. The author is good natured too, and makes one quite in love with the eccentricities of human nature.

Chalmers' Posthumous Works. Vol. 4. Sabbath Readings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have no idea of "adding perfume to the violet," by encomiums on this excellent author—the name is enough to ensure interest and reverence. This volume of the "Subbath Readings" is devoted to the New Testament, and forms a beautiful series with the "Scripture Readings." We must not part with this volume, however, without some notice of the chaste and beautiful style in which it is fitted for the library. The binding is in exquisite keeping with the pure and beautiful contents. We believe there is yet to be another volume before the work is complete.

Alexander the Great. By Jacob Abbott, with Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This little series of historical biography promises to become popular as it deserves; for the young it is invaluable, and to the reader of any age it is full of interest. Simple in the language, concise and sufficiently elegant in style, it embraces a great deal of knowledge in the study of a few hours. "King Charles the First," and "Mary, Queen of Scotts," have become immensely popular; "Alexander the Great" falls behind them in neither pictorial elegance or literary merit.

The Hand Book of Hydropathy. By Dr. J. Weiss. 1 vol. Philada: J. W. Moore.

This volume is intended for professional and domestic use, with the physicians and patients of the Hydropathic school. The author has enjoyed twelve years experience at Graefenberg and Freywaldau, the leading water-cure establishments in Europe; and those who are informed on the subject, pronounce his treatise of much value. This American edition is from the second London edition.

The Caxtons. A Family Picture. By Sir E. B. Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We hardly recognize Bulwer in this, his last novel: and yet we are very much inclined to pronounce it his best; for if the incidents are less striking, the characters are far better drawn. The two Caxtons, Uncle Jack, and others will live as long as English fiction is read.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

We have, he usual, the spring styles in advance of all cotemporaries. In fact this is the only magazine on which any reliance can be placed as a repertory of fashlon, for it is the only one that goes to the necessary expense. Our arrangements emable us to give the earliest intelligence from London and Paris, as well as the latest fashlons here. The efforts of other periodicals to imitate us are amusing: but they can only follow, where we lead.

Fig. 1.—A Walking Dries of lilac glace silk, a most appropriate color for spring. Boddice high on the neck, and opening very low in front, displaying a richly worked chemisette; it is trimmed with puffed silk. The alcoves

are three quarters, and tight to just below the elbow, where they open and show a cambric under-sleeve which is puffed at the hand. The skirt is trimmed with five double flounces, each one being headed by a puff of silk. Bonnet of delicate straw-colored silk, with face trimming of straw-colored crepe lisse, trimmed on the right side with lilac-colored flowers and green leaves.

Fig. II.—A WALKING DRESS of brocaded silk, of a rich green and white color. Corsage high and plain; and sleeves tight to the wrists. The skirt perfectly plain and very full. A mantilla of fawn-colored silk, trismmed with ruckes of ribbon. A bonnet of pink silk, with face trimming of pink ribbon; and a large rose, with green leaves, on the right side.

GENERAL REMARKS .- The most fashionable color for this spring will be a light green. In trimming evening dresses, blonde lace, so fashionable a few months ago, is growing out of date: puffs of tulle, however, still are used, and are worn intermingled with quillings of ribbon and bouquets of flowers. Double skirts of tulle are edged with rouleaux of satin, or, for very young ladies, they are simply finished with broad hems. Dresses of satin or silk, when worn for ball costume, are frequently trimmed on the skirts with a great number of very narrow crape flounces, cut at the edges. Lace flounces are still in high favor, but they are usually narrow; never fewer than six or seven are worn, and frequently more. They are so arranged as to form the tablier trimming in front of the dress; that is to say, the rows of lace are set on in the usual way, horizontally at the back part of the skirt, and raised at each side, so as to form festoons in front. At the points where the rows of lace are raised to form the festoons, there is fixed a bow of ribbon or a bouquet of flowers arranged so as to extend over two of the flounces. Thus, if there are six flounces, there are three bouquets or bows of ribbon on each side of the dress. Lace berthes are looped up on the shoulders and fastened by small bows of ribbon, or by agrafes set with precious stones. Dresses of heavy materials, such as rich brocade or satin, have side trimmings composed of puffs of tulle or rows of lace. Sleeves for evening dress, though still worn very short, are somewhat longer than last winter. They are finished at the ends with pagoda ruffles, formed of successive rows of lace one over the other. These ruffles frequently descend so low as to cover the elbows, and are gathered up at the inner part of the arm by bows of ribbon. The effect is exceedingly becoming to the arm, especially in combination with the present fashion of wearing bracelets of black velvet, fastened by clasps or buckles set with precious stones. Gloves are worn very short, and above them several fancy bracelets supply the place of trimming. Red velvet berries are also very fashionable, when mingled with flowers, either in wreaths or bouquets.

DRESSES made of thick and heavy materials will continue to be worn till the latter part of May; and for these little or no trimming is employed. Watered silk in light colors is very fashionable for evening dresses: for this material lace is the only trimming admissible. Flounces or side trimmings of Honiton lace or point d'Alencon have a beautiful effect. Watered ailk is also a very fashionable material for out-door costume. For these occasions dark colors are worn, and the dresses are made high and without trimming of any kind. The same rules are applicable to dresses of plain or figured satin, materials which are alike suitable to morning and evening costume, according to the colors selected and the style in which the dresses are made. For out-door costume the satin should be of some dark hue, and the trimming may be of black lace, of velvet, or passementerie; but of whatever consisting, the trimming should be sparingly and simply arranged. The sleeves may be either close or open at the lower part of \ made up.

the arm, according as it is wished to give to the dress a greater or less degree of elegance. These rules are in no way applicable to silk materials of a lighter character. Glace silk and taffety, the latter either striped or plain, are trimmed in a variety of ways. They may be flounced, or ornamented with passementerie; or, for evening full dress, flounced with lace, black or white.

It may be mentioned that applicatur of colored velvet on white tulle is at present highly fashionable. A beautiful evening dress may be composed of tulle, sprigged all over with small myosotis flowers, made of blue velvet. The skirt trimmed on each side with bows of blue ganze ribbon, sprigged with silver. The head-dress consist of bows of the same ribbon, fixed with large pearl-headed pins in the Neapolitan style. Another dress, also of white tulle, sprigged with rose-buds formed of shaded velvet, is very elegant. The skirt trimmed with two wreaths of velvet foliage, placed en tablier up each side of the front.

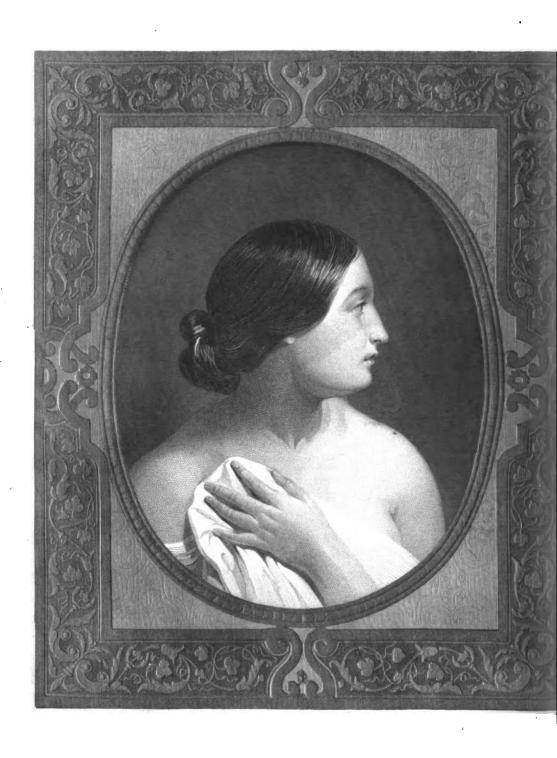
The newest BONNETS prepared for the show-rooms of our fashionable milliners differ but little in shape from those worn during the winter. The fronts, which are wide and round, ancircle the face and tie closely under the chin. A slight change has lately been introduced in the arrangement of the under-trimming of bonnets. It consists in the employment of only a single bow of ribbon or small bouquet of flowers fixed on each side of the forchead, just above the temples, full quillings of blonde or tulle descending at each side of the face. This style is not, however, becoming to every face, and bows of flowers, extending down both sides of the tulle cap, are most generally adopted. Flowers, it may be mentioned, are beginning to supercede bows of ribbon for the under-trimming of bonnets.

In Paris and London a very elegant style of in-door dress has recently been introduced by several ladies of high fashion. Though as yet strictly confined to home costume, it is exceedingly recherche. It consists of a small pardessus, or a high corrage a basque, made of velvet, silk, or satin, and worn over a dress totally different in material and color. This corsage is called a basquine, from the circumstance of its having a basque or skirt at the waist. It opens in front of the bosom, and is worn over a dress having a low corsage. The basque may be rounded or square in front, or (which has a very pretty effect) it is sometimes slashed or openfin little slits all round. Others have only two slashes or openings, one at each side. A beautiful one of the latter form was made of white watered silk, trimmed with white lace. The lace was carried up the openings, and it was headed by two narrow rows of black velvet. This basquine was worn over a dress of amber-colored glace, with seven narrow flounces pinked at the edges. Another, composed of rose-colored satin, and trimmed with black lace, was worn with a dress of brocaded silk figured in various colors on a white ground. The sleeves of these little pardessus present some variety. Some are short, and are covered by two or three rows of lace; others descend below the elbow, and are finished by lace ruffles or engageantes. When the basquine has short sleeves, there are worn with it under-sleeves of muslin or tulle, fitting almost closely to the arms, and covered by rows of white lace run one above another; the last row descending to the hand.

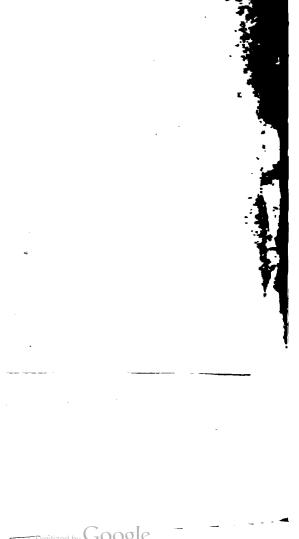
PALACES AND PRISONS.—The sudden indisposition of Mrs. Stephens prevented her furnishing as long a chapter as usual, this month. We are happy to state she is now recovering. In our next number the deficiency will be made up.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

TRUEN FOUNDATIONS









Digitized by Google







PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vor. XV.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1849.

No. 5.

MAY-DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

England was that of the first of May. When it first originated, research has failed to discover, though it is probably the remnant of some Pagan festival in commemoration of the opening of spring: but we trace its history clearly for at least five hundred years back.

The popularity of this holiday was at its height probably in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Before daybreak the villagers were accustomed to set forth to the woods, where they felled the tallest and straightest tree they could find, and bore it in triumph home, for a May-pole. Sometimes it was dragged from the woods by oxen garlanded with flowers, and accompanied by music; while men and maidens, bearing green boughs, swelled the procession. Arrived at the village the tall pole was reared on the green, and hung with garlands of flowers. The fronts of the houses were frequently dressed in green boughs. Arbors of the same material were also erected, a bower being placed at their head, higher than the others: this, within and without, was decorated with flowers, and set apart for the Queen of May, who was, generally, some peasant girl, selected by the unanimous consent of her companions. Sometimes the daughter of the Lord of the Manor presided as May Queen, and the whole family issued from their old ancestral hall to join in the May-day games. Then there were rustic youths dressed up in the costume of Robin Hood and his merry men, and Maid Marian; re-calling the days of old, when these daring outlaws were the dread and pride of Sherwood Forest, plundering the rich to feed the poor; and chasing the dun deer through the thickets, in spite of Norman keepers and cruel forest-laws.

Thomas Millar, the basket-maker, gives a description copied from an old chronicler of a May-day in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The merry monarch, once rode out with his queen, and a whole concourse of nobles, one fine May morning, to the top of Shooters-hill, above Greenwich, and there they were received by a large troop of men, amounting to about two hundred, who were all dressed as foresters, in a costume of Kendal green, and headed by a captain,

ONE of the oldest and most poetical holidays of coresters, dressed up for the occasion, amused their royal and noble visitors by showing them their skill in archery; and when this was over each blew his bugle-horn, and conducted the king and his train into a wood under the brow of the hill, where a large arbor was erected of green boughs, consisting of a hall and two chambers, all decorated with flowers and sweet herbs; and here a mighty feast stood ready prepared, quite in keeping with the scene, consisting of venison, venison-pasties, and a copious supply of the blood-red wine, for such, the old ballads say, often formed the forest-banquet of Robin Hood and his merry men.

> On their return from this woodland banquet, they were met by two ladies, richly attired, who rode in a beautiful chariot, drawn by five horses; and on the back of each horse was also seated a lady, one of whom was called the Lady of Showers; another, the Lady of Green; the third, the Lady of Vegetation; the fourth, of Pleasure; and the fifth, of Sweet Odor. Of the two who occupied the chariot, one was called the Lady of May, and the other the Lady of Flowers: and they entertained the assembled company with songs, as they returned to Greenwich. Such was an English May-day in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

> In bringing home the May-pole, sometimes as many as forty yoke of oxen, each having a sweet nosegay tied to the tip of his horns, were employed. The pole too was covered all over, from top to bottom, with flowers and sweet herbs, bound round with strings; were, at equal distances, cross bars were fastened upon it, to the end of which were attached garlands: and thus decorated, it was hoisted up, amid the leaping and dancing and joyous shouts of the assembled mul-

Even in London the festival was kept up with spirit. Any one who had passed along Cornhill, on May-day, a few centuries ago, would have seen green arbors erected there, and huge oaken boughs hanging over the street, and the milk-maids, and all the merry old citizens, with their wives, daughters, maids, and apprentices, congregated about the Maypole, many of them dressed in old fanciful costumes, and giving themselves up to all the fun and jollity of whom they called Robin Hood. These May-day May. But time has not preserved even the names of

we know of the ancient pipe and tabor, the favorite \ May pole until the next year. Millar says:-"I well music to which they timed their footsteps, is gathered remember passing through a village, at the end of from glancing at some scarce engraving.

the mazy measures which they danced; and nearly all, It is the custom to let the garlands remain on the April, in which a tall May-pole stood, only a few The observance of May-day has, within the last years ago, and seeing the last year's garlands hanging century, fallen into almost entire disuse. In a few upon it, all wan and withered, and beaten by the rural districts, however, the first of May is still kept.

AMANDA.

BY WILLIAM STARK.

THY rounded cheek grows hollow, And the light shines through thy hand, Do they beckon thee to follow To the brighter land?

Is the slender tie half riven? Do thy sisters whisper "come?" Do you mean the dark blue Heaven When you talk of "going home?"

How feel they who have mortal birth, And yet are of the skies, Whose tinted robe of purest earth Scarce serves as a disguise?

Who hang upon the tree of life Like leaf of locust flower, Too pure and pale for wind of strife, For angry cloud or shower?

I smile to see thy placid smile At life's diminished sand, At the blessed breeze that would beguile Thy frail bark from the strand.

Sure you know that there is anchorage In a broad and deeper bay, Where mighty waves forget their rage In their dimpled childrens play.

Where winds a dreamy vigil keep With pure lips half apart,

Like a maiden that can scarcely sleep For the beatings of her heart;

Or roam about with here a whirl, And there a sudden rush, Would hardly lift a glossy curl, Or the plumage of a thrush.

Our eyes will fill with sorrow If thou shalt go away, And find the loved to-morrow While we battle with to-day.

Yet we shall follow after More joyful than before, In the hope that childhood's laughter Shall bless our lips once more.

For where thou art will gladness Have more than fickle gleam, And the far-off form of sadness Grow dimmer than a dream.

Chide not our mourning though you find That death wore strange disguise, But cast a winning glance behind To wile us to the skies:

And pay with love's unsullied beam The love we send with you, Like the sun that drinks of turbid stream And giveth back the dew.

KENNETH.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

LITTLE Kenneth is a bound-boy, He lives across the way, I love to hear him singing In the early Summer day.

He sings through all the day time, His heart's so very light, Although his tasks were tiresome For one of greater might.

A pleasant home and hearth-stone Poor Kenneth never knew; Naught minds he of his mother's form Or eyes of tender blue

That, shut beneath the grass-tops, Heed not the passing hours, The whip-poor-will beside her, Nor the dying Summer days;

Nor even the little bound-boy, Her darling youngest born, Who, heaping up the loose soil, Goes singing through the corn.

God keep thee, little Kenneth, Young heart, so warm and glad, Forever may it bless thee The song thy boyhood had!

THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"Hark! that rustle of a dress, Stiff with lavish costiliness! Here comes one whose cheek would flush, But to have her garment brush 'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin Wore the weary broidery in,
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And, in midnight's chill and mark,
Stitched her life into the work,
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there."—James Russell Lowell.

THE clock had struck midnight, yet still the seamstress toiled on, though her fingers were long since weary, and her heart sad almost unto death. Her candle flickered low in its socket, and at last flared up as if about to go out; she rose and lit another, and still toiled on. The sleet drove against the window pane, rattling like shot upon the frosty glass, and the step of the sleepy watchman without was the sole sound that echoed in the street: the whole city lay dumb; yet still she toiled on. She had a piece of work which it was necessary to finish by the next day, and so, though hungry, and sick, and spiritless, she was forced to toil on.

The tread of the watchman grew fainter; the tempest deepened; and at last the hour of one struck. The scanty fire, which had warmed that miserable apartment, had expired two hours before, and cold chills began to steal over the thinly clad inhabitant. She cast a wistful glance at the dead embers on the hearth, turned over her work to see how much remained, and sighing heavily, resumed her needle. And thus, hour after hour that lonely and friendless orphan, toiled on.

Left fatherless and motherless she tried to keep up a brave heart, and, as long as her health lasted, had succeeded. But her incessant labors gradually undermined her strength. Her constitution, overtasked, gave way. She became thin and pale; and sometimes was troubled with a hectic cough. The severe winter, finally, had brought on a temporary illness, during which her last penny had been exhausted; and it was not without great exertions, for work was scarce, that she had, on her recovery, obtained something to do. That which she had in hand was to be finished in an incredibly short time; but anything was better than starvation; and she had thankfully undertaken the task.

The night wore on. The storm raged fiercer and more icy: and the poor girl shivered now continually. Still the piece of work was far from finished. At last, tears began to fall on her lap, at first slowly \ and heavily like the first drops of a thunder shower, \ then faster and faster. Finally she sobbed convul- murmured low words, like a child calling its mother sively. She could no longer sew; her emotion was in its slumbers. The storm, meantime, had ceased

too great: so she laid down her work, and gave free vent to weeping.

,10

"Oh! Father in Heaven," she cried, lifting her clasped hands above, and looking upward with streaming eyes, "is there no relief from this? Must I still suffer, and struggle, in body and soul? Better I were dead. But no! no! that is a sinful wish. Teach me to say, 'thy will be done."

Renewed sobs choked her utterance, and burying her face in her hands, she wept with a violence that shook the frail chair in which she was sitting. At last the tempest of her grief gradually died away; her sobs grew less and less frequent; and, finally, were heard only at intervals, like those of a child which has cried itself to sleep. Exhausted nature had given way. She slumbered.

And as she slept she dreamed. Oh! bless God for dreams. They come to the bed of care, and poverty, and anguish, soothing the worn-out struggler, and stringing the soul anew for the strife of the morrow. The rich and prosperous know not what the luxury of dreaming is. But, in dreams, the famished beggar sits at the full board; the bankrupt forgets his shame, and surrounds his wife and children once more with wealth; and the mourner beholds again the smile of the loved one, and clasps the wife, or daughter to his throbbing heart.

She dreamed. At first, however, her dream was not a pleasant one. The actual wove itself too much into the ideal; and her thoughts were still of cold, and hunger, and weariness. She fancied herself wandering over a wide common, which was covered with snow so deep that, at every step, she drew her breath with more and more difficulty. Yet she struggled on. At last she could stem the driving sleet and wade through the gathering drifts no longer; and, completely exhausted, she sank down against a bank.

As she thus dreamed, her head, which had rested between her hands on the back of her chair, fell over against the wall, and, in this easier position, she slept more peacefully. A smile gradually stole over her mild features. She started slightly occasionally, and

Digitized by Google

without, and the wind, lately so violent, now moaned low and plaintively; while the musical chaunt of the watchman crying, "three o'clock and a starlight morning," sounded sweet and cheerful after the roar of the spent tempest.

She was dreaming as she smiled. The waste of snow had disappeared, and the icy bank on which she leaned; and in their place a field of fragrant spring flowers opened before her sight, and she sat on a soft, mossy seat. The gurgling of waters, hurrying over pebbles, and the morning songs of birds were in her ears. The dew glittered among the grass, trembled on the leaf of the rose, or pattered to the earth with a low, musical sound as the breeze stirred the trees around her. A pleasant, but subdued radiance was over the whole landscape: and oh! how light and happy her heart felt.

Morning began to dawn, but still she slept-yes! blessed be God she slept. The gray dawn stole into the room, at first timidly, lingering at the window and nestling close around her form; but finally venturing further into the chamber, exploring every corner, and penetrating into each crevice as the morning advanced. It was now broad day. Bitter, bitter cold was it, even in that room; but the overwearied slumberer still slept on. She had dreamed again, and now she was happier than ever.

For, as she gazed around that beautiful landscape, the light had seemed to brighten; and she saw two figures approaching her hand in hand, whom she recognized immediately as her father and mother. She would have sprang to meet them, but an invincible, though delicious lassitude had stolen over her; and she waited till they came up. How her heart beat when she saw them suddenly behold her, and with a glad cry rush forward and clasp her in their arms. A thus dreamed; and in her sleep she looked like an on. Is there no one to care for these? angel.

The dawn brightened. The winter sun came forth, sharp and clear, and shooting into the room brought everything out distinctly. A ray lingering around the head of the sleeper and glittering on her hair, crowned her as with a halo of glory, and made her look even more bestified than before.

At this moment the door opened, and an old woman entered, followed by a boy. It was the keeper of the house, attended by the lad sent for the work.

"Hush!" said the woman, as soon as she saw her lodger. "Poor thing! she has sunk to sleep exhausted. It is a pity to wake her."

"Are you sure she is asleep?" said the boy, in a low, thrilling whisper, as, advancing into the room, he obtained a full look at her face. And he shrank back.

The woman started, looked wonderingly at the lad, and then, by a sudden impulse, crossed the room on tip-toe, and laid her hand on the shoulder of the sleeper.

But the next instant she drew it quickly away as if the touch had shot an ice-bolt to her heart.

"She is dead!" said the lad, awe-struck.

"She is with the angels-thank God," said the woman, bursting into tears. "I knew it would come to this, but did not think it would be so soon, or I might have saved her by sharing my own scant fire and crust with her. But yet, thank God!"

Yes! cold, and hunger, and weariness had done their work. Her prayer had been kindly answered, and she had found relief. The dream had passed into a reality; the re-union with her parents was not all a vision; but at what moment the ideal had changed into the real, and the freed soul "walked in Paradise." who can tell?

She had found relief. But there are others, almost, smile of exquisite delight wreathed her lips as she { if not quite as destitute, who still struggle and struggle

SADNESS.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

How wane our earthly days away! Like morning shadows they depart; Like strains from some sweet gliding lay That leaves its music on the heart.

These earthly joys, how sweet they are! Yet is their sweetness like the breath Of incense from the sepulchre-Telling of mould and death.

How angel-like the forms that glide Across our wandering path below; Or linger, panting, by our side In joy-and oft in woe.

They bloom like flowrets by our side, Casting a fragrance o'er the soul That with it ever doth abide; B'en till it reach you Heavenly goal. Yet ere the heart hath woo'd the flower. Or cull'd it from its parent stem, To bloom in its own cheerless bower, These silent walls to cheer and gem,

Will pallor creep upon its cheek, And drive away the reseate hue That nestled there:-ah, me! how weak And frail the joys our souls pursue!

Too true: there is no mortal joy That lingereth long about the heart; All, all of earth doth ain alloy-And leaveth e'er a cankerous smart.

'Tis well! the Master knoweth how To wean immortal minds away; Our friends depart-then glad we go To find them in Eternal Day.

THE PAVILION OF THE GULF.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH WEST.

BY JOSEPH B. COBB.

IT was the twilight of a calm and beautiful evening ; in the month of May, more than a hundred years ago, and the scene was a summer mansion, or Pavilion, near the mouth of the Mississippi. An almost impenetrable, but dense air came off the sea, bringing with it the refreshing coolness of the hour. Innumerable sail crafts were anchored at the Balize, waiting their chances for a favorable wind to wast them to their various and distant destinations; whilst far over the boundless horizon the moon was seen rising, tinging the waters with silvery light, and spreading her mild beams gradually over the surrounding surface. The blinds and windows of the Pavilion were thrown open to admit freely the evening breezes, and the lights from the numerous chandeliers within gleamed in flaming contrast with the phosphoric glow of the gulf and the increasing lustre of the moon. The sullen roar of the Mississippi, sweeping onward in its turbid course, was the only audible sound, but that was heavy and incessant, sometimes swelling on the air with hollow threatenings, and then dying in dull, distant murmurs on the ear. There was a charm in these sounds, and in the solemn stillness of the hour which drew the Lady Blanche, the wife of the Count Rochelle, the owner of the mansion, out into the verandah, one end of which opened by a latticed wicket into her chamber-and she leaned beyond its shadow of fragrant jessamine to enjoy the magic beauty of the scene. Pensive and melancholy, she sat there for hours in undisturbed, tranquil solitude. Past scenes flitted before the eye of memory, and her imagination wandered back to the gay revels of Versailles and Fontainebleau, where, in the lively court of Louis XV., many bright days of her early life had been spent. Her giddy dreams of the celebrated land scheme, with which the volatile and infatuated Law had seduced the eager minds, and inflamed the enthusiastic tempers of the Parisians, were before her, reflecting their past shadows and confirming their stern reality. The good count, her husband, had not been free from these alluring and unsubstantial influences, and the loss of most of his fortune had been the price of his infatuation and temerity. She, the wealthy and envied bride, by means of an empty bubble blown up by an ignorant and unskilful financier, had been in a few short months reduced almost to poverty, and forced with a meagre remnant of fortune to seek a home in Louisiana, where the death of an uncle, years before, had left the count in possession of an estate.

The sound of approaching footsteps broke in suddenly upon these meditations, and the countess turned to behold her husband, who had been so largely the subject of her thoughts. As the count seated himself ailently by her side, Blanche observed that his features were marked with an expression of extreme melancholy, and that he was evidently much perplexed. Winding her arms tenderly around him, she whispered smiliagly—

"Cannot this lovely picture of nature remove the gloom which I see is pressing upon you? I came here to think of you, and have been wishing for you."

"If your attractions, dear Blanche, should fail to accomplish what you desire, you must not be surprised that all else should; for you are, in my eyes, the fairest and most seductive picture of nature."

"Come, Adolphe," returned Blanche, "do not turn flatterer after nearly three years of marriage. But seriously, your conduct of late has caused me some uneasiness and anxiety. The servants, your son, and indeed all the household have seemed to observe it. Something is oppressing you: either an excited imagination, or the impressions of superstition. I fear these idle tales of the neighborhood are disturbing you—but there can be no reality in them—and you surely do not think that there can be any?"

"If there be none, dear Blanche," replied her husband, "there surely is some wonder in the sameness of their occurrence. Phantoms, caused by diseased minds, assume various shapes, and appear different to every different eye at least. I have mentioned this to you before, and still everything is unchanged—and the appearances are the same. How can I and my valet be deceived at the same moment, by these same disordered vagaries, if thus you choose to call them?"

"Rest assured, my dear Adolphe," said his wife, "that it is entirely owing to habit. The antiquity of the building—the mystery attending the fate of its former owners, and the dilapidated state in which we found it—and more than all, the very singular appendage of an iron cage, being found permanently and immoveably affixed to the floor of a private apartment, must have contributed to affect your imagination; and poor Jean takes his impressions from you. Your apartment is connected with my chamber by a door, and why do I not see, or hear something of this wondrous apparition?"

The count was on the point of replying to this saily of Lady Blanche, when they were interrupted by the appearance of the steward, an old and faithful servant, who had followed them from France, and who now approached the count slowly and respectfully.

"Well, Belmont," asked De Rochelle, "why this visit at such a time and place? Has anything occurred? Or do you wish to see me again concerning the matters you spoke to me about a few days past? If

so proceed, for your lady and myself were just talking, all material visitors, and totally incredulous of the of the same subject."

"Monsieur le Compte," said Belmont, bowing, "I have been vainly endeavoring to ridicule the idle fears of the servants who have been so long listeners to the marvellous stories of Jean. But they still persist in their desire to leave the house, and now they say that they have themselves seen much to increase their fears.'

"I trust, my good Belmont," said Lady Blanche, "that you will not suffer yourself to be influenced by these idle stories. Pray, exert yourself to tranquilize the fears of others, and persuade them to remain in their places."

"Tell them," said De Rochelle, "to rest contented until morning, and then to meet me in the lower hall. They may then take their final course."

Belmont bowed and retired, leaving the count and Lady Blanche to themselves again.

"My dear Adolphe," said the lady, seriously, "I have resolved to test, this night, with my own eyes, the reality of what you affirm. You need not try to dissuade me, for my mind is fixed. After so many reverses I will not consent easily to abandon so delightful a home, and one combining so many advantages. I will take Marienne and occupy your chamber for the night. And in order to guard more surely against ghosts," she smilingly added, "I will also take your daughter's little lap-dog to stand sentinel within the room. We three will contend against myriads of goblins."

The count at first offered serious objections, but Blanche remained inflexible to her purpose, declaring that no half-way measure would be so effectual, and that if two women, with one little dog, would venture to pass a whole night in the room, that the servants would become ashamed of their fears and return to their duties.

They now left the verandah, and after having taken a cup of tea, and gone through with the usual family devotions, they made preparations to retire for the night.

"My dear Blanche," said the count, as they parted, "I shall be in the next room, where, if you should become alarmed, you may easily come. But I once more beg of you to give over this experiment, for you may repent having made it."

Lady Blanche persisted, and with many misgivings the count made her his adieus for the night, and retired. The clock had just tolled the hour of ten as the countess, having completed her private devotions, called to Marienne, and entered the gloomy, mysterious apartment.

The blinds and doors of the Pavilion had been closed for some hours previously—the family and servants had retired to rest for the night-and all was quiet and still. Blanche felt no fears, but gloomy thoughts crowded on her mind, as her maid disrobed her and prepared her for her couch. She first examined the chamber in every imaginable directionshe sounded every pannel of the wainscot which might argue a concealed passage, and having bolted and double locked the doors, she entered her bed, confident that she was secure from the intrusion of

airy encroachments of spiritual beings.

Marienne then, according to direction, placed the lamp on the top of the mysterious cage, which stood in the centre of the room, extinguished the flame, and laid herself down close to the bedside of her lady.

Eleven o'clock was chimed-vet all remained calm. The moon poured her silvery beams through the windows of the apartment, disclosing partially to the sight the objects within. The spangled waters of the gulf. with the crested billows rising and falling, were yet seen by moonlight in the distance, and occasionally the shrill cry of the sea-gull came in shricking echoes from along the vast, smooth surface.

Twelve o'clock came-that awe-inspiring hourproverbial in all time past as the period when departed spirits are permitted to quit their dark prisons and roam at large. Yet all was still, calm, and silent within the chamber. The hoarse, continuous rolling of the vast current of the Mississippi-and perhaps, now and then, the swinging of a casement, were all which broke upon the quiet of the night. The countess lav yet awake for half an hour, and nothing occurring up to that time calculated to disturb her, she drew in the curtains of her bed and prepared for sleep, consoling herself with the assurance that she had no longer aught to fear.

Vain and flattering illusion: scarcely had she closed her eyes when the bolts were heard to turn softly in the lock, as though by voluntary exertion—the little dog leaped trembling and terrifled upon the bed, and to her amazement the countess perceived a radiant light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over her head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate-that her curtains were closed-that the chamber had been in perfect darkness a few moments before-she supposed that some one with a light must be passing along the verandah. Turning hastily to the side from which the light proceeded, she perceived to her infinite terror the figure of a fair but sickly looking youth standing beside her couch, and who seemed garmented in rags of mild, tempered light, which issued from a small taper in his left hand. The objects around were rendered dimly and indistinctly visible, and the door of the cage had suddenly flown open. He cast his glazed and sunken eyes mildly toward the countess -walked slowly up to the cage, and leaned upon it in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrow of a cheerless and unblest existence.

Transfixed with horror and surprise at the appearance of this singular apparition, the countess made an endeavor to speak, but her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth.

Marienne had swooned at its first approach—and lay motionless and silent as if stricken with sudden death. The countess, however, did not lose entirely her natural firmness and self-possession, though fearfully agitated. She rose from the bed and advanced toward the phantom; but it passed at her approach to the opposite side of the apartment near the wainscot, and then pausing, raised its right hand deliberately and solemnly, and rapped with its finger audibly and distinctly on a certain pannel. It then turned and walked again toward the door, and there seemed to

be standing as if in expectation of some arrival, or ¿ some signal. On witnessing this, and perceiving the door to be unbolted, the countess felt the full return of her resolution. She was, for the moment, re-assured in her original belief of the impossibility of spiritual visitants, and persuading herself that the figure was the work of some artful and skilled imposter, she determined on watching its movements and following its retreat. One thing only kept alive her feeling of awe, and that was the striking resemblance which the face of the pale phantom bore to that of her husband, the Count De Rochelle. Armed with her bold purpose, Blanche started again to advance upon the figure, when the shrill, piercing shrick of a female rang through the lengthening aisles and vaulted apartments—the youth, speedily extinguishing his light, disappeared—and a huge figure stalked into the room, whose fieshless arms were seen groping about in the moonbeams as if in search of some object. At this most shocking and unnatural sight, the countess, unable longer to subdue her fears, called loudly for her husband and his valet. The skeleton (for so it seemed) left at the first outcry-the door of the apartment and of the cage flew softly back into their places—and when the count, in obedience to her summons, rapped furiously for admission, Blanche behold with increased amazement and fear that every bolt was firm as she had left them on retiring a few hours previously.

On opening the door for the count, and feeling greatly re-assured from his presence, the countess seized his arm and hurried him off down the aisle, through which she had last heard retreating footsteps. In vain they searched for secret apertures and concealed trap-doors; in vain they turned their eyes in every direction for some lingering glimpse of the phantom light. No vestige whatever appeared, and they returned to the cage chamber, where they found Marienne restored by the exertions of Jean, recounting the wonders of the night, and bewailing the fate of Blanche, who she said had been spirited away. The servants were gathering from various quarters of the mansion with looks of ill-disguised fear-their countenances shadowed with the deepest and most ominous gloom. They stated to the count, in the most unqualified terms, that the occurrences of the night had fixed their resolves to leave his service, and return to their native country; that they could no longer consent to remain in a house in which their fears were constantly kept alive by mysterious stories and supernatural appearances; and that such was their dread of this conflict, as it seemed, of goblins and spirits under the very roof over their heads, that the earliest moment in which their wages could be paid would be most acceptable to them. The count ordered them peremptorily from the apartment, with strict commands never again to appear in his presence, as such impertinent language would not be tolerated. Old Belmont and Jean, the count's valet, were instructed to remain.

The countess now detailed minutely the facts connected with the appearance of the phantom boy—his pointing to the pannel—his delay at the door, as if expecting the shrick as a signal for him to disappear,

and finally the entrance of the huge skeleton, which so horrified and alarmed her. She also expressed her firm conviction that there was a secret opening in the wainscot, as clearly indicated by the apparition, which would lead to some sure development of the awful mystery. The count concurred, and resolved to make an immediate examination. Fresh lights were ordered, and the count, assisted by his servants. proceeded with the work. On pressing slightly, he was sure that he felt a portion of the pannel give way with a spring. Incited by this circumstance, he next used force by applying a large wooden bar against the spring, when, to his surprise and consternation. an explosion followed which seemed to rend the whole edifice, and filled the apartment with a dense, strong vapor. This occurrence so unlooked for, and seemingly so perilous in its consequences, threw them all into a panic, which, for the moment, had well nigh caused the count to cease pursuing further this ghostly search; but after the dispersion of the vapor, which had escaped through the doors and crevices, and it was ascertained that none were injured, the entreaties of the Countess Blanche, whose anxiety and curiosity were irrepressible, prevailed, and the count once again prosecuted his examination. But another difficulty now presented itself. The pannel no longer yielded, but seemed whole and uniform. and no trace of the late forcible opening was discernible. The count and his attendants could scarcely credit their senses on this discovery, especially when they called to mind the loud explosion which had followed the blow inflicted on the pannel.

During the pause and confusion occasioned by these circumstances, and as the count was about abandoning all further attempts, old Belmont called attention to a dingy object lying on the floor, just beside the cage, and which, on examination, proved to be a package closely and cautiously enveloped in a thin sheet of zinc or lead. Upon opening it, the count first found, to his surprise, the title deeds to the estate from the original purchase down to his nucle who last succeeded—next a golden locket, which he handed to the countess, and lastly, a parchment, sealed up with black wax, and addressed to "Adolphe, Count De Rochelle, or his heirs."

As the count read out the address, Blanche, who had unclasped the locket, uttered a scream which thrilled all present. They turned and beheld her gazing with wild looks and breathless agony at the pictures which were fixed in the locket. took it from her hands and beheld the likenesses of two youths, which, to his surprise, he recognized, the one as his own, the other as that of an early playmate and beloved relation, the son of his eldest uncle, and in which his wife had detected an exact resemblance of the phantom boy, who had appeared to her that night. Trembling and excited, the count turned with flushed cheek and glaring eyes to those around him, and said in a deep tone, "here is an awful mystery. Deeds, tainted with the blackness of hell, are now at length on the eve of development. This manuscript must be read forthwith."

The clock chimed the dead hour of "one" as the count broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Ye, of my fated family, who may hereafter become the tenants of this mansion—and who, by chance, or supernatural direction shall find these papers, receive and mark well the confession of a wretched and conscience-stricken being, who feels heavily the weight of unforgiveness which yet bears down upon him. Remorse-dire, burning and unceasing, has brought yet no palliation; but in the misty gloom of the past all my life comes before my failing vision, presenting its hideous deformities, and withholding all that was ever bright. Eye hath not seen-ear hath not heardnor has man conceived the character or heinousness of my guilt: but the stern, great God steadily pursues and works out his own just ends, and suffers not the wicked to rest easy in their iniquities. Reluctantly and almost unconsciously do I trace these lines-lines that will stamp forever on my name and memory the withering curse of infamy and of murder. My heart blackened by crime, and seared by stinging remorse, yet revolts at this task. If the eternal bartering of my soul could purchase from the fiend below even temporary ease to a conscience furrowed with the pangs of an unprovoked crime, the infernal compact should be joyously subscribed. Just Heaven! who but the abandoned wretch that has bought with a dread experience the awful information, can tell or picture the horrors of a guilty conscience. But these ravings are vain.

"In the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., I left France in company with a brother, many years my senior, and his only son, to seek by means of speculation in this country to repair a fortune ruined at the gaming-table. Not so my brother. Possessed of a frugal and cautious temperament, he yet maintained the greater portion of his hereditary wealth, and was induced to leave his native country only from the accounts of the mildness and salubrity of this climate, and with the faint hope that the change might serve to restore his broken and decaying constitution. After having traversed for many years various sections of the country, he at last purchased this mansion and its grounds, and adorned and beautified them in a style which would have vied with the descriptions of Oriental splendor and elegance. His son, Louis Auguste, then an interesting and handsome boy of fifteen, was enraptured with the striking beauty of the place, and the grandeur of its ocean scenery. The demon had not then entered into my soul-the boy was the object of my fond devotion and attachment. I was many years the junior of his father-comparatively young-and he returned my affection with feelings more allied to those of a younger brother than a nephew. I loved what he loved-and the chief pleasure I then enjoyed was in ministering to his youthful sports and delights. My aid and companionship were thought indispensably essential in all his various amusements. My brother watched with great interest the mutual regard which existed between poor Auguste and myself, and marked with secret joy and self-congratulation its daily increasing growth.

"We had been thus pleasantly situated for only a few short and fleeting months, when an event occurred no less important than the marriage of my brother,

A vessel had come out, which was owned France. and commanded by a valued friend and old acquaintance of my brother. The captain, soon after casting anchor, sought the abode of his ancient comrade, and by express invitation Auguste, his father and myself, had consented to dine with him on board the day after his visit. This we did, and after having partaken of a sumptuous and true sailor-like repast, we were asked into the private cabin, and there introduced to the captain's wife and his niece, Celeste De Mariqui, who, having lost both her parents, was dependant solely upon her uncle's protection. My brother, whose health was fast on the wane, and who was totally unable to participate in the amusements of his sprightly son and myself, seemed from the first to regard this lovely and amiable girl with eyes of fond affection, and expressed to me, that same evening, his wish to make some arrangement, by which he might detain her as the companion of his solitary hours, and to cheer his household. He could think of no better plan, considering her dependant situation. than offering to make her his wife. I treated the matter lightly, merely alluding to the great disparity of age, and the cruelty of seeking to make a young and sprightly girl the companion of his declining years. The day afterward the ship's company dined at the Pavilion. Celeste with undisguised enthusiasm uttered her delight at the beautiful appearance of the place, and the richness of its surrounding scenery. These artless expressions seemed to fill my infirm brother with joy, and he redoubled his attentions and his efforts to please her. He earnestly pressed the captain to allow the ladies to remain under his care at the Pavilion, until the ship's return from the neighboring ports and islands, in which request he was warmly aided by both Celeste and her aunt. The captain, both to my surprise and annoyance, cheerfully consented, and set sail that very afternoon for the West Indies.

"I now set myself diligently at work to nip, in the bud, this absurd project of my brother, little then imagining that other than sincere motives for the interests of Auguste actuated me in my endeavors. I embittered the mind of the confiding and susceptible boy, urging him to go in person and remonstrate with his father on the flagrant injustice of his meditated project. He was repelled with anger, and after being forced to confess that I had conversed with and advised him to the step-he was commanded sternly not again to interfere, at the instance of any one, in matters which did not belong either to his years or situation.

"They were, at length, married, despite all my endeavors, and the captain and his wife embarked soon after for the green shores of their native France, leaving Celeste as the wife of my brother. To the introduction in our circle of this unfortunate woman do I trace the first seeds of that fatal phrenzy, which impelled me to the perpetration of crimes which have embittered my existence, and for which no remorse or penitence can ever atone.

"I soon discovered that the attachment of the girl for my brother consisted in mere esteem and respect, with a young and beautiful girl freshly arrived from unmixed with the least infusion of the more tender

and ardent passions which usually influence youthful The knowledge of this fact served to nourish and sustain the malignant spirit which was springing up spontaneously within my bosom, and devouring with a fierce rapacity all the softer elements of my nature. So long as my brother remained single-so long as Auguste had been the sole expectant of his wealth and fortune-no ungenerous emotion had crossed my mind-no mean jealousy stirred up the innate combustibles which lurked almost unconsciously around every pulse and fibre of my heart. But now that the chances for the possession had increased against me, with every likelihood of being soon so multiplied as to extinguish even the faintest hope; now that Auguste, who was thoroughly my creature, would come in probably only for a division, where the whole should be justly his own; at all these my nature recoiled, and I dreaded the idea of being thrust, after my brother's death, penniless and forsaken upon the charities or chances of society. I burned to begin with my unholy machinations and the work of destruction. I longed to unfold the serpent snares which were destined again through woman's frailty to bring ruin upon this secluded Paradise of earth. But think not that I then dreamed of the fearful extent into which I finally plunged myself. The demon had then only whispered-the catalogue of crime was not fairly open -the work was only in its incipiency-but the hapless Celeste was the fated victim of my first attempt. Poor Celeste! she was a beautiful, fair-haired, lovely girl, and merited a brighter destiny. Ardent, impetuous, and filled with all the intensity of passion peculiar to her countrywomen, she felt deeply her insufficiency to the task she had assumed of wearing away her early youth in sharing the solitude of an aged valitudinarian. Had she been linked with one nearer her own age: one is whose bosom she could have found a congenial spark-she might have been screened from the darkness of her fate—and I, perhaps, have been now a guiltless man.

"I suppose I must have been gifted with a share of those accomplishments which render man attractive to the softer sex. I had never loved-it was not in my nature to cherish the influence of that pure attachment. I knew its course and effects, but had never felt its divine fervor. I strove to dispel from my countenance the dark frowns of malevolence, and to affect a gaiety I never felt. I sought sedulously the society of this young wife at such hours as she could escape from the caresses of her feeble but uxorious husband. She was grateful to my brother, and meditated no wrong-regarding him more as a father, and Auguste as a brother. The ardor of the one, and the impotency of the other, I knew would aid the scheme I had marked out. I felt conscious that I was directing my arts with consummate address, and foresaw at every step the inevitable result-I had no fear of failure. She was never averse to my society-and before many interviews I saw that the charm had succeeded, and that the amorous flame kindled for her ruin were beginning to entwine themselves around her guileless heart.

"Coldly and calmly I pursued this unfortunate girl, and enticed her by degrees from the heights of virtue

to the depth of infamy. I shudder now, after the lapse of many years, at the indifference which I felt in the prosecution of my wicked plans, but having only one end in view, and resolved upon its successful attainment, I scrupled not at the means to be employed, and even felt proud of the happy conception I had formed to bring about the result of my intrigues. I studied assiduously to keep down her reflections and to disarm her suspicions, yet always contrived to bend her thoughts to suit my dark purposes. I was too practiced in the arts I was using to disclose abruptly the object of my attentions. I repelled with words of deception and sophistry every argument she would suggest, and sought to divert her mind from all serious meditations.

"I remember well the evening when the first shadow of impending ruin cast itself before her. We were seated near a delicious fountain in the East garden, which had been surrounded with all the comforts and adornments which could render it an enticing spot. It had long been a favorite resort of Celeste. Here she indulged in solitude and re-called the scenes of early life, when innocent and pure she had been the darling of a fond father, whose constitution had been broken by the reverses of fortune. The sunny shores of our beloved France were once more regained in thought-pictures of the past were brought before her, and with these reminiscences came the sad contrast of her present lot. A long sigh escaped her, and noticing for the first time her melancholy expression of countenance, I sought to divert her by taking her hand and repeating assurances of my love and attachment. She burst into tears, and frankly owned the subject of her late meditations. I saw that the time had arrived, and that if she escaped . now to her reflections my evil plans would all be foiled. When she expressed misgivings as to her intimacy with me, unknown to her benefactor and husband, I involuntarily trembled at the idea of detection-and prepared for the consummation of my dark designs. I re-called our secret interviews-our inutual vows of undying sincerity-the excursions we had taken in the boats of calm evenings when first we had loved-the moonlight walks among the groves and flowers which surrounded the Pavilion the mornings we had spent together in reading the authors of our sweet, native France-and thus the tempter dispelled the shadow which had flitted before her and re-won his victim. Celeste resisted no longer, and I, wicked and inhuman fiend, exulted at the fall I had occasioned.

"But alas! the fatal change which came over her after this—and brought me to such fatal desperation! Poor Celeste was no longer the same creature. The consciousness of her lost situation soon operated to destroy the sprightly elasticity of her spirits. She became silent, gloomy and oppressed, and my brother grew uneasy. He consulted with me, in the strictest confidence, as to the best means likely to restore her. I advised various schemes of amusement, and among others excursions on the water. He took me at a word, and immediately gave orders for magnificent preparations. Repeated trials produced no visible good effect, and my brother became seriously alarmed.

He sent in all directions for the most eminent and skilful physicians, and urged them, by promises of large remunerations, to use their utmost endeavors in solving the cause of her depression, and prescribe an adequate remedy. But after the most minute attentions they could discover no organic derangement—could assign no cause, and could offer no remedy. My brother grew desperate, and his own malady was alarmingly aggravated. This was the point—the goal of my hopes—the end in view. My first intention had been to strike him through this means, that by marrying the widow I might secure most of the wealth—and I now watched the progress of disease without an emotion of anguish.

"His danger, for the moment, aroused the wretched Celeste, and she attended him with unceasing fidelity. But the relapse soon followed, and I discovered evident signs of increased remorse as she beheld the situation of her benefactor, traced its cause, and thought over her own ingratitude. I grew uneasy at these manifestations; and the humiliating scenes of detection called up thoughts of a new and more horrid crime. Celeste admitted that she would feel infinitely better, could she but tell all to her husband, and by exciting his wrath and contempt, and his impending danger, and bring upon herself the contumely she so richly merited. This disclosure strengthened me in my recent suggestions, and hastened her doom. This, I felt sure, would be too great a blow for my brother to recover from, and I resolved on adopting the plan, heedless of the crime. I watched well for my opportunity-and at length it came.

"It was the custom of Celeste to promenade of mornings, early and alone, in the walks of the East garden, which were near the banks of the river, and were considerably elevated above the level of the water. A lofty terrace had been erected at the end of one of these walks, which overlooked the waters, perpendicularly, many feet below. This offered me an advantage, of which I determined to avail myself. I accordingly rose early one morning, and sought the promenade, where, as I had expected, I found the object of my search, alone. As I approached, she stopped and welcomed me with a smile. Passing her arm carelessly through mine, and beguiling her into a trivial conversation, I led her unconsciously to the very brow of the height which overlooked the waters. Here I had fixed to accomplish the dark deed, and as we were in the act of looking over, I applied my left hand suddenly to her mouth to prevent her screams, whilst with the right I seized her, and exerting my whole strength plunged her roughly and in a moment over the precipice. She at first attempted to catchand turned her languid, blue eves imploringly upon me, but ere she could utter a word the turbid waters closed forever over her. There was no wildness no horrid contortion in that last sad look, but anguish -deep anguish was depicted in her every feature, as the conviction flashed upon her mind that the being whom she had loved, who had betrayed her, was the demon who now hurried her, unprepared, into a dark, unknown eternity.

"I turned with a feeling of grim satisfaction at this completion of my work and walked toward the house,

but just as I reached the last step in descending from the terrace, I perceived the figure of a man evidently skulking from my observation. Drawing a small sword which hung at my side, I pursued with rapid steps, and came up with him just as he passed the fountain. He proved to be the confidential servant of my brother, and whose business it was, on ordinary occasions, to attend his lady when walking. He was old and highly favored by the family, and had been long in the employ of my brother. I seized the old man by the throat, and pressing him down, obliged him to say that he would give the alarm that Celeste had drowned herself, or else be taken up instantly on a charge, from my testimony, that he had perpetrated the act. From such a situation there could be but one answer, and he promised with fear and trembling-I then released him and made my way quickly to my apartment. I soon heard the awful alarm—the agonizing shrieks of my poor brother, and the bustle among the servants preparing to make a search for the body. I hurried to the chamber, where I also found Auguste and the old servant, and expressed in terms of well feigned regret my horror at what had occurred.

"The search availed nothing—the body was never found. The health of my brother now daily grew worse-and at length he made his last will, leaving the bulk of his immense possessions to his son, with a small legacy to myself, but constituting me also sole guardian of Auguste and his property until his majority should be attained. He grieved unceasingly for the lost girl, on whom he fondly doated-but his groans brought no qualm of remorse on my conscience then, for my guilt had already hardened me to some extent, and I was revolving more. A few weeks terminated his frail existence, and as the last sod of earth was thrown over his lonely grave, I experienced a feeling of pride to find myself in indisputed possession, and temporary lord at least, of the broad and beautiful domain I so much admired. But one thing vet haunted my mind day and night. I felt humbled that my guilt should be known to a domestic living under the same roof, and breathing the same atmosphere as myself, and who, though aged and timid, might yet find means to excite suspicion against me, and wrest Auguste and his property from under my control. I could not rest easy, as this was preying incessantly on my mind, and I resolved to plunge one step further in the career of crime. I possessed sudden and great regard for him-insinuated that I felt under deep obligations for his faithful silenceand asked him to come into my apartment and drink a glass of choice wine as evidence of my esteem, and as a token that he should be retained for the balance of his life in the service of the family. I had prepared the glass, and on his entrance, jested with him at the condescension of familiarizing myself with a servant to such unusual extent. The old dotard was easily flattered, and drained the cup to the last drop. Twelve hours afterward he was found a rigid, stiffened corpse, in his own room, with no external marks of violence visible about his person, and was pronounced to have found his death from a sudden fit. I now grew more and more innured to crime—but with it came also a

restless, dissatisfied, and miserable state of mind. There is no half-way place in the path of crimeespecially when it is of a character such as I have perpetrated. The mind becomes anxious and excited, and the monster holds out an alluring face.

"My sleep was already disturbed with the most horrid dreams. The form of the sweet Celeste, dripping with water, haunted my midnight pillow; the livid figure of the old servant would stand over the bed, taunting me with his secret, and holding in his hand the fatal glass stained with blood; whilst a pale, emaciated spectre would lean and whisper softly in my ear the tale of my infamy, and reproach me with my ingratitude. But these did not deter me, nor temper my hellish ambition. The demon incited me to increased wickedness. I longed to become sole owner of the Pavilion and of my brother's wealth. I was restless under dependance, when it seemed within my grasp, to appropriate all and become the envy of the surrounding gentry, from whose circles I might select a bride to share my wealth. To do this, Auguste had to be put out of the way in some shape. The boy became more and more the object of my malicious revolvings-for he alone, poor youth, stood in the path of my ambition. He soon discovered a marked change in my demeanor toward him, and sought to avoid my company. At length I stated to him that he had been long enough idle; that he must hereafter think less of pleasure and more of his studies; and to confine himself to his allotted apartment for the greater portion of the day. From the first he seemed to be filled with a presentiment of his fate, and submitted meekly and quietly without offering the first murmur. He applied himself with great diligence, and mastered lessons of great length and difficulty, which were purposely given. On one occasion, going suddealy into his room and finding him in tears, I rebuked him for such weakness, and making this the pretext had him severely castigated. To this was also added the keen mortification of being punished by the hands of a servant, and having the blows inflicted on the maked skin. He would yet exert his utmost to please me, and even affected to smile when I went near him -but it was evident that the humiliation he had been subjected to was weighing heavily on his once spirited mind, and his delicate frame was becoming more weakly from pain and confinement. This secretly pleased me, and to confine him still more closely I ordered him to my own apartment during the day, using every vigilance, and every means which might urge and goad him to the grave. I formed the design of thus putting him quietly out of the way to screen myself from suspicion. I declared the boy to be incorrigible; that early habits of indolence had rendered him dull and stupid, and subjected him to still more violent and repeated severities. The slightest offence was sure to be visited with the most rigorous infitetions. His constitution struggled under these manifold exactions, and, wasted as it was by unmitigated oppression, still resisted with admirable vitality the efforts which I aimed in secret against his existenos.

Vol. XV.-14

of my apartment. For a few weeks it remained as an object of terror only, for the broken-hearted boy would shudder and recoil whenever I threatened to confine him within its bounds. He would apply himself with sleepless diligence to the accomplishment of tasks now extended beyond the possible reach of his capacity. But I feigned a necessity for more severe correction, and imprisoned him for one whole day in the cage, denving him all food. Still no murmur escaped his lips; but this savage purpose of murdering the boy, which I had formed under pretence of attention to his interests, was, at length, horribly successful. I subjected him to two days captivity and privation. So long an abstinence from food and rest was more than his feeble frame and crushed spirits could endure, and toward the close of the second day when I went to the chamber, an hour or so before the time appointed, under a false show of mercy to release my melancholy captive, I found that death had anticipated me, and freed the hapless and unfortunate Auguste, forever, from my releatless bar-

"The wealth was won-but it was at last an unprofitable acquisition—for I had purchased it at too dear a price. My conscience smote and tormented me the form of the dead and innocent boy was constantly before my sight. My dreams would represent the playful and intelligent countenance which won all hearts whilst his father yet lived to cheer and protect him. And then again, I would see his calm suffering and his silent tears; his patient endurance under misfortune—his indefatigable and wonderful exertions to avert his dread punishments. His pale cheek, his wasted limbs, and his melancholy, spiritless countenance faced me at every turn; and then I would behold the rigid and contorted form, the glazed eye, the compressed mouth and clenched hand, on which my sight had rested for a moment after the attainment of all my wicked hopes, as the corpse of the murdered boy lay before me.

"Aye, the game had been thoroughly played and the wealth won-but the torments of hell blazed around me. The reward was found. That noble possession for which I had long sighed—and for which I had so deeply sinned, was now the bane, and curse of my life. The fairy-like scenes—the enchanting viewsthe delightful grounds were transformed to my vision, and appeared as broken and mis-shaped prospects, overshadowed with clouds of the blackest dye. The healthful and refreshing breezes which swept over the surface of the gulf, and were went to fan me with their cool breath, were now as the withering blast of the fiery Sirocco. The corridors, the staircase, and the balconies of the Pavilion resounded to my cars with dismal and plaintive groans, and mingled, in melancholy accordance, with the mournful notes of the night birds as they chirped in the surrounding shrubbery. The white-crested billows of the gulf which once played so beautifully in the moonlight on its vast bosom, seemed now with each revolving motion to upheave frightful spectres to terrify and chill me. My soul sickened. I felt as one without "At last I ordered an iron cage of narrow dimen- peace, without happiness, beyond the pale of mercy, sions, and had it fixed down permanently in the centre or the hope of redemption hereafter. My conscience

had begun the work of retaliation and earthly vengeance, and I already felt my doom.

"I had caused Auguste to be buried at the base of the large terrace, near the scene of Celeste's murder, but the boy stays not in his lonely grave. He visits my bedside nightly: nor is he always alone. I had a vision only last night, which has determined me to leave the Pavillon, and never again to close my eyes under its roof. Great God! how shall I describe it?

"I had just dismissed my valet and extinguished my lamp, when I distinctly heard the bolt of the door move softly in the lock, and then swing open with a loud noise. An unnatural light shone around, and Auguste, with his glazed eyes, entered the room, and moved toward the cage which had been his last resting-place on earth. Next followed the form of Celeste, in her watery garments, but beautiful as in life; and after her appeared the bloated face of the old servant, with his blood-stained glass, who, as he neared my bedside, exclaimed with a hideous laugh, 'ha! ha! I kept your secret, but you cheated my old life from me.' Celeste then approached the head of the couch, and leaned over as if to embrace me-but as her lips touched mine her eyes suddenly sunk, her features melted away, a hideous skull stood for a moment grinning above, and then a heap of bones fell around me. My blood curdled as they touched me. Auguste then pointing to the disjointed skeleton, shouted in thrilling tones, 'monster of destruction, behold thy work! Thou shalt too be with us soon, but even after thy death will we shun thee.' The old servant now approached, and forcing his goblet between my lips, obliged me to swallow the bloody contents, which felt like a stream of liquid fire. In an agony of pain and terror I shouted aloud, and the horrid phantoms, first gathering the bones of Celeste, retreated from the room. Then followed the awful wailings, the groans and lamentations. I sought not sleep again, but lay awake for the remainder of the night, trembling and afraid. This is more than humanity can endure, especially when burdened with the weight of conscious guilt. It may be fancy, but it seems to me an awful reality. I cannot live, but yet I fear to die. My course will be decided before night again comes, and probably I may seek a home with poor Celeste in the dark waters of the Mississippi. This confession, with the title deeds of the property, and a golden locket which I found on the person of Auguste, will be deposited in a narrow aperture which I myself have cut into the wall. The lid is fixed with a metallic spring, to which I have attached a glass tube filled with a gas that explodes with the slightest friction. This will be certain to throw out the package, (which I shall cover over securely) and then the pannel will of course spring back to its place, and no longer yield. I have taken all these precautions that there may be no failure, should any of my family ever chance to find the spring and the pannel. My nephew, the Count Rochelle, is the next legal heir to this property; but should this ever fall into his hands, let me urge him not to make the Pavilion his place of residence. My crimes may be visited on him because of the unholy means by which I came in possession of property to which he

will succeed, but which, for those crimes, may have descended in a different line. These shall be my last words, and mortal man will never again hear the sound of my voice. I shall die with no hope of pardon, but death will all its consequences can bring nothing more terrible than my present existence.

HENRI SARCELLES."

Thus ended this singular manuscript. The count and Blanche were silent and thoughtful for several moments. They had both been bathed in tears during the time when the wretched writer had been detailing the sufferings of the unfortunate Auguste, and they no longer had doubts about what had occurred that night. Blanche looked at the cage, and shuddered as she thought of the terrible purpose for which it had been placed there. She believed firmly that the pale youth who had, a few hours before entered the room, could be no other than the innocent victim of the barbarous

"Surely, dear Adolphe," said she to the count, "we owe the duty of proper sepulture to your unfortunate relation, and then, perhaps, he may rest."

"I have but little faith, Blanche," answered the count, "in spiritual visits, and I know you have been of the same opinion; but how can we account for these repeated occurrences?"

"They must be realities, Adolphe," said the countess. "And how shockingly have I been convinced. That shriek, which startled the pale phantom, for which he seemed waiting, was the signal from the murdered Celeste that their enemy was approaching; and, merciful God! that ghastly skeleton must have been the remains of your guilty uncle," and she shuddered as she re-called the appalling scene, of which she had been witness.

"It is a terrible and perplexing reflection," said her husband. "The theatre of so many dark crimes can no longer be the spot on which I settle for my home. This is no fit abode for me and mine, no matter what is the nature or the causes of the singular appearances which have been so often seen. I shall follow the inpunction of the guilty perpetrator, and we remain no longer within walls connected in our minds now with so much that is revolting and awful. Belmont, give orders for immediate preparation, and ere to-morrow's sun closes we must be on our way to our new home in the city, which will henceforth be our abode."

Blanche offered no opposition, though grieving from her inmost soul that she was thus fatally compelled to abandon a home which nature had so adorned and beautified, and which seemed so suited to the enjoyment of a bright and pleasant life.

In a few years decay had spread her sable garments over all around. The bramble and the thistle grew rank in the gardens, where once the richest and rarest flowers had unfolded their opening blooms to the morning sun; the little spring birds no longer warbled in its shaded groves, and among the gorgeous shrubberies; the rose-vines and jessamines fell withering from the lattices, around which, like twin sisters, they had been trained to entwine their fragrant arms. The winter winds whistled through the crumbling walls—and a heap of ruins mark the spot where once the beautiful Pavilion had reared its proud head.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

NO. IV. MAY.

BY MRS. MARY V. SMITH.

In the lawn, worms are often very troublesome during this month; and, to kill them, the grass should be watered with lime-water, made by mixing forty gallons of water with one peck of freshly-slacked lime. The mixture should be well stirred, and then suffered to stand till the sediment is deposited. The trees and shrubs which were planted in April should be frequently watered; the grass should be mown once a fortnight, and raked up, so as to cover the ground about the roots of the newly-planted trees, in order to keep them moist. The buds of the roses should be examined in this month, as they are very apt to have a small caterpillar in them, which, if not removed, will either destroy the bud, or, at least, prevent it from expanding.

In the flower-garden, some of the hyacinths and tulips will probably have their leaves sufficiently decayed to come off when slightly pulled with the hand; and, when this is the case, the bulbs should be taken up and spread out on a mat in some dry, airy place. The crocuses, snowdrops, and cornflags should, however, be left in the ground. In putting the plants into the ground, care should be taken to keep them at least a foot apart; and those that have long trailing branches should be planted with their branches to the North, the branches being pegged down immediately. As the art of pegging down judiciously is of the greatest possible importance to the beauty of a flower-garden, it is natural that amateurs should be anxious to know what to use for the purpose. Most gardening books say short hooked sticks; but these are not always to be obtained, particularly in suburban gardens. correspondent of the Gardeners' Chronicle has lately recommended hair-pins, which answer the purpose very well, and which, though they may be despised by regular gardeners, are certainly very convenient for a lady, as they are very easily procured and easily managed.

There is another correspondent of the Gardeners' Chronicle, who despises the hair-pins, recommends taking pieces of bast mat, and twisting them so hard as to be able to force them into the ground; but this appears to me rather a difficult operation, and I think few ladies will be able to manage it, and that, therefore, it will be best for them to try the hair-pins, or to use small bent pieces of wire, prepared for the purpose, which are sold at some of the ironmongers. When plants are pegged down, the branches should be spread carefully over the beds, and the pegs placed at the joints.

Mr. Threlkeld gives this judicious advice upon of the mobedding out. If the season be dry, in the bottom of colors plathe hole made for the plant put some rotten dung, or pearance.

other material that will retain water; water this well, plant, fill the hole to within two inches of the surface, add more water, and then fill up the hole. If water is necessary afterward, hoe the buds when dry enough. Damp the leaves, if no appearance of dew.

Most of the greenhouse plants may be removed into the open air in this month; and, if they are to remain in pots, they are generally shifted about this time. When plants are re-potted, the earth should be shaken in, and gently pressed down, but not too firmly: as, in one case, if hollow places are left between the roots and the pot, the roots will wither; while, in the other, if the earth is too compact, the roots will not be able to penetrate through it, and it will become impervious alike to air and water.

A great many caterpillars are found at this season; and they should be sought for, and destroyed early in the month, while they are small, as they have done their principal mischief when they have attained their full size.

From the middle of May to the middle of June, is the time to plant the *Dahlia* in this latitude. It will grow on almost any kind of soil, but sandy loam suits it best: a single tuber with one sprout, is enough to make a good plant. Dig a hole the size of the tuber, and four inches deep—lay it in flat, and cover it up; do not let more than one shoot arise from it, and displace all laterals the first twelve inches from the ground, above that let it branch.

The seeds of the Cypress vins and the Bachelor's Button, should be soaked in hot water ten minutes before they are sowed; or pour boiling water over them after they are planted. The seed shells are very hard, and require hot water to crack them.

Phlox may be planted in the open border, about the end of May, when all dangers of late spring frost is over. The soil into which they are transferred should be either a light, rich sandy soil, with which a little well-rotted dung has been mixed. The plants will require to have a little water once or twice after they are planted, especially if the weather is dry at the time; but it is advisable not to water them after they are once well established. The chief causes of failure are, sowing the seeds too soon, or allowing the plants to get very dry, or pot-bound, before they are planted out. If once they become stunted, they will never make good plants; and the same may be said of those which have been kept in too warm a place.

Pstumias may be transferred about the latter end of the month from pots into the flower-garden; many colors planted in the same bed have a beautiful appearance.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

CHAPTER 1.

THE wedding went off as all weddings do; the bride was all white satin, gracefulness, and blushes-the bridegroom all gravity and decorum; and having taken the usual trip to Washington, the young people settled down as a demure married couple. They were extremely happy, and well-matched-everybody said so; and this was a great deal for everybody to say, but that dreaded person to whom everything is laid, in this instance saw nothing to find fault with. George Brendall was a young man of good, though not very fashionable family, with a fine person, and cultivated mind. Fortune he did not possess; but he was engaged in a flourishing business, which gave promise of wealth in after years. Susan Bylton was one of a large family, and universally acknowledged to be a very pretty, interesting girl. She was satisfied with the choice she had made, and the public wisely concluded to leave them to themselves.

They did not go to housekeeping in style, for this the means of the young merchant would have been altogether inadequate to support; but having taken a moderate sized house in a genteel street, they proceeded to furnish it in a corresponding manner. There were no groups of statuary, no Bohemian ornaments, no satin curtains or full-length mirrors—nothing, in short, which they could do without; and yet as the young bride paced slowly up and down the pleasant rooms, with their neat Brussels carpets and pretty centre-table, round which they intended to pass so many pleasant evenings, her eyes fell upon a fine toned piano, her husband's gift—and if a tear glittered on the long lash, it trembled there with excess of happiness.

She would not change places with Mrs. E-Mrs. D-, or any of the leaders of ton, and envied not the carriage and splendid establishment of her newly-married friend, Matilda Dewell. Envy! she pitied her, when comparing their two husbands together. Wealth could never, never compensate for the want of love, and she was sure she could not possibly see how any one could spend more than the income of thirty thousand dollars; thirty thousand at the very most, and she should think that reasonable people might be satisfied with twenty thousand. When George was worth that she intended to make him leave off business and buy a place in the country. They could be so happy there! making their own butter, and raising their own chickens; and then of moonlight nights what delightful walks they would have! She intended to stipulate for a piece of woodland, or a grove at least, near the house, where a great part of their time should be spent-for the country is not like the country without woods. And

then to throw open the shutters of a bright June morning, to hear the little birds singing in the apple trees near, while the warm sun danced in so gloriously. Oh! it would be perfectly delightful!

Here Susan's fancies came to an end, and she found herself standing, duster in hand, to remove some imaginary cobweb from the parlor clock—while she smiled at her own castle-building as she thought of the aspiring milkmaid. Her thoughts had been roaming off to country-places, fresh butter, moonlight walks, and bright June mornings, while there she was in the unromantic city, the noon of a sunny October day diffusing its warm rays on all around—and George, dear, loving, self-denying George, toiling industriously on in his gloomy counting-room for the very wealth that was to act the part of Aladdin's lamp, and effect this wonderful change. How could she be so selfish as to left the thoughts run on imaginary pleasures, when every day bound her heart closer to his pleasant home?

There was no use in arranging things over again, for everything had been arranged before; so after a few moments more inspection of the quiet rooms, which wore that cheerful, home look that is so seldom seen, the young bride tied on her bonnet, and tripped gaily over to her mother's to talk of her happiness. As she noticed the sofas and chairs, whose slit cushious bore the marks of her brother's pen-knives, and saw the look of weariness which the care of a large, troublesome family had left on her mother's brow, she could not feel sufficiently thankful for her own altered lot, and was glad to basten home to contemplate again her cheerful fireside.

Mrs. Bylton had promised to come over to tea; which she did. As Susan heard the well-known sound of her husband's night-key turning in the door, she sprang joyfully forward to meet her husband; and returned in a moment with her hand resting fondly on his shoulder, and a pair of soft eyes raised earnestly to his face. The bride of twenty considered it now high time to assume something of the matron; and a little coquettish cap rested on one side of her head, whose blue ribbons harmonized well with her fair complexion. George protested that he could scarcely distinguish her eyes from the bows, and wondered which were the deepest tint of cerulean blue. With playful force Susan seated him directly before the fire in a large rocking-chair; and assuming the wise look of a young housekeeper, left him and her mother to a tete-a-tete, while she cast an examining glance upon her tea-equipage in the back parlor.

All ready; the tea-urn had just made its appearance, and in a few moments the happy trio were seated around the little table. "How very ridiculous!" exclaimed Susan, after perceiving that each look in the other's face caused an answering smile,

"people would think us complete idiots!" and her little fingers were soon busy with the tea and sugar. Mrs. Bylton acknowledged that the muffins were far superior to her own; and young Mrs. Brendal!, upon this encomium, glanced around with such a lofty air that her husband laughingly compared her to a peacock just bursting with pride.

After tea the lamp was lit, the centre-table wheeled to the fire, and as Mrs. Bylton noticed their contentment and happiness, she felt inwardly thankful for ber daughter's lot.

"I think," observed George, "that I would not change places with any one now—we need nothing more, do we, Susy?"

"No, indeed," replied the young wife; "it must be very troublesome to be rich, I should think. I have received an invitation from Mrs. Dewell," she continued, carelessly, "it is to be a large dress party—so I immediately declined for you too, George, for such amusements break in upon the pleasant quiet of home, and you know we cannot return them even if we wished to."

Would an uninterested person have wondered at the look which George Brendall bestowed upon his fair bride? I think not.

CHAPTER II.

"What nonsense do you think is in the wind now, Susy?" asked George, one evening, about four years after their marriage.

"I am sure I do not know," replied the young wife, as she sat with a very bright, wide-awake looking baby on her lap, while a young George, built after the elephant plan, amused himself by sucking the paint off his drum. "I cannot tell," she continued, "any new invention? Baby-jumpers, you know, have long since beamed upon the public, and passing a store this morning I read 'egg crackers,' and supposed them machines invented to crack eggs, after the fashion of lemon-squeezers—never once thinking of crackers made with eggs, and wondered what people would come to next. After that, I am prepared for any new discovery."

"Well, Mrs. Susy," said her husband, laughing at this curious mistake, "what I have to unfold is something very different. People are all crazy just now about an inexhaustible gold mine which they pretend to have discovered, and every ship is quite crowded down with live freight for California."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Susan, "that people can be so insane—so wrapped up in the love of gold as to fly from their homes to drag out a miserable existence in a foreign land? I can scarcely believe it. Why, all the gold in the world would not pay for it!"

The young mother clasped her children closely to her, and drew her chair nearer her busband's side, as if fearful of some pending separation.

"Yet so it is," replied George, "the emigrants remind me more of escaped lunatics than rational men. They count up the sums they expect to gain, and then start off abruptly they scarcely know where. Perhaps, when they get there their disappointment will equal

previous exultation. They tell all sorts of wild stories about the place, but notwithstanding this, the general enthusiasm is becoming quite inconvenient. My shoemaker told me this morning that I had now received the last pair of boots he would be able to make me, as he intended to start immediately for California; and the poor tailor informed me with tears in his eyes that his assistants had come to an open revolt, and refused to sew another stitch when gold was to be obtained for the picking it up. Has the baker yet made a similar disclosure?"

"No," replied Susan, thoughtfully; "what a pity! What a curse this gold may yet become!"

"Why, Sue, you are a regular croaker! Not much of a curse. I should imagine, to have a handsome house and establishment with so little trouble—rather easier than plodding in the counting-room from morning till night. Do not look so reproachfully, dear Susy; I mean for those who consider these things essential to their happiness; I named no names, Mrs. Brendall, and have not the least idea of making one in this expedition. Old Howell, though, says that every man under forty should start immediately, and, as a good example, he has just shipped three sons. I could not resist so good an opportunity of making my fortune, and have done something, Susy, of which you may not quite approve. Will you promise to be a lenient father confessor if I acknowledge my fault?"

"I must first learn what it is of which my sapient husband is evidently ashamed before I promise a pardon."

"Well, then, don't look at me so, or else spare my blushes. I did what few people do—took advice which I had asked for, and invested thirty dollars in spades for the gold region, which said spades are expected to dig me a fortune of their own accord—all of which I intend to settle upon my loving wife Susan on her next birth-day Now, Mrs. Brendall, junior, is not this quite as delightful as if some old India uncle died and left you millions of rupees?"

"Ah, George, how could you?" said Susan, reproachfully, "I do not care a straw about the money, (which, by the bye, I never expect to see again) but I so hate to have you engaged in this wild scheme. One step may lead to others."

"Oh, never fear; Mrs. Susy. Come here, you little dumpling," he said, to the young drummer, "here, climb upon my knee, you rogue—and now, good wife, what has become of our tea, if I may make bold to ask?"

They gathered around the table, and it was the first time since their wedding-day that Susan had sat down with a cloud upon her heart. She tried to shake off this sensation, and forced smiles and repartees when she felt much more like weeping.

"They are all savages, I suppose, in California?" said Susan.

"I don't know much about those who are there," replied her husband, "but those who are going must be in a savage state, for they utterly refuse to be accompanied by the ladies."

"Ladies!" exclaimed Susan, "I should think no ladies would go there."

"Why, they are all crazy to go for the sake of the

adventure. There is the greatest difficulty, they say, to keep them on shore, and now and then one gets smuggled in by mistake. Two or three bave gone in male attire. Suppose you venture, Susy?"

"I, indeed!" exclaimed the young mother, indig. nantly. "Do you suppose I would take my children to die in this unhealthy climate, or leave them behind to perish for want of a mother's care?"

"But suppose," continued George, half jestingly and half in earnest, "suppose I should conclude to go, Susy?"

"Then," she replied, quickly, "you might go alone."

"This to me!" he exclaimed, "and do you then love your children better than your husband? Would you be willing to forsake me for them?"

"You would be forsaking us," replied Susan, "not I you. But come, dear George," she added, gently, "let us banish these very silly and improbable suppositions. We have both been in jest, and we will now speak of other things."

True, they had been in jest; and yet the shadow still rested on the husband's brow—even while caressing his children.

"You remember Holman?" asked George, a few months after. "Well, he started for California about two years since, and came back yesterday worth sixty thousand dollars. I begin to be tired of this stay-athome life; business gets dull, and there is nothing to interest one."

"Nothing to interest one!" Susan felt a choking sensation in her throat as she glanced from the children to her husband in silence.

George probably saw the tear that trembled in her eye, for pressing a kies on the still fair cheek, he whispered—"forgive me, dear one!—I did not mean that; but it is rather unsatisfactory to see your neighbors return with a fortune from what you may call a pleasure jaunt, while you still plod on in the same dull routine."

"A pleasure jaunt!" repeated Susan, archly—
"people have different ideas of pleasure to be sure;
but I never yet met with one who considered unceasing toil, chills and fever, a separation from loved
ones, disease, and a ruined constitution, ia the light
of pleasures. I suppose I must have humbled views
—but I own that I prefer a cheerful home, an affectionate husband, lovely children, and the creature
comforts of life to any fascination which may be
discovered in this rather dismal picture."

George smiled in spite of himself; and drawing forth his watch, remarked—"I believe, Susy, we spend this evening at Mrs. Dewell's—it is almost time to go."

He wrapped her shawl round the graceful little figure, and putting her hand in his arm, the young couple cheerfully walked the distance of half a mile, without one envious thought for the well-lit carriages that passed them every moment.

The Dewells were at home; and with a light heart Mrs. Brendall seated herself on a couch beside her friend, who, with her lustrous eyes, and dark, proud beauty, might well have played the Rebecca to her Rowens. George glanced around the lofty, elegantly

furnished rooms, which seemed still larger and more lofty from the contrast with their own; and then his eye rested on the magnificent woman before him, who reminded him of a gorgeous tulip, while Susan appeared like a timid little violet at her side. After all he preferred the beauty of his own little wife; Mrs. Dewell awed, astonished, and commanded admiration -while Susan's cherub face seemed formed for smtles and love. But that needn't prevent him from admiring the house; and to his fine taste, the paintings, statuary, and vases appeared desirable possessions. He did not mark the look of withering scorn which the haughty mistress bestowed on her husband, nor his evident shrinking from those dazzling eyes-he saw not this while feasting his taste with the trappings of her slavery. But Mrs. Dewell's eyes lost their angry expression when they fell on the sweet countenance of her friend; Susan's very presence seemed to soothe her, and when at length they rose to go, she saw them depart with evident reluctance.

What an astonishing change their little parlors had undergone! George braced himself up very tightly as he entered the narrow door, and glanced around as a monarch might be supposed to gaze within a hovel. But Susan, bright, happy little soul! threw herself laughingly in a chair, and began humming "home, sweet, sweet home," exclaiming as she glanced around—

"How delightful our rooms look, George!—and this fire is pleasanter than ever from coming out of the cold air."

"A mirror between the windows would be a great improvement," observed her husband; "and I so admire statuary in a parlor—a group of the graces for instance. Did you notice Mrs. Dewell's diamonds, Susy?"

"Why, really," replied Susan, "I am so accustomed to Matilda's diamonds that I never think of them. Would it be presumptuous in me, dear George, to make the same answer as did the noble mother of the Gracohi?"

That blue-eyed little fairy was his better genius; and unable to resist the impulse, he stooped down and kissed the pure young brow that was never marred by a single envious frown. "Yes," replied George, in a softened tone, "you are right, Susy—I should think that no diamonds could compensate us for the loss of our children. Poor Mrs. Dewell! she must be very lonely."

"She is," replied the young wife, "she sees very little of her husband, and gazes so carnestly always on our little George. Poor Matilda! I envy her not her wealth."

CHAPTER III.

"Your promised birth-day present, Susy," cried her husband, as he burst into the room and flung a packet in her lap.

Mrs. Brendall had quite forgotten the promise, and could not imagine what might be contained in the parcel. She was afraid that George's affectionate generosity had burried him into some act of extravagance; and, opening the paper with a trembling

hand, a five hundred dollar bill fluttered before her eyes.

"Why, George!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "where did this come from, and why do you give it to me? I cannot receive it."

"Then throw it in the fire, my dear," was the satisfactory reply, "it is your own rightful property, made by that investment of spades, which, although they have not exactly dug up a fortune, have at least followed my directions so far as to dig up five hundred dollars. Pretty well for a beginning. Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Susan, on your acquisition of fortune."

"But, George, how in the world can I ever spend five hundred dollars? Do take it back—it seems to me almost like drawing a prize in the lottery."

"Mercy upon me, what a sanctified look. It will not poison you, Susy, I will answer for it. Instead of a lottery prize, you may regard it as so much California gold dust, refined and consolidated into that very substantial-looking bank bill. And now, my love, enumes yourself for a few moments with your rapture and horrors, while I read a note that has lain in my pocket two whole hours. A glorious triumph, Susy, over the fairer and more envious sex."

The letter was a long one; and even after reading it, George pondered over it such a length of time that our friend Susan began to wonder what important information it might contain. A short extract from the letter itself may better explain his rapt attention.

"You recoived, my dear Brendall, the five hundred dollars which your invoice of spades has brought, and accounts from the gold region are as promising as can be desired. You here have an instance of the ease with which a fortune can be made by an enterprising man; and every one wonders that you, with your youth and health, should remain tamely in the counting-room. Take a friend's advice and join our party, which will start in three months from this date. The separation from wife and children is but two years at most; and my friend, Mrs. Brendall, will readily pardon the possessor of hundreds of thousands any fancied neglect. A set of diamonds on your return would be an acceptable peace-offering. Ponder this over well, my dear fellow, and if you refuse ever to rise above mere respectability, perhaps your wealthy Californian friends, when they come back in their carriages, may conclude to give you the go-by. 'A word ? to the wise is sufficient.' "

Carriages—diamonds—hundreds of thousands! he was bewildered. How well Susan would grace an establishment like Mrs. Dewell's, and how splendidly a diamond tiara would gleam in her sunny tresses. With such a prospect opening before him, why should he any longer feel his very spirit cramped by the narrow rooms, which night after night he surveyed with unsatisfied yearnings? Why should he be debarred from all enjoyment of the beautiful in art, when Madonnas, Raphaels, and Canovas graced the apartments of wealthy blockheads too stupid to distinguish one from the other? Was it wise, was it right to fetter his genius, as it were, with the chains of poverty, when loosened from its ignoble bondage there was no knowing what it might become?

Ah! friend George, you are a subtle reasoner. What a flight you have taken from the very bowels of the earth to the clouds of fancy and sentiment.

"Come here, Susy, you have studied that bank bill long enough—place it in whatever way you choose, it remains five hundred still. I want you to read this letter, and tell me what you think I ought to do."

He watched her narrowly as she took a seat by the lamp, but he could not read her countenance, for she had shaded her eyes with her hand, while as the other grasped the letter, the small fingers closed nervously on the paper as though wrestling with an impulse to tear it to atoms.

She read it entirely through, and a chill fell upon the warm, little heart; but resting her hand on her husband's shoulder, she whispered—"I will tell you what I think, George—I know that at this instant there are two spirits urging you different ways; one is the love of gold and pleasure, which urges you on as it whispers, 'go;' the other stands with its pure and beautiful eyes, and points to past hours of quiet happiaess, and then turns to the present with its flowers and sunshine springing up within our koms. Which shall triumph, my husband?"

He gazed tenderly on the soft eyes turned toward him, drew the fair pleader still closer, and would have whispered a few blessed words of peace and comfort, when again his eyes fell upon the letter. It was the serpent which fascinated him, and his first decision was inwardly revoked.

She saw it, though he spoke not, and quietly disengaging herself from his embrace, she sat down with a weight of misery upon her heart.

"Susan," said he, in an altered tone, "my mind is made up—I go to California. I cannot feel justified in remaining at home when wealth, that brings so many blessings, can be so easily obtained in a foreign land."

She said nothing in reply; he waited in vain for her to break that chilling silence, and he continued excusingly—"it is not like starting off by myself on some wild adventure, my friends are every day taking their departure, and I will write an assent to Mr. Gyles—he does not start in three months; and in a few years I shall return a millionaire."

"We have sufficient wealth now for our happiness, George."

"True, Susy, there is sufficient for ours, as our happiness does not depend upon wealth; but shall we be justified hereafter on seeing our children take an inferior position in the world, arising from their parents' selfishness in youth?"

"I cannot agree with you, George, but if you are resolved to brave all and go, much as I dread the breaking up of our quiet little home, I will endeavor to be ready at the appointed time. We shall need many preparations; and the poor children will, I adraid, suffer sadly for want of comforts and conveniences—perhaps die there. Oh, George! do give up this wild plan."

"My dear Susan," said he, hesitatingly, while his eyes were averted from hers, "do not suppose me so selfish as to entertain for one moment the idea of making you and the children the companions of my journey. I shall go alone."

"Go alone! Has it then really come to this?" She felt quite unable to speak, and pursued her work in silence.

Poor Susan awoke the next morning with an undefined sense of something dreadful; and tying on her bonnet immediately after breakfast, went over to unfold her troubles to her mother.

"Preposterous folly!" exclaimed Mrs. Bylton—
what does the man mean by thus abandoning his
family, and going off like a boy of twenty? There
ought to be a law to compel husbands to stay at
home."

"But he refused to take me with him!" sobbed Susan; "anywhere would seem like home with him —nowhere without him."

"Why, you silly child!" cried her mother, "you ought to be thankful that he didn't wish you to go. It is the only spark of sense he has displayed in the whole affair—one life is quite enough to lose."

"Oh, mother! mother! what shall I do?"

"I do not see that you can do anything," was the not very satisfactory reply. "Don't let it worry you, child, and I will come and talk to him in the evening."

Mrs. Brendall was bending her steps sadly homeward, when a new thought struck her, and she resolved to make a confident of her friend. Matilda, she knew, was firm and resolute, and it seemed something to lean upon.

"Well," said Mrs. Dewell, with a contemptuous smile, "so you are crying like a school-girl because your lord is going to California. How different would be my feelings if Oscar Dewell, Esq., should take a similar notion into his wise head! I should be ready to give a jubilee upon the occasion. But then I forgot, my dear, how very different the two gentlemen are. George is a fine fellow, and I once had some thoughts of falling in love with him myself."

Susan looked up in alarm at this, and began to think Mrs. Dewell a dangerous person.

"Do not disturb yourself, my dear," she added, bitterly, "I do not give my love where it is not sought —and not belonging to the romantic kind, I preferred wealth to love in a cottage. Should I not be very

happy, think you? Did you ever see such diamonds, Susan? such mirrors, and such pictures? What more can heart desire?" Then in a more natural manner she continued. "And now, pray, what did you do on first receiving this terrible announcement? Wept and looked interesting, of course, and strengthened by opposition a wavering resolution. Allow me to tell you, ma chere amie, that I regard you as little better than a fool, and it will be your own fault if he goes."
"Why, what could I do?" inquired Susan, in dismay; "I begged and entreated him to remain, and plainly showed him that his departure would not leave me a moment's peace."

"Exactly, my dear; I have no doubt that you did, and that is just what I complain of. Now had Mr. Dewell made a similar announcement, instead of spoiling my eyes with tears, I should have thanked him for it as the greatest favor in his bestowal; but George Brendall being George Brendall, and noil Oscar Dewell, the case of course is different. Still, I must say that you have made yourself perfectly ridiculous—and all that now remains for you to do is to go to California on your own private account."

"Why, Matilda!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "is this really your advice? How could I take the chitdren?"

"Do not take them at all; leave them with your mother, and I will accompany you. I dare say we can collect a party of eager fair ones. For myself, I should like very well to have some gold of my own without taking my husband's second-hand, therefore you may use my name as freely as you please."

Mrs. Brendall gazed at her friend in surprise, and then drawing closely together, a conversation was carried on for sometime in a confidential tone. The young wife made a long stay, and on her return her face wore a most roguish expression that suited much better with her features than its former pensive look.

"Now let me hear of no more tears, you silly thing," said Mrs. Dewell, at parting; "just be perfectly indifferent and independent, and play your part well."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LOVE AND FAME.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY CLARA MORETON.

I DREAMED.

Before me stood a vision bright—
A creature of celestial light,
Of glorious mien, and mould.
Her velvet robe, with hem of gold,
Fell to her feet, in graceful fold,
Gleaming with jewels, rare, but cold.
Her dark hair shaded piercing eyes,
Which flashed like stars from midnight skies;
While proud as Asiatic queen,
She wore her crown of laurel green.

In reverence, I bowed my head,
And saw, low kneeling by my bed,
A gentler—fairer—sylph-like form,
Whose eyes with love were beaming warm.
She spake, her voice was sweetly low—
In silver tones it seemed to flow,
"Turn not away from heart like mine,
It throbbeth warm and true.
Turn not away that glance of thine,
Though bright yon form to view.
Her path is through a weary way—



Sharp thorns will pierce thy feet, And falsely flatt'ring is the lay Thy list'ning ear will greet. The canker eateth at her heart-It gnaweth to the core-Oh! bid her from thy side depart, And never tempt thee more. There's poison in the laurel leaf That's braided in her hair-Her very smile will bring thee grief, Although it seems so fair. Thy brightest hopes will all decay, Thy joys to ashes turn, And in thy breast with fitful sway, Their smouldering embers burn." The low voice ceased. I raised my eyes From hers, as blue as azure skies, And turned them from her glance so warm, Upon the stately radiant form. The dark eyes smiled—entrancing gaze How fast my heart beat 'neath their rays! The red lips moved-melodious flow-Deep-toned as bugle notes drawn low-They thrilled my heart with bounding throe. "My name is Fame," the Goddess said, "My mission unto thee Bright glory 'round thy path I'll shed If thou wilt go with me. The way is steep, not beautiful, But when we gain the end, I'll crown with glittering coronal The brow that thou wilt bend. The world shall turn an envious gaze Upon thy lofty height, And thou shalt proudly meet those rays, And glory in thy might. Then come with me, leave yonder faye To minds of meaner mould-Come, on our path away-away With step as light, as bold." That clarion voice awoke a lyre; It filled my veins with molten fire As one by one its chords were swept, I turned to Love; she kneeling wept; Her lashes long, drooped low with tears, And 'neath their lids crouched boding fears. "Look ere we part," she sighing said, Again I raised my throbbing head, And saw through fields of viewless air A pathway radiantly fair. Green were the grots and mossy glades-Cool flowed the rills in greener shades,

And wild flowers grew in tangled maze Beneath the thick vine's arching ways. The velvet turf was gemmed with dew, And starry flowers, and violets blue, And flute-like voices stirred the air, From lips of maidens fond and fair. The path swept to a river's side, Where timidly upon the tide, With foot advanced its power they tried. The amber wavelets gently bore Their light forms from the verdant shore-But oh! entrancing-rapturous sight! The banks beyond of crystal bright, Wreathed with rich vines of glossy green, And flowers so rare no eye hath seen, And gates of emerald and gold, And streets of pearl, and fountains cold-While angel forms glide forth to greet The angel spirits which they meet. "I'll go with thee, dear Love," I cried, And still for Fame my spirit sighed. She marked the wildly heaving sigh-She saw the tears gleam in my eyes, And pointing with her faultless hand, Said-"look at yonder toiling band." I looked; and lo! 'midst rocks and briers, 'Midst nameless graves and funeral pyres, Fame's toil-worn band were struggling on Beneath the fierce rays of the sun. No mossy glades:-no vine-arched ways To shelter them from burning rays. Their sunken eyes gleamed wild and strange, And frequent looks of hate exchanged. Upward and onward still they pressed; While some more weary than the rest, Found by the way an unknown grave, For not one stopped to sooth or save; But often trampling on the weak, A higher place they seemed to seek. They paused not for the dying wail-The cheek so wan-so ashy pale, And shuddering at the fearful sight I turned away in sad affright. For Fame no more my spirit sighed-Ambition's torch that moment died; And now with Love I dwell alone, Content to hear her thrilling tone As on her breast I fondly sigh, And watch her changeless azure eye. Fame hath no longer charms for me-I prize too well my early glee, And Love's dear chains are bright and free.

CUPID'S CAUTION.

Marp of the dark eye, oh! beware!
Breathe not the young Spring's scented air:
Gaze not at eve on the glowing scene,
Or the mellow moonlight's melting sheen;
Let not the zephyr lift thy tress
As the velvet turf thy footsteps press;
And oh! beware of the early hour
When the dew-drop shall gleam in the half-shut flower,
When a soft hue shall tinge its roseate light;
The fresh face of morning, so blushing and bright,
List not! Oh! let not thy listening ear

Drink the moonlight strain with its echo clear—
Let the streamlet's murmurings die unheard,
And the warblings soft of the greenwood bird,
For my dart shall lurk in each opening flower—
Every breeze shall be armed with my magic power—
On each silvery beam of the mild moonlight
Shall an arrow ride from my quiver bright;
Then woe to the heart of the blooming young maid,
And woe to the bachelor, sober and staid;
Then maid of the night, of the dark brown hair,
Sweet maid of the dark eye, eh! beware! s. a. a.



KATE SINCLAIR;

OR, TRUSTING CHILDHOOD AND INCONSTANT YOUTH.

"Un printems suffit a la nature Pour reparer l'email et la verdure; La vie entiere a peine reproduit La paix du cœur qu'un seul instant detruit."

hood They have flown to come no more. Amid the anxieties and distresses of mature years, we look back with a lingering regard upon the happy past, and in a dream of thought seek to dissipate the gloomy present by glimpses of the sunshine of other days. The spell is even now upon us. Once more we are children, roaming hand in hand with cherished companions, through the woodbine shaded paths of our youthful homes-no thought of distrust marring our capacities for love. Again in the cold winter's eve we cluster around the warm fire-side, and hear the entrancing tale or echo the merry laugh. Then too come holier memories of those blessed hours, when with pure and guileless hearts each little one knelt beside his loved mother, and with her gentle hand resting upon his infant brow, breathed to Heaven's high King petitions for mercy-offered in perfect faith. And can we ever forget the whispered lullaby, that untaught music that told so much of love—a mother's love? Oh! these revealings of the past are far more valuable than all the aggrandizements, than all the accumulated wealth of after years.

With this preface, courteous reader, I introduce to your notice the accompanying sketch, or rather groupings of tableaux scenes; endeavoring to illustrate by them the partial progress of character from trusting childhood to inconstant youth.

DESCRIPTIVE TABLEAU.

With a presto!—begone!—I bid the heavy drapery which shrouds the past withdraw its cumbrous folds, and reveal to our gaze the events of by-gone days. As though in obedience to my commands it is lifted aside, and discloses to our view a country scene of surpassing beauty.

On the banks of the far-famed Juniata, once stood a mansion of unpretending elegance: no costly architecture arrested the traveller's gaze, but a neat, yet commodious dwelling of snowy whiteness met the eye, embosomed amid clustering blossoms and clasping vines—whilst the air was redolent of sweets, breathed forth by rare exotics and blushing fruits. On either side, before and behind the mansion, rose with towering dignity majestic mountains, seemingly rent in twain to admit the rippling play of the flowing stream. The inhabitants of this beautiful abode added to it additional charms by their loyeliness of character.

But we will merge the past into the present, and glancing in upon them this starry eve, discover in the favorite sitting-room a finely formed man of middle age, reposing in the luxury of complete ease upon a

In vain we strive to re-call the joyous hours of childood. They have flown to come no more. Amid the existics and distresses of mature years, we look back perusal of the City Gazette—an object usually of ith a lingering regard upon the happy past, and in a absorbing interest to dwellers in the country. His eam of thought seek to dissipate the gloomy present countenance discloses true benevolence.

In a downy chair is seated a lady in the prime of life; most dignified, yet graceful in her mien. Methinks time has but lightly laid his hand upon her brow, for her smile is altogether unclouded by care, and not even a wrinkle betrays an acquaintance with sorrow. Two other forms are comprised in this family group, and they are the principal personages in these delineations of character; a boy and girl, both just parting from the sunny days of childhood to enter upon the stern realities of more mature years. We name them Kate Sinclair and Herbert Ashton. They are distantly connected, and by the death of some relatives, and the absence in foreign lands of others, they have been left to the guardianship of the owners of this elegant mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, who are also the uncle and aunt of Kate Sinclair.

The moon comes forth from its hiding-place, and is gliding slowly forward from behind the mountain tops, as though conscious of its surpassing loveliness it forbears to dazzle by an instantaneous display of brilliancy. Its silver light reveals the forms of Kate and Herbert leaning against one of the lofty trees which grace the lawn in front of the mansion. Hear the whispered words!

"I go, my darling Kate, to mount still higher the ladder of science; to make to myself a name among the great and good of earth, and when that name is won, right gladly will I hie me home to lay my honors at your feet. 'Tis true we are young, dear Kate, and some would gladly persuade us that love has no meaning when breathed by youthful lips; but it is not so, and time shall prove our constancy. And now we part: years must pass away ere I shall again become an inmate of this our sylvan home; but ever as I strive for laurels, your name shall be my watchword, and the remembrance of your smile shall light me onward." Tears of deep sorrow coursed down the young girl's cheek, but not a shade of mistrust, not a doubt entered her pure, believing heart. And thus they parted.

NARRATIVE.

Time has sped on, and they who were once children, have now taken their places amid the world's chequered scenes, to act their parts as men and women. Again it is the evening hour, and once more the moon's silver light discloses to our gaze the

figures of Herbert Ashton and Kate Sinclair. They are pacing the velvet lawn, and the same fond words he whispered in days long past are again breathed into the maid's willing ear; but now they wear a deeper import, for years have been added to their young lives, and already they have begun to taste the corroding draught of care. They are wiser in this world's wisdom, yet undoubting in their faith. Again he bids her farewell. "'Tis but for one short year," he says, "and then, dearest Kate, I will hasten to claim you for my own." How little did she dream, that trusting maid, of the change in her destiny that would be wrought by that one short year! Untainted by guile, her hand rests lingeringly in his, even on the approach of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, and the ensuing conversation discovers their knowledge of the mutual attachment of their young wards.

Most lovely, both in form and features, was Kate Sinclair; gifted with rich mental excellence; which surely is a gem of far greater value than mere superficial accomplishments, whose lustre soon fades. Perfect purity of thought and feeling was her greatest charm, united with a heart which fully appreciated and sympathized with another's woe.

Herbert Ashton was gifted with exceeding grace and manly beauty, together with the courtly elegance of a finished gentleman. But selfishness and intense admiration of his own person (veiled under a show of modesty) was the great defect of his character. Every feeling was concentrated in the gratification of self, and all else was made to yield to this important point. Was it then strange that the spirit of their early dream should be changed, and time poison life's banquet cup?

The parting hour has once more arrived, and Herbert Ashton speeds away to his scholastic duties. Intense study has precluded his joining, during past courses, in the usual gay pursuits of fellow students; but this his last year being but a review of old studies, he is easily persuaded to join in the routine of visiting and merry-making, for which the village in which he sojourns is famous. At first the remembrance of his early home and associates is undimmed by even a thought. No contrast can deprive them of their charms; but gradually a comparison is allowed to enter his mind between the attractions of Kate Sinclair and those of the belles around him-but still Kate holds her wonted place, for it is but in trifles such as dress, or a certain air of fashion, in which she proves at all inferior. Eventually greater points of difference are discovered. Miss B-- discourses eloquent poetry. Kate is not a poetess. Miss Cplays exquisitely. Kate is but a poor performer in comparison. Miss M--- has a delightful voice, and adds so much expression, so much sentiment to all she sings! In these and a variety of other accomplishments Kate is at fault, and at last he grows weary of the few thoughts which conscience imposes upon him, and to still the stern monitor he strives to gain the ascendency in the court of beauty, and amid the flattery there so lavishly bestowed upon him self-conceit acquires unlimited sway, and boybood's truthfulness gives entire place to manhood's inconstancy.

SECOND TABLEAU, AND DESCRIPTIVE FRAGMENTS.

"It may be sport to win a heart, Then leave that heart to pine and die." Westmacott.

Behold the time-honored precincts of Princeton's classic halls! Yet ere we enter pause and gaze upon the changing scene. Surely a gala day has called forth the numerous groups that wind amid the paths about the college green! Mark the intense anxiety betrayed upon the features of that passing youth! He has a task yet to perform; his maiden speech is yet to be spoken, and he awaits with trembling the moment of its utterance. See those glad young faces, and the blithe forms which come bounding forward! Some dear one, be it brother or friend, has attained the summit of his wishes, and but awaits the seal of academic honor, ere he steps forth upon life's untrammelled scenes. Mothers and fathers with sober, yet proud looks, mingle with the throng; and dignified professors and meek-toned tutors add zest to the changing panorama.

We enter the great hall of the institute, and here bursts upon us beauty in its varied forms, and fashion with its odd conceits. Bright eyes beam forth love and admiration; and sweet voices breathe words of scarce concealed regard. Oration after oration has been delivered, until there remains but one upon the list, and it is the farewell address. Herbert Ashton is the favored orator, and with a graceful bow he stands before the assembly. His pleasing mien and manly air, together with his already acquired position as a favorite, secures him an attentive audience, and his cultivated mind has produced a speech of unwonted attraction. Amid unbounded applause he bids the last adieu, and with self-possessed ease descends from the platform, when he is quickly surrounded by a bevy of admiring friends. Upon one fair face his eye rests lingeringly, and the answering look and eager smile proclaim them to be more than mere acquaintances.

The scene changes. It is the starlit hour of night. Forth issuing from a mansion of elegant proportions came glad voices on the air, and music's rapturous Brilliant lights bursting through the opened windows disclose a crowded throng of gay cavaliers and beauteous maidens. Encircled amid a group of admirers, the satellite of this worldly constellation, stands the heiress, Lizzy Norton, the hostess of this numerous assembly. A coronet of costly gems rests upon the snowy brow, and robed in purest white, she seems a priestess at the shrine of loveliness. Although the object of undivided attention and flattery, she appears listless and careless-evidently searching with her restless eye some expected form which as yet has not met her view. Stay! a flush of gladness passes over the eager face, and the softened features attest the influence of some undefinable feeling! The mystery is soon explained. With quick step and looks of earnest admiration our hero, Herbert Ashton, advances. After a few whispered words he leads the fair one to the dance. That ended, they separate from the noisy crowd, and wend their way to the illuminated grounds. The distant sound of revelry greets the ear, and the floating breezes wast delicious

perfumes. From among choice exotics he culls a few dainty flowers, (Eastern tokens of persuasive import) and then all forgetful of the past, he bends until her sunny tresses wave upon his cheek. With rapturous accents he utters words of talismanic power, for see! the fair girl drops her head until it rests upon his breast, and the unresistingly clasped hand tells he has won her for his own. Love's sunshine reigns undimmed within her heart, and little dreams she his lips have ever spoken to another the honied words of that memorable eve. Dream on fond, believing one, unconscious of deceit!

CONCLUDING TABLEAU, WITH DESCRIPTIVE PRAGMENTS.

"—Couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot—
Oh! couldst thou read, upon her pride-veiled brow,
Her wasted tenderness, her love (orgot—
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,
And pray for strength to wear her victim crown."
Mas. E. C. Embury.

Since last we beheld Kate Sinclair time has sped on with leaden wing, and each day has added care and doubt to the maiden's store of experience; for though a woman retains with strange tenacity her belief in man's perfections, even amid severe trials, yet time must at last force the unwelcome truth upon the mind, that he who was so trusted by deceiving is unworthy of regard. This conviction comes but slowly. And so it was with Kate. Gradually during the past year Herbert's letters had reached her at long, and longer intervals, and a change too had become apparent in the style of his missive; accustomed words of loving import were either forgotten, or dealt out most sparingly, and at length weeks elapsed without a message or epistle. Nor was Kate the only sufferer. Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth too alike perceived the change, and wondered at it; but with woman's true love no word of complaint had passed Kate's lips, and an excuse was ever ready for Herbert's remissness.

> "She will not speak the anguish of her breast, She cannot chide the one she seeks to bless."

Yet amid indefinable sentiments of coming evil she never for one moment thought he would swerve from his allegiance to her for the sake of another. She believed that surrounded by gay company and enticing friends, he might have entered too zealously into the amusements around him, and thus have in a measure lost the recollection of the home circle and the cherished scenes of the past. He might even among bright eyed belies have transiently forgotten the gentle companion of his early days, but then she consoled herself with thoughts of his return, and that then he would soon be won back to his old feelings of love and attachment, and they would be permanently happy.

Once more it is the evening hour, and in the room where first we beheld them, are seated Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth; whilst pacing the lawn with restless step Kate Sinclair meets our eye. It is the day upon which they expect the return of Herbert Ashton. Hour after hour speeds on, and still he comes not. At length the servant, who had driven to meet his young master at the neighboring village, enters, and in answer to anxious inquiries ailently hands Mr. Ellsworth

a letter. With blanched cheek and trembling frame Kate awaits its opening, eagerly watching her uncle's countenance for tidings of weal or woe. At first a smile meets her gaze-and the blood courses gaily through her veins; then the smile changes into an expression of anxiety, then to scorn, and at last, with a muttered imprecation and clenched hand, he dashes the missive on the table, and buries his face in his folded arms. With noiseless step Kate has glided to his side, and already reads in the opened letter her bitter fate! She is forsaken, she, the companion of his childhood, the loved one of his youth, she is forsaken, and for a stranger! With one heart-rending cry she sinks upon the floor, and for a brief moment loses in unconsciousness her sense of wrecking misery. Such is the effect of man's inconstancy, and of his selfish nature.

When death takes from our embrace the cherished friends of our bosom, we weep and wail in our desolation; but when the hand we have caressed deals the blow and severs all the chords of hope and joy, crushing the heart-strings with relentless hand, oh! this is agony! the bitterness of woe! Time and earthly consolations may heal the first bereavement, but the other is beyond the world's touch, and Heaven's balm alone can soothe the grieved spirit. Thanks be to God there is a chrystal fountain opened in the golden courts above, whose droppings descend to earth—and if the weary and heavy laden bathe in those clear waters, they shall find rest to their souls!

A severe spell of illness brought dear Kate to the brink of the grave, but when by the hand of Providence she woke to renewed life, chastened and sorely burdened, she bent submissive to the blow and meekly bore the cross. The struggle to attain serenity, none but those who have passed through a like trial can alone imagine. And when years had mingled with eternity's flow, often

"Through the shadowy past Like a tomb searcher memory ran, Lifting each shroud that time had cast O'er buried hopes."

CONCLUSION.

It were useless to tell of the after fate of Herbert Ashton. Suffice it to say, conscience—that inward monitor—was ever busy with its piercing darts, and each worldly joy was blighted, each dazzling attainment clouded by that active guest. The wondrous beauty, the golden treasures, and the enchanting accomplishments of his young bride were all eclipsed by sober contrast with the solid judgment, the pure motives, and the undeviating virtues of Kate Sinclair; and in the dead of night, from his unchained tongue, burst forth oft-times the name of his early love.

And she, the victim of inconstancy—her hand was never pledged again, "she breathed no second vow." One image had been graven deep upon the tablet of her heart, nor time, nor direst wrong could entirely efface it from its secret resting-place. She passed through life with the unreal smile upon her lips, and the hollow laugh ringing from her tongue, and some, no doubt, deemed her happy, and cold, and heartless. But little did they know who judged her thus wrongfully—of the secrets of her closet where giving way

to her heart's anguish, sighs and groans told the agony of sorrow—the full appreciation of deception and abused faith. No tear coursed down her burning cheek, or laved the spirit's intensity of grief-for the fount of feeling had been drawn upon until it gave forth no more the relieving dew, but parched and exhausted, it murmured a constant dirge of desolation. will prove to be, in many cases, stern reality.

"Many a withering thought lies hid and lost In smiles that least befit who wear them most."

"So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smil Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while." Moore

Search the heart's annals, and my imaginary sk

A LAY OF HOME.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Ar home, at home the sun has set. The hearth-fire blazes clear and bright, And many a kindred heart has met Beneath that lowly roof to-night: The parting tear is kissed away From eyes that beam with gladness now, And glimpses of a happier day Is shining on each fair young brow. The past is all a troubled dream, On which the star of hope has rose As sweet as on some silver stream, It shines at evening's dusky close; And calmly on each heart that's gather'd there Is shed the perfume of a father's prayer.

At home, at home a mother's love Spreads its white wings above that spot, Pure as the Heavens that arch above; Deep as her wish forget-me-not; Each tree is vocal but of her, Each zephyr whispers but her name, And in the wild delirious stir That courses through the wanderer's frame Is felt that love before whose light All other love is faint and dim; A mother's triumph in that night Which kept her heart still fixed on him-Who now comes back from life's tempestuous sea To rest his faith and love alone on thee.

At home, at home a sister's smile To glad us when the heart is sick; A sister's voice that will beguile Our spirit's dream, when wild and thick Around us gather life's alarms, Its cares and fears, and tempest shout, When skies are black with coming harms,

And night has flung his canners out; To speak those words of earnest love He heard when last he left that cot, Which like those stars that watch above Has cheer'd and blessed his wayward lot With happy thoughts that we would meet once more When youth with all its wandering fancies should be c et

At home, at home the very air Seems fill'd with childhood's rosy hours, The laugh of infancy is there, The tiny footsteps on the bowers; The streamlet murmurs by the door As gently and as blithe as when I play'd upon that cottage floor, Ah, me! I am a child again; One tear to memory-'t is the last. Life's sterner antics bid us on, But still anto the thronging past 'Ere all its golden hues be gone; May we not pledge one last, one heartfelt prayer, As Alpine children to their convent bell repair?

At home, at home one blissful thought Of her who makes this world so fair, Comes with those words as echos caught At gambols with the morning air, Of her within whose truthful eyes As 'neath some lake's unruffled breast. Unseen save to affection, lies A thousand hopes and dreams at rest; Thoughts of her tenderness and truth Gush fountain-like along our way, Clothing in garmenture of youth The Autumn of life's waning day, And making all the streams of care and ill Flow smoothly on as does some sunny rill.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

BY MARIE LINTON.

I WOULD not give this hope of mine, This ray of never-dying bliss, For all the joys, the wealth, the shine, That worldly minds call happiness; For they are like the changeful face Of April skies: or like the chase Of bubbles o'er the ocean brine. Vol. XV.-15

But firm as earth's foundations are, Yea, stable as the Heavenly Throne, Is the broad hope that shines afar, Whereto our wandering footsteps roam; Bright in the secret depths it lies Of every Christian heart: nor dies 'Till death brings glad fruition's hour.



PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147.

CHAPTER IV.

ALONE in one of the most sumptuous chambers of the Astor House, sat the man who had made an impression so powerful upon little Julia Warren that morning. Though the chill of that stormy night penetrated even the massive wall of the hotel, it had no power to throw a shadow upon the comforts with which this man had found means to surround himself. A fire blazed in the grate, shedding a glow upon the rug where his feet were planted, till the embroidered slippers that encased them seemed buried in a bed of forest moss.

The curtains were drawn close, and the whole room had an air of snugness and seclusion seldom found at a hotel. Here stood an open dressing-case of ebony, with its gold mounted and glittering equipments exposed; there was a travelling desk of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, opal-tinted and glittering like gems in the uncertain light. Upon the mantelpiece stood a small picture-frame carved to a perfect net-work, and apparently of pure gold, circling the miniature of a female, so exquisitely painted, so beautiful in itself, that the heart warmed to a glow while gazing upon it. It was a portrait of the very girl whom Julia had seen supported by that man's arm in the morning-new and fresh was every tint upon the ivory. Alas! no female face ever had time to grow shadowy and mellow in that little frame; with almost every change of the moon some new head was circled by the glittering net-work-and this spoke eloquently of one dark trait in the character of the man.

He sat before the fire, leaning back in his cushioned easy-chair, now glancing with an indolent smile at the picture, now leaning toward a small table at his elbow, and helping himself to the fragment of some tiny game-birds from a plate where several were lying, all somewhat mutilated, as if he had tried each without perfectly satisfying his fastidious appetite. Various foreign condiments, and several flasks of wine stood on the table, with rich china and glasses of unequal shape, and variously tinted. For at the hotel this man was known to be as fastidious in his taste as in his appetite; with him the appointments of a meal were equally important with the viands.

No lights were in the room, save two wax tapers in small candle-sticks of frosted silver, which with various articles of plate upon the table, composed a portion of his travelling luxuries. If we have dwelt long upon these small objects, it is because they bespoke the character of the man better than any philo-

a feeling of reluctance to come in close contact with the hard and selfish even in imagination. Oh! if the pen were only called upon to describe the pure and the good, what a pleasant task might be this of authorship; but while human life is made up of the evil and the good in order to be true, there must be many dark shadows in every picture of life as it exists now, and has existed from the beginning of the world. In humanity as in nature herself, there is midnight darkness contrasting with the bright, pure sunshine.

There was nothing about the person of Leicester that should make the task of describing him an unpleasant one. He had reached the middle age, at least was fast approaching it: and on a close scrutiny his features gave indication of more advanced years than the truth would justify; for his life had been one that seldom leaves the brow smooth, or the mouth perfectly flexible. Still to a casual observer Leicester was a noble-looking and elegant man. The dark gloss and luxuriance of his hair was in nothing impaired by the few threads of silver that began to make themselves visible; his forehead was high, broad and white; his teeth perfect, and though the lips were somewhat heavy, the smile that at rare intervals stole over them was full of wily facination, wicked, but indescribably alluring. That smile had won many a new face to the little frame from which poor Ellen Craft seemed to gaze upon him with mournful tenderness through the twilight.

As he gazed upward it deepened, spread and quivered about his mouth, that subtle and infatuating smile. There was something of tenderness, something of indolent scorn blended with it then, for his eyes were lifted to that beautiful face gazing upon him so from the ivory. He caught the mournful expression, cast, perhaps, by the position of the candles, and it was this that gave a new character to his smile. He stretched himself languidly back in his chair, clasped both hands behind his head, and still gazed upward with half closed eyes. This change of position loosened the heavy cord of silk with which a dressing-gown, lined with crimson velvet, and of a rich cashmere pattern, had been girded to his waist, thus exposing the majestic proportions of a person strong, sinewy and full of flexible vigor. His vest was off, and the play of his heart might have been counted through the fine and plaited linen that covered his bosom. Something more than the rise and fall of a base heart had that loosened cord exposed. Protruding from an inner pocket of his dressing-gown the butt of a revolver was just visible. Thus sursophical analysis of which we are capable, and from rounded by luxuries, with a weapon of death close to his heart, Edward Leicester sat gazing with balf-shut eyes upon the mute shadow that returned his look with such mournful intensity. At length the smile upon his lip gave place to words full of meaning, treacherous and more carelessly cruel than the smile had foreshadowed.

"Oh! Nell, Nell," he said, "your time will soos come. This excessive devotion—this wild love—it tires one, child—you are unskilful, Nell—a little spice of the evil-one—a storm of anger—now a dash of indifference—anything but the eternal tenderness. It gets to be a bore at last, Nell, indeed it does."

And Leicester waved his head at the picture, smiling gently all the time. Then he unsealed one of the wine-flasks, filled a glass and lifted it to his mouth. After tasting the wine with a soft, oily smack of the lips, and allowing a few drops to flow down his throat, he put aside the glass with a look of disgust, and leaning forward rang the bell.

Before his hand left the bell-tassel, a servant was at the door, not in answer to his summons, but with information that a carriage had stopped at the private entrasce, and that some person within wished to speak with him.

Leicester seemed annoyed. He drew the cords of his dressing gown and stood up.

"Who is in the carriage? What does he seem like, John?"

The mulatto smiled till his teeth glistened in the candle-light.

"Why don't you speak, fellow?"

The waiter cast a shy glance toward the picture on the mantel-piece, and his teeth shone again.

"The night is dark as pitch, sir, I couldn't see a yard from the door; but I heard a voice. It wasn't a man's voice."

"A woman!—in all this storm too. Surely she cannot have been so wild," cried Leicester, casting aside his dressing-gown, and hastily re-placing it with garments more befitting the night. "Go, John, and say that I will be down presently, and listen as you give the message; try and get a glimpse at the lady."

John disappeared, and threaded his way to the entrance with wonderful alacrity. A man stood upon the steps apparently indifferent to the rain that beat sharply in his face. By changing his position he might have avoided half the violence of each new gust, but he seemed to feel a sort of pleasure in braving it, for a stern pallor lay upon the face thus steadily turned to the storm.

This was the man who had first spoken to the servant, but instead of addressing him John was passing to the carriage, intent on learning something of its inmate. But as he went down the steps a strong grasp was fixed on his arm, and he found himself suddenly wheeled face to face with the powerful man upon the steps.

"Where are you going?" There was something in the man's voice that made the mulatto shake.

"I was going to the carriage, sir, with Mr. Leicester's message to the—the—" Here John began to stammer, for he felt the grasp upon his arm tighten like a vice. "I sent for Mr. Leicester to come down; give me his answer!"

"Yes—yes, sir, certainly. Mr. Leicester will be down in a minute," stammered John, shaking the rain from his garments, and drawing back to the doorway the moment he was released, but casting a furtive glance into the darkness, anxious if possible to learn something of its immate.

That moment, as if to reward his vigilance, the carriage window was let down, and by the faint light that struggled from the lanterns, the mulatto saw a white hand thrust forth: and a face of which he could distinguish nothing, save that it was very pale, and lighted by a pair of large eyes fearfully brilliant, gleamed on him for an instant.

"What is it? Will he not come? Open the deor—open the door," cried a voice that rang even through his inert heart. It was a female's voice full and clear, but evidently excited to an unnatural tone by some powerful feeling.

Again the mulatto attempted to reach the carriage.

"Madam-Mr. Leicester will----"

Before the seatence was half uttered the mulatto found himself reeling back against the door, and the man who hurled him there darted down the steps.

- "Shut the window-sit further back for gracious sake."
- "Is he coming? Is he here?" was the wild rejoinder.
 - "He is coming; but do be more patient."
- "I will—oh! I will!" cried the lady, and without another word she drew back into the darkness.

Meantime the mulatto found his way back to the chamber where Mr. Leicester was waiting with no little impatience. The very imperfect report which he was enabled to give relieved Mr. Leicester from his first apprehension, and excited a wild spirit of adventure in its place.

"Who in the name of Heaven can it be," broke from him as he was looking for his bat. "The face, John, you saw the face, ha!"

"Only something white, sir; and the eyes—such eyes, large and shining—a great deal brighter than the lamp that was half put out with the rain!"

"It cannot be, Nell, that is certain," muttered Leicester, as he took up his dressing-gown from the floor and transferred the revolver to an inner pocket of his coat—"some old torment, perhaps, or a new one. Well, I'm ready."

Leicester found the carriage at the entrance, its outlines only defined in the surrounding darkness by the pale glimmer of a lamp, whose companion had been extinguished by the rain. Upon the steps, but lower down, and close by the carriage, stood the immoveable figure of that self-constituted sentinel. As Leicester presented himself on the steps above, this man threw open the carriage door, but kept his face turned away even from the half dying lamp-light.

Leicester saw that he was expected to enter; but though bold, he was a cautious man, and for a moment held back with a hand upon his revolver.

"Step in—step in, sir," said the man, who still held the door; "the rain will wet you to the skin."

"Who wishes to see me?-what do you desire?"

nformed that a lady wished to see me! Is she within the carriage?"

A faint exclamation broke from the carriage as the sound of his voice penetrated there.

"Step in, sir, at once, if you would be safe!" was the stern answer.

"I am always safe," was the haughty reply, and Leicester touched his side pocket significantly.

"You are safe here. Indeed, indeed you are!" eried a sweet and tremulous voice from the carriage. "In Heaven's name, step in, it is but a woman."

He was ashamed of the hesitation that might have been misunderstood for cowardice, and sprang into the vehicle. The door was instantly closed; another form sprang up through the darkness and placed itself by the driver. The carriage drove off at a rapid pace, for, drenched in that pitiless rain, both horses and driver were impatient to be housed for the night.

Within the carriage all was profound darkness. Leicester had placed himself in a corner of the back seat, he felt that some one was by his side shrinking back as if in terror or greatly agitated. It was a female, he knew that by the rustling of a silk dress by the quick respiration-by the sort of thrill that seemed to agitate the being so mysteriously brought in contact with him. His own sensations were strange and inexplicable; accustomed to adventure and living in intrigue of one kind or another continually, he entered into this strange scene with absolute trepidation. The voice that had invited him into the carriage was so clear, so thrillingly plaintive, that it had stirred the very core of his heart like an old memory of youth, planted when that heart had not lost all feeling.

He rode on then in silence, disturbed as he had not been for many a day, and full of confused thought. His hearing seemed unusually acute. Not withstanding the rain that beat noiselessly on the roof, the grinding wheels, and loud, splashing tread of the horses, he could hear the unequal breath of his companion with startling distinctness. Nay, it seemed to him as if the very beating of a heart all in tumult reached his ear also: but it was not so. That which he fancied had reached his ear was a powerful intuition knocking at his heart.

Leicester had not attempted to speak; his usual cool self-possession was lost. His audacious spirit seemed shamed down in that unknown presence. But this was not a state of things that could exist long with a man so bold and so unprincipled. After the carriage had dashed on perhaps ten minutes, he thought how singular this silence must appear, and became ashamed of it. Even in the darkness he smiled in self-derision; a lady had called at his hotel—had taken him almost per force into her carriage—was he to sit there like a great school-boy, without one gallant word or one effort to obtain a glimpse at the face of his captor? He almost laughed as this thought of his late awkward confusion presented itself. All his audacity returned, } and with a tone of half jeering gallantry he drew closer to the lady.

"Sweet stranger," he said, "this seems a cold reception for your captive. If one consents to be taken

said Leicester, with one foot on the steps. "I was ; prisoner on a stormy night like this, surely he may expect at least a civil word."

He had drawn close to the lady, her hand was in his cold as ice. Her breath floated over his cheek, that too seemed chilly, but familiar as the breath of a flower beloved in childhood. There was something in the breath that brought that strange sensation to his heart again. He was silent, the gallant words seemed freezing in his heart. The hand clasped in his grew warmer, and began to tremble like a half frozen bird taking warmth from the humane bosom that has given it shelter. Again he spoke, but the jeering tone had left his voice. He felt to his innermost soul that this was no common adventure, that the woman by his side had some deeper motive than idle romance or ephemeral passion for what she was doing.

"Ledy," he said, in a tone harmonious with gentle respect, "at least tell me why I am thus summoned forth. Let me hear that voice again, though in this darkness to see your face is impossible. It seemed to me that your voice was familiar. Is it so? Have we ever met before?"

The lady turned her head, and it seemed that she made an effort to speak: but a low murmur only met his ear, followed by a sob as if she were gasping for words.

With the insidious tenderness which made this man so dangerous, he threw his arm gently around the strangely agitated woman, not in a way to arouse her apprehensions had she been the most fastidious being on earth, but respectfully as if he felt that she required support. She was trembling from head to foot. He uttered a few soothing words, and bending down kissed her forehead. Then her head fell upon his shoulder, and she burst into a passion of tears. Her being seemed shaken to its very centre; she murmured amid her tears soft words too low for him to hear. Her hand clung to his tighter and more passionately; she clung to him like a deserted child restored to its mother's bosom. Libertine, bad as he was, Leicester could not misunderstand the agitation that overwhelmed the stranger. It aroused all the sleeping romance—all the vivid imagination of his nature; unprincipled he was, but not without feeling. Surprise, gratified vanity, nay, some mysterious influence of which he was unaware, held the deep evil of his nature in abeyance. Strange as this woman's conduct had been, wild, incomprehensible as it certainly was, he could not think entirely ill of her. He would have laughed at another man in his place had he entertained a doubt of her utter worthlessness; but there she lay against his heart, and spite of that, spite of a nature always ready to see the dark side of human nature, he could not force himself to treat her with disrespect. After all there must have been some few sparks of goodness in that man's heart, or he could not so well have comprehended the bitter feelings of another.

She lay thus weeping and passive circled by his arm, her tears seemed very sweet and blissful. Now and then she drew a deep, tremulous sigh, but no words were uttered. At length he broke the spell that controlled her with a question.

"Will you not tell me now why you came for me,

and your name? If not that, say where we have ever met before?"

She released herself gently from his arm at these words, and drew back to a corner of the seat. He had aroused her from the sweetest blies ever known to a human heart. This one moment of delusion was followed by a memory of who she was, and why she sought him, so bitter and sharp that it chilled her through and through. There was no danger that he could recognize her voice then, even if he had known it before. Nothing could be more faint and changed than the tone in which she answered—

"In a little time you shall know all."

He would have drawn her toward him again, but she resisted the effort with gentle decision; and completely lost in wonder he waited the course this strange adventure might take.

The horses stopped before some large building, but even the outline was lost in that inky darkness; something more gloomy and palpable than the air loomed before them, and that was all Leicester could distinguish. He sat still and waited.

The carriage door was opened on the side where the female sat, and some words passed between her and a person outside, but she leaned forward, and had her tones been louder they would have been drowned by the rain splashing over the carriage. The man to whom she had spoken closed the door and seemed to mount a flight of steps. Then followed the sound of an opening door, and after that a gleam of light now and then broke through a chink in that black mass, up and up, till far over head it gleamed through the blinds of a window, revealing the casement and nothing more.

Again the carriage door was opened. The lady arose and was lifted from the carriage. Leicester followed, and without a word they both went up the granite steps of a dwelling. The outer door stood open, and, taking his hand, she led him through the profound darkness of what appeared to be a spacious hall. Then they mounted a flight of stairs thickly carpeted, he marked that: and traversing a second hall began to ascend again. Still another flight of stairs, and Leicester found himself in a small chamber, furnished after a fashion common to country villages in New England, but so unusual in a large city that it made him start.

We need not describe this chamber, for it is the one with which the reader is already acquainted. The woman who now stood upon the faded carpet, over which the rain dripped from her cloak, had visited it once before that day.

One thing seemed strange and out of keeping. A small lamp that stood upon the bureau was of silver, graceful in form, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers chased in frosted silver, and raised from the surface after a fashion peculiar to the best artists in Europe. Leicester was a connoiseeur in things of this kind, and his keen eye instantly detected the iseongruity between this expensive article and the cheap adornments of the room.

"Some waiting-maid or governess," he thought, { plan. That power seldom left him. with a sensation of angry seorn, for Leicester was { might he was cautious. Now he refastidious even in his vices. "Some waiting-maid more, and deal warily as he learned.

or governess who has borrowed the lamp from her mistress' drawing-table; faith! the affair is getting too ridiculous!"

When Leicester turned to look upon his companion, all the arrogant contempt which this thought had given to his face still remained there. But the lady could not have seen it distinctly; she had thrown off her cloak, and stood with her veil of black lace, so heavily embroidered that no feature could be recognised through it, grasped in her hand as if reluctant to fling it aside. She evidently trembled from head to foot: and even through the heavy folds of her veil he felt the thrilling intensity of the gaze she fixed upon him.

The look of scornful disappointment left his face; there was something imposing in the presence of this strange being that crushed his suspicions and his scorn at once. Enough of personal beauty was revealed in the superb proportions of her form to make him more anxious for a view of her face. He advanced toward her eagerly, but still throwing an expression of tender respect into his look and manner. They stood face to face, and she lifted her veil.

He started, and a look of bewilderment came upon his face. These features were familiar, so familiar that every nerve in his strong frame seemed to quiver under the partial recognition. She saw that he did not fully recognize her, and flinging away both shawl and bonnet, stood before him. He knew her then! You could see it by the look of keen surprise—by the color as it crept from his lips—by the ashy pallor of his check. It was not often that this strong man was taken by surprise. His self-possession was marvelous at all times; but now even the lady herself did not seem more profoundly agitated. She was the first to speak. Her voice was clear and full of sweetness.

"You know me, Edward?"

"Yes!" he said, after a brief struggle, and drawing a deep breath—"yes."

She looked at him: her large eyes grew misty with tenderness, and yet there was a proud reserve about her as if she waited for him to say more. She was keenly hurt that he answered her only with that brief

"It is many years since we have met," she said, at length, and in a low voice.

"Yes, many years," was his cold reply; "I thought you dead."

"And mourned for me! Oh! Leicester, for the love of Heaven, say that I was mourned when you thought me dead!"

Leicester smiled—oh, that cruel smile! It pierced that proud woman's heart like the sting of a venemous insect, she seemed withered by its influence. He was gratified, gratified that his smile could still make that haughty being cower and tremble. He was rapidly gaining command over himself. Quick in his association of ideas, even while he was smiling he had began to calculate. Selfish, haughty, cruel, with a heart fearful in the might of its passion, yet seldom gaining mastery over nerves that seemed spun from steel, even at this trying moment he could reason and plan. That power seldom left him. With all his evil might he was cautious. Now he received to learn more, and deal warily as he learned.

"And if I did mourn, of what avail was it, Adeline?"
He uttered the name on purpose, knowing that, unless she were marvelously changed, it would stir her heart to yield more certain signs of his power. He was not mistaken. She moved a step toward him as he uttered the name in the sweet, olden tone that slept ever, ever in her heart. The tears swelled to her eyes—she half extended her arms.

Again he was pleased. The chain of his power had not been severed. Years might have rusted but not broken it—thus he calculated, for he could reason now before that beautiful, passionate being, coldly as a mathematician in his closet. The dismay of her first presence disappeared with the moment.

"Oh! had I but known it! Had I but dreamed that you cared for me in the least!" cried the poor lady, falling into one of the hard chairs, and drawing a hand across her eyes.

"What then, Adeline-what then?"

He took her hand in his: she lifted her eyes—oh! what a flood of mournful tenderness clouded them.

"What then, Edward?"

"Yes, what then? How would any knowledge of my feelings have affected your destiny?"

"How? Did I not love—worship—idolize? Oh! Heavens, how I did love you, Edward!"

Her hands were clasped passionately: a glorious light broke through the mist of her unshed tears.

"But you abandoned me!"

"Abandoned you-oh, Edward!"

"Well, we will not recriminate—let us leave the past for a moment. It has not been so pleasant that we should wish to dwell upon it."

"Pleasant! oh! what a bitter, bitter past it has been to me!"

"But the present. If you and I can talk of anything it must be of that. Where have you been so many years?"

"You know-you know-why ask the cruel question?" she answered.

"True, we were not to speak of the past."

"And yet it must be before we part," she said, gently, "else how can we understand the present?"

"True enough; perhaps it is as well to swallow the dose at once, as we may probably never meet again."

She cast upon him a wild, upbraiding look. The speech was intended to wound her, and it did—that man was not content with making victims, he loved to tease and torture them. He sat down in one of the maple chairs, and drew it nearer to her.

"Now," he said, "tell me all, your history since we parted—your motive for coming here."

She lifted her eyes to his and smiled with mournful bitterness; the task that she had imposed upon herself was a terrible one. She had resolved to open her heart, to tell the whole harrowing, mournful truth, but her courage died in his presence. She could not force her lips to speak all. He smiled; the torture that she was suffering pleased him—for, as I have said, he loved to play with his victims, and the anguish of shame which she endured had something novel and exciting in it. For some time he would not aid her even by a question, but he really wished to learn a portion of her history, for during the last three years

he had lost all trace of her, and there might be something in the events of those three years to affect his interest. It was his policy, however, to appear ignorant of all that had transpired. But she was silent: her ideas seemed paralyzed. How many times she had fancied this meeting—with what eloquence she had pleaded to him—how plausible were the excuses that arose in her mind—and now where had they fled, the very power of speech seemed abandoning her. She almost longed for some taunting word, another cold sneer—at least they would have stung her into eloquence—but that dull, quiet silence chained up her faculties. She sat gazing on the floor, mute and pale; and he sat coldly regarding her.

At length the stillness grew irksome to him.

"I am waiting patiently, Adeline; waiting to hear why you abandoned your husband!"

She started: her eye kindled, and the fury blood flashed into her cheek.

"I did not abandon my husband. He left me!"

"For a journey, but for a journey!" was the calm reply.

"Yes, such journeys as you had taken before, and with a like motive, leaving me young, penniless, besst with temptation, tortured with jealousy. On that very journey you had a companion."

She looked at him as if eager even then, against her own positive knowledge, to hear a denial from him, but he only smiled, and murmured softly—

"Yes, yes, I remember. It was a pleasant journey."

"It drove me wild—I was not myself—suspicions, such suspicions haunted me. I thought—I believed, nay, believe now that you wished me to go—that you longed to get rid of me—that you even encouraged—I cannot frame words for the thought even now. He had sent you money, large sums—Edward, Edward, in the name of Heaven, tell me that it was not for this I was left alone in debt, helpless. Say that you did not yourself thrust me into that terrible temptation!"

She laid her hand upon his arm and grasped it hard; her eyes searched his to the soul. He smiled—her hand dropped—her countenance fell—and oh! such bitter disappointment broke through her voice.

"It has been the vulture preying on my heart ever since. A word would have torn it away, but you will not take the trouble even to deceive me. You smile, only smile!"

"I only smiled at the absurdity of your suspicion."
She looked up eagerly, but with unbelief in her face.
She panted to believe him, but lacked the necessary
faith

"I asked him to deny this on his death-bed, and he could not!"

"Then he is dead," was the quick rejoinder. "He is dead!"

"Yes, he is dead," she answered, in a low voice.

"And the daughter, his heiress?"

"She too is dead!"

He longed to ask another question. His eyes absolutely gleamed with eagerness, but his self-control was wonderful. A direct question might expose the unutterable meanness of his hope. He must obtain what he panted to know by circuitous means.

"And you staid by him to the last?"

She turned upon him a sharp and penetrating look. He felt the whole force of her glance, and assumed an expression well calculated to deceive a much less excitable observer.

"I thought," he said, "that you had been living in retirement. It was a great satisfaction for me to know this."

"I did live in retirement, toiled for my own bread; by wrestling with poverty I strove to win back some portion of content."

"Yet you were with him when he died!"

"It was a mournful death-bed—he sent for me, and I went. Oh! it was a mournful death-bed!"

Tears rolled down her cheeks; she covered her face with both hands.

"I had been the governess of his daughter—her nurse in the last sickness."

"And you lived apart, alone—you and this daughter."

"She died in Florence, we were alone. She was sent home for burial."

"And to be a governess to this young lady you abandoned your own child—only to be governess. Can you say to me, Adeline, that it was only to be a governess to this young lady?" There was feeling in his voice, something of stern dignity—perhaps at the moment he did feel—she thought so, and it gave her hope.

She had not removed her hands, they still covered her face, and a faint murmur only broke through the fingers—oh! what cowards sin makes of us! That poor woman dared not tell the truth—she shrunk from uttering a positive falsehood, hence the cowardly murmur that stole from her pallid lips—the sickening shudder that ran through her frame.

"You do not answer," said the husband, for Leicester was her husband—"you do not answer."

She had gathered courage enough to utter the falsehood, and dropping her hands, she replied in a firm voice, disagreeably firm, for the lie cost her proud spirit a terrible effort, and she could not utter it naturally as he would have done.

"Yes, I can answer. It was to be the young lady's governess that I went—only to be her governess!—peaniless, abandoned, what else could I do?"

He did not believe her. In his soul he knew that she was not speaking the truth; but there was something yet to learn, and in the end it might be policy to feign a belief which he could not feel.

"So after wasting youth and talent on his daughter; paling your beauty over her death-bed and his, this pitiful man could leave you to poverty and toil. Did he expect that I would receive you again after that suspicious desertion?"

"No, no. The wild thought was mine—you once loved me, Edward!"

The tears were swelling in her eyes again; few mea could have resisted the look of those eyes, the sweet pleading of her voice—for the contrast with her usual imperious pride had something truly fascimating in it.

"You were very beautiful then," he said—"very beautiful."

"And am I so much changed?" she answered, with a smile of touching sweetness.

In his secret heart he thought the splendid creature handsomer than ever. If the freshness of youth was gone, there was grace, maturity, intellect, everything requisite to the perfection of womanhood, in exchange for the one lost attraction. It was a part of Leicester's policy to please her until he had mastered all the facts of her position, so he spoke for once sincerely, and in the rich tones that he knew so well how to modulate, told how superbly her beauty had ripened with time. She blushed like a girl. He could feel even that her hand was glowing with the exquisite pleasure given by his praise. But he had a point to gain—all her loveliness was nothing to him, unless it could be made subservient to his interest. was her present condition?—had she obtained wealth abroad?-or could she insanely fancy that he would receive her penniless? This was the point that he wished to arrive at, but so far she had evaded it as if unconsciously. He looked around the room, hoping to draw some conclusion by the objects it contained. The scrutiny was followed by a faint start of surprise; the hard carpet, the bureau, the bed, all were familiar. They had been the little "setting out" that his wife had received from her parents in New England. How came they there, so well kept, so neatly arranged in that high chamber? Was she a governess in some wealthy household, furnishing her own room with the humble articles that had once been their own household gods? He glanced at her dress. It was simple and entirely without ornament, that only strengthened the conclusion to which he was fast arriving. He remembered the soft carpets over which they had tread, the caution used in admitting him to the house. The hackney-coach, everything gave proof that she would be an encumbrance to him. She saw that his eyes were bent on the patch-work quilt that covered the bed, the tears began to fall from her eyes.

"Do you remember, Edward, we used it first when our darling was a baby? Have you ever seen her since—since?"

He dropped her hand and stood up. His whole manner changed.

"Do not mention her, wretched, unnatural mother is she not impoverished, abandoned? Can you make atonement for this?"

"No, no, I never hoped it, I feel keenly as you can how impossible it is. Oh, that I had the power!"

These words were enough, he had arrived at the certainty that she was penniless.

"Now let this scene have an end. It can do no good for us to meet again, or to dwell upon things that are unchangeable. You have sought this interview, and it is over. It must never be repeated."

She started up and gazed at him in wild surprise.

"You do not mean it," she faltered, making an effort to smile away her terror—"your looks but a

moment since—your words. You have not so triffed with me, Edward—Edward!"

He was gone—she followed him to the door—her voice died away—she staggered back with a faint wail, and fell senseless across the bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HINTS FOR LADY EQUESTRIANS.

NUMBER II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HORSEMANSHIP."

THE body must always be in a situation to preserve the balance, as well as to maintain the seat. One of the most common errors committed by ladies on horseback, who have not been properly taught to ride, is hanging by the near crotch, so that instead of being gracefully seated in the centre of the saddle, with the head in its proper situation, and the shoulders square, the body is inclined to the left, the head is brought to the right by an inelegant bend of the neck in that direction, the right shoulder is elevated, and the left depressed. It is important that these, and all similar faults should be avoided. All the rider's movements should harmonize with the paces of the animal; her position should be at once easy to herself and to her horse, and alike calculated to insure her own safety, and give her a perfect command over him. If she sit in a careless, ungraceful manner, the action of her horse will be by no means elegant.

A lady seldom appears to greater advantage than when mounted on a fine horse, if her deportment be graceful, and her positions correspond with his paces and attitudes; but the reverse is the case, if, instead of acting with and influencing the movements of the horse, she allow herself to be tossed to and fro, and overcome by them. She should rise, descend, advance, and stop, with the motions of the animal, and not after them. From this harmony of motion result ease, elegance, and the most brilliant effect.

The lady should sit in such a position, that the weight of her body may rest on the centre of the saddle. One shoulder should not be more advanced than the other, neither must she bear any weight on the stirrup, nor hang by the poramel over the near

side. She ought to carry her body erect. It may be slightly inclined backward, but not forward. If she bend forward, her shoulders will probably be rounded, and too much of her weight thrown on the horse's shoulders. In addition to these disadvantages, the position will give her a timid, uneasy, and awkward appearance. Leaning slightly backward, on the contrary, tends to keep the shoulders square, to give the corsage of the habit a graceful aspect, to place the weight of the body in its proper place, and, above all, to give an appearance of confidence and grace to the rider.

The head should be in an easy, natural positionthat is, neither drooping forward nor thrown backneither leaning to the right nor to the left. The bust should be elegantly developed by throwing back the shoulders, advancing the chest, and bending the back part of the waist inward. The elbows should be steady, and kept in an easy, unconstrained position at the side. The lower part of the arm should form a right angle with the upper part, which ought to descend almost perpendicularly from the shoulder. In holding the reins, the thumb should be uppermost, and the hand so placed that the lower part of it be nearer the waist than the upper. The wrist should be slightly rounded, the little finger in a line with the elbow, the knuckles immediately above the horse's neck, and the nails turned toward the rider. When the left hand thus embraces the rein, the right arm may drop easily from the shoulder, and the whip may be grasped by the fingers of the right hand, to prevent it from irritating the horse's flank.

The stirrup is of very little use except to support

the left foot and leg, and to assist the rider to rise in the trot. The left leg should not be cramped up, but assume an easy and comfortable position. It should neither be forced out, to render the general appearance ungraceful, and the leg itself fatigued, nor should it be pressed close to the horse, except when used as an aid, but descend gracefully by his side, without bearing against it.

Although hanging by the left crotch of the pommel over the near side, is not only inelegant, but objectionable in many important respects, the pommel, properly used, is a lady's principal dependance on horseback. By the right knee being passed over the near crotch, the toes slightly elevated, and the leg pressed against the fore flap of the saddle, the pommel is grasped, and the rider well secured in the possession of her seat. It is said, that when a lady, while her horse is going at a smart trot, can lean over on the right side far enough to see the horse's shoe, she may be supposed to have established a correct seat.

The position we have described, subject to occasional variations, will be found by experience to be the most natural and graceful mode of sitting a horse. It is easy to the rider and her steed, and enables the former to govern the motions of the later so effectually, in all ordinary cases, as to produce that harmony of motion which is so much and so deservedly admired.

A poetical writer once observed that "a lady should ton on the Horse." Should it be necessary to apply ride her palfrey even as some beautiful water-fowl the whip, so as to make the animal quicken his pace, passes onward with the tide, seeming, in the eye of a or to pull him in suddenly, the body must be prepared fancy, by the concord of its motions with the undulatous commodate itself to the animal's change of action.

tions of the water, to be a portion of the stream, on the surface of which it floats."

When the lady is firmly seated, and desires her horse to advance, she brings the thumb of her bridle-hand toward her until the knuckles are uppermost, and the nails over the horse's neck. The reins, by this simple motion, are slacked sufficiently to permit the horse to move forward. After he is put in motion, the rider's bridle-hand should resume its former position gradually, or it may be slightly advanced, and the thumb turned upward immediately.

To turn a horse to the right, let the thumb, which in the first position is uppermost, be turned to the right, the little finger to the left, and the back of the hand brought upward. This movement is performed in a moment, and it will cause the left rein to hang slack, while the right is tightened so as to press against the horse's neck.

To turn to the left, the hand should quit the first position, the nails be turned upward, the little finger brought in toward the right, and the thumb moved to the left. The left rein will thus press the neck, while the right one is slacked.

The balance is governed by the motion and direction of the horse's legs. If the animal be either standing still, or merely walking straight forward, the body should be preserved in the simple position which we have already prescribed in the article on the "Position on the Horse." Should it be necessary to apply the whip, so as to make the animal quicken his pace, or to pull him in suddenly, the body must be prepared to accommodate itself to the animal's change of action.

HARP OF THE SOUL.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

HARK! 'tis the pensive evening chime, That thrills the ear and dies; It notes the noiseless flight of time, Ne'er seen by mortal eyes.

There's music in that lingering tone— The tears unbidden start; It is not left to chime alone, Responsive beats the heart.

The harp which hangs within the soul Is sweetly tuned and free, And from its breathing chords will roll The gushing symphony.

The sorrows felt in other days
Come rushing back apace,
And seek to blend with higher lays
Their deep and trembling bass.

The lights of boyhood's sunny hour,
A bright and smiling train,
The chords responsive to their power,
Give forth a sweeter atrain.

Those chosen ones, forever dear By ties of friendship strong, As in review I each revere, The harp gives back its song.

The breath which floats from Hope's bright wing, To cheer 'mid anguish sharp, With magic fingers wakes thy string, Oh! spirit-sleeping harp!

Oh! pour thy music on my soul, Till every note sublime Shall bear me up beyond control Of sorrow-burdened time!

COMING FROM THE BATH.

So Venus looked, when rising from the deep, The dripping goddess burst upon the sight. So Dian seems, when sudden o'er some steep Lustrous she beams across the misty night.



EDITORS' TABLE.

GOSSIP ABOUT MANY THINGS.

THE MONTH OF MAY.—One of our correspondents has furnished an excellent article for this number, to illustrate the engraving of "May-Day in the Olden Time." We can add but little to what she has said. The month of May, from time immemorial, among nearly all nations has been consecrated to mirth and rural festivals. The opening lines of Milton's beautiful little poem, though familiar to every reader of taste, are always re-called with May.

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her The flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowsitp and the pale primrose."

Every English poet of note has, however, celebrated May. Chaucer's description of Ensilia, rising before day, to walk in the garden on a May morning, is one of the most beautiful pictures in the language. Spencer has sung of May in lines almost equally sweet. Cleveland's May-Day is less familiar; but still exquisite.

"Hark! how Delight
Knocks with her silver wings at every sense,
For merry May her pastimes doth commence,
Hark! how the peasants, with their music load,
Raise many an ancient ditty; while a crowd
Of snow-claid maidens, crowned with garlands gay,
Are tripping lightly round the Queen of May."

"Thomson, in his "Seasons," with Homeric nervousness paints this delicious month in a word, "the rosy-footed May." In one of his shorter poems he alludes to the picture fever, which would seem to have been as great then, as now.

"Among the changing months, May stands confest
The sweetest, and in fairest colors drest!
Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling field;
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield;
Fair as the color lavish Nature paints
On virgin flowers free from unodorous taints!—
To rural scenes thou tempt'st the busy crowd,
Who, in each grove, thy praises sing aloud!
The blooming belies and shallow beaux, strange sight,
Turn nymphs and swains, and in their sports delight."

Our own poets have celebrated May in some of their sweetest strains. Willis, in an early poem, has some lines which always, at this season, recur to our memory and haunt it until spring faints in the lap of summer.

A SELF-TAUGHT MAN.—Our readers are by this time familiar with the name of Sidney Dyer, from having seen it prefixed to more than one beautiful poem published in this magazine. He has just issued a volume of his collected pieces, under the title of "Voices of Nature, and Thoughts in Rhyme:" the publishers being J. V. Cowling and J. C. Davies, Louisville. In a modest preface to this book we learn many things of him which we never knew before, and which elevate him in our estimation. We shall impart them to our readers, believing that the same effect will be produced upon them.

At the age of sixteen, Mr Dyer found himself a friendless orphan, a drammer-boy in the United States army. At this time of life he was so far from entertaining the thought of writing poetry, that he had no knowledge even of the grammar of his native language. By the exertions of a pious female, however, he was induced to devote those hours to study, usually given by his companions to idleness, dissipation and vice. To the blessings of Heaven upon those efforts, he says, he is indebted for all the requirements he may possess, having, from that time to the present hour, enjoyed none of the advantages of school or college. He adds:—"The above statement is made that the accompanying poems may appear in their proper light. They are not the productions of the polished schoolman, but the simple lays of one whose only claim to the sacred name of poet is, the possession of a heart and mind ever deeply impressed with the true and beautiful."

We have always admired Mr. Dyer's poems for their truthfulness, their delicate fancy, and the sincere and unaffected religious sentiment which pervades them; but we shall now like them even more, because the work of a self-made man, and one obviously leading an earnest life. Will not you, too, think better of them, reader?

MINIATURE PAINTING.—The best miniature painter in Philadelphia is George H. Cushman, who unites all the higher qualities of his profession with the manners of a gentleman. He is not a mere mechanical limner, as too many we are ashamed to say are at present, but an artist in the fullest sense of the term. Several of his miniatures, produced lately, excel anything of the kind we have seen before. He is particularly felicitous in painting female faces, in depicting which his pencil has attained a grace and delicacy unrivalled. His likenesses are not mere copies of flesh and blood, but realizations also of the mind and soul: they seem actually to breathe, and almost to talk. His rooms are at the South West corner of Sansom and Seventh streets. If you wish a miniature, allow no one but Cushman to paint it.

LADIES WORK-TARLE BOOK—Mr. T. B. Peterson has just published a neat volume under the above title; and we desire to call the particular attention of the ladies to it. On all matters pertaining to embroidery, knitting, netting and crotchet work generally it is the best authority extant; and it embraces everything, moreover, that is to be taught on the subject. The price is only fifty cents a volume, bound in paper covers to transmit by mail.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Macauley's History of England. Vols. 1 and 2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Harpers' beautiful edition of this grand work has met with a rapid and successful sale. The type is so clear and perfect, the paper so beautiful, that almost every one prefers it to the cheaper edition, though at the price at which the latter is sold—only fifty cents—purchasers usually choose to take both—one as a valuable book for the shelves, the other for choice reading and to distribute by mail among friends at a distance. The very disinterested war which some of our publishers have made against the Harpers' for choosing to use an established standard for the autography of their books, has been a capital advertisement for them, especially as Macauley refuses to take advantage of the generous indignation got up in his behalf. For our part we can manage to understand a word without

caviling whether it contains an L more or less. Since we have by general consent adopted Webster as a standard, it seems to us profoundly ridiculous to deviate from the rale, certainly not for one English writer more than another. But after all, we are content while the battles cause the sending forth of two such editions as may be found at the Harpers; the public are greatly benefitted, and no one is harmed. For our pert we intend to keep Harpers' cheap copy in order to preserve the first superbedition in its present spotless state. It is a pleasant bit of economy which we recommend to others.

An Autobiography and Letters, of the author of "The Listener," "Christ our Law," fc. 1 vol. Philada: J. W. Moore, 153 Chestout street, 1849.

The numerous admirers of the writings of the late Caroline Fry will welcome the present volume with pleasure; for it consists of memoranda of the most important parts of her life, written by herself at different periods. It was her intention to have continued the diary from time to time, and ultimately to have remodelled it into a connected sarrative; but death frustrated this design. Her husband thinks it his duty to give the volume to the public, nevertheless, and we believe all will admit that he has done sright. The book makes a very truthful biography of Caroline Fry, a better one in many respects than if it had been re-cast. Many interesting letters are appended. The volume is neatly printed, and substantially bound.

The Spirit World, a Peem; and Scenes from the Life of Christ. By Joseph H. Wythes. 1 vol. Philada: 1849.

The object of this poem as stated in the preface, is to unite the discoveries of astronomical science with consistent and Scriptural ideas, respecting the powers, condition, and probable enjoyment of disembodied spirits: so as to illustrate the plan of Divine Providence among men, and assist in forming a definite conception of a future state. It is the first appearance of the author in print; and, as such, commends our favorable sympathies. There are several passages in the poem which it would give us pleasure to quote, if we had the space; for they breathe the spirit of true piety, clothed in felicitous language, and not unadorned with the graces of fancy. The volume is very elegantly printed.

The History of Hannibal and The History of Queen Elizabeth. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here are two pretty books sweetly illustrated, and with the most tasteful crimson covers. They are richly stamped in gold on the back after the unique fashion uniform in the whole edition of Abbott's historical biographies. We make a point of reading each one of these little volumes as it appears. They are so clear, have so much simplicity of style, and contain so great an amount of information in a brief space, that old and young should read them at least once. Jacob Abbott is becoming a benefactor to the rising generation: every one of these little books that he gives to the public adds a new laurel leaf to his chaplet. We only wish he had written before we were born.

The Prairie Flower; or, Adventures in the Far West. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Cincinnati: Stratton & Barnard.

The author of this volume needs no eulogium as a writer of fiction, his reputation in this respect having been long established, especially in the West. The present is decidedly his best novel. It is nestly published, in cheap form, and sold at twenty-five cents.

Mordaunt Hall. By the author of Two Old Men's Tales. Harpers' Library of Select Novels.

Never since the appearance of that exquisitely affecting story, "The Admiral's Daughter," have we been so touched—so filled with admiration of any work of fiction. Never was there a character drawn so full of beauty as that of Mr Feversham, or more powerful than that of poor Gideon. Jane Eyre with all its popularity deserves to hold no comparison with this book: it has neither the thrilling beauty nor the high moral tone. Mrs. Marsh never wrote a better story than this, and no living woman ever wrote a more touching story than Mrs. Marsh.

Life of Franklin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Whenever the Harpers' will get up a book for us, illustrated like this—each page with a gem of art—perfect in all its compartments, and so enriched with azure and gold, we shall think ourselves in a fair way to immortality. But if we can forgive any one for getting the start of us, it is the Rev. H. Hastings Weld; for a better man or a more competent editor cannot well be found this side of the gold regions. The work is now complete, and exceedingly beautiful.

Ellen Wareham; or, Love and Duty. A novel. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.

This is one of the most remarkable fictions of the day. It is a picture of real life, without the least exaggeration, and yet intensely thrilling. Its moral purpose, too, is commendable.

The Child's First Book in Geography. 1 vol. Philada: Grigg, Elliott & Co.

An excellent little compilation, illustrated with more than one hundred wood engravings, and eighteen colored maps: designed as an introduction to the study of geography.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

OUR fashions, this month, will be found very full and complete, comprising not only spring costumes, but summer ones also. Indeed no other periodical pays half the attention to this subject that this one does.

Fig. 1.—A Walking Dress of plain foulard silk, of a light stone color; boddice made high in the neck, with a yoke, and infant waist; plain tight sleeves; a plain full skirt, with a double ruche of trimming of the same material down each side of the front; a mantelet of white dotted muslin, lined with pink silk, a deep ruffle of the same being put on some distance below the waist, the whole finished by a double lace ruffle. A bonnet of French gympe, with straw flower ornaments on each side: pink-faced trimmings and strings.

Fig. 11.—A Carriage Dress of blue and white striped granadine, with figures embroidered in the white stripe; coreage high at the back, and opening half way down to the waist in front, showing a fine white chemiaette: the skirt is triumed with two deep scalloped flounces, each flounce headed with a ruche of blue ribbon; a ruche of which also trims the coreage: the sleeves are straight, and three-quarters, and open on the back of the arm in horse-ahoe style, exposing an under-sleeve of fine cambric. A scarf of blue silk, with the ends embroidered and trimmed

with fringe: and a bonnet, made of alternate rows of white and pink drawn crepe lisse, with a bouquet of field flowers on the left side, complete this elegant costume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—From the number of dresses which our fashionable milliners are now making with flounces, it may be inferred that that style of trimming will be generally prevalent during the summer season. For the light textures worn during summer, flounces are at once the most appropriate and elegant trimming. At present flounces are worn both broad and narrow. The broad hem, rising to the height of the knee, (a favorite style for finishing the skirt of dresses some years ago) has lately been partially revived. The hem in dresses made in this way should be headed by some light ornamental trimming. Skirts are worn decidedly shorter than they were last year. Many have the corsage high behind, but opening in the front and showing a chemisette.

HIGH-NECKED DEESSES still continue to be worn, though there is scarcely any variation in the general form or cut. Walking dresses have usually front trimmings, sometimes consisting of a frill, pinked, and placed at the edge of a revere, or cross-piece put on so as to appear like part of the dress turned back; or these dresses are trimmed merely with a double ruche, also pinked, and narrowing from the bottom upward.

EVENING DRESSES.—Many dress-makers are at present making up evening dresses of plain and figured taffety, the skirts of which are trimmed with a multitude of small pinked flounces. Some dresses of moire antique and figured reps have been made, with corsages low and square in front. Some have basques at the waist, and others are made without them. Flowers are the favorite ornaments for young ladies' ball dresses, especially those composed of tarletane, gauze, organdi, and various kinds of glace silk. Small handkerchiefs of tulle are sometimes worn instead of berthes. These handkerchiefs have a very novel and pretty effect. They are trimmed with narrow rows of blonde or lace, and fastened in front with bows of ribbon, or with bows composed of strings of pearls finished with tassels. In full dress, when the corsage is made low, scarfs are not unfrequently worn. They usually consist of a narrow breadth of plain tulle, trimmed with very broad Brussels lace; or, they may be made of tulle-illusion, trimmed with blonde.

MORNING DRESSES with plain tight bodies are very elegant when made to button, from the neck down the front of the dress with agate or double pearl buttons—the back fits perfectly tight. If a plain front is objected to, there may be a slight fulness at the waist, but none on the shoulders. Some walking dresses have been made in this way, but the fashion is not so appropriate for that as for morning costume.

FOR YOUNG GIRLS a dress made high in the neck with a small yoke, full body, back and front and an infant waist, is very becoming. White looks particularly well made in this manner. Some of our fashionable dress-makers are cutting bodies with only one seam, which is under the arm. They fit beautifully on the shoulder, as difficult as it may appear, and are a novelty.

THE MATERIALS for dresses are much the same as those of last season. Lawns with small figures, bereges, organdles, tissues and grenadines will be worn. Figured tissues of dark colors embroidered in small bouquets of green and erimson, and grenadines with a white ground with small flowers interspersed over it, are the most elegant.

PELERINE CAPS of the same material as the dress are fashionable, though the graceful scarf is also in high favor. The latter is beautiful for summer, made of black lane and lined with Florence silk of light green, blue, pink or violet.

SILE MARTELETS, of a size somewhat larger than those

worn last year, are in preparation for the approaching season. Those of black silk are trimmed with broad frills of the same, edged with fringe, or with pinked frills. We have noticed several made of black watered silk, and trimmed with lace. These were of smaller size than those trimmed with silk frills. The lace employed for trimming mantelets must be very broad, and, when a double row of lace is used, the upper row should be narrower than the lower one.

Bonnars.—Among the novel materials for spring bonnets there has appeared a new description of white crin, or horsehair, but they do not differ in shape materially from those which have been worn during the winter. Drawn ones of silk, slightly trimmed with ruches either of silk or blonde, are among the newest favorites. Coarse straw bonnets, trimmed with white satin riband, simply crossed around the crown with a bow on the top, will be much worn till the warm weather makes lighter ones necessary. Some of them are also trimmed with checked or plain ribbon, straw ornaments being intermingled with the ribbon. Chip bonnets are traversed with silk ruches. Flowers are much worn in the under-trimming of bonnets. The wide circular fronts, now fashionable, require to be filled up, and afford space for the tasteful arrangement of flowers.

Caps are small, and for evening dress generally composed of blonde, with satin rouleaux and full trimmings of blonde on each side. Half caps are most generally worn in evening costume.

HEAD-DRESSES in the Spanish style, called by the Parisian milliners coiffures Sevilliennes, are at present very fashionable. They are composed of black lace, and frequently consist merely of a lappet or a half handkerchief, having the points rounded. They are simply passed over the upper part of the head, and fixed at each side by a large rose or ornamented pins Other head-dresses, made precisely in the same style, are of white lace or blonde, and are ornamented with a small wreath of rose-buds or foliage, or they are fastened at each side of the head by bouquets of red berries or branches of coral. The bows or loops of velvet worn at each side of the head, still continue fashionable. In these velvet head-dresses a novelty has recently been introduced: instead of loops of broad velvet, they are made of very narrow velvet ribbon, curled like ringlets of hair, which, falling in masses one over the other, produce an effect at once light and rich.

Throat Ribbons.—The fashion for wearing a band of velvet ribbon round the throat, which was so prevalent some years ago, has lately been partially revived. Not only black, but blue or green velvet bands, are now worn, and they are fastened by clasps, slides, or small brooches. Bracelets of velvet ribbon, with flowing ends, are also fashionable; they are fastened with clasps or buckles.

COLLARS are beginning to be worn a little larger than they have been for some time past. The corsages of high dresses are sometimes sloped down a little in front, and the collar worn with this style of corsage is shaped in a point in front, like those which were fashionable some seasons ago.

MORNING SLIPPERS are made of colored velvet or kid, and are trimmed all round with a ruche of ribbon; in front there is a rosette. The slippers should harmonize in some degree with the dress.

No important novelty has appeared in children's costume.

THE JOHE NUMBER.—In our next we shall give a superb mezzotint: and, in July, the first of two serial plates of rare beauty.

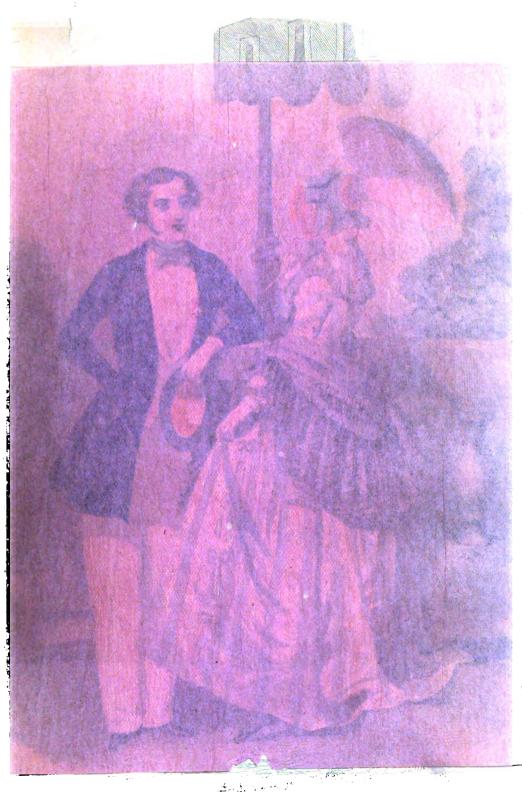




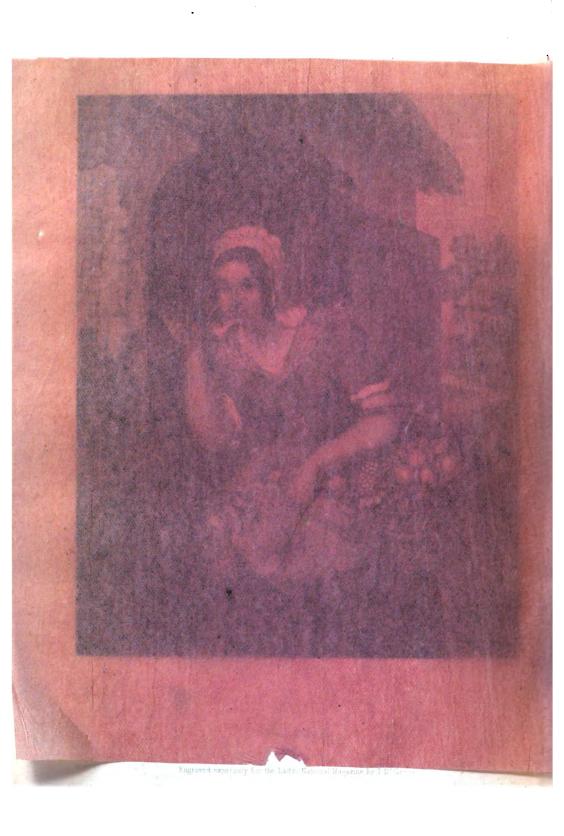


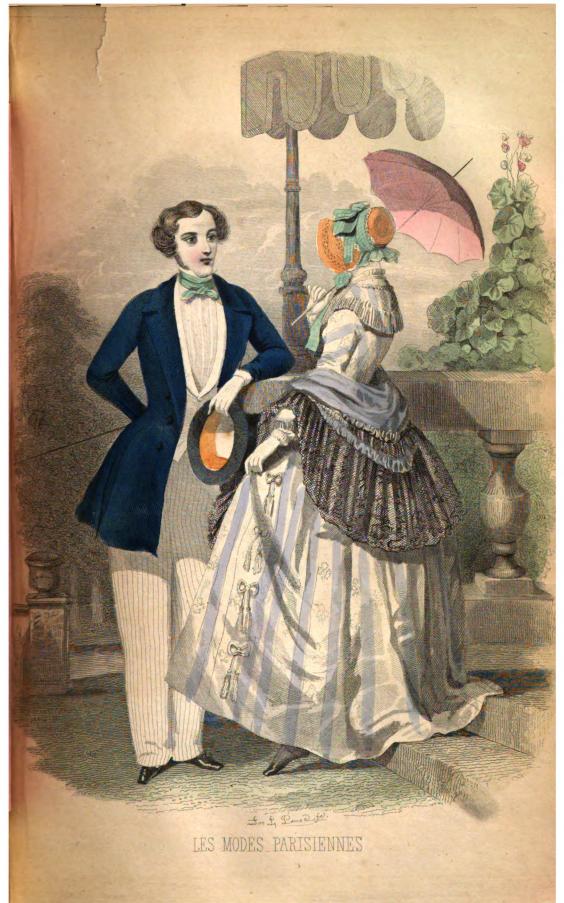
W 1 1 2 3.

to the second se



LUS MODES PARISTENNES





Digitized by Google



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1849.

No. 6.

IT IS I.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

THE prettiest girl in the whole village, or indeed for miles around, was Nanette La Croix. She had a hundred lovers, all of whom expressed themselves ready to die for her; though she, cruel thing, would not give more than a smile in return. Her heart was free, she said, and hoped it ever would be: she had no notion of making herself a slave for life, by marrying.

So spoke Nanette, just as hundreds have spoken before her; and she really believed for awhile all she said. No foot was lighter at the guinguette than hers; no jest was merrier than that which fell from Nanette; no maiden curled lip more saucily when her name was linked with that of any of the beaux. And yet, all this while she was in love with Pierre Latour, the handsomest, bravest, and blithest of the village lads. She found it out too, but not until he was levied in the conscription, when the certainty of his long absence, and the probability that he might never return, revealed to her the secret.

Poor Pierre loved her as his own life, and now, on the eve of leaving her, uncertain whether she returned his love, he was nearly beside himself with despair. He rallied courage, however, and resolved to tell his tale, for diffidence hitherto had sealed his tongue, though his eyes had long since spoken his adoration in more eloquent language. He found Nanette in tears. It was an unguarded moment for her, and Pierre had no difficulty in winning an acknowledgment that she returned his affection.

"And will you be mine, when I return? Promise me this," he said, "and I will strive to become great: and will win, if bravery can do it, the cross of the legion of honor."

Nanette promised—how could she help it?—and the young soldier departed. The secret was to be kept between them, so the villagers were none the wiser; and as Nanette seemed as gay as ever, no one suspected that her heart was far away in Russia, whither the imperial army had gone.

But this secrecy proved most unfortunate, for the young men, ignorant of her engagement, were as attentive as ever: indeed more so, for she grew prettier daily. Pierre, even before the army reached the frontiers, heard from those who left the village later than himself, that this or that gallant was always with

Nanette, and that the gossips said it would be a match. How could he help being a little jealous! And when, later by six months, and just before the Russian territory was invaded, he met an old acquaintance from the village, and heard that the son of the rich notary was dying for her, is it stange that he began to fear he would yet lose his beautiful Nanette. He had heard would yet lose his beautiful Nanette. He had heard wound and wealthy suitor was the rival, that he trembled for her fidelity.

All know the horrors of that campaign in Russia. Of the half million who followed Napoleon into the hostile territory not a tithe came back alive. Of these, however, Latour was one. Yet he almost wished he had perished in the fatal snows, for he had lost an arm, and that too without gaining the cross of the legion of honor. Not that he did not deserve it. But in that awful retreat there was no time for the emperor to think of bestowing favors. Slowly, and almost in rags, like thousands of others, Latour begged his way back to his native village.

It was a bright morning in autumn, more than a year after Latour's departure, when one of the village gossips stopped a minute at the window of the cottage, where Nanette and her mother dwelt.

"Who do you think has come back?" she said. "Latour himself. He arrived yesterday afternoon." At the announcement of her lover's return Nanette's heart leaped with joy; but when she heard that he had been back so long without coming to see her, her spirits sank. For she had continued to love the absent soldier, in spite of the notary's son and her hundred other admirers.

"He is come back in a sorry plight though," continued the gossip, "lame, a beggar, and with but one arm. He is sick at heart too, and so ashamed that he will not show himself; he says he only cares to die; he is not fit to live with the young and happy."

Poor Nanette! Her heart was full of pity for her lover. She turned aside to conceal her tears. Yet still she wondered why he had not come to see her, and she felt almost angry again when she thought of it.

"He tells me news too, which I never knew before, you are so sly of it, Nanette. He says you are to marry the notary's son. I do believe, from the way

he spoke, he has never got over his old love for you; Nanette gradually re-assured him. At last he stamwhen he spoke of the notary's son he sighed, looking \ at his tattered garments, his stump of an arm, and his leg lame with travel."

Nanette heard no more. She understood all now. She left her mother to entertain the gossip, and hurrying up stairs, attired herself in her holiday garments; and then, selecting the choicest fruits from their garden, and filling her apron with flowers, she hurried to the cottage of Pierre's family.

Never had she looked more charming. Her white head-dress, falling low on her shoulders, relieved her dark tresses, and added greater effect to her brilliant black eyes. A handkerchief, worn around her neck, modestly concealed her swelling bust. Her arms, rounded and mellow as antique marble, were bare almost to the shoulder: in a word, always beautiful, her dress and her high spirits now made her perfectly bewitching.

"Who's there?" said a voice, as she knocked. She knew that the family were all abroad at this hour at their work; and that the voice must be Pierre's; else

she would scarcely have recognized it; so discontented and so hopeless was the tone once so happy and bright. But she knew a magic, she believed, to call back all its old sweetness.

"It is I," she answered, disguising her voice, and as she thought of the joyful surprise she had in store for Pierre, she archly smiled.

She heard a muttered growl inside, and some one coming to the door. "Oh! the great, jealous bear," she said to herself, "how he hates to be disturbedbut we shall see."

When the door opened, and the laughing girl stood before him, Pierre staggered back. Surprise contended with gloom in his features, but the smile of her husband.

mered out-

"You here, Nanette-what does it mean?"

The happy girl read in every look of that haggard face how truly Pierre loved her, and she could no longer contain herself, but speaking amid smiles and tears, while she put down her basket of fruit, and emptied her flowers on the table before him, said-

"It means, dear Pierre, that as you won't come to see me, I have come to see you; and as I heard you were ill and tired, I have brought all these fruits and flowers for your acceptance; yes! and myself too, if you will have me." And she weeping clasped him

"What! And you love your poor Pierre still? And you won't have the notary's son?" he murmured in amazement.

"No-I will have no one but you-oh! how could you think I could desert you? Don't you believe, dear Pierre, that we women can be constant, as well as you men?"

"But, Nanette," said Pierre, looking at his stump, "I am maimed now-and-and I have come back without my cross."

"No you have not," said she, touching the mangled shoulder kindly, "here is your cross of the legion of honor, and a nobler one than a piece of mere ribbon. I do believe," she said, bursting into tears, "that I shall love you all the better for having lost your arm."

Happiness soon restored the bloom to Pierre's cheeks, and, on the morning of his marriage, he looked the handsomest man in the whole gay company. Nor was his bride the only one who thought that his honorable scar added to the interest which he inspired; for all the village girls envied Nanette

STARLIGHT.

"In the morning, mother, we shall know why God made the night so dark."

For this-for this alone, Oh! faithful watcher by the fearful grave-Looking to Him whose arm alone can save Who hears thy plaintive moan-For this he gives the darkness unto thee That through it all the stars thou mayest see.

What though the gloom be deep, And the still earth is cold and desolate, And by the tomb thou must forever wait, And pray, and watch, and weep? Oh! from the marble look once more above, The stars are shining with their eyes of love.

God gave the solemn night That these-the stricken ones-might look and see The light of Faith, and Hope, and Purity, All radiant and bright, Guiding them ever by a cheerful ray Unto the dawning of another day.

Therefore, ye fearful men Who think and say that light will never come Unto the darkened heart and dreary home, Look up! look up again!

For here and there behold them breaking through, A thousand stars are coming into view.

All who keep vigil here-Bending above the sick man's fevered bed, Or sadly wailing o'er the sainted dead, Or struggling on in fear-I charge ye by our sad humanity, That ye shall see this starlight in the sky.

For when the night comes on-The long, dark night of sorrow and despair, And ye are bowed in agony and prayer Waiting the welcome dawn-These lesser lights shall unto you be given That ye may know some hope remains in Heaven.

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S CHOICE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"A boat sent forth to sail alone
At miduight on the moonless sea,
A harp whose master-chord is gone;
A wounded bird that has but one
Unbroken wing to soar upon
Are like what I am without thee."

MOORE.

ALONE in her chamber, Gertrude Leslie sat, reading in bitterness of spirit the once cherished testimonials of her early love. Years had passed since those glowing words had been penned, and yet the fountains of her heart were stirred as violently as upon their first perusal. Still burned upon its altar shrine the love which years of estrangement had not the power to destroy; and like a guilty creature she hid her face within her hands, when she remembered that her heart was now promised to another.

Too well she knew that no promise bore the power of re-calling that love from the worshipped idol of her youth, and that with false hopes she had deceived herself, as well as the noble and trusting heart now resting its happiness upon hers.

For a long time Gertrude sat motionless, her white hands preseed tightly over her colorless face, and her mind far away in the dreamy past. Sweet memories of that olden time came thronging to her brain, and again she was the guileless, bappy child of "long ago" again in fancy, her light feet crushed the grass of the valley home where her childhood had been passed -again leaning upon the arm of one most tenderly beloved, she strayed along the banks of the moonlit river, her young heart as pure as the clear depths of the stream which reflected the golden gleaming stars of the azure sky. So in her heart did the stars of love then shed round a golden glow, but years had passed, and dimmer, still dimmer had grown their lustre, until at last she had funcied that the light of that early love had died away forever. Vain fancy when those written words had power to waken such strong emotions!

Rising from her seat, Gertrude with a quick impatience tore into shreds letter after letter, and one by one cast them upon the glowing grate before her.

"So perish all memory of the past," she said, "all memory of the misplaced attachment of my youth; yet not misplaced, for he would have been true to me, I know he would, had I been worthy of such love as his once was." For a long time did Gertrude thus commune with her own thoughts—then kneeling beside her couch, her bruised spirit poured itself out in broken words.

Thanks to the Author of our being, that always the prayer of the earnest heart is answered—answered by the serene happiness which ever follows aspirations after truth—by the guiding light which dawns upon the mind—by the renewed strength which gives

power to trample down all obstacles, and follow without faltering that beacon ligh.

This light now dawned upon Gertrude's mind, showing her plainly the path of duty which led to her own happiness—the only path which could bring her peace.

Her resolution being once taken she knew no faltering, and that evening, when her affianced husband, Julien Neville, resumed his accustomed seat beside her, in the brilliantly lighted parlors of her father's splendid mansion, she met him, nerved to carry out her firm convictions of duty.

They were alone in those large apartments, filled with every luxury. The light from the massive chandeliers flashed back from polished mirrors and costly frames of rare paintings, and from the gilded cornices of the rich curtains woven in foreign looms which shrouded the lofty windows, and fell in heavy folds to the tufted carpeting, where stainless lilies and glowing roses were blooming side by side in loving rivalry. They were alone—hope beating high in Julien's heart, although the fingers which he essayed to clasp within his own were cold and tremulous. Twice Gertrude had attempted to answer his loving words of greeting, and twice had the echo of her own thoughts died away upon her heart without leaving a vibration to the ear.

"Ah, Julien," at length she gasped, "you will cease to care for me, cease to respect me, and yet I must tell you all."

"Never, my own—my sweetest, I know all that you would say. It has been told me this day, and I have come to urge a speedy union—to offer your father a home with us. Oh! Gertrude, you wronged me by imagining for a moment, that the deep devotion of my heart could ever from such a cause know decay or change."

"My father! Julien, what do you mean? Surely he needs no other home," she said, and her quick eyes glanced over the elegant rooms, and rested in inquiry upon those of her lover.

Julien Neville sighed heavily as he answered-

"I had hoped, my dearest, that your father's misfortunes had already been broken to you, but surely
no one could do it more tenderly than myself. Trust
in me darling, and do not fear for the future. I have
wealth enough for all—more than enough, thank God;
and this house, Gertrude, everything herein shall remain untouched. So do not look so wildly, my own,
you shall know no change; and your father shall not
miss the luxuries to which he has always been accustomed.

"My father! change! misfortunes! you cannot mean, Julien, that he, that my father is a bankrupt!" "You have guessed but too truly, dear Gertrude." Overcome by the unexpectedness of the blow, Gertrude buried her head in the cushions of the lounge—refusing all the sympathy which Julien so tenderly proffered. Her heart bled at the thought of her father's disappointments, but not even for one moment did she swerve from her purpose. In days that were past she had deceived herself, but no longer was the calm affection which she had felt for Julien Neville to be mistaken for love. When she raised her face to his it was as he had ever been wont to see it—there was mirrored there no traces of the wild torrent of emotions now deluging her bosom, and Julien gazed with pride upon her queenly beauty. The silence of that moment was broken by these words—

"Julien, you will hate me for what I have to say this night, but it must be said. You must not reproach me—you must not call me fickle until you hear the whole. Oh! Julien, my love for you is but as a sister's love, I cannot be more to you." She veiled her eyes with one hand, as if to hide the anguished expression of her companions face, and continued—

"To you, Julien, I owe a confession which I thought should have died with me. When I was young—scarce sixteen, my mother died. My father could not endure the mournful loneliness of our village home after she had gone, and in the bustle and excitement of business in the city he strove to forget all sad memories. It was then that I parted from Howard Beauchamp, the only child of our village minister. His mother had died in his infancy, and we had been almost constantly together from our childhood. Upon the evening of our parting we exchanged promises of eternal constancy.

"Months passed-his letters brought me the only happiness that I knew, for my father could in no way re-place to me the love which in my mother's death I lost. At length the letters ceased entirely. I heard of his father's death, and of his own illness, and still I wrote, for I could not believe that he was false to me. One day a note was brought to me-the handwriting was strange. I broke the seal, it was from a cousin of his whom I had never seen, but of whom he had often spoken to me as a prodigy of beauty and talent. She wrote me that she had nursed him during his illness—that change of air had been prescribed by the physician, and that he had accompanied her to her Southern home, where it was now his intention to reside. In delicate and sympathizing words she wrote of the transferral of Howard's love from me, to her, his cousin-of their strong attachment for each other, and her earnest wish that I would not tell him that she had written. 'Not for my sake do I write this,' she said, 'but for his, whose happiness is dearer to me than life itself.' There was but one course before me. I sammoned all my pride, and wrote to him what I imagined I ought to feel, not what I did. I made no allusion to his cousin. I told him that I loved him no longer; I wrote a great deal that was false, but I fully intended to make it truth. Years passed-we travelled all over the United States, and I heard no more from Howard Beauchamp. When at Newport you saved my life, and added to it the offering of your own, I felt toward you more affection than had been awakened for years; but I was deceived with regard to my true ?

feelings, for Julien they can never be more than those of a sister."

Bitter indeed were these words to Julien Neville—doubly bitter because he knew Gertrude too well to doubt the strength of an attachment which would enable so proud a spirit to endure the mortification of such a confession. Yet with all his disappointment, he could find no heart to blame, even for an instant, the stricken form before him.

"Oh! Gertrude," he said, "nothing can change my love for you, and I will not even ask yours in return. I will strive to be satisfied with a sister's affection, only give me the blessed privilege of ever remaining near you to cherish and protect."

"It cannot be, Julien. I know how free from selfishness your love is; and I know that could you see the wild emotions which the re-called memories of those hours have this day awakened, you would never wish me to be other to you than I am. This must be our last meeting, Julien, unless you will promise not to use one persuasion to induce me to change—not that I fear my own strength, but because every effort which you make will only increase the misery which I now feel."

Hours passed before that promise was given.

Poor Julien Neville! He left Gertrude that night with the full belief that in all the world there was no balm for a heart so wounded as his own.

CHAPTER II.

"Passing away Is stamped on all we love."

WHEN Gertrude entered her father's library early the next morning, she found him sleeping lethargically in his large arm-chair. Wondering that he should be up so much sooner than his custom—or that he could thus sleep when he knew of his utter ruin, she looked in surprise upon him.

She knew not that all the weary night he had paced the room, weeping in bitter agony over the loss of his worshipped wealth.

Drawing closer to him, she said—"father, I have something to say to you, will you listen?" There was no answering sound, save those of his heavy breathings. Alarmed she took hold of him by the shoulder.

"Father! father!" she screamed.

The piercing tones of her voice aroused him—he started, looked around, passed one hand hurriedly over his eyes, and then with a long sigh sank back in his chair again.

Relieved from her anxiety, Gertrude drew a seat beside him.

- "I have come, father, to converse with you about your misfortunes—perhaps they are not so bad as you imagine."
- "All is lost! every cent!" replied Mr. Leslie, in a husky tone of voice, "but it will make no difference to you, Gertrude, for Julien is a noble fellow; but it is hard for me in my old age to be dependent upon my child."
 - "We will not be dependant upon Julien, father-

we will go back to our old place at Elmwood, and I can teach music and drawing in the village academy. and we shall be as happy as we have ever been here: for father I do not love Julien as I ought to love him, and I have told him so, and we have parted to meet only hereafter as friends."

The words which she had so dreaded to say had now escaped her lips, and her father's stern gaze was fixed steadily upon her.

"Gertrude! what have you done?-taken away my only hope !-turned us both out into the world as beggars! I tell you every cent is gone: beggars! beggars!" he repeated in a low, deep tone. He arose from his seat-his face crimsoning with excitement -stepped but one foot forward, then fell over heavily upon the floor.

Gertrude's screams brought the servants to her. Physicians were immediately summoned, and Mr. Leslie was borne in an unconscious state to his room. They pronounced him in an apoptectic fit, but the usual remedies were tried in vain. Gertrude sat constantly beside him, watching for hours for some sign of returning consciousness. At length the hand which she held moved slightly.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "speak to me once more: do not leave me alone! oh, father! father!"

The agonized tones of her voice seemed to arouse him. His lips moved. She bent her head to listen, and caught the words, "God bless my poor child; God bless thee, Ger-" his lips still moved, but there came no audible sound. Poor Gertrude! She was now alone.

CHAPTER III.

"By the strong spirit's discipline, By the sad wrong forgiven, By all that wrings the heart of man Is woman won to Heaven."

GERTRUDE LESLIE had applied for the situation of teacher at Elmwood Academy, and had been accepted.

The carriage which had been sent to convey her from the city to the village, stopped in front of the residence which had once been her father's. In surprise she inquired of the driver if that was indeed the dwelling where her room had been engaged.

"Yes, Miss; Squire Thornley was willing to board you, as the gentleman seemed so anxious about it."

"Here then," thought Gertrude, "is another proof of Julien's kindness.

She was right, for finding it impossible to dissuade her from teaching, he had with some difficulty procured the room which he found used to be the one which she bad occupied when it had been their own residence. To it he caused to be conveyed her piano and harp, her work-table, her favorite chairs, and many beautiful souvenirs of her city home.

When she entered the room and found herself surrounded by so much that was familiar, it became impossible to control her emotions.

"Oh! Julien," she sobbed, "how can I ever repay you for such kindness?"

A few days passed, and Gertrude was quite at home in the pleasant family of Squire Thornley. Mrs. given. He stood before her as "the man of God,"

Thornley was unwearied in her attentions toward the young teacher when she found that her kindness was acknowledged and appreciated.

Gertrude's first Sabbath at church was one of her most trying days. Again she sat in her accustomed seat-she knelt upon the very cushion which her mother had pressed. Directly opposite to her was the minister's pew, where Howard had always satnow a strange face looked upon her from it, and from the pulpit a strange voice grated harshly upon her ears. The fear of God, instead of the love of God was the subject of discourse, and as she listened to the stern doctrines of the preacher, the tears which memories of the past had summoned seem to fall back with a leaden weight upon her heart.

Sabbath after Sabbath passed—the church in the morning, her mother's grave in the afternoon twilight, were her weekly places of resort.

One mild spring morning, when the church windows were all open, and the blue sky and the far-off hills looked like pictures empanelled in the dark walls, and the soft air was laden with the perfume of field flowers and blossoming fruit, and every one seemed light of heart and happy as the birds that poured their warblings forth so melodiously. On this mild Sabbath morning Gertrude sat in her wonted seat, and as she noted the smiling, happy faces about her, her heart murmured to itself of its loneliness and its sorrows. Even while she thus murmured, a deep, musical voice from the pulpit fell upon her ears in the beseeching tones of prayer. She lifted her eyes; it was the same calm, pure face which so long ago she had enshrined within her heart. It were in vain to attempt to tell how wildly that heart throbbed now-none about her could have dreamed of its struggles, for the bowed head was not raised until she had subdued them all. Then in all that church there was but one that noted her compressed and bloodless lips—the singular paleness of her expressive face—the quivering lid, where the crushed tears were still lingering upon the long lashes. That one was Ellen Beauchamp; and though she had no other clue-she guessed rightly, that it was the Gertrude to whom she had written years ago.

The song of praise died away; and Howard Beauchamp arose again in the pulpit. His large, dark eyes were bent upon the volume before him. From its pages he read his text.

"They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Calmly eloquent was the commencement of his discourse, but as he proceeded, his intellectual face glowed with excitement; and as he drew near the close, there was not one within those church walls. who had not imbibed some of the enthusiasm of the speaker.

"And thus shall they that sow in tears, reap in joy," he said, as he closed the volume.

At this instant his eyes met, for the first time, the tearful eyes of Gertrude, which were upturned to his.

In the consolation which he had been pouring into her heart, the past was well-nigh forgotten-quite forand her early disappointment-her past trials were the seed which she had sown weeping.

She did not note the sudden pallor which spread over the young clergyman's face, as, staggering back to his seat, he buried his head in his hands, regardless of the open prayer-book which was handed to him by Dr. Brinton, the pastor of that village church. He, attributing his companion's agitation to the excitement of preaching for the first time from the desk where his father had so often stood, finished the morning's services; and Gertrude watched in vain for one more glimpse of the spiritually earnest face of Howard Beauchamp.

At the dinner-table that noon Gertrude learned that Dr. Brinton had accepted the call which had been made him, a few weeks previous, by a congregation in a larger town adjoining Elmwood, and that Mr. Beauchamp would probably be called upon to fill his place. "New trials for me," thought Gertrude; but she knew the arm she leaned upon was strong; and that the first and greatest struggle was over.

CHAPTER IV.

"Pather in Heaven! Thou, only Thou, canst sound The heart's great deep with floods of anguish fill'd, For human line too fearfully profound. Therefore forgive, my Father! if thy child, Rock'd on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild, And sinn'd in her despair!"

"Now let me strive With Thy strong arm no more! Forgive, forgive! Take me to peace!"

AT twilight when Gertrude entered the lonely graveyard, she met Howard Beauchamp just emerging from an avenue of cedars. He paused for a moment, and { then advancing, said-

"We were friends once; may I hope that we still \ are?"

Gertrude could not speak, but she stretched out her hand to answer his greeting.

"Time has brought many changes to both of us," he continued; "in this place of graves, your sainted mother and my revered father sleeps; but since I have become an orphan-alone and desolate in the world, I have heard but little of you, excepting of your marriage; I trust for your sake, Gertrude, that the mourning garments which you now wear are not a widow's weeds."

Gertrude Leslie looked in surprise upon him as she answered-

"I have never been married, Howard; it is for my father that I mourn."

A sudden ray of joy illuminated his fine face, then died away as he said in sad, low tones-

"And you are an orphan too; but oh! not so desolate an one, I trust, as myself."

"And why should I not be, Howard?—the blow which deprived me of my father left me penniless well-nigh friendless; but you in your cousin's love have found a happiness which I can never hope."

She saw the crimson glow which spread over the marble features of her companion.

"Then you too know of her unfortunate attachment

, a brother's attachment to her; the memory of my youthful love, Gertrude, is too strong to bear to be re-placed even in imagination," said Howard, as he bent his dark eyes searchingly upon hers.

"And you-you Howard-are not you married?" questioned Gertrude, almost breathless, as her eyelids drooped under the steadiness of his gaze.

"No, Gertrude; the vows which I plighted to you were too solemn ever to be broken, even though you gave them back with scornful words and bitter mockings. Do you not remember that on the evening of our parting I promised ever to love you, and you alone?"

As Gertrude raised her eyes to answer, she saw the figure of a graceful female gliding toward them in the dim twilight.

"It is my cousin, Ellen Beauchamp," Howard said. They were leaning upon the marble tomb of Mrs. Leslie; and Ellen advancing stood beside them. Her cheeks were pale and transparent; and the large, brilliant eyes were sunken, yet there were many traces of exceeding beauty.

"You must neither of you curse me, for I have suffered enough," she said.

"Why should we curse you, dear Ellen?" said Howard, tenderly-" my poor cousin is not well, Gertrude—she was the most faithful of nurses to me when I was so ill that my life was despaired of, and she bas never been well since—we are travelling now with her-her mother and myself, in hopes of restoring her health—poor Ellen."

"Yes, poor Ellen!" echoed the hollow voice of the emaciated form beside him-" poor Ellen needs pity. Gertrude, will you promise to pity me if I tell you all?"

"No, Ellen, not pity; but my heart's warmest sympathy I will offer to you." Tears dropped like rain from Ellen's large eyes as she clasped the hand which Gertrude had extended.

"Oh, Gertrude! I wrote falsely to you when I told you that Howard no longer loved you. I was mad with love for him-so mad that I forgot that you had a heart which could be crushed even as mine is now. Howard! I burned the letters which you penned in your first sickness-I burned all which she wrote to you. I wrote to her, and told her that you loved her not, that you waited but a release from your yows to breathe them to me; and then I told you that she was married, and I showed you the letter which I had goaded her on to write. In the relapse which followed your reading of that letter I would have told you all, but you looked so gently and tenderly upon me I could not bear to tell you what a wretch I was. Has my repentance come too late to either of you? Have I sinned past forgiveness? Oh! believe me, I have suffered enough in the agony of my unloved life —in the memory of those false words, which I fear have perjured my soul forever."

"No, Ellen; not forever. Repentance never comes too late. God will forgive you even as I know Gertrude and myself have already done-have we not, dear Gertrude?"

It was the first word of love, and Gertrude bent her -poor Ellen! I have tried in vain to feel more than head to conceal the warm blushes which crimsoned her face; but as she did so, she kissed the delicate hand of Ellen, which she still retained.

When they passed out of the grave-yard, Ellen and Gertrude each leaned upon an arm of Howard Beauchamp—Ellen still "sowing in tears," and Gertrude and Howard "reaping in joy."

Howard Beauchamp purchased Elmwood Park of Squire Thornley; and as Gertrude busily superintended the furnishing of the house, she felt that it was almost wrong for her to be so very happy when she had caused so noble a heart as Julien Neville's so much disappointment.

Months rolled on, and the young clergyman and his bride received a letter of congratulation from Julien. He wrote that he had fortunately found Gertrude's counterpart, and that his suit had proved more successful with this his second love.

They rejoiced that it was so, and Gertrude smiled when she remembered that she had once imagined that the loss of her love had irremediably broken poor Julien's heart.

Ellen Beauchamp refused all invitations to pass the invalid with her sweet-toned voice, and m winter with them, and in opposition to the urgent in every way to the comfort of the sufferer.

prayers of her mother, and the entreaties of all her friends, she entered a convent at Baltimore; and died the first year of her novitiate a victim to the errors of her early education; for her indulgent mother had been too overweeningly fond of her, to deny, even when a child, her slightest wish. Had it been otherwise, she would have been better enabled to restrain the ungoverned and unhappy attachment of her youth, and the dicipline of that unrequited love would only have made her a more worthy member of the society in which, with her beauty and talents, she would have shone "a bright, particular star."

Mrs. Beauchamp survived her daughter but a short time, and to Howard she left her large fortune.

The poor and the lowly in the village of Elmwood are never weary of blessing their old minister's son, and his gentle and sympathizing wife. Surely they have great reason for love and gratitude; for their cottages have grown more cheerful and comfortable—their children are better clothed and fed; and when any among them are sick, there always you may be sure to find Gertrude Beauchamp, encouraging the invalid with her sweet-toned voice, and ministering in every way to the comfort of the sufferer.

MORNING IN JUNE.

BY LELIA MORTIMER.

COME out beneath the skies
On this June morning—oh! how deeply blue
Above the stream that lies
Among the flowers all wet with pearly dew,
They bend; and cloudlets sail
Within the azure depths with snowy wing,
And flitting o'er the vale,
Their shadows light a sombre beauty fling.

Come out among the flowers,
The glad, bright flowers that peep from grove and hedge;
Within the leafy bowers,
And by the streamlet, stooping o'er its edge,
They wave; and on the air,

They wave; and on the air,

The pure, warm air, their breath comes gushing forth.

On morn like this—so fair

And glorious, how beautiful is earth!

Oh! month of roses! thou

Hast ever been most benuteous to me;

I love to bare my brow

To thy soft winds, and to the minstrelsey

Of thy glad songsters bend

The ear to listen. Strains all soft and low

With thy mild zephyrs blend,

And o'er the shaded rills the soft notes flow!

Come out—the fresh green leaves
Are whispering of joy, and peace, and love,
And the low drooping caves
The wild vine throws its tendrils far above;
And butterflies on wing
Of gold are floating through the heavy air,
And purple violets bring
Their morning incense, smiling everywhere!

And rose-wreaths clamber up

Each mossy stone, flinging their leaves of snow
Into the blue-bell's curs;

And opening buds, all in a happy glow,
With dew gems on their breast,

Smile sweetly, as the golden sunbeam's kiss
Calls them from their deep rest,

To yield their offering to a morn like this!

Come forth—and with a heart
Swelling with grateful rapture, look abroad!
A thrill of joy must start
In this full soul—a note of praise to God,
For the dear birds and flowers,
The singing streams that glance thus in the light—
The leafy groves and bowers,
And all that makes this world so fair and bright.

THE CHRISTIAN COTTAGER.

I HAVE a hope within my breast,
Which clings to me hy day and night,
Which points to Him—the way, the light—
Who leads the weary soul to rest!

However dark the world may seem,
My Master bids me "do not fear,
For 1, the Lord, thy God, am near
To guard thee with my power supreme! H. J. B.



MAKING A GOODIMPRESSION.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

SARAH MATILDA ELLEN JONES WAS VERY desirous to make a favorable impression on the mind of a certain young Doctor Jackson, who had recently moved into the village of Flowerdale, and of whom report said many fine things; as, that he was a man of elegant appearance, finished education, single, connected with a highly respectable family, and, moreover, worth something handsome.

The girls of Flowerdale were as a matter of course all by the cars—we don't mean quarrelling—about Doctor Jackson. Fanny Tiller, Jane Herbert, and Florence Wilber, particular friends of Sarah Matilda's, had already been introduced to the young physician, and their report was of a decided character. Fanny said he was the most agreeable man she had ever met; Jane was in raptures with his person—such splendid eyes and teeth-such a figure-such a carriage-and Florence laughingly declared him to be a perfect beau ideal in everything.

Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was the daughter of Jeremiah Jones, a very excellent man, whose "profession," as Sarah called it, was that of saddle and harness maker. He was not rich; neither was he poor. By industry he had been able to accumulate enough to buy himself a comfortable dwelling, and also to build half a dozen small houses, the annual income from which did not fall very far short of a thousand dollars. His business, to which he devoted himself with commendable industry, yielded him a few hundred dollars above his expenses every year. Mr. Jones, was, therefore, in very comfortable circumstances, and getting better off every day. He was a sensible man, and his wife a sensible woman in most of the affairs of life. They gave their daughter, Sarah Matilda, a good education, and had her accomplished in matters of music, dancing, drawing, etc., as far as this could be done during a year's sojourn at a boarding-school located near the capital of the state.

From this boarding-school the young lady had returned with a few notions on the subjects of love and gentility in advance of those ordinarily held in Flowerdale. All useful employments she considered vulgar. In this view we may be sure that she found little sympathy at home; where, in spite of her new and improved ideas, she was compelled to take her part in the doings of what had to be done, and darn stockings, mend the jackets and trowsers of her brothers, and even peel potatoes and turnips, or string the beans and shell the peas, just as things turned up. All this was a serious grief to Sarah Matilda, and a humiliation of her feelings; but Mr. and Mrs. Jones were people of the old school, and it was no use for \ the modern young lady to make a stand against them. { She understood this very well, and did not commit so and a few more flowers and bows added to give it the great a fully as to waste her feelings in the attempt.

In regard to love matters, it happened that Sarah Matilda made the discovery, while in the finishing school to which she had been sent, that young ladies who expected to get good husbands must make themselves particularly attractive to the young men. precise manner of doing this had not been laid down: but, in a general way, it was understood that tasteful dressing, agreeable conversation, and the exhibition of varied accomplishments, were among the principle means to be employed in winning hearts. Sarah Matilda felt conscious of her power, and only waited a good opportunity for its display. None bad been presented until the arrival of Doctor Jackson; for, among the ordinary village beaux, there was not one worth, in her estimation, the trouble of winning, and, therefore, she wasted no attractions upon them.

Doctor Jackson's appearance in the village, however, awakened the young heart of Sarah Matilda from its partial torpor, and she determined, from the first, to make such an impression upon him when they did meet as would place her, in his estimation, far in advance of any other young lady in Flowerdale.

Through rather provoking and importune circumstances, several weeks elapsed from the time Doctor Jackson opened his office, before an opportunity of meeting him occurred. The occasion which at length presented itself, was that of a party at the house of a friend.

To prepare for this party, was the business of a week. Sarah Matilda thought of little else through the day, and dreamed of nothing else through the night. The great question with her was, how she should dress, so as to make the good impression she desired. The first step was to consult immediately Peterson's fashion plates, and see what was the latest style. Here she found evening-dresses, walking-dresses, ball-dresses, and all sorts of dresses. The difficulty was to chose from among so many styles presented, something unique, striking and appropriate. To aid in the decision one of the village dress-makers was called in to Sarah Matilda's council.

"I want something very elegant," said the young lady. "In fact I must be the belle of the evening, for I'm going to set my cap for Mr. Somebody, and wish to make a good impression."

The mantua-maker suggested first one thing and then another; but "no"-"no"-"not attractive enough"-"too plain," and such like objections met every proposal. Perceiving, now, the young lady's views in the matter, the dress-maker fell in with them, and between the two, something really very striking, though not costly (for plain Mr. Jones had something to say in that matter) was got up. A showy head-dress, with rosettes almost as large as cabbages, was next selected,

The night of the party at length came. Among the first who arrived was Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones, fully prepared to take the young doctor's heart by storm. She wore a flashy muslin dress, looped up at the sides and in front with red flowers and rosettes. Her arms were bare, and each wrist was ornamented with a bracelet; one of which she had borrowed from a young friend; said young friend appearing in simple white, and without an ornament, except a few rosebuds half hidden among her jetty tresses. From this friend, Sarah Matilda also borrowed a large cameo pin, and a pair of heavy ear-rings; both of which she now displayed. From some other source she had been able to get a showy necklace, that had not before glittered in the light of a gay party for years. As to her head-dress, we will not venture a description. Language would fail to present it to the mind's eye.

All ready to make a decided and lasting impression, Sarah Matilda came to the party. Her modest friend, a portion of whose jewelry she was now exhibiting, appeared, as has been said, in simple white! Her name was Florence Wilber. Sarah felt a little sorry for her, when she saw the plainness of her attire, and felt some touches of compunction at having robbed her, as she mentally termed it. Florence sat down by Sarah's side; and nothing could have been in stronger contrast than the appearance they made.

As guest after guest arrived, Sarah Matilda marked them with quick eyes; and her gratification was extreme, on finding, after the rooms were nearly filled, that she was indeed the belle of the evening, and the observed of all observers. Compared with her every other girl was a mere drab—so she thought—and not dressed well enough to go to church, much less appear at a party.

"I haven't seen the doctor yet!" Sarah Matilda whispered to Florence, who still sat by her side. "I wonder if he isn't coming?"

"There he is," replied Florence, glancing toward the farther end of the room.

"Where?" eagerly inquired Sarah.

"He is talking with Mr. Wayland."

"Indeed! Is that him? Oh! what an elegant young man!" And she fixed her eyes languishingly upon the doctor, who was looking steadily at her. In a few minutes he came across the room and spoke to Florence, who introduced him to Sarah Matilda. The latter blushed, simpered, looked interesting—or tried to—and then made a regular attack upon the young doctor's heart, by a display of her remarkable educational superiority over all the other girls in the village. For a time, Florence was thrown completely in the shade. But, that did not trouble her any, for she had not sought the light; and was happy with her own sweet thoughts.

Sarah Matilda felt that she had made a conquest. That Doctor Jackson had surrendered at once. And she did not wonder that such should have been the case, all things taken into the account. Attractions such as she presented, were not to be met with every day.

For half an hour she held the doctor by the very force of her conversational ability, and then let him go, feeling that love's silken cords were around him.

It was not very long afterward that, while sitting near the folding door of the parlors, she heard a voice, the sound of which her ear well remembered, say—

"For Heaven's sake, Williams, tell me who that lady is with the head-dress and necklace? I don't see her just now. But you know who I mean?"

"The milliner's show figure?"

"Yes. The girl dressed like an opera dancer; who talks like a book, though a shocking bad one!"

"That lady is the fascinating Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones. The belle of Flowerdale. Is it possible you haven't met her before?"

"Never had that pleasure."

"She's a character."

"So I find; though, I must say, not one particularly suited to my fancy. But there is one here who pleases me wonderfully well."

"Ah. Who is she?"

"That modest flower drooping over the book on the centre-table."

"Florence Wilber."

"Yes."

"Florence is a charming girl. Though rather retiring I have sometimes thought. If she ever win a heart, it will not be through design. She is innocent of that."

"I can well believe you. Though I would hardly like to say as much for the fascinating Sarah Matilda Ellen, what do you call her?"

Saran Matilda heard no more, for the conversation between the two young men ceased at that point.

Cotillions were formed soon after; but Sarah Matilda was not to be found when the sets were made up. She had retired in confusion, and, at the moment when the dancers formed themselves on the floor, she was in her chamber at home, with her finery scattered in disorder around her, and herself drowned in tears.

Nothing could have more astounded her than the words of the young men. The sneering remarks of the elegant doctor seemed, for a few moments, as if they would drive her mad. How she got out of the brilliantly lighted parlors; or how she found her way home, she could scarcely tell. But, Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was an altered girl from that time. Scales had fallen from her eyes; and she saw every object around her in a new light. She had sought to make an impression, and had succeeded; but it was a shocking bad impression; and of this she was too fully sensible to permit a feeling of vanity or even self-complacency to take possession of her mind. She did not meet the doctor again for about two months; and then, so changed was she in her whole exterior and manner, that he did not know her. In the meantime, he had commenced paying marked attention to Florence, but a hint from a friend that she was engaged, and the wedding day already appointed, caused him to abandon all designs in that quarter. On his second meeting with Sarah Matilda, he found her really an interesting and rather intelligent girl; and, ere he guessed who she really was, permitted himself to feel an interest in her favor.

"Who is that young lady with whom I have been chatting?" he inquired of a friend.

"That is Miss Jones."



- "What Miss Jones?"
- "The daughter of old Jeremiah Jones, the saddle and harness maker. Have you forgotten the gay belle of the party?"
 - "What! Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones?"
 - "The same."
 - "It can't be possible!"
- "The young lady herself; though, from some cause, wonderfully changed for the better."
- "So much changed that I didn't know her. Why, as she shows herself now, she is quite a clever girl."
- "Her father and mother are sensible people, and she ought, therefore, to have a groundwork of good sense in her character. They spoiled her by sending her off to a fashionable boarding-school."
 - "A great many girls are spoiled in that way."
- "You may well say that. But I am glad this young damsel has seen her folly-if such be really the case."

In spite of the half contempt Doctor Jackson had { felt for Miss Sarah Matilda, he now found himself }

not soon to be forgotten, she permitted herself to act out herself naturally, and did not go a jot beyond this. The consequence was, that, after meeting her a few times in company, the doctor made bold to call, on which occasion he was more than ever pleased with her, and also pleased with the plain, sensible old gentleman, her father.

The more Sarah Matilda saw of Doctor Jackson, the more fully did she comprehend her mistake at the party. He was a clear-seeing, common sense kind of a man, who read character at a glance, and no more wanted a fine, artificial lady for a wife, than he did a fiery young colt to carry him about on his professional visits.

In acting out just what she was, and letting her true character be seen, Sarah Matilda made another kind of an impression altogether from the one at first produced on the doctor's mind. As her real self she had power to win him; and she did win him. Long ago they were married; and since that happy day, have really interested in her; and as Sarah Matilda had enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the recollection of received a hint in regard to his views and feelings the first meeting at the party.

THE DYING MISSIONARY.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

"In order to procure for her the best medical advice, and if death should be inevitable, afford her the pleasure of spending her last days with her venerable parents, she was conveyed to the city of Louisville, Ky; but as soon as all hopes of recovery were gone, she wished to return and die among those for whom she had so long labored and prayed; nor could she be induced by parents, husband or friends to relinquish her purpose. Her wishes were gratified, and she returned to suffer a short time, and then found a grave among those for whom she had wept and tolled." Obituary notice of Mrs. D. L.

THEY say I must die and go down to the tomb, But this ne'er can grieve me, I dread not its gloom, For there beams from the Cross a celestial ray, Which dispels, by its brightness, the gloom of the way; But sleeping or waking I far away roum, And long to return to my wild Indian home!

To move this fixed purpose and wish of my soul My friends have united my thoughts to control. My own tender mother bends o'er me in tears, My husband implores me, as oft he appears; But sleeping or waking I far away roam, And long to return to my wild Indian home!

III.

My father, whose head is all silvered by time, Throws round his affections my heart to entwine, And my own tender offspring array every charm Which Nature has given my will to disarm; But sleeping or waking I far away roam, And long to return to my wild Indian home!

IV.

They tell me 't is better that I should die here, Surrounded by friends and each relative dear, Than far in the wild wood to find a lone grave, Where the wolves only howl and the wild grasses wave; But sleeping or waking I far away roam, And long to return to my wild Indian home!

To die in the city among the gay throng, Where mingle the laughter, the dance, and the song, And then to be borne where my foot ne'er hath strayed, And sleep where the ashes of thousands are laid-Oh! no, 'tis repulsive-I far away roam, And long for a grave in my wild Indian home!

But a thought far more holy inclines me to part, And sunder those ties which entwine round the heart. 'Tis the tribes who received the rich bloom of my youth, And plucked from my lips the first blossoms of truth; Oh! sleeping or waking I far away roam, And long to return to my wild Indian home!

With them I would rest till the last trumpet's sound Shall wake them and me from the dark-heaving ground, And with them together in triumph would rise To meet the blest Saviour who rides on the skies; Oh! why do you tarry? I far away roam, And long for a sight of my wild Indian home!

VIII.

Back, back 'ere I die let me quickly repair, And breathe once again of its sweet scented air; And when I am dead, oh, then make my lone grave, Where the wild flowers bloom and the green branches wave, Oh! beseech me no more-I far away roam. And long to lie down in my wild Indian home!

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

NO. V. JUNE.

BY MRS. MARY V. SMITH.

In the month of June there is very little to be done in the flower-garden. The work of preparation is over, and that of enjoyment has begun. In the pleasure-grounds, however, the lawn should be mown every fortnight, and rolled every week; and in the flower-garden the annual flowers should be tied up and cut in where it is necessary to make them appear neat. Pull out the weeds from among the flowers in the patches, and hoe and rake the beds every two weeks.

As the greenhouse plants are now generally set out in the open air, the principal care that they require is to remove the dead leaves, and to prevent the roots from striking through the hole in the boltom of the pots. If any of the plants appear to droop when they evidently do not want water, they should be turned out of the pot on the hand, and their roots examined, as there is most probably a worm in the pot. If any plants are kept in the greenhouse at this season, they should be frequently and carefully examined, as they are very apt to become infested with some kind of They should also be watered and syringed every day, unless any chance to be in flower, when the syringing may be dispensed with. If it should rain excessively move the tenderest plants back into the house, and tilt the pots of others.

Box edgings should be cut about the middle of this month, if the weather be moist; but, if the weather be dry, it is generally considered advisable to wait for rain, as box edgings which are cut when the weather is dry are very apt to look brown, and to die half-way down the shoots.

Carnations.—To have as large flowers as possible, clear off all side shoots from the flower-stems, suffering only the main or top buds to remain to flower.

When the flowers begin to open, attendance should be given to assist the fine varieties to promote their regular expansion, particularly the large burster kinds, they being apt to burst open on one side; and, unless assisted by a little art, the petals will break out of compass, and the flower become very irregular; therefore, attending every day at that period, observe, as soon as the calyx begins to break, to cut it a little open at two other places in the indentings at the top, with narrow-pointed scissors, that the openings be at equal distances, and hereby the more regular expansion of the petals will be promoted; observing if one side of any flower comes out faster than another, to turn the pot about, that the other side of the flower be next the sun, which will also greatly assist the more regular expansion of the flower.

Others to prevent the calyx opening too far, tie a and when they are well struck they should be placed piece of waxed thread round the middle; and others in separate pots, housed at the first approach of frost, cut a piece of cardboard so as just to encircle the and they will be ready to supply the place of those calyx, so that when the flowers expand the petals which may become overgrown.

Vol. XV.-17

In the month of June there is very little to be done, appear to rest upon the card, and, of course, form a the flower-garden. The work of preparation is regular flower.

Continue the care of watering the pots, which in dry hot weather will be necessary every day.

And as in June and July these layers will have arrived at proper growth for layering, they should also be layered to continue your increase of the approved varieties, and so continue layering the shoots of each year's growth at the above season.

Pelargonium (Geranium.)-These are great and deserved favorites. Every one who has the least taste for flowers procures a geranium; the varieties are almost endless. It is said the number considerably exceeds a thousand, of course many must closely resemble others, so much so as scarcely to be distinguished. The whole family are generally kept in pots the year round; but where it can be avoided this is injudicious, a better method at least with the hardier sorts will be pointed out as we proceed. The pots generally employed are too small to allow the root sufficient room to expand; and consequently the flowers do not attain that size and beauty, nor are they so abundant as they would be, if the plants were turned out during the summer months into an open border, the earth of which is light, containing a mixture of loam and a little well-rotted manure: here they will flower in the greatest perfection during the summer; and all, excepting a very few of the most delicate kinds, will be profited by this treatment.

As geraniums strike easily during the summer, cuttings should be potted early that they may gain strength to bear the winter; and these will supply the places of those which have grown too luxuriantly to re-pot in the autumn. Young plants are well known to flower best; and, therefore, to procure them, cuttings should be taken at the junction of the old and new wood, just below a bud, as it is out of this bud the root will strike: cut smoothly, and do not bruise or leave the bark jagged. A rather warm situation is desirable to facilitate their growth, or place over them a handglass; a moderate supply of water is requisite, too much would rot them. The pots containing them must not be placed in saucers or pans, but a good draining must be allowed. Indeed no pots should be placed in any vessel to retain the water, which should freely run through to wash away the slime and excrementitious matter thrown off by the root. If the cuttings are put in the open ground, they must be shaded with a mat during the heat of the day; many of the leaves (not all) should be taken off, and all flower buds carefully removed. They will speedily begin to grow, and when they are well struck they should be placed in separate pots, housed at the first approach of frost,

Digitized by Google

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

BY MISS ELLA RODMAN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 172.

CHAPTER IV.

George Brendall came home that evening with the air of a man who expected to meet with tears and reproaches, or a countenance of silent suffering. But Susan was merrily romping with the two children, and he felt dissatisfied, he knew not why. She spoke to him in a cheerful tone, and her face showed not the least trace of tears. "Can it be," thought he, "that she has forgotten all about it?"

"Our party," said he, "start a month sooner, Susy, than they originally intended."

"Do they?" she carelessly replied. Then drawing a note from her pocket, she continued in a more animated tone, "I have just received a tempting invitation from Matilda, but one which I shall be obliged to decline, of course."

"Of course," replied George, gaily, "because you are foolish enough to prefer the society of your husband and children to one of Mrs. Dewell's brilliant parties. Oh, my little wife."

"There is some difference," rejoined Susan, almost pettishly, "between a voluntary refusal and a refusal from necessity."

"Well, Susan," said her husband, in a puzzled tone, "if you really wish to go to Mrs. Dewell's, I see nothing that need prevent you. She is too well acquainted with our circumstances to expect a return, therefore you need have no scruples in accepting her invitation."

"It is one thing, George, to go to a party, and another to go in a proper manner—I have nothing to wear."

He had never heard her make a speech of the kind before since their marriage; and considerably pained, he replied—

"I was not aware of the deficiency of your wardrobe; I have always seen you suitably attired."

"Of course you have," said his wife, more merrily, but you have never yet seen me dressed for a party. You would not have me wear my morning wrapper, would you, George? or a walking dress, or this dowdy silk? Neither is a simple white muslin exactly suitable as a party dress for a married lady. Matilda was telling me of such a splendid dress that Mrs. Moses Tillinghast was getting made at Thatcher's. The material was black velvet, to be worn with diamond studs, earpendants, and necklace."

George Brendall wondered what evil genius had bewitched his little wife, and began to doubt if Mrs. Dewell was a very desirable companion.

"Tillinghast is worth at least three hundred thousand," he replied, "and his wife can afford to dress in this style. But there is your five hundred dollar

bill, Susy, if you wish to get a dress of this description."

"Oh! no," rejoined Susan, while her face assumed a most demure expression, "I cannot think of such a thing, my dear George, since you are going to California in search of a fortune, I shall regard that bill as a sacred deposit, and place it at interest to accumulate for our little Eva. All I can possibly save shall be devoted to the same purpose, that in case the dear child may happen to fancy a poor man, she shall be spared the petty details and annoyances of poverty.".

George could not help smiling at this provision for a baby of six months, but his wife had a right to do as she chose in this respect, and he made no further remark.

"Why, Susan," said her husband, a few evenings after, "you seem very busily engaged with that note—so much so that you have not vouchsafed me the least notice. Pray, who may it be from?"

"It is from Mrs. Dewell," replied Susan, as she looked up from the perusal of some communication which appeared to perplex her considerably, "I wish you to read it, my dear George, and tell me candidly what you think of it."

Suppressing an inclination to laugh as she watched her husband's countenance, Mrs. Brendall sat demurely quiet while he read the note.

"Stuff and nonsense! Pshaw! Was there ever such a fool! The woman is certainly crazy!"

"My dear Susan," he read aloud, "I have now the pleasure of informing you that our plan is complete. We shall be ready to start for California in three months at furthest, and only wait your co-operation to begin preparations. Our party will consist of about a dozen ladies who have sufficient sense to be disgusted with the want of energy and enterprise that exists among the sex, and sufficient courage to set a better example. Should you, like a coward, persist in staying at home, you may count upon being cut by the whole clique. "Hom soit qui mal y pense."

"Mrs. Dewell seems to have exercised her restlessness in rather a curious channel, Susy—you look perplexed as though wondering whether your friend's wits have escaped her entirely, and I do not wonder; although the scheme, original as it is, may still be meant perfectly in earnest. Shall I answer this curious epistle for you?"

"Do not trouble yourself," was the reply, as Susan sat rocking herself very energetically back and forth, "as to its being curious, George, you did not appear to consider the letter you received, a short time since, in that light—and yet it was precisely the same nature."

"Why, Susy, you are almost as crazy as Mrs.

Dewell; it strikes me that male adventurers are a little more reasonable than a party of women, wandering off in the midst of fatigue and privations for which they are totally unfit. Why, who ever heard of such a thing?"

"I have often; we are not the first women who have taken the journey, and when a husband and father forgets himself so far as to abandon his home and family, it is a natural consequence that the wife will follow. It does not appear to me the least bit strange, and you see that I am not alone in my opinion—there are a dozen others ready to support it."

"That is a very different thing, and far more reasonable. I supposed at first that it was only meant as a jest, or at least that you were not in earnest about it, nor can I yet believe it. Now, Susan, tell me candidly if you do not consider this complete humbug and nonsense, for a woman to expose her children to certain death by taking them to this wretched place, and all for the love of gold!"

"I am sorry, George, that you can for one moment suppose me selfish enough to risk the childrens' lives by making them the companions of my journey—besides my time will be sufficiently occupied without attending to them."

"And pray, madam, what do you expect to do with them?"

"I shall leave them in my mother's care—no fear of their not being attended to. I shall write an acceptance—being very unsatisfactory to have one's friends return with fortunes which one neglected the opportunity of making."

"Why, Susan!" exclaimed her husband, in surprise, after surveying her for some time in silent astonishment, "what in the world does possess you? I feel very much like exerting a husband's authority, and putting a veto upon the whole business, but I am in hopes to convince you by reasoning. Now tell me in the first place what you expect to do with yourselves when you are fairly landed in El Dorado? You must go somewhere, you know."

"The truth of that remark is quite manifest, my dear George—but allow me to answer your question by asking another? What do you expect to do with yourself on a similar occasion? Have you succeeded in hiring a pleasant house already? If so, we can write to the agent, and request him to engage one for us. Matilda spoke of forming a sort of convent."

"A convent!" exclaimed George, contemptuously,
"a pretty convent it will be! Pray, where do you
expect to find nuns? Not in California, I should suppose?"

"Dear me!" said Susan, laughing, "how very credulous you men are! Did you suppose we meant to turn Catholics at once? Matilda's projected convent was merely an arrangement by which we could all live together under mutual protection, and any other females there, who conducted themselves properly, would be allowed to join us on application. But my dear," she continued, blandly, "since you do not approve of the convent, suppose we try a boarding-house? It would probably turn out the most profitable of the two, for I hear that a tureen of soup brings a hundred thousand dollars. We will be more

moderate, and ask but twenty thousand, but even that will bring us a fortune before long."

"A boarding-house!" cried George, "worse and worse! I do believe you women are crazy. Look here," he continued, displaying a ridiculous newspaper caricature, "do you think you would find such boarders very agreeable?"

They were certainly rather abandoned looking characters, and Susan could not repress a smile at their wild appearance.

"Oh, never mind," she continued, cheerfully, "we expect obstacles and disagreeables in a new country, but we can make them dress themselves more decently—they will be ashamed to appear thus in the presence of ladies."

"Necessity, Susan, has no choice. But I wish to open your eyes fully to what you are about to undertake; I do not despair of discouraging you yet. There ought to be a law passed that no woman should set foot in the place until it wears at least a civilized appearance. You will get there and find no home ready to receive you, probably have the pleasure of assisting with your own hands to raise some sort of edifice to cover your heads—you will of course be attacked with chills and fever, and perhaps something worse-and even if left in possession of health, your privations will be such as to deaden all energy, and you will find, after gaining your wishes, that you have gone there but to pine after home, and make its comforts seem still more pleasant by the contrast. Is not this sufficient?"

"Not at all, my dear husband, it is plainly a point of duty. The privations you have named only confirm me in my resolution; were all pleasant and smooth before us this would be no sacrifice, and consequently no merit. Compare our fancied trials with those of our missionaries—what are they in proportion? Think of the early martyrs—think of those noble men who have offered themselves up for their country—think—"

Susan here paused, not exactly knowing what to think of next; and George looked at his wife to see if she were not joking, while his perplexity increased every moment. He was quite stunned by this flow of words, not perceiving at the same time what it all had to do with the subject in question, and could only rejoin—

"I consider this, Susan, as the most ridiculous act of folly that has ever come within my knowledge; a dozen married women about to abandon their families and set up a boarding-house for the Indians in California. You will be notorious!"

"My dear George," was the magnanimous reply,
"I should consider myself one of the most selfish
creatures in existence, if while you were toiling in a
foreign land, I remained here to enjoy the comforts of
home. You refuse to take me with you, therefore I
go with others to assist you in making a fortune. I
have youth and health—therefore I see no reason why
I should not accept Matilda's proposal."

He saw her sit down to her writing-desk, watched her as she scratched off a few hasty lines, and when he saw her seal the note in a very resolute manner, he felt very much like a man in a dream. The deed was done; and Susan appeared in the last few days to have undergone as complete a metamorphosis as was ever read of in fairy tale.

CHAPTER V.

"Well, Brendall," said one of his fellow merchants, "so you will join our party, eh! Best plan, tell you—there is so little adventure to be met with at home."

"I don't know," replied George, doubtfully, "I have not quite made up my mind yet."

"Not know, my dear fellow? I thought you had decided long ago. Perhaps Mrs. Brendall's tears and entreaties have prevailed upon you to remain; depend upon it, she will be much better pleased on your return than if you had staid at home."

"Not at all," said George, briskly, "she does not mourn my departure in the least, for she intends going, herself."

"Not with us, surely!" exclaimed his companion, in dismay. "Much as we would feel flattered by her joining us, we really cannot provide for the accommodation of ladies—it is altogether out of the question."

"You are quite mistaken," was the reply, "Mrs. Brendall's views are totally different. Mrs. Dewell (who, entre nous, is, I believe, crazy) has taken a ridiculous scheme in her head to form a company of ladies who travel entirely on their own responsibility. There is some harem scarem plan of a convent, or a boarding-house, I forget which, and Mrs. Brendall goes hand-in-hand with her friend in this ridiculous adventure."

His companion, on hearing this announcement, looked at him for a few moments, and then whistled rather long and significantly.

Time wore on; the day of departure approached, and Susan bustled about quite overwhelmed with business. George received a letter informing him that he was the possessor of twenty thousand dollars, inherited from an uncle whom he had never seen. This was certainly pleasant and unexpected, but for a few days he kept his own secret.

The evening before the important day Susan passed with her friend; and as George made his appearance, a smile of triumph was exchanged between them, when, addressing his wife, he said—

"I have concluded not to go to California, Susan."

"Have you, really?" she replied, "what a pity you did not mention this before, George. My arrangements, you see, have proceeded so far now. What has happened to change your mind?"

"Merely a trifle; I now find myself the possessor of twenty thousand dollars, and, although that is certainly a small property to be satisfied with, yet to one who has even this, the dangers and discomforts of a California expedition more than balance any advan-

tage to be reaped from it. Had you not unfortunately entangled yourself in this business, my dear Susan, I did meditate purchasing a place in the country. We should have been so happy there—but as 'your arrangements have proceeded so far,' I suppose it is now altogether out of the question. Perhaps you may still wish to dig up a fortune for little Eva, as half of ours will not make her wealthy."

Susan glanced at her friend in dismay, but Mrs. Dewell's answering look warned her to be upon her guard.

The walk home was performed in silence; and after they had been seated in their own parlor sometime, Susan suddenly exclaimed—

"Dear George, if you'll stay home, I will!"

A smile played about his lips as he gravely replied: "But how is it possible, Susy, to disarrange all these plans and agreements? Do not let your affection for me hurry you into any improper act, my dear wife. A promise, you know, must be kept."

Susan seemed quite undecided whether to laugh or cry, and seating himself close beside her, he continued—

"Now, Mrs. Brendall, I am all ears and attention for any confession you may feel disposed to make. Question first: was or was not this ingenious expedition manufactured in the haste of the moment to retain a roving husband? Question second: was or was not Mrs. Dewell the chief instigator and contriver of this very wise plot? Question third and last: was or was not a certain lady quite rejoiced at the idea of giving it up, and returning to her natural self? Ah! you plead guilty, do you madam? Now, by way of winding up with a compliment, just allow me to observe that I consider you the very poorest assistant Mrs. Dewell could possibly have selected in a business of this nature, for in answering three questions you have confessed the whole plot."

"I declare, Susan, I am almost ready to give you up," said Mrs. Dewell, the next morning, "instead of coming off with flying colors, you quietly knock under and allow this man a most victorious triumph. If he is not altogether insufferable for the future, it will not be your fault."

"How could I help it?" replied Susan, laughing, "I am sure I did very well, and told all sorts of stories till last night, but I begin to think after all that I cannot keep a secret long. The free institution of adventurous ladies will be rather disappointed—eh, Matilda! The foolish man! to suppose for one instant that I meant what I said."

The Brendalls were soon settled in a delightful country dwelling, and Susan smiled as she perceived the wished-for grove, and thought of her former castlebuilding.

Mrs. Dewell became a widow in a few years; and having bought a place near the Brendalls, enjoyed her freedom unrestrained.

THE BARBER.

WITH rueful face the urchin stands, Half frightened 'neath the barber's hands:

Trembling at every chip, perplexed Lest his own head should tumble next.



VISIT HOME.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come:
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.—Ann S. Stephens.

ELEVEN years amid the toil, trouble and confusion; time had deepened the traces of ruin since I left, still incident to a city-eleven years of ceaseless strife in the broad highway of the world-eleven years of heart pilgrimage from the scenes and associations of early youth, makes us all turn with a deep and longing desire to re-visit once more the Mecca of our loves. Advance as we may: succeed as we will in all the hopes and enterprises of manhood, still we cannot keep the current of our thoughts from ebbing, and floating us backward toward that port from which we started, with colors flying and music sounding on the voyage of life. The thirst for gold, the desires of ambition may, for a time, dim the flame on the altar, but in the still lone hours when the heart and affections rest for a moment in the race from the cradle to the grave, a voice is whispering, and a hand is beckoning us toward home. As the shadows of coming years fall upon our brow, and lengthen our pathway, the dreams of youth come back to us once more clad in all the gay tints of that spring-time of our existence.

Eleven years past, and one bright morning in summer found me amid the old haunts of my boyhood, from which I had so long been a wanderer. Time bad made many an alteration since last I gazed upon that scene-many a heart that then beat high with hope and expectation, was now hidden in the old church-yard, many a bright eye had been dimmed with bitter tears, many a raven lock had been tinged with snow, but still Nature was the same.

There stood the old farm-house, surrounded with those patriarchal oaks that had looked down on a century of spring and summer. And there ran the elm bordered lane, ended by the walnut tree on which the robin sat, and poured forth his summer song. Far away in the distance could be seen the little streamlet winding through the meadow like a thread of silver, its margin decked with the gay colors of the water lily and butter-cup. In the midst of a group of weeping-willows stood the rustic spring-house, its walls dark with moss, and the roof overrun with wild vines that fell from the eaves in a thousand beautiful festoons. The swallow twittered on the time-battered barn; and the lark was sunning his bright plumage beside the brook; the gray form of the nimble squirrel could be seen in the depths of the wood; and the friendly wren ran in at the open door of the old farmhouse.

Further down the road, and crossing the brook on the rude bridge, you came to the old sexton's house, near by the church. It was a low, dark building when first I knew it, wild and wierd-like, and though \ beside that old school-house, and as of yore groups of

in all else it was the same. The old sexton lived and died there amid the tombs, and many a strange tale had he to tell, that strange old sexton. After his death the family still lived there, and worked amid the graves like "Old Mortality," deepening the inscription that affection had traced upon the stone, which told where the loved one was sleeping, planting wild flowers on the tombs, for rude and unlettered as they were, still their hearts were full of the better feelings of our natures. I can picture the old widow of the sexton, as she used to move among the graves, her thin and attenuated form bent beneath the weight of seventy winters, her scattering locks white with age escaping from the sombre cap, and her voice faint and low. Many a time when the sun was sinking in the West, and the shades of evening falling with their dusky wing, have I lingered to listen to the legends that she would teil-tales that were full of superstition, stories of fate, and omens that were born of the situation and the circumstances of her life-long intimacy with the church-yard and the tomb. The owl hooting in the dark pine tree; the bat flitting in the gloom and shadow of the evening; the sighing of the night air through the branches of the cedar, each had a mysterious and unnatural meaning to her mind, and spoke to her of that world beyond the grave. Beside this, many a story could she tell of the changes time had made since she was first conducted across that cottage door, a blushing bride. And I was a willing auditor. To the young, tales that speak of the wild and supernatural are full of thrilling interest, and often when the night has warned me away, have I longed for a return of the morrow, to hear again from those aged lips the tales of the church-yard.

Near the sexton's dwelling was the country schoolhouse, a rude old structure that had stood as the sentinel of more than one generation. Oh! how my heart warmed to that building, with its thousand happy memories. How with a host of brave hearts and bright eyes I commenced life. It is a low, square building, with a row of desks ranged along the walls, and a high one in the centre for the master. It stands on the top of a bank covered with greensward, bare where the busy feet of the playful children have trodden it into pathways. In the front runs the roadbeyond which stretches a wide expanse of verdant meadow watered by a brook. In the rear is the church-yard, in one corner of which stands the meeting-house. It was playtime when I stood once more

boys and girls were sporting beneath the trees, and making the air ring with their peals of merry laughter. Backward, backward went my fancy, and once again I played upon that grass a child. But where are the gay and hopeful throng with which I started in life? Some-few indeed-are still there-others are gone-some in pursuit of gold-others seeking the "bauble reputation at the cannon's mouth"-one a wanderer in a far distant clime-and many in the cold, cold tomb. Call for all of that school-day class and how few would answer-and if they did, what a bitter tale each would have to tell of dreams unrealized-hopes unfulfilled-expectations once bright as the sunlight, now dark and gloomy. But they are all gone.

> "Friend after friend departs, Who has not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end."

Behind the school-house stretches the church-yard, lone, quiet and spirit-like. I have seen it at all hours. In the morning when the rising sun had tinted it with a thousand diamonds from the reflected dew-drops, and the songs of the wild birds made the air vocal with their melody; at noon when the funeral train entered, have I stood beside the open grave and looked down into its cold depths; and at evening when the calm and hush of repose had come upon hill and vale, have I lingered within this garden of tombs, and felt its stillness and awe creep into my soul. In winter and summer, amid the perfume of flowers, and the chilling embrace of hail and snow, when the rivulet sang in the breath of the May-day kisses, and when the song was hushed by the touch of the winter King, have I gazed upon this lone and beautiful resting-place of the dead. Tall forest trees surround it on one side—and the others look out on a wide expanse of cultivated fields, dotted with farmhouses, the fields yellow with the coming harvest, and the orchards bending beneath the ripening fruit. Through the corner winds a small stream still and noiseless, as if afraid to disturb the repose of the spot. The wall is broken in many places, and through the breaches creep the masses of sweet-briar that make the air redolent with their perfume. No pride of monument is here. A simple stone tells the name of the sleeper, embellished at times with a rustic couplet. Let us enter this church-yard, and I will tell you some of the many histories that are treasured in this storehouse of the past.

Here, nestled down in a quiet corner is the grave of the blind man. A plain stone marks the place where he sleeps, but tells no part of his history. Often when the earth was green with verdure, and the blossoms hung in pinky fleeces on the apple-trees, have I took this old and sightless man by the hand and listened to his words of wisdom. And now, though I have been out into the great world and learned, as all must learn the lessons of experience, still standing by this lonely tomb and looking far back to the sayings of that old man, I feel that one tear is due to him who taught me early the lessons of wisdom and truth. Depart as we may from the pure and simple teachings of childhood, {

y youth, still at times the wand will be waved, and the charm spoken that will conjure up the past with all its truth and purity, and send us back into the dry and dusty pathway of every-day life, better beings.

Beside this wild rose-bush is the tomb of one who came back from the great world with a torn and bleeding heart, to rest at home in the eld burial-place. I remember her when her step was the lightest on the green, her voice the sweetest in the song, her eye the brightest of all the glad circle. She left the schoolhouse, the swing on the oak tree, and launched her barque on the untried waters of the ocean of life. For a while nothing was heard of her-and then she came back. But oh, how altered! Gone was the lightness of the step-gone the melody of the voice, and the lustre of the eye. None asked the cause. She was silent, but day by day she faded, until at last she was laid beneath the sod. The history of that gentle and confiding girl rests with her in the peaceful tomb. Whether her tears flowed from the fount of another's sorrows, and her smiles from the beams of another's joys-was never told.

"Peace to her broken heart And early grave."

Beneath his rude monument sleeps the old pastor. It is a rough block of stone, supported upon four upright pieces of the same, raising it some inches from the ground. Upon it, with crooked and unfinished letters, is told the date of his birth and death, the place of his nativity, ending as is usual with some quotation from the Scriptures. The slow but consuming finger of time has almost obliterated the inscription, and the act of deciphering it now costs the reader some labor. He was a man of other days-before my memory, but often have I stood by the side of old men around that pastor's grave, and heard them tell his many virtues. Pure, simple and unostentatious, he went about doing good, speaking words of aid and advice to the young and inexperienced, and telling the aged of that rest to which they were fast hastening. More than one generation passed from before that old man's eyes in that quiet spot. He kissed the cheek of the rosy infant, guided the dawning of the budding woman, blest the nuptial hour of the happy wife, and told the tale of immortal hopes to the ear in which the songs of Paradise were beginning to sound. He was priest for all-that old pastor, and all alike loved him. And here in this lonely and forgotten spot he spent his life.

"More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise."

Farther in the centre of the church-yard, where the sunlight falls brightest, stands a tomb remarkable for its inscription. He was a cold, stern man, the Dives of that section of the country. Steadily, dollar on dollar, acre after acre, he built up a fortune, no matter at what hazard of health or wear of mind. He listened to no song of bird, or murmur of rill. To him the sunset had no charm, the rising moon no beauty. And he succeeded to his heart's desire. He got money. Around him grew up a princely attendance of fair and fertile acres. Houses met his proud gaze on every side—and he the master of all. But the hand wander ever so far from the path that our feet trod in I of death came, and he was carried home to the old

church-yard to rest beside the poor man. No title beat around our way. Cheered by the delusive hopes shielded him now from the plain tale that the finger of truth would write upon his tomb. His epitaph was not penned while his heart was sad. No eye watered the page with the tributes of affection. Upon his ashes no hand planted the flowers that tell the story of undving and fadeless memory. No, a stranger from a far distant clime wrote the evidence that lives upon the stone, and thus it runs:-

HE SPENT A LONG LIFE IN ACQUIRING PROPERTY. AND HIS HEIRS ARE NOW DISPUTING ABOUT WHAT WAS ONCE HIS-AND CANNOT LONG BE THEIRS.

On the side of the hill that slopes down to the pool for immersion, surrounded by a cluster of wild vines. that cling upon the half fallen stone that bears no name, is the "unknown" grave. To this there is no history, and fancy has supplied its place. Many a legend is told of him who sleeps beneath. Some say that he fell a victim to his own passions, his own executioner. Others, that wounded in one of the many Revolutionary struggles that took place in that neighborhood, he was buried here by his comrades and all else forgotten. Strange tales are told of a midnight train that entered that place of the dead, and without light, save of the moon and stars, and with no hymn but the sighing of the night air through the pines, quietly dug the grave and performed the burial rites. And then, they whisper of a faded form that used to visit that church-yard and stood by that tomb, until she too was laid down to sleep in that violet covered earth-but not beside the unknown. That spot is sacred-none else is near. What the reasons were that made this a solitary and marked spot is not known -but so it is—and more than once have I conjured up a romance about this tomb and its nameless occupant.

Here too, in this sweet spot, slumber the lost ones from our home and hearts. Not many, for death has dealt sparingly of his arrows among our little band. But still enough are resting beneath that sod to make it holy ground to me. I was a youth, wild and thoughtless, when I followed the hearse into that old churchyard, and saw the earth close upon the form of the dead. I remember the pale and sorrow-smitteh cheek of the mother, and the tearful eyes of the sister as they looked far down into the final resting place of the one she had so loved. I heard the prayer, and saw the little band of mourners that were standing round, but, still I shed no tear. That fount was dryed up, and even the Moses-like rod of grief could not unseal the fountain. And now eleven years have passed, and once more I stand beside that tomb. The turf is still green and verdant, and the flowers are yet springing upon the mound, but much of the freshness of the heart is gone, and many, very many of the bright flowers that the boy conjured up to cheer the path-way of life, are now dry and scentless. Each succeeding circle of the wave of time, is growing smaller, and far over its topmost crest can be seen the slow, but steady approaches of the shadows of invading night. Many a bitter lesson has been learned, of friendship estranged, and loves unreturned. The temper has been soured, and loves unreturned. The temper has been soured, (assued from that doorway and wound downward to and the heart grown cold amid the tempest-blasts that the water, headed by the minister in his dark frock

and fancies of youth, we still work and struggle on in the vein of the golden hill of fame and success, but as we approach the delusion vanishes, and the Alps, cold, stern, and formidable, stand before us. Amid the flowers of spring and summer-time, we had started on the journey of life, but now standing midway in the passage, and looking up to the peaks yet to be surmounted, the heart falters, and turns back once more to the freshness and perfume of youth.

Under this turf of wild clover, war's stern notes are all forgotten, is interred a soldier of the Revolution. When those calm skies reflected the gleam of bayonets, and the summer flowers were trodden under foot by the march of armed men; when those sleeping vallies were wakened by the shrill tones of the trumpet calling father and son, husband and brother from the peace and quiet of the family hearth, to the scene of strife and carnage, he had perhaps taken a farewell kiss of a clinging wife, or widowed mother, and joined the band of his country's defenders. Perhaps, his mangled feet had traced a bloody path on the winter snow, and his thin clad and shivering form stood the sentinel of his country's safety, amid the snow and hail of many a weary night. Wounded and dying, he came here from the adjacent battle-field to breathe his last. And here they buried him. And here too the undying love and devotion of a wife found him. Untiringly from one scene of battle and blood to another, had she followed him, and now, though the cold clay had been heaped upon the form of him she loved, she had it exhumed, and severing a lock of hair, the sole memorial of the dead, she watched the clods descend upon the coffin, and departed, broken-hearted and alone, for her solitary home.

Calm, quiet, and dream-like, amid this garden of the tomb, stands the church. It is a plain, square building, of dark colored stone, pierced with small angular windows, whose quaint and irregular panes present a singular appearance contrasted with the more ornate and finished productions of the present day. In many places portions of the walls are crumbling to decay, and moss, and other clinging plants have rooted themselves in the interstices, and are now decking the old edifice as if with mosaics. All around the eaves, and up the roof too, has time's effacing finger been at work. The rough stones that serve as steps to the doorway bear the marks of the thousand busy feet that have trod them since the old church was built. The interior is of other days, a link to bind us to the past. The narrow, uncarpeted aisles, the high-backed box-like pews, reminding us of the stalls in some of the ancient churches in England, the pulpit at the extreme end of the building, elevated high above the floor and pews, and closed with a rude and unpainted door, and the stand for the singing-master immediately in front and beneath the pulpit, all tell us that we are not with the present. Away from that door, and winding amid the tombs, and over the grass and flowers, runs the pathway to the pool for immersion, and many a bright sunny morning, with hymns that sounded sweet and clear in the morning air, has a solemn band issued from that doorway and wound downward to

used for the occasion. Old men, fathers in the church, would be there, and then in white robes, those on whom the rite was about to be practised. In the rear, with slow and solemn step, came the young, every feeling hushed into rest by the time and scene. And then the hymn was sung, and the prayer said, and rite done, and backward to the church wound that simple throng. I have stood under the groined roof of the proud cathedral, and with the pictured wealth of olden times, and whilst the very air was full of music and incense, and the sunlight turned into a thousand tones of color from the many flower-like windows through which it beamed, and then have seen this symbol of the religion of the cross performed, but never have I felt the power and pathos of the story so steal into my soul as by that placid stream, and amid that humble band.

Here too, around the rude table, congregated the members to celebrate another sacred form of their worship—the sacrament. A white cloth spread upon the deak, was all the decoration. No gold and silver glittered in the wondering eyes of the lookers on. Seated in the pews nearest to the table were those to whom the sacrament was to be administered. Old gray headed men, and mothers on whom the snows of three-score winters had descended, sat side by side with the hale and hearty young man, and the blooming maiden. Apart from them were the congregation who remained to witness the scene. Many a mother's prayer went up for the wanderer from the household circle, and many a father's voice pleaded that the maiden's path might be thornless and happy.

In the old church was the thoughtless boy led to the young and chear the words of truth and wisdom, that were to be "VISIT HOME."

a lamp to his feet, in the contest with wrong, that he was going forth to meet in the world. Here was he united to the chosen of his young heart's dreams, and from this door he led her forth who was to be the sunlight of his home, and the angel of his hearth. Here in maturer years he came to pay his vows of devotion and look upon the path to Heaven, and here, life's journey done, was he laid down to rest, under the shadow of the ancient church.

Eleven years more, and who can lift the curtain and tell the changes that may pass over the scene we have been gazing at? Eyes that now read the old tombstones, will be underneath the wild turf; hearts that now swell and throb with emotion will be cold and pulseless; to many life's dream will be forever over. Into that old church-yard will many a weeping train pass. Over a loved one's dust, will many a bitter tear be shed. The marriage vow will be said in the sincerity of young and trusting hearts, beneath that venerable roof, and before the year has past, the eyes that spoke love, and the lips that breathed devotion, will be food for the worms. Ding-dong, ding-dong, sings the old bell, and each peal calls home some of the wanderers. They are coming, some from the quiet and calm of the country; some from the dust and tumult of the crowded mart; some from the trackless ocean; they are coming, all coming home to the old church-yard to rest. Some bring fame and honor, others gold. Some come back bowed down with the weight of many years, and others young, but with the ashes of dead hopes strewn white and hoary upon their raven locks. But one by one they are coming, the young and old, rich and poor, all hastening on this

NIGHT REFLECTIONS.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

'Trs night: the shades of darkness rest On nature's varied face; Gloom, quiet, reign from East to West, And calmness fills man's weary breast, And peace marks ev'ry place.

The busy chrystal brook that rolls
Its waters murm ring on,
And ever onward, onward strolls,
Adds, as it swells o'er mimic shoals,
Awe to the hour so lone.

The little birds which all day long.
Roved through the air in glee,
Have ceased to sing their merry song,
And left the field to watch their young,
And to their sufety see.

The owl, that midnight bird, alone
Disturbs the silent night;
Now and anon her mourful moan
Comes weeping, wailing, o'er the lawn,
Man's pleasing thoughts to blight.

These pleasing thoughts, and what are they Which thus man's time consume? We think of HIM who made the day, Which now has passed fore'er away, And brought us nearer home.

Oh, blessed home! would I were there
To rove thy shady groves—
To breathe thy pure refreshing air,
And live a life devoid of care
And all that painful proves.

Almighty Lord, I pray to thee, In this lone hour of night Let holy angels watch o'er me— Let saving faith, hope, charity, Be mine to lead me right.

And when my days on earth are gone, And death at length has come, Through Jesus Christ who did atone, For sins which I confess and own, I pray thee take me home.

In yonder world no gloomy night
Shall e'er my pleasures mar:
Yes! there the skies are always bright,
For Christ the Lumb himself is light—
He's sun, and moon, and star!

PRETTY LOUISE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY K. A. ATLEE, M. D.

ABOUT a hundred years ago there stood in the street; the kitchen folks on the rack. The good old stupid St. Honori, in Paris, a house, since then dilapidated and altogether destroyed, dedicated "to the great St. In this house lived an honest draper, Peter Martin." Gervais, a man who had scraped together considerable property. He was a native of Franche Comte, had served his apprenticeship in Strasburg, andthough in Paris, good luck had, so to speak, grown over his head-still he himself had no confidence at all in Parisians. He did not trust them a farthing; much less would be give his only daughter in marriage to any of the coxcombs or loungers of Paris.

Her name was Louise, and she was eighteen years old: and counted eighty thousand livres as a marriage portion, at that day, a pretty fortune. one beckon of her beautiful finger she could lay a hundred suitors at her feet. But she was a pious maiden, and the will of her father was her will. Herr Gervais had already given her hand in prospect, at Strasburg, to the son of his former master, the young merchant Reiffenstahl.

Though Reiffenstahl was full of joy, Louise on the contrary was full of sorrow; but she said nothing about it, either in the presence of her mother, a good-natured, corpulent woman; or before the aunt, a meagre, dried up personage; or even before the uncle, who was fat in body, but lean in understanding; still there was a good soul in an honest skin. Louise had no acquaintance with her bridegroom, and was somewhat fearful on that account. Reiffenstahl had the advantage, for he had been presented with a portrait of the bride.

Just for the purpose of quieting Louisa's anxious mind, the young Reiffenstahl resolved to slip away from his business for a month, take leave of his friends, and travel to the metropolis. His bride would then see him and become acquainted with him, before she pronounced at the altar the irrevocable vows.

The good Johann Daniel received his parents' blessing, and escorted by his friends, mounted the postwagon, which at that time made its passage in about twelve or fourteen days to Paris. A large trunk well stuffed with clothes and presents of all kinds, was Reiffenstahl's companion. But the white pigeon which he had sent before, to announce his coming, had a letter, that the post-rider forwarded "speedily, most speedily," and which also reached Paris quite a week sooner, than the gay candidate for marriage himself.

The father Gervais, on this, had put his store in order with greatest elegance. The shop-boys had to take a bath, and put on clean linen, and stick flowers in their button holes. Mother Gervais turned the other rooms in the house topsy turvy. The aunt put

uncle watched from one quarter of an hour to another, the weather-glass on the window frame. The bride herself dressed and decorated her person more and more daily, but she also arranged the chamber of her coming visitor, with all carefulness, till it looked as trim as a jeweler's case. "God grant," whispered she to herself, "that no four-cornered brewer's form, may profane this dressing chamber! Does he smoke? This were death to me. Indeed the clerk says all the Germans smoke tobacco, and daily eat great quantities of sourkraut. But I won't believe it!" And then with a roguish laugh she added, "many a bear has been tamed!"

The house was now set to rights, the uncle was clearly convinced that for five days the weather had been favorable. The post-wagon might soon arrive, indeed might already have come. Gervais undertook a short journey to the stage-office. But there they knew nothing of the wagon. The clerk supposed, that either snow had fallen on the way, or finally the post-wagon itself. "It would be no wonder," said he with displeasure to a friend that stood by, "if the post-wagon should break to pieces! At this day people are so infatuated with frenzy, rush on so blindly into the world, and think it not enough to lay by on the road even ten hours in a day. What's all this to come to?" But while the clerk was speaking in this manner, came the post-wagon moderately and in good condition, altogether like an orderly man. It had only delayed half a day longer than usual in Chalons, as an officer of that place wished to take passage with him.

That he might not disturb the quiet of Gervais and his family, Reiffenstahl took quarters for the first night at a tavern next to the Barrier. His fellow travellers left him, but it was immaterial to him; for he had time to think of his bride, and of the wonders of Paris! The prodigious trunk, with the address of Gervais' house, was immediately taken to the stage office, and sent next morning by the commissioner of the post-office to Gervais.

The joy in the house was unbounded. The women flew out of bed, and hurried to their toilettes. Casimer, the shop-boy, was ordered to the street as a post sent before, to take up the first stranger under thirty years who should be on the road. The father strutted in a splendid gray coat with steel buttons. The uncle's barometer pointed to continued good weather.

Casimer had brought in three individuals, but they proved themselves free from suspicion. Meanwhile, as soon as the third had departed, the right man marched into the store.

"Here, Gervais, Peter Gervais!" he said.

"At your service, to command," replied the merchant.

Already the paternal heart fluttered under his ruffled shirt bosom: and the visitor continued. "My name is Reiffenstahl. Permit me to hand you my father's letter, my trunk is already in your house, if I mistake not."

The young man would have added something more, but Gervais, embracing him, arrested the last word. Peeping from behind the glass door of the cash-room was the mother; and looking over her shoulder was the aunt; and on tiptoe behind both, was the pretty Louise.

Here for once blind destiny had taken a lucky hold. Reiffenstahl was a comely, tall, slender man, his hair carefully dressed, well versed in question and answer, and compliments; his feet faultless, hands well formed, the expression of his face highly prepossessing. His smile bespoke good humored cheerfulness, his eyes true manliness, and moreover there lay therein so much feeling and tenderness, that Louise could not withhold her approbation from the coming union. Besides, he spoke an eloquent, pure, even delightful French, that echoed favorably in Louise's ear, and was a good offset to the provincial German with which the father-in-law and son-in-law amused themselves, as soon as they become somewhat warmed and confiding.

How the lovers had an interview does not become our narrative. The readers of this true story, have either already experienced this, and so are somewhat acquainted with it; or they are yet to experience it, and then we would not wish to diminish their happiness; or they don't intend to experience, and in such case would feel no interest in it. The only remarkable circumstance in the case was, that in the degree in which Louise was more inspired with confidence, Reiffenstahl was more embarrassed. Louise's glances were still brightening, and Reiffenstahl's were more serious and even melancholy. Louise prattled, by the bewitched bridegroom, finally as sweetly, and in as unconstrained a manner as a resigned and innocent child; Reiffenstahl spake in monosyllables, and a sadness at times expressed itself in his deportment.

"You are somewhat wearied by the long journey?" asked Louise, with sympathy.

"Weary, very weary," replied Reiffenstahl.

"If you wish to retire to rest," observed the sorrowful mother—

"Your chamber is prepared," added Louise, in a friendly way.

"Sleep, while I stay with you?" asked Reissensthal with deep tenderness, "Do you envy me this short life by your side? Let us at present forget that sleep, that long sleep."

"Something ails the young gentleman, and in truth, not a little," whispered the aunt to the uncle. The fat uncle thought the same: "He is become at once like an automaton," said he, "you should give him something to eat."

"Truly," said Gervais, "sit down with us to breakfast, my dear son-in-law. You look ill."

"As you desire," answered Reiffenstahl.

Louise enthroned herself proudly at the side of her

beloved. She was happy; Reissenstahl, after the wine had circulated, gave no little sign of a peculiar tender regard for the bride, and the uncle said, "he was just in want of something to eat."

But the aunt shook her head.

The cooks had done their duty. Flesh and fish and pastry, sent forth delightful odors. The noble Bordeaux, the friend of man, warmed the heart well. Peter Gervais overflowed with mirth and contentedness; his wife smiled more and more pleasantly. Reiffenstahl was lost in the contemplation of his bride, and could hardly keep his eyes off Louise, and the maiden was well satisfied. What Reiffenstahl enjoyed of his meal and wine, was very little, and the feeling of the bride was similar. "He don't smoke, he don't drink heartily, he don't fill his stomach, either with sourkraut or any thing else! Ah, I shall be happy!" So laughed she secretly under her bodice.

Country people at that time sat longer at table than those at the present day. Peter Gervais rose from the table about two or three o'clock, and said to his son-in-law, "permit me, for a little time, to look to my affairs?"

"Understand," replied Reiffenstahl, with some degree of self-conquest, "I also have some important business to do."

"How, will you leave us so soon?" asked Louise, inquiringly.

"I must, I must, it is my lot," said Reiffenstahl, and was meantime as pale as a linen rag.

"Are you unwell?" cried the aunt.

"Hasn't eaten enough," regretted the uncle.

"What should ail me more?" asked Reiffensthal, bitterly, and seized his hat. Bowing to Louise, he continued—"the earth has granted me one happiness more: I was permitted to see you, and now, with sufferings lightened, I go home."

"My God, what a speech!" sighed Louise, restlessly turning. Peter Gervais blustered on the other hand good humoredly.

"Bah, bah; German susceptibility! You weep when you ought to dance. Well, so be it: if you have business, go in God's name, but come back soon again, and your suffering will be at an end. At five we dine; don't forget the hour."

"Alas, 1 must forget you," more earnestly spoke the bridegroom. All were struck mute. The merchans himself was a moment silent in surprise. "Hey, hey, whither do you bend your way now?" said he, with faltering voice.

"To the 'Black Head' tavern at the Barrier."

"To your night quarters? Casimer can go for you."

"Impossible."

"Must you then in your own person---?"

"Understand, dear father. A business that cannot be put off. For yesterday, at a quarter before midnight, I died, and must needs be met there in my own person, as I am to be busied at four o'clock."

The women shrieked aloud. The uncle slipped from his chair. The merchant, Peter Gervais, felt dizzy. Meantime the ghost of the unhappy Reiffenstahl vanished. The servants who were called in from all parts, had not met with it either on the stairs or on the floor. But in the house all hands had enough



The three women lay in a swoon, the uncle combated with visions of ghosts, and with indigestion.

"The man became mad on the road!" cried Gervais: "I'll walk to the royal procurator. All the commissaries, all the beadles shall go in pursuit of this unfortunate youth. Meanwhile, dear brother, take care of the women; and you, Casimer, go as fast as you can to the 'Black Head,' and see if the fool is out there. But hurry now! it is a murderous distance; but you have long legs, and a six livres dollar shall be worth going for if you bestir yourself."

Casimer walked away like a race horse. The uncle plied his women with smelling bottle and camomile tea-and the shadows increased, and night set in. Peter Gervais returned late. "Casimer not yet come back?" demanded he, hopelessly, and sighing and crying were all his answer.

Then the knocker at the door sounded. ghost!" cried they all, and shuddered. Then came a man's heavy steps. "The ghost!" screamed the women again, and would have fled if their legs had not been refractory. And into the door marched, in truth something not unlike a shadow, his head thrust out, but paler than the whitest marble appeared his face. It was Casimer, and with a cracked voice he said-"all right, dead and mouse-dead. I am come just from the burying; saw the corpse dressed brave and fine; saw it put into the earth; read upon the cross 'Johnn Daniel Reiffenstahl, aged four and tweety years, born in Strasburg, R. I. P. Yesterday, at three-quarters before eleven o'clock, he was carried off by a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel."

When the doctor entered the house he found a total overthrow of the inhabitants. The ghost story flew over all the houses, and was known throughout Paris before the police-officers had taken the notice of the funeral to the protocol. But all gave the report of the ghost in agreement with that of the shop-boy. Johan Daniel Reiffenstahl was duly dead, and remained so, and no alteration could be made of it to eternity.

Several years afterward, in the golden saloon of the royal palace of Versailles, His Majesty Louis XV. sat at the gaming-table. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had been ratified, and the first intelligence of this wished for event, a young, but high commissioned officer, had just laid at the feet of the king. The monarch, well disposed and highly pleased, said to the fortunate messenger-" very well, Monsieur Brigadier, your fast riding shall not be forgotten. My treasurer will not do less for you than for other couriers who have entered our residence with agreeable news. Of myself you have another favor to expect. Remember that."

The Mareschal de Camp, the Marquis of Origny, now entered. The courtiers thronged around him and wished him joy. Notwithstanding his neglected toilette and dusty boots, he was the lion of the evening. The brigadier found many acquaintances in the wide circle, and renewed many a friendship that had long lain dormant, for the marquis had been five years abroad with the army.

"Visit me to-morrow at my house in Paris," spoke } entire new building where there once was a cave." his father to the cloth merchant as a voucher. But

- "Where, my friend?"
- "In street St. Honore-formerly-but you remember yet-the house, 'to the great Saint Martin'-disfigured the place."
 - "So, then it is no longer standing?"
- "Bah, swallowed up in dust and nothing-swept away and exterminated. Where once the shopmen measured their ells, opens now the door of my house,"

Somewhat hastily the marquis asked, "what is become of Gervais?"

"The miser took the money that he scraped up to Passy or to Chaillot. I don't know rightly. There he rests on his laurels with his family. The ghost story in the year forty-nine made the worthy family almost crazy. The daughter went in mourning from that house, has not yet laid it off, and consequently has never married—shed her blossoms, as the saying is, from horror."

The brigadier wrinkled his brow, and repressed a

- "In Chaillot? say you not in Chaillot?" asked he, distractedly. A courtier affirmed it, seeing the count hesitated between Passy and Chaillot. "People then have retired like hermits," added he.
 - "I must visit them," answered the marquis.
 - "Thou? what hast thou to do with that shopkeeper?"
- "A commission, a weighty one. Did'st know Captain St. Remy?"
- "Yes, truly. He was killed, as the Gazette mentioned, in the battle of Oudenard."
- "Right, and in the hour of death-his bloody head lay on my knees till he expired-he told me of an inconsiderate trick, by which he ruined the peace of the Gervais family; and bade me by all possible means to make amends, by clearing up the cruellest mystification that had ever been perpetrated."

With intense interest the hearers drew near the brigadier. The king was all attention. "What is going on there?" asked he, of the grandmaster of his huntsmen, who was planted behind his chair. The dignitary went to the group to hear the marquis's story.

The narrator continued: "St. Remy related that he had been in the post-wagon with a Strasburger, who, on his arrival in Paris, complained of a severe oppressive pain in his breast, and, therefore, tarried at the 'Black Head,' where he had ptisans made for him, and soon on account of a cold that he had caught he took to his bed, which he thought would aid the effect of his ptisans. St. Remy went on in the postwagon, but noticed on the way that his letter-case stuffed well with hair-curls and ribbons, and the like, were missing. Convinced that they must have been packed by mistake among the night baggage of the Strasburger, St. Remy immediately got out, and went back to the 'Black Head.' How was he astonished to find his fellow traveller weltering in blood, and almost dead. The unfortuate man had ruptured a blood-vessel, and no physician could be found. But there was no way to help him. A veil over a sorrowful night! The dying man bade our St. Remy mention as gently as possible to the bride and her a fair-visaged count, "you will be astonished; an { family the sad occurrence, and to hand the letter of now Satan had his sport, and in the wantonness of youth the captain undertook to play the part of the Strasburger for an hour or two. As he lay in garrison at Strasburg for a long time—I became acquainted with him there; and we mangled the Strasburg language on a wager—the Elsaser had the German Patois sufficiently fluent to take a Parisian in at night, and the saucy fellow was but too fond of such sport. But then he was sorry for his evil pranks next morning, and would take measures to make amends. However, we had orders to depart with the regiment, and the alarm of war soon made him forget the past. Nevertheless in the hour of death the thorn pricked the conscience of St. Remy, and I must in his name seek forgiveness of the injured family."

The tone of the court of Louis XV. was very loose and frivolous. Therefore, the whole circle laughed in approbation of the roguish trick that St. Remy had played upon the plebeian. Some said— "would we ever have placed confidence again in St. Remy, who behaved before the world like a simple seminarist!" "What a pity," thought others, "that this pretty ghost story should be cleared up in a natural way to the country people!"

The fair count waited next day in vain for his friend. The marquis went off to perform his commission in Chaillot. About mid-day he entered the country-seat where Gervais resided. An aged maid servant was cleaning the latch of the tressel-gate of the garden. "Is Herr Gervais at home?" asked the cavalier, who was in full uniform. The servant made a deep courtesy, and pointed to the back part of the garden. And when she fully opened her eyes to wander over the showy uniform, she opened her mouth also, cried "murder!" and ran off.

The marquis followed on, the old uncle stepped from the side path armed with a shove!, but on taking a good look at the stranger, he threw down the tool, ran as fast as he could, and cried loudly, "the ghost! the ghost! come again already!" All this was done in a moment.

The marquis entered the house. The screaming maid servant barricaded herself in the kitchen; the meagre aunt sank in a swoon on the stair; Herr Peter Gervais, whom the alarm of his brother's wild flight had brought out of the chamber, at the address of the marquis became like a statue. And in the sitting room groaned the mother; "oh, see, oh, see, Louise, there it is again! To take us away the ghost is come again."

Louise still paler than common, dressed in mourning, sprang from her chair and called, "oh, let him take me with him to the narrow grave! Gladly would I follow him."

But at her feet sank full of life, full of warmth, with amorous looks and tears of repentance in his eyes, the handsome man to whom Louise was bound beyond the grave, and with sweet voice exclaimed—"will you forgive me, angelic maiden? During five years in the bloody turnoil of war, constantly and supremely my only thought, can you be reconciled?"

That we may not be too oppressive to the susceptible reader, by presenting her with pictures too exciting; we leave it to herself to conjecture how matters

progressed in Gervais' country residence. We will go twenty-four hours ahead, and it gives us pleasure to inform her that we find ourselves again in the royal palace. This time the king is not playing cards, but is holding audience, and near him is the train of the Marquis of Origny.

"You are coming, I'm certain, to tell me of St. Remy's acts?" said the king, smiling, who had slept well, breakfasted well, was in the best, most wonderfully good humor. "The grandmaster of the huntsmen has already told me. You come too late."

"Not too late, sire; for I can impart to your majesty what the duke does not know. Not St. Remy, whom I met in the street, as he carelessly came from the funeral of the Strasburger, and did not trust himself to fulfil the commission to Gervais—not St. Remy has acted the ghost; I performed the part myself. In relieving a friend of his burden I abused his confidence. But the penalty came at once over my heart and head. I instantly loved like a madman the maiden whom I deceived; and I know not what might have been done if a soldier's duty had not called me to the frontiers."

"Ah, ha, amiable, good-for-nothing!" joked the king: "such tricks! You may thank God that Fleury, the strict cardinal, is not alive. I must have sent you to the Bastile. But what do you desire of me to-day?"

"Your majesty gave me liberty to ask one favor?"

"Aha, you are in a hurry, it seems. What is your petition?"

"A letter of nobility for the shop-keeper, Peter Gervais, and his heirs."

"Bah! what a condescension? How can we grant such a favor?"

"A distinguished trader has great influence and merit in his father land."

"How! I have more than fifty thousand such, Gervais, in my kingdom," replied the monarch, "If I were to reward them all with armorial bearings."

"Gervais is an enthusiastic adherent of your majesty!"

"Might I not say the same of all my Frenchmen?" again proudly asked the king, but with a smile.

"Now then, sire, Gervais has a wonderfully pretty daughter—a perfect image of the graces. Sire! all the attractions of the Cyprian Goddess are united in

The king now laughed heartily, and said—"truly if the man has an attractive daughter, your wish, dear marquis, shall be graciously fulfilled—one condition only; bring the maiden to me. 1 wish to see this wonder of a beauty."

With a roguish expression, aware of the king's artifice, the brigadier rejoined: "I thank my lord and master most humbly for the promised favor. You shall, sire, have a sight of the pretty Louise as soon as your royal hand shall sign my marriage-contract, as soon as I shall be permitted to present to your majesty the Marchioness of Origny."

That the king was endowed this day with more than his usual goodness, to his honor we may not conceal. He gave the cunning marquis his hand to kiss, and thoughtfully repeated, "sign, present, marry. All as you say, marquis! I remain ever your affectionate king."

PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER V.

JACOB stood upon the steps of that tall mansion till his mistress disappeared in the darkness that filled it. His eyes followed her with an intense gaze, as if the fire smouldering at his heart could empower his vision to penetrate the black night that seemed to engulph her, together with the man to whose hand she was clinging. The rain was pouring around him. The winds soughed through the drops, lulled a little, but still violent. He stood motionless in the midst, allowing both rain and wind to beat against him without a thought. He was listening for another sound of their footsteps, and seemed paralyzed upon the great stone flags, over which the water was dripping.

The carriage wheels grinding upon the pavement as the coachman attempted to turn his vehicle, aroused Jacob from his abstraction. He turned, and running down the steps, caught one of the horse's by its bit.

- "Not yet—you will be wanted again!" he shouted.
- "Wanted or not, I am going home," answered the driver, gruffly; "as for sitting before any lady's door on a night like this, nobody knows how long—I wont, and wouldn't for twice the money you'll pay me."

Jacob backed the cowering horses till one of the carriage wheels struck the curbstone.

"There," he said, resolutely, "get inside if you are afraid of the rain; but as for driving away, that's out of the question!"

"We'll see, that's all," shouted the driver, giving his dripping reins a shake.

"Hush," said Jacob, springing up on one of the fore-wheels, and thrusting a silver dollar into the man's hand. "This is for yourself beside the regular pay! Will that satisfy you for the waiting?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered the man, with a broad grin, thrusting the coin into the depths of a pocket that seemed unfathomable, "that's an argument to reconcile one to cold water: because, do you mind, there's a prospect of something stronger after it. Hallo, what are you about there?"

"Only looking to the lamp," answered Jacob, holding the little glass door of the lantern open as he spoke.
"But its out!"

"So it is!" answered Jacob, dismounting from the

"And what's worse, there isn't a lamp left burning in the neighborhood to light up by!" muttered the driver, peering discontentedly into the darkness.

- "Exactly!" was the terse rejoinder.
- "I shall break my neck, and smash the carriage."
- "Keep cool—keep cool," said Jacob, "and when Vol. XV.—18

we get safely back to the Astor, there'll be another dollar to pay for the mending—do you hear?"

"Of course I do!" answered the man, with a chuckle, and gathering himself up in his overcoat like a turtle in its shell, he cowered down in his seat quite contented to be drenched at that price to any possible extent.

Relieved from all anxiety regarding the carriage, Jacob fell back into the state from which this little contention had, for the moment, diverted him. He looked upward-far, far overhead a single beam of light quivered and broke amid the rain-drops-it entered his heart like a poinard. What was he saying to her?-was he harsh?-or worse, oh, a thousand times worse, could that light be gleaming upon their reconciliation? Jacob writhed with the thought: he tried to be calm: to quench the fire that broke up from the depths of his heart. His nature strong, and but slowly excited, grew ungovernable when fully aroused. Never till that hour had his imagination been so glowing, so terribly awake. A thousand fears flashed athwart his usually cool brain. Alone in that great, silent house, with a man like Leicester, was she safe?-his mistress-was she? This thought -the latest and least selfish-goaded him to action. He strode hurriedly up the steps, groped his way along the hall, and up through the darkness till he reached the attic. One single ray of light penetrating a key-hole, guided him to the door of that singular chamber. He drew close and listened, unconscious of the act, for his anxiety had become intense, and Jacob thought of no forms then.

The rain beating upon the roof swallowed up all other sounds; but now and then a murmur reached his ear, broken but familiar as the pulses of his own heart. This was followed by tones that brought his teeth sharply together. They might be mellowed by distance, but to him they seemed soft and persuasive to a degree of fascination. He could not endure them, they glided through his heart like serpents distilling poison from every coil. He laid his hand upon the latch, hesitated, and then turning away crept through the darkness ashamed of what he had done. He an eves-dropper, and with her, his mistress. He paused on the top of a flight of steps beyond ear-shot, but with his eyes fixed upon that ray of light, humbled and crushed in spirit, for he had awoke as from a dream, and found himself listening. There the poor man sat down pale and faint with self-reproach.

Poor Jacob, his punishment was terrible! Minute after minute crept by, and each second seemed as an hour. Sometimes he sat with both hands clasped over

his face, and both knees pressed hard by his elbows. Then he would stand up in the darkness quiet as a statue; not a murmur could possibly reach his ear from the room. Still he held his breath, and bent forward like one listening. Keen anxiety forced the position upon him, but it could not impel him one step nearer the door.

He was standing thus, bending forward with his eyes, as it were, devouring the little gleam of light that fell so tranquilly through the key-hole, when the door was suddenly opened and Leicester came out. With the abrupt burst of light rushed a cry wild and quivering with anguish. Jacob sprang forward, seized Leicester by the arm, and after one or two fruitless efforts—for every word choked him as it rose, he said—

"Have you killed her? Is it murder?"

"A fit of hysterics, friend, nothing more!" was the cool reply.

Jacob strode into the chamber. His mistress lay prone upon the bed, her face pale as death, and a faint convulsion stirring her limbs.

He bent over her, and gently put the hair back from her temples with his great, awkward hand.

"She is not dead, nor hurt!" he murmured, and though his face expressed profound compassion, a gleam of wild joy broke through it all. "His scorn has wounded her, not his hand."

Still the poor lady remained insensible. There was a faint quivering of the eyelids, but no other appearance of life. Jacob looked around for some means of restoration, nothing was there. He flung up the window, and dashing open a shutter, held out his palm. It was soon full of water-drops, and with these he bathed her forehead and her pale mouth, while a gust of rain swept over her through the open sash. This aroused her, a shudder crept through her limbs, and her eyes opened. Jacob was bending over her tenderly as a mother watches her child.

She saw who it was, and rising fully to her elbow, put him back with one hand, while her eyes wandered eagerly around the room.

"Where—where is he?" she questioned; "oh, Jacob, call him back."

"No!" answered the servant, firmly, notwithstanding his voice shook—"no, I will not call him back! To-morrow you would not thank me for doing it!"

She turned her head upon the pillow, and closing her eyes, murmured—

"Leave me then-leave me!"

Jacob closed the window, and folding the quilt softly over her, went out. He had half descended the first flight of steps, when a voice from the bottom arrested his attention.

"Here yet!" he muttered, springing down into the darkness, and like a wild beast guided by the instinct of his passion, he seized Leicester by the arm.

"Softly, softly, friend," exclaimed that gentleman, with a low, calm intonation, though one hand was upon his revolver all the time. "Oblige me by releasing your fingers just the least in the world: my arm is tender as a lady's, and your fingers seem made of iron."

"We grasp rattlesnakes hard when we do touch

them," muttered Jacob, fiercely, "and close to the throat, it strangles back the poison."

"Never touch a rattlesnake at all, friend, it is a desperate business, I assure you; they are beautiful reptiles, but rather dangerous to play with. Oh, I am glad that your fingers relax, it would have been unpleasant to shoot a fellow creature here in the dark, and with a gentle lady close by."

"Would it?" muttered Jacob, between his teeth.

The answer was a light laugh that sounded strangely in that silent dwelling.

"Your hand once more, friend; after all this darkness makes me quite dependant on your guidance," said the voice again.

There was a fierce struggle in Jacob's bosom, but at last his hand was stretched forth and clasped with the soft, white fingers, whose bare touch filled his soul with loathing.

"This way, I will lead you safely!"

"Why how you tremble, friend, not with fear, I hope."

"No, with hate!" were the words that sprang to the honest lips of Jacob Strong, but he conquered the impulse to utter them, and only answered—"I'm not afraid!"

"Faith, but it requires courage to grope one's way through all this darkness: every step puts our necks in danger."

Jacob made no answer to this observation, he had reached the lower hall, and with a rapid step moved toward the front entrance. The moment they gained the open air Jacob wrenched his hand from the other's grasp, and hurrying down the steps opened the carriage door. The rain prevented any further questioning on the part of Leicester, and he took his seat in silence.

Jacob climbed up to the driver's seat, and then took possession of the reins; the man submitted quietly, glad to gather himself closer in his overcoat. A single crack of the whip and off went the dripping horses, plunging furiously onward through the darkness, winding round whole blocks of buildings, doubling corners, and crossing one street half a dozen times, till it would have puzzled a man in broad daylight to guess where he was going, or whence he came. At length the carriage dashed into Broadway, and downward to the Astor House.

The driver kept his seat, and Jacob once more let down the carriage-steps. The drive had given him time for deliberation. He was no longer a slave to the rage that an hour before seemed to overpower his strength—rage that had changed his voice, and even his usual habits of language.

"Come in—come in!" said Leicester, as he ran up the steps, "I wish to ask a question or two."

Jacob made no answer, but followed in a heavy, indifferent manner. All his faculties were now under control, and he was prepared to act any part that might present itself.

Leicester paused in the lobby, and, turning round, cast a sharp glance over Jacob's person. It was the first time that he had obtained a full view of those harsh features. Leicester was perplexed: was this the man who had guided him through the dark passages

of the mansion house? or was it only the coachman? The profound darkness had prevented him seeing that another person occupied the driver's seat when he left the carriage; and Jacob's air was so like a brother of the whip that it puzzled even his acute penetration. The voice-Leicester had a faultless ear, and was certain that in the speech he should detect the man. He spoke, therefore, in a quiet, common way, and took out his purse.

"How much am I to pay you my fine fellow?" he

"What you please. The lady paid, but then its a wet night, and-

"Yes, yes, will that do?" cried Leicester, drawing forth a piece of silver. The voice satisfied him that it was the coachman only. The former tone had been quick, peremptory, and inspired with passion, now it was calm, drawling, and marked with something of a down East twang; nothing could have been more unlike than that voice then and an hour before.

Jacob took the money, and moving toward the light examined it closely.

"Thank you, sir: I suppose its a genuine half dollar," he said, turning away with the business-like air he had so well assumed.

Leicester laughed-"of course it is-but stop a moment, and tell me-if it is within the limits of your geographical knowledge-where I have been travelling to-night?"

"Sir!" answered Jacob, turning back with a perplexed look.

"Where have I been? What number and street was it to which you drove me?"

"The street. Wal, I reckon it was Twenty-Eighth street, sir."

"Oh, yes, and the number?"

"It isn't numbered just there, sir, I believe."

"But you know the house?"

"Yes, sir, that is I suppose I know it. The man told me when to stop, so I didn't look particularly myself."

"The man, what was he, a servant or a gentleman?"

"Now raly, sir, in a country where all are free and equal, it is dreadful difficult to tell which is which sometimes. He acted like a hired man to the lady, and like a gentleman to me, that is in the way of renunciation!"

"Renunciation-remuneration, you mean!"

"Wal, yes, maby I do!" answered Jacob, shaking the rain from his hat, "one word is jest as good as 'tother, I calculate, so long as both on 'em are about } the same length."

"So you could find the house again?" persisted Leicester, intent upon gaining some information regarding his late adventure.

"Wal, I guess so."

"Very well: come here to-morrow, and I will employ you again."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Stop a moment, leave me your card: the number of your back, and-

A look of profound horror came over Jacob's face.

Leicester laughed.

"I mean the tickets you give to travellers that they may know where to get a carriage."

Jacob began to search his pockets with great fervor. but in vain as the reader may well suppose.

"Wal, now, did you ever, I hain't got the least sign of one about me."

"No matter, tell me your number, that will do!"

The first combination of figures that entered Jacob's head, was given with a quiet simplicity that left no suspicion of their truthfulness.

"Very well: come to-morrow, say at two o'clock." Jacob made an awkward bow. In truth, with his loose joints and ungainly figure, this was no difficult exploit.

"A minute more. Should you know that lady again?"

"Should I know her!" almost broke from Jacob's lips, but he forced back the exclamation, and though his frame trembled at the mention of his mistress, he answered naturally as before.

"Wal, it was dark, but I guess that face ain't one to forget easy."

"You may be sent for again, perhaps by the same person."

"Jest as likely as not!"

"You seem a shrewd, sensible fellow, friend!"

"Wal, yes, our folks used to say so."

"And pick up a little information about almost everybody, I dare say!"

"Wal, I am generally considered purty wide awake!"

"Very well, just keep an eye on this lady; make a little inquiry in the shops and groceries about the neighborhood, I should like to learn more about her. You understand!"

Jacob nodded his head.

"You shall be well paid for the trouble, remember that!"

"Jest so!" was the composed answer.

"Very well, call to-morrow: the man will bring you to my rooms," said Leicester, turning away.

"I will," muttered Jacob, in a voice so changed that Leicester's suspicions must have returned had it reached his ear.

The next moment the fictitious driver came rushing down the Astor House steps. He dashed the silver impetuously upon the pavement, and plunged into the carriage.

"Drive to Union Park, and let me out there," he shouted to the coachman, then sinking back in the seat and knitting his great hands hard together, he muttered through his teeth-"the villain-oh! the villain, how cool he was!"

CHAPTER VI.

LEICESTER went to his room humming a tune as he moved along the passages. Soft and low the murmurs fell from his lips like the suppressed cooing of a bird, now and then he paused to brush the moisture from his coat-once he fell into thought, and stood for more than a minute with his eyes bent upon the floor. One "Cards, sir, I never touched the things in my hull life." \() of those lone wanderers in hotels that sit up to help off



early travellers, happened to pass just then, and interrupted his reverie.

- "Oh, is it you Jim," said Leicester, starting, "I
- "Yes, sir, I just looked in to see if the young gentleman was comfortable," answered the man.
 - "What young gentleman, Jim?"
- "Why one that called just after you went out, sir, I told him you left no word, and might be in any minute, so he has been waiting ever since."

This information seemed to disturb Leicester a little, but he checked a visible impulse to speak again and moved on.

Leicester found in his chamber a young man, or rather lad, for the intruder did not seem to be more than eighteen. His complexion was fair as an infant's, and silky as an infant's were the masses of chestnut curls wound with a tinge of gold that lay upon his white forehead. The boy was sound asleep in the large, easy chair. One cheek lay against the crimson dressing-gown which Leicester had flung across the back of his chair on going out. The other was warmed to a rich rose tint by the heat. His lips, red and lustrous as over-ripe cherries, were just parted till the faintest gleam of his teeth became visible. The lad was tall for his age, and every limb was rounded almost to a tone of feminine symmetry. His hands, snowy, somewhat large, and dimpled at the joints, lay on his chest indolently, as if they had been clasped and were falling apart in his slumber, while each elbow fell against rather than rested upon the arms of his seat.

An air of voluptuous quiet hung about the boy. The wine gleaming redly in the half filled glasses, the fragments of Leicester's meal scattered about, all the rich tints that filled the room floated around him, like the atmosphere in a warmly toned picture. Leicester observed this as he entered the room, and, with all feelings of an artist, the first thing he did, was to change one of the candles, that its beams might fall more directly on the boy's face, and fling a deeper shadow in the back ground.

The deep sweet slumber of youth possessed the boy, and even the increased light did not arouse him, he only stretched himself more indolently, and, while one of his hands fell down, began to breathe deep and free again—the motion loosened several folds of the dressing-gown, adding a more picturesque effect to the position. Leicester smiled, and leaning against the mantel-piece, began to study the effect quietly, for he was one of those men whose refinement in selfishness forbade the abridgement of a pleasurable sensation, however ill-timed it might be. The boy smiled in his sleep. He was evidently dreaming, and the glow that spread over his cheek grew richer, as if the slumbering thought was a joyous one.

Leicester's brow darkened. There was something in that soft sleep, in the warm smile, that seemed to awake memorics of his own youth. He gazed on, but his eye grew vicious in its expression, as if he were beginning to loath the youth for the innocence of his look. Again the boy moved and muttered something in his sleep—it was a female name; Leicester heard it and laughed softly.

At another time, Leicester would not have hesitated to arouse the boy, for it was deep in the night, and he was not one to break his own rest for the convenience of another—but he had been greatly excited, notwithstanding that cool exterior. Old memories had been raked up in his heart—pure as some memories of youth ever must be, breaking through a nature vile as his—like water-lilies dragged up from the depths of a dark pool. Those memories had disturbed the very dregs of his heart, and when thus disturbed, some pure waters had gushed up, mingled with much that was black and bitter. He had no inclination for sleep, none for solitude, and with the whole being thus aroused, anything which promised to occupy thought without touching upon feeling was a relief.

It would not do. The exquisite taste, the intense love of artistical effect that brightened his nature, could not long check his spirit of those thoughts that found in everything a stimulus. In vain he strove to confine himself to simple admiration as he gazed upon each new posture assumed by the sleeping boy. His own youth rose before him in the presence of youth asleep. He made a powerful effort at self-control. He said to his thought, so far shalt thou go and no farther. But the light which gleamed across the throat of that ruin-lost boy, exposed by the low collar and simple black riband was something far more intense than the beams of a waxen candle. Spite of himself it illuminated the many dark places in his own soul, and forced him to see that which existed there.

Thus he fell into a reverie dark and sombre, from which he awoke at length with a profound sigh. The boy still smiled in his sleep. Leicester could no longer endure this blooming human life so close to him, and yet so unconscious. He laid his hand on the youth's shoulder and aroused him.

- "Robert!"
- "Ha. Mr. Leicester. Is it you?" cried the boy starting up and opening a pair of large gray eyes to their fullest extent. "Really, I must have been asleep in your chair, and dreaming too. It was not the wine, upon my honor. I only drank half a glags."
- "And so you were dreaming?" said Leicester, with a sort of chilly sadness. "The vision seemed a very pleasant one!"

The lad glanced at the miniature on the mantelpiece, and his eyes flashed under their long lashes.

- "The last object I saw was that," he said. "It haunted me I suppose."
 - "You think it pretty then?" was the quiet rejoinder.
- "Pretty! beautiful! I dreamed she was with me in one of those far off isles of the ocean which Tom Moore talks about. Such fruit, ripe, luscious, and bursting with fragrance. Flowers moist with dew, and fairly dripping with sunshine. Grass upon the banks softer than moss, and greener than emerald. Water so pure, leaping—"
- "It was a pleasant dream, no doubt," said Leicester, quietly, interrupting the lad.
- "Pleasant, it was Heavenly. That lovely creature, so bright, so--"
- "Do you know how late it is?" said Leicester, seating himself in the easy chair, and bringing the boy down from his fancies with the most ruthless coldness.

- "No, really. I had been waiting sometime, that is ertain. Then the dream-but one never guesses at the length of time when
 - "It is near one o'clock!"
- "And you are sleepy—wish me away—well, good bye then !"
- "No; but I wish to talk of something beside childish visions.''
 - "Childish!" The boy's cheek reddened.
- "Well, youthful, then, that is the term, I believe. Now tell me what you have been doing. How do you like the counting-house?"
- "Oh, very well. I'm sure it seems impossible to thank you enough for getting me in."
 - "Have the firm raised your salary yet?"
 - "No: I have not ventured to mention it!"
 - "You have won their confidence, I trust,"
- "I have tried my best to deserve it," answered the boy, modestly.

Leicester frowned. The frank honesty of this speech seemed to displease him.

- "They are beginning to trust you in things of importance with the book business, perhaps?"
 - " Yes, sometimes!"
- "That looks very well, and your writing. I hope you have attended to the lessons I gave you. Without faultless penmanship, a clerk is always at disadvantage."
- "I think you will not be displeased with my progress, sir."
- "I am glad of it. It would grieve me, Robert, should you fall short in anything, after the recommendation I procured for your employers."
- "I never will, sir, depend upon it, I never will if study and hard work will sustain me," answered the youth, earnestly.
- "I do not doubt it. Now tell me about your companions, your amusements."
 - "Amusements, sir, how can I afford them?"
 - "Certainly the salary is too small!"
- "I did not compiain. In fact, I suppose it is large enough for the services!"
 - "Still you work all the time?"
 - "Of course I do!"
- "And those who receive twice-nay, three times your salary do no more."
- "That is true!" answered the boy, thoughtfully, "but then I am so young!"
- "But you have more abilities than many of those above you who are far hetter paid."
- "Do you think so-really think so, Mr. Leicester?" said the youth, blushing with honest pleasure.
- "I never say what I do not think!" answered the crafty man with quiet dignity, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the boy, for he was reading every impulse of that warm young heart. "You have abilities of a high order, industry, talent, everything required for success-but remember, Robert, the reward for those qualities comes as slowly, as society is regulated, and sometimes never comes at all. The rich blockhead often runs far in advance of the poor genius."

The youth looked grave. A spirit of discontent was creeping into his heart. "I thought that with integrity and close application I should be sure to succeed like squite equal her in somethings. It is a little too sad.

- others," he said, "but I suppose poverty will stand in the way. Strange that I did not see that before."
 - "See what, Robert?"
- "Why, that starting poor I am only the more likely to be kept in poverty. I remember now one of our clerks, no older than I am, was promoted only last week. His father was a rich man, and it was whispered that he would sometime be a junior partner in the concern."
 - "You see then what a little money can do."
- " Well, after all, my good old aunt has money, more than people imagine, I dare say!" cried the boy, brightening up.
- "What, the old lady in the market? Take my advice, Robert, and never mention her."
 - "And why not?" questioned the boy.
- "Because selling turnips and cabbage sprouts might not be considered the most aristocratic way of making money among your fellow clerks."

The boy changed countenance, his eye kindled and his lip began to curve.

- "I shall never be ashamed of my aunt, sir. She is a good, generous woman-
- "No doubt, no doubt. Go and proclaim her good qualities among your companions, and see the result. For my part, I think the state of society which makes any honest occupation a cause of reproach, is to be condemned by all honorable men. But you and I, Robert, cannot hope to change the present order of things, and without the power to remedy we have only to submit. So take my advice and never talk of that fine old huckster woman among your fellow clerks."

Robert was silent. He stood gazing upon the floor, his cheeks hot with wounded feeling, and his eyes half full of tears. When he spoke again there was trouble in his voice.

- "Thank you for the advice, Mr. Leicester, though I must say it seems rather cold-hearted. I will go now, excuse me for keeping you up so late."
- "You need not go on that account," said Leicester, "I am not certain of going to sleep at all before morning!"
- "And I," said Robert, with a faint smile, "somehow this conversation makes me restless. That sweet dream from which you aroused me will not be likely to came back again to-night!"

Robert glanced at the miniature as he spoke, and a glow of admiration kindled the mist still hanging about his eves.

- "Perhaps," said Leicester, stoutly, and with his keen glance fixed upon the boy, "perhaps I may introduce you to her some day."
- "To her?" cried the youth. "Alive! is there any being like that alive?"

His face was in a glow, and a bright smile flashed over it. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the boy's face that moment.

Leicester regarded him with a faint smile. Like a chemist, he was experimenting upon the beautiful nature before him, and like a chemist he watched the slow, subtle poison that he had administered.

"Alive and breathing, Robert, the picture does not

The quick sparkle of her more joyous look no artist can embody. But you shall see her."

- "I shall see her!" muttered Robert, turning his eyes from the miniature. "What if my dream were to prove correct?"
- "What—the lone Island, the flowers, the magical fruit!" said Leicester, with a soft laugh that had a mocking tone in it.
- "That was not all my dream. It seemed to me that she was in trouble, and in all her beauty and her grief, became my guardian angel."
- "You could not select anything more lovely for the office, I assure you," answered Leicester.
- "She must be good as she is beautiful," answered the boy, turning an earnest glance on his companion, for without knowing it, his sensitive nature had been stung by the sarcasm lurking in the soft tones in which Leicester had spoken.
- "At your age all women seem like angels," was the rejoinder.
- "And at yours, what are they then?" questioned the
- "Women!" answered Leicester with a scornful curve of the lip, and a depth of sarcasm in his voice, that made the youth shrink.

The arch hypocrite saw the impression his unguarded bitterness had made, and added, "but this one really is an angel. I may not admire her as much as you would, Robert, but she is an exquisite creature, timid as a young fawn, delicate as a flower!"

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed Robert with enthusiasm, for this frank praise had obliterated all impression made by the sarcasm in Leicester's voice.

- "And now," said Leicester, taking his hat from the table, "as you seem quite awake, and as I positively cannot sleep, what if we take a stroll?"
- "Where could we go at this time of night?" said Robert, surprised by the proposition.
- "I have a great fancy to let you see the inside of a gambling house for once," was the quiet reply.
- "A gambling house! Oh, Mr. Leicester!"
- "I have often thought," said Leicester, as if speaking to himself, "that the best way of curing that ardent curiosity with which youth always regards the unseen is to expose evil at once in all its glare and iniquity. The gambling house is sometimes a fine moral school. Robert, have you never heard grown men assert as much?"

Robert did not answer, but a cloud settled on his white forehead, and taking his cap from Leicester, who held it toward him, he began to crush it nervously with his hand.

"The storm is over, I believe," observed Leicester, without seeming to observe his agitation. "Come, we shall be in time for the excitement when it is most revolting."

Robert grew pale and shrunk back.

- "Not with me!" cried Leicester, turning his eyes full upon the boy with a look of overwhelming reproach, "are you afraid to go with me, Robert?"
- "No. I will go anywhere with you!" answered the youth, almost with a sob, for that look of reproach from his benefactor wounded him to the heart. "I will go anywhere with you!"

And he went.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUMMER.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

Joyous Summer! it is sitting,
Sitting by the streams;
Sitting with the woodland graces
In their fond familiar places,
Where the song-bird, seldom flitting,
Sings his noon-day dreams.
Yes! gay Summer! it is sitting,
Sitting by the streams.

Georgeous Summer! it is shining,
Shining in the woods;
Shining where the elms and larches
Swing in broad, impending arches,
With the sycamore inclining
Over chrystal floods.
Yes! clear Sammer! it is shining,
Shining in the woods.

Mellow Summer! it is glowing,
Glowing on the plain;
Glowing on the sultry meadows,
Where the oak trees throw cool shadows
For the lusty reapers mowing
Through the yellow grain.
Yes! bright Summer it is glowing,
Glowing on the plain.

Merry Summer! it is smiling, Smiling on the glade; Smiling on the leafy tresses Of the valley's dim recesses, Where the flocks, the day beguiling, Loiter in the shade. Yes! blithe Summer, it is smiling, Smiling on the glade.

Gentle Summer! it is stealing,
Stealing by the road;
Stealing through the glen with flowers,
Through the green, inviting bowers,
Where the Pilgrim, gladly kneeling,
Rests him from his load.
Yes! sweet Summer it is stealing,
Stealing by the road.

Lovely Summer! we will sadden, Sadden when it dies; Sadden when we oft remember, In the days of dark November, How our eyes would beam and gladden, Gazing on its skies. Yes! dear Summer we will sadden, Sadden when it dies.

EDITORS' TABLE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mardi and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Omeo and Typee by the same author were announced as descriptions of facts. This is professedly fiction. We can see but little difference in the probabilities. There is to us but one fact in regard to them—they are "mightily agreeable." Some are so sceptical as to doubt the existence of Herman Melville. When they see the dedication they must deny the substantiality of a brother also. This they probably will not do, as the age of doubt is passed—faith is the order of the day.

Mardi will be found by the skimmer a book of interest, of novelty and peculiar imagination. He who ploughs deeper will throw up gems of thought, delicate sarcasms and sly allusions, to say nothing of quaint words and oddly termed expressions. As an exponent of character, the work shows the author to be a man of thought and high principle—not wedded to any form of bigotry, but one capable of seeing the good and beautiful in any guise. As a work of value, in the modern phraseology, we trust that Mardi will prove a California—all certainly who have read the former works will be in a fever to peruse this—and that this happy vein of our friend may be as productive as its contents are brilliant.

The Adirondack; or, Life in the Woods. By J. T. Headley, author of Washington and his Generals. 1 vol. 8 vo. pp. 288. New York: Baker & Scribner.

In this very pleasant volume Mr. Headley has given us the story of his tour among the mountains of Northern New York. We miss the inflation too often found in "Napoleon and his Marshals," and in "Washington and his Generals," and in its place have a rational and easy, though occasionally careless narrative style. On the whole we like the change There are some very spirited pages in the volume, which carry us away irresistibly into the wild scenery of the Adirondacks, until we seem, with the anthor, to hear the scream of the eagle, or behold the thunder-storm collecting on the mountain tops. Buy the book!

Man Primeval; or, The Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being. A contribution to Theological Science. By John Harris, D. D. Author of Mammon, the Pre-Adamite Earth, etc., etc. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Liscoln.

This is a very valuable book. Open it where you will, matter for thought is found. The arguments are sound; the style is terse; and the amount of knowledge compressed into it is wonderful. It is creditable to the taste of the country to record the fact that Harris' former works have attained an unusual popularity; and the present volume, we have no doubt, will soon be in thousands of households. The book is neatly printed, and embellished with a portrait of the author.

Memoirs of My Life. By Alphonse de Lamartine. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

These, which are published as authentic, and prefaced by the author with a letter explaining the causes of their appearance, are beautifully written, though, to our taste, the sentiment is overcharged. The story of Graziella is one of the most fascinating things of its kind in the literature of any language. Eighteen Hundred and Twelve. A Novel. Translated from the German of Lewis Rellstab. New York: Burgess & Stringer.

This is a noble fiction, notwithstanding it contains some sentiments too peculiarly German for us who never did, and never can allow the slightest shadow of transcendentalism into our common place nature; but there are plenty of intellectual and most worthy people to whom the sentiment of this book will be its chief recommendation. So while we admire it for its power—for its wild, vivid description, others will find excellence suited to their peculiar taste in the narrative. The battle scenes are grand; the horrors of Napoleon's Russian campaign were never so vividly portrayed before.

Macauley's History of England. 2 vols. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.

This is a neat octave edition, not quite so handsome as that of the Harpers', but printed after the orthography of the English edition, which, with some, may prove a recommendation. It is sold at a dollar per volume. To meet this, the Harpers' have reduced their edition, originally held at two dollars per volume, to seventy-five cents a volume. Between the two the public cannot fail to be satisfied. Whoever buys either edition is sure to get his money's worth.

Hibbs? Universal History. New York: Desoitt & Daven-

This excellent work is already completed to the second volume, and of that four numbers have been issued. We are acquainted with no work of the kind that contains a greater amount of valuable knowledge, or that is more worthy of the large and increasing circulation which the author's merits have insured to it. The publishers are doing themselves credit by the neat and substantial form in which the work is issued.

The Gold Mines of the Gila. By Charles W. Webber. 2 vols. New York: Devoitt & Davenport.

This is a sequel to "Old Hicks, the Guide," one of the raciest fictions of frontier life we ever read. The present work is scarcely inferior to its predecessor. In addition to his mere obvious purpose of amusement, the author has another, which is to direct public attention to that vast unexplored region, lying between the Gila and the Great Salt Lake, a district that, according to tradition and legend, abounds with gold.

Republican Christianity; or, True Liberty, as exhibited in the Life, Precepts, and Early Disciples of the Great Redeemer. By E. L. Magoon. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

The title of this work well expresses its character. We can recommend it to those persons who are interested in theology, or in the studies pertaining to it. Mr. Magoon is a bold thinker, and holds very decided opinions, in which all readers, however, will not coincide. The publishers have issued his volume in a very elegant style.

History of Charles II. 1 vol. New York: Harper &

Another of Abbott's delightful little histories, creditable alike to the author and publisher. When the series is completed it will form a most valuable juvenile library of itself. Valerie. By the late Captain Marryatt. 1 vol. Philada: Carey & Hart.

The author did not live to complete this fiction, but it has been finished by a very competent hand. The earlier portions of the novel remind us of the best pages of "Peter Simple."

My Uncle the Curate. By the author of "The Backelor of the Albany." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This comparatively new writer is an admirable humorist, and sketches certain kinds of characters with great vivacity and truth. His novels always repay perusal.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Our fashion plate, this month, is one of unusual beauty. We have the pleasure, in addition to this, of laying before our readers some very valuable novelties, as well as full descriptions of children's costumes for the summer.

Fig. 1.—Gentleman's Walking Dress —A frock coat of black or blue single milled kersymere, or of cashmerette; a waistcoat of white Marsailles; a fancy colored cravat; and pantaloons of striped linen, or white duck.

Fig. 11.—A LADY's DRESS of summer silk, of alternate stripes of white and lilac, with a figure in the white stripe. The skirt quite full, with side trimmings of silk gymp and tassels. The corsage is nearly high, with a tight back, and open half way down the front. A small cape is put on around the neck, falling rather lower behind than on the shoulders, and coming to a point in front where the body meets-this is finished with fringe. Sleeves plain at the top, but slightly widened below the elbow, and opening on the back of the arm. They are trimmed with fringe, and are sufficiently short to show a cambric under-sleeve. with a fine lace ruffle falling over the hand. The chemisette is handsomely worked, and finished by a goffered lace ruffle about the neck. A mantelet of lilac glace silk cut round behind, with long round ends in front. Two rows of black lace placed on rather full, the lower one wider than the upper, and each headed by a ruche of the silk. A bonnet of French gymp, trimmed with a green plaid riband crossed around the crown, with a bow on the top, and a riband cape. Gaiters to match the dress, and straw colored kid gloves complete the costume.

Lan's Dress.—One of the prettiest we have seen is that composed of a mousquetair jacket of summer cloth, with facings of braid and ornamental buttons. The skirt rounded in front. Waistcoat of white pique, or Marsailles. Gray trousers, cut wide, so as to hang loosely at the lower part, like sailor's trousers. Boots of black glazed leather, with cloth tops. A small square shirt collar of linen turning over.

A Young GRL's Dress is improved, where it is low in the neck, with short sleeves, by a chemisette of white cambric muslin, finished around the throat by a narrow frill, and having long sleeves in easy fulness confined at the wrists by narrow bands. This is very beautiful for a street dress, when it makes a cape and mittinsuscless. The pantelettes are made very wide, and are generally trimmed with a ruffle nearly a finger deep, although some are vandyked or needle-worked. They are made to come an inch or so above the top of the boot. Bonnets of Dunstable straw are trimmed with three rows of very narrow riband crossed on the top, and a rosette of the same on each side.

EFFORTS ARE BRING MADE to revive the exceedingly short waist. We pray in the name of beauty that the attempt may not succeed—nothing can be more ungraceful than a waist placed several inches above where nature intended it to be: it gives the lower limbs a most awkward length. We think the style will take but little as the Parian rulers

of fashion are still making the corsages long, although with but little point generally. Some few, however, have been made with the point rather sharp, and divided in two like the nib of a pen; this has a pretty effect besides being a novelty.

THE NECKS OF DRESSES are mostly cut much lower in front than they were a short time ago. They come to a point about half way down the waist, and have under them a chemisette shaped to correspond with the corsage, finished by a trimming of lace. When chemisettes are worn with low-necked dresses, they should be trimmed at the top by a band of worked insertion, (under which a riband can be passed at pleasure) surmounted by a narrow lace. A dress made of a plaided material, with tight back and front, cut bias, looks well. The backs of dresses are now cut with side bodies which are stitched on, instead of being corded as was the custom when they were worn years ago.

SLEEVES are made quite short at the wrists, so as to afford sufficient room for muslin under-sleeves. These are generally made with a puff at the wrist, though we think a fall of rich, wide lace is much more becoming to the hand. For warm weather, pagoda sleeves, coming only to the elbow, and trimmed with lace, are very beautiful. These sleeves are plain at the top, and widen very much at the elbow, over which they fall, and are gathered up on the inside just above the bend of the arm.

MANY SILES have the flounces trimmed with two or three rows of narrow braid, corresponding with the color of the dress; in dark silks, black braid is often used. Pinked folds slightly fulled on, are, however, much worn. Some folds are put on entirely plain with a cord, and have the bottom bound with silk half an inch in depth; this is a beautiful finish. The skirts are made quite full, further off than ever from the gores, which made a lady look as though she had borrowed her husband's wrapper for a promenade dress.

AMONG THE NEW SILES some of the most beautiful are purple and silver, blue and silver, light green and gold, and purple and gold changeable, with a very minute satin vine running closely through it. There has appeared in Paris a new material, called tulle-barege, which has the transparency of muslin, and will be found suitable for summer wear; it is made of the finest Spanish wool, and printed in a variety of rich patterns and colors, like those of mousselines de laines.

WREATHS composed of foliage and bunches of fruit have lately been worn in the hair for evening costume. Grapes, cherries, currants, &c., are made in these bunches; they have become fashionable ornaments for straw bonnets.

LACE IS VERY MUCH EMPLOYED in trimming bonnets. For Leghorns and chips, field flowers are used, but perhaps almond blossoms, lilacs and peach blossoms are the most elegant. Black lace bonnets (when not intended for half mourning) should be trimmed with nothing but pink flowers, as any other color looks dull. Moss rose-buds are the most beautiful, a cluster on each side tastefully disposed, with face trimming to correspond.

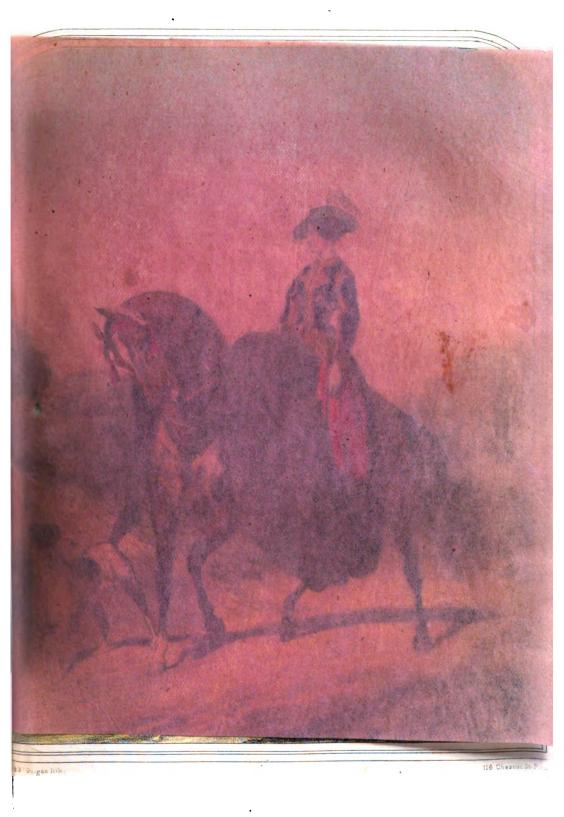
Bags have come into use again. They are mostly made with four or six sides, to about the middle of the bag, which has a row of fringe around it. These sides are then plaited in so as to form a point, which is finished with a tassel. They are a pretty article of dress, though not so convenient as the housewifely pocket.

GAITERS are made entirely of lasting; the patent leather toe having had its day. They are not nearly so pretty as those lately worn, particularly if made of a light material—a lady seems to be walking in her stocking feet. Our belles disdain the slipper except as a house shoe—and certainly the gaiter is more becoming, though not so comfortable for warm weather.

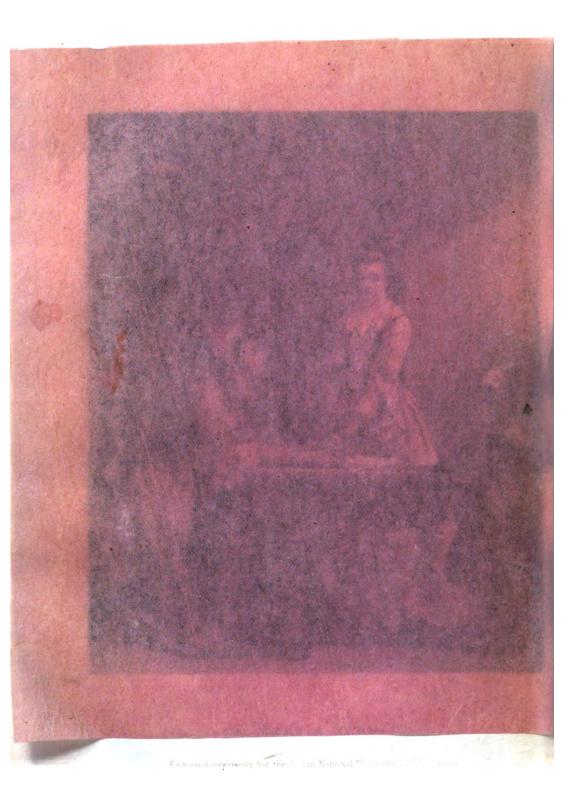


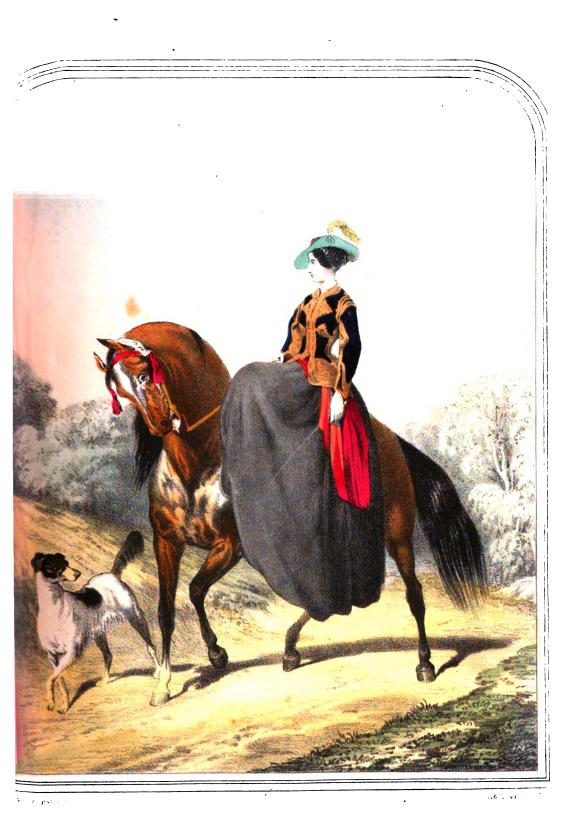


growing was a constraint of the second



colte.





EDITH.





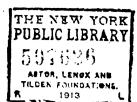
GRANDFATHER'S ARM-CHAIR.











PETERS AGAZINE.

Vol. XVI.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1849.

No 1.

THE GENTLE WARNING.

BY JANE WEAVER.

In a neat apartment of an old colonial mansion, still , the latter was but seven. Almost the last words of the standing in one of the neighboring states, might have been seen, nearly a century ago, two persons. Both were females, and both were lovely. One who seemed the senior, sat in a carved chair, before a table of curious workmanship, on which lay an open letter, to which she pointed with one hand, while with the other she held that of her companion, on whom she gazed earnestly, as if in expostulation.

This companion was standing. She did not return the gaze of the other, but looked down half pettishly. Though younger than the speaker, she was scarcely more beautiful. The one indeed was the slender bud, the other the matured flower. They were orphans and sisters

"Rosa, dear," said the elder, "do not be angry, for I spoke for your good. This letter, which, by a mistake in the superscription, I received and read, is, I find, intended for you; and it comes from one as hollow-hearted as he is insidious. Lord Beauchampe is a man of the world and a profligate, and, believe me, he means to trifle with you."

Her listener had heard her in motionless silence, but now she angrily jerked away her head.

"Nay! dear sister," said the elder, "you must hear me. By the memory of our sainted mother, who bade me watch over you, I charge you to listen to my warning. We are but provincials, and, though wealthy, without rank. Lord Beauchampe is the son of a duke, and can choose from the richest and highest of England. Think you, then, that he would wed an unknown provincial? You would tell me that true love overlooks distinctions—so it would in a generous heart-but this man is notoriously selfish, vain, and profligate-he only seeks you to betray-

"You do him injustice. He is all that is noble and good," cried Rosa, with eyes sparkling with indignation. "But you are all my enemies here! you are angry that he does not love you."

And the beautiful girl had flaunted from the room; while her sister, with a sigh, felt that expostulation, at least at present, would do no good.

Never was there a greater difference between two characters, than between Bertha and Rosa Despencer. The former was thirteen when her mother died, while to her lover, deterred her.

dying woman had been to leave her youngest child to the charge of the eldest, in whom she already perceived a discretion and energy above her years. This task thus assigned to Bertha, had been a difficult one, for Rosa was as wilful and thoughtless as one sister had been obedient and discreet. In the endeavor to correct the faults of Rosa, Bertha had disciplined her own character, so that, at twenty-two, she was as near perfection, as any human creature can be. She had long been affianced to a young clergyman in the vicinity, but, mindful of her promise to her mother, she steadfastly refused to marry, while her sister remained so young.

A few months before our tale begins, a new governor had come out from England, and, in his train, appeared Lord Beauchampe. He was handsome and accomplished, but it required no superficial observer to see that he was without principle; and indeed it was currently rumored that he had been sent to America, into a kind of exile, in consequence of his extravagant vices at home. Rosa had been introduced to him at a ball at the government house. Inexperienced and vain, she believed all his flatteries, and when he sought her intimacy, her heart beat with visions of future greatness as his bride. Bertha, who read his character, endeavored to discountenance his visits. As she was mistress of the establishment, Lord Beauchampe, with all his polite impudence, dared not force himself on her acquaintance. Hence he was compelled to carry on his designs against Rosa in secret. The thoughtless, wilful girl first met him accidentally abroad, and then by appointment. Affairs had already progressed to a dangerous crisis, when a letter misdirected, fell into Bertha's hands, and revealed the peril of her sister.

Alone in her room, Rosa repented of her taunt to her sister. She knew that Bertha adored her betrot and that even the offer of a monarch's hand could not tempt her sister to desert Charles Vaughan. But Rosa believed that her sister was prejudiced against Lord Beauchampe; and though, at first, she thought of seeking Bertha, and asking her pardon for what she had said, the recollection of what she thought injustice "No," she soliloquized, "she has slandered Lord Beauchampe and she never will alter her opinion, I see. Why then should I wait for her consent? No! I will write at once to Harry. He loves me, I am sure. When I appear as his wife at the governor's court, then will Bertha do him justice."

It is impossible to describe the consternation which fell upon that hitherto innocent household, when, on the following morning, it was found that Rosa had not slept in her bed the night before. The sisters had parted at their usual hour of retiring. Bertha remembered that there had been more show of affection on Rosa's par than usual, but she had attributed it to her sister's regret for the cruel taunts uttered in the morning. Alas! she now understood it better. A note was left on Rosa's dressing-table, saying that, before morning, she should be far away, and that pursuit would be useless.

Bertha did not sit down to unavailing tears. These she reserved for the time, if it should come, when action would be too late. While the servants were wringing their hands, and the old nurse was bewaiting the loss of her darling, she despatched a footman for her lover, and sat down to consider what was best to be done. In less than fifteen minutes Charles Vaughan entered the room.

Handsome, accomplished, of finished manners, of unbounded abilities, truly pious, and as amiable as he was wise, the Rev. Mr. Vanghan was adored by his congregation, and looked up to by all. In every was worthy even of Bertha. She met him with a frank pressure of the hand, and then proceeded to the painful subject for which she had summoned him.

"Alas!" replied he, when she had finished her narrative, "I share in all your fears. It would be cruel as well as wicked to deceive you. There is not, in the four quarters of the globe, a more heartless villain than this Lord Beauchampe. It was but yesterday I heard that his arts had prevailed over the innocence of Ruth Stanley—the daughter of old Colonel Stanley, who, you know, has been living here, on half-pay, the last four years. The aged soldier will now go down broken-hearted to the grave."

"Oh! Charles," cried Bertha, interrupting him, "surely it is not too late to save my sister! If I were only a man—"

"Dearest," he replied, "you will not censure my apparent delay, as I see you do, when you have heard all. I sent, the instant your servant announced Rosa's flight, to learn where my lord had obtained post-horses for his carriage. He will soon be back. Nay! here he comes."

A knock was heard at the door as he spoke, and his groom entered, whispered a few words and retired.

"I have learned the road," he said, "and my own idde-horse is at the door, with another for my groom. It will be strange if, on my fleet horse, I can not overtake the fugitives, even though they have six hours start."

"God give you success!" cried Bertha, pressing his hand in farewell. "The anxiety will be greater for me, who remain, than for you, who pursue."

In another moment he was gone.

For several hours Vaughan pursued his way, urging his gallant animal to the utmost, and was already felicitating himself on having gained rapidly on the fugitives, when his horse stumbled and injured himself so much that it was found impossible to proceed. We shall not attempt to describe the anguish of the young clergyman in this emergency. Leaving him to his despair, which would have been complete but for his trust in Heaven, let us now follow the fugitives.

The exultation of Lord Beauchampe was at its height when he received, the day before, a note from Rosa, with the laconic words-"I consent." He immediately set about the preparations for his fell plot. He knew that Rosa had been so well brought up, that her ruin could only be effected by a sham ceremony of marriage, and hence his first duty was to despatch his valet, with another accomplice, and a full suit of canonicals, to a spot he designated in a neighboring colony. "By riding hard they can reach there before morning," he said, "and have every thing snugly arranged for us, when we arrive toward evening. The trick, of course, will be discovered soon, but, by that time, this little provincial beauty will be glad to remain mine on any terms." And the abandoned roue chuckled to himself.

True to his calculations, Lord Beauchampe, with Rosa at his side, rattled into the little village of Ba few minutes after dusk, on the day succeeding the elopement. The flying pair entered the inn, where a parlor had already been hired by the valet, and where a seeming minister, in his robes, waited for them. My lord had desired everything to be kept quiet, but this was impossible in a small country place like B--. The news that a wedding was to take place at the inn; that the priest, as well as the bride and groom, were strangers; and that the happy pair were to come in a chaise and four, a sort of equipage rarely seen in that remote district, had, somehow or other, got abroad: and the consequence was that, when my lord arrived, quite a crowd had collected at the inn door, nor could all the exertions of his valet, or even of the landlord restrain the public curiosity. When Rosa had been supported to the parlor, the spectators, with the rude freedom of a rural district, followed to its entrance, which they blocked up with a sea of faces.

"Is there no way to get rid of these gaping clowns?" said my lord, amazed, addressing mine host.

"I fear not, until the ceremony is over. You see, honored sir," Lord Beauchampe had concealed his rank and name, "that a wedding, by a priest, has never been known in these parts, and all are curious to witness one"

"Ah! then we will go on. Rosa, my dear," he said, turning to the poor girl, who, at this exposure, had drawn down her veil, and sat trembling, "are you ready? If so, we will proceed. My friend here," pointing to the disguised valet, "will give you away."

Whether it was the want of respect shown by the crowd, or the wakening of her conscience within her, Rosa felt, at that moment, as if she would have given worlds to have been back with her sister. She reflected, now for the first time, on the singularity of

her having been brought into another colony, to be married in a country tavern, when there were so many churches, in her own colony, where the ceremony could have been legally performed.

She rose, however, but still trembling. A fearful weight seemed on her heart. It was too late, however to recede, and the ceremony went on.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife," said the false priest, addressing his accomplice, "to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

The ready, but impious affirmative was already trembling on the lips of the deceiver, when a young female, as beautiful as Rosa, but less luxuriously attired, and with her countenance all disordered, rushed forward, and throwing herself at the feet of Lord Beauchampe, clasped his knees, and looked up into his face.

"Oh! my lord," she said, "do not perjure your immortal soul. You swore the same vow to me, to forsake all others, and now you have forsaken me. It was a false ceremony you tell me, but the rash vow was none the less heard and registered in Heaven."

But, when she had hurriedly got thus far in her passionate speech, Lord Beauchampe, who at first seemed struck dumb with astonishment, recovered himself, and with an oath spurned her from him. At this the poor creature turned to Rosa, who had stood bewildered, but now began to comprehend the scene.

The eyes of the two young females met. Rosa started in amazement. When last she had seen the fair creature at her knees, it had been at a gay ball, where the two disputed the suffrages of the evening How changed now was her former rival! Her haggard face, her sunken eyes, the disordered coiffure, made the once gay and happy Ruth Stanley scarcely recognizable. Both females knew each other in the same instant, and each pronounced the other's name.

"Oh! Rosa, have you too fallen a victim to his arts?" cried Ruth. "Just so he deceived me. There was a minister to marry me too, and you see how he now spurns me. He says it was all a deceit—that I am not his wife—that the babe I am to bear him will be the child of shame." And the poor, betrayed, broken-hearted girl broke into hysteric laughter.

Rosa was vain, thoughtless, and wilful, but she was neither wicked nor weak. When once aroused, she had almost the firmness of her sister. She had never heard of Ruth Stanley's ruin, but she could not doubt the truth of it, now when she saw the miserable victim of Lord Beauchampe's perfidy, writhing before her, and beheld consternation pictured in his guilty face. He saw Rose's eyes fixed on him, and rallying himself, advanced to her, saying, "this is some crazed creature, Miss Despencer. She has broke loose from her keepers—"

"Man," said Rosa, sternly, retreating a step, and drawing herself up, while she pointed to the convulsed victim before him, "beware! Touch me not! I thought you a gentleman, but find you a villain. Oh! why did I leave my home? But these good people,

I know, will protect me. As for you, repent, make reparation to her you have wronged, or the vengeance of God will, sooner or later, overtake you."

She spoke like some inspired prophetess, and the profligate quailed before her. Meantime the crowd, which now comprehended the whole story, rushed in, some to protect Rosa, whose proud scorn made all ready to die for her, some to succor Ruth now in violent hysterics, and some to visit summarily on Lord Beauchampe, the vengeance due to his crimes. Fortunately, the casement was close at hand, and the confusion great, so that he as well as his accomplices, managed to escape, and gaining the carriage which still stood with its smoking horses harnessed, fled from the village.

That night Rosa spent a penitent, at the bedside of Ruth. There she learned the whole sad story of the weeping victim, who after her abandonment, in order to hide her shame, had come to this obscure village. With others, she heard of the intended marriage at the inn, and the details were so much like those of her own, that it had awakened her curiosity; she stole out, and saved another from the fate of herself.

"It was the finger of Providence," said Rosa, weeping, and shuddering to think of the gulf she had escaped, "which led the villain here."

Toward morning, Vaughan reached the village, having, after several hours delay, procured a fresh horse. When he learned the almost miraculous escape of Rosa, he lifted his eyes to Heaven, and silently returned thanks. The rescued girl, completely subdued, wept on his shoulder, acknowledging her miserable vanity, and the justice of its punishment.

By this time it was daylight, and a magistrate asked to be admitted. He came to see Vaughan as a friend of Ruth Stanley. His intelligence was as unexpected as it was pleasant. "The villain," he said, "in seeking to outwit his victim, has outwitted himself: for, by the laws of this colony, the performance of the marriage ceremony, in the presence of twelve witnesses, whether intended to be real or not, is a legal and binding marriage, provided one of the parties chooses to consider it so."

It was easy to procure the legal number of witnesses to establish the fact of a ceremony having been performed between Ruth and Lord Beauchampe, which was accordingly done, and thus her name redeemed from disgrace. She never would consent, however, to see her profligate husband. He did not live long, but fell in a duel, with the brother of a lady he had insulted, about a year subsequent to the events of this story. The child of Ruth lived to inherit his estates.

Rosa was entirely cured of the great foible of her character, by these startling events; and soon almost rivalled Bertha in excellence and piety. Several years afterward she married a friend of Vaughan's, who knew all her history, but loved her because he saw her to be no longer the wilful Rosa of other days.

"Oh! Bertha," she would sometimes say, when she and her sister were alone, "I might have been spared the one great mortification of my life, if I had only taken your GENTLE WARNING."

THE TWO VISITS.

BY GRACE MANNERS.

"How did you enjoy the party last night, girls," said Mr. Chester, to his daughters.

"Oh, papa," replied Lizzy, "I was nearly fagged out. I danced every cotillion—waltz and polka, and was engaged for three or four more when we left, which are to stand over for the assembly to-morrow night."

"Pretty well for you," said her father; "and Mary, how were you pleased?" turning to his eldest daughter.

"Just as much as Lizzie, father. I danced until I could hardly stand, and then I flirted until I came away; so of course I liked it."

"Now, Lucy, my little niece, what say you of this your first ball among strangers?" asked Mr Chester, of a pretty arch-looking girl, who was seated next to him.

"I must say I had a delightful evening of course, I suppose, uncle. I danced, let me see," looking very thoughtful, "one whole cotillion, and half a walts; two gentlemen bowed to me, and three looked at me; so considering that I knew only about a dozen, and was a stranger, I had a pleasant time, and was very hospitably treated;" and she laughed merrily.

"Why, how did that happen, child?" said her uncle, looking annoyed; "and girls, what were you doing that you did not see after your cousin?"

"La! papa I was dancing in another room all the evening," replied Lizzie, "and thought Mary was with Lucy."

"And I am sure," said Mary, "I saw Lucy dancing with the greatest exquisite in the room, and afterward waltzing with him, so I thought she was getting on very well; and I did think, Lucy, you might have introduced him to us; but you seemed to want to keep him all to yourself. You had a regular flirtation with him."

"No wonder if she had," replied Mr. Chester, "as you left her to take care of herself. Who was he, Lucy?"

"Only my cousin, Harry Winslow. He has just returned from Europe, and of course we had a great deal to talk of. Don't he waltz nicely, Lizzie?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, "he does waltz to perfection, and I was in hopes you would introduce him to me, and that I should have a waltz with him; but he hurried you off into the entry again, where I suppose you finished your flirtation."

"Well, Lizzie, what was I to do?" said Lucy—"I did beg Harry to go and talk to some of the belies he knew; but when he found that I knew no one; and that you never came near me, he vowed he would not stir a step, and there he stayed talking of old times and of his travels, until Mrs. B—— came to ask him to take one of the married ladies into supper, and then I was left alone."

"And who took you in?" asked her uncle.

"Mr. Nobody," said Lucy, "for finding that I was likely to be the 'left ladye,' I ran up stairs into the dressing-room, and played with one of the children I found up there. And this is a full, true, and particular account of my first ball here. Don't you think it must have been pleasant, uncle?"

"Not very, Lucy, I must own, though I admire the spirit in which you take it, and am heartily ashamed for those of my own city, who had no more politeness to show a stranger."

"To tell the truth, uncle," said Lucy, "I did expect to be a little more noticed, especially as there were several of the beaux, who last winter were entertained at our house more than once, when your girls were with us; but they seem to have forgotten that, and me too; and so will I—I suppose I am not formed for the society here. My clothes are not fine enough, and my skin not fair enough for their tastes, and my purse not deep enough—so I must bear their neglect as I may."

"You give a high standard to our young men, Lucy, at any rate," said her Cousin Charles. "Complexion and clothes, and money is what you think they go by, a pretty compliment to us, by Jove."

"Jove did not tell me.so, any how," said Lucy. "But I never have heard the gentlemen that come here speak of anything else regarding the ladies, but their feet and hands, their complexion, dress, and wealth—so what am I think? But I will hear all that you have to say when I come from my walk with Mr. Winslow, Cousin Harry, as I always call him. Now he is handsome and rich, and yet he always mentions a lady's sense and manners before her feet and her money, and that I like."

"Are you going to walk with him this afternoon?" exclaimed both girls, in a breath. "Do bring him back to tea?"

"I will ask him," said Lucy; "but he is very odd." While Lucy is enjoying her walk with her very desirable cousin, we will take a small survey of past time, and tell who these young people are into whose society we have been introduced. Lucy Mason is the niece of Mrs. Chester; the daughter of her brother, who in early life had eloped with one of the greatest heiresses in Boston; his sister, Mrs. Chester, being very active in the affair, and professing great love for his wife. Mrs. Mason was in truth a most loveable and charming woman, and made her husband a devoted and worshipping wife; but riches she did not bring him, as her harsh, obstinate, unforgiving father never allowed her name to be mentioned in his presence, and actually hated her for having married the man she loved, young, handsome and clever, instead of the ugly, rich old stock-broker, to whom he had destined her. A year after her marriage, he married

himself; and having a son, formally announced his intention of leaving all to him, and cutting off his daughter entirely; and for twenty years had never seen her, or spoken of her. During this time a lovely family had grown up around her, and though far from rich, she had never regretted the step she had taken. excepting from the grief she felt at her father's anger, and her never seeing him. Her children of course knew of these circumstances; but so dearly did they love their handsome, indulgent father and their lovely mother, that no regrets for their want of fortune ever escaped them; and their cross old grandfather and his shining heaps was seldom thought of. Mrs. Chester was a very worldly person, her children were brought up to shine and attract, and above all, she worshipped wealth. When, therefore, all hopes of her brother becoming rich through his wife were given up, she cared less and less for either of them; and when Lucy came to return the visit her cousins had made her the preceding winter, she made as little of her as was possible without absolute neglect. Fortunately for Lucy she cared but little for such things, and knowing that being passed over at a ball, and not having splendid dresses, were neither of them great sins in other places, she was now laughing heartily with Harry over her last night's discomfitures, and doing her best to coax him to come home with her and be introduced to her cousins.

"No, I will not, Lucy," said he, "I am determined. I think their behaviour to you last night was too rude. They want to know me because I am rich, and for that I despise them. I mean you to have a pleasant evening to morrow night in spite of them. I am going to get the prettiest bouquet for you I can procure. I mean to waltz only with you, and I shall introduce to you two or three distingue friends I have met here; an English lord and a French viscount being among them, and you shall know them and your cousins shall not, if I can prevent it."

Lucy shook her head. "You cannot change the nature of the people here," she said, "they think of nothing but externals, and of the money that brings them. Now if my cross old grandfather would only forgive my dear mother, and one of his millions was known to be coming to us, I should become one of the greatest belies here."

"It is all very true," said Harry, "but why don't you thank me for my bouquet, especially as you know I don't often give such things?"

"Not on this Continent at any rate, my fine cousin," said Lucy, smiling. "I do thank you for it most heartily, however, and when I next write to Paris, I shall mention that I heard of you sending such gallantries to a young lady—shall I?"

"Willingly," replied he, "if you will only mention her name. It will be a great recommendation to me in that quarter."

"Ah! well, Harry, I will keep your secret. for the girls here hate rich young men to come here engaged: good-bye, don't forget the English lord and the French viscount to-morrow night, nor the bouquet." And so saying, she parted with her cousin at the door, to the great indignation of the young ladies, who were looking at them from behind the blinds.

Lucy punctually received her bouquet, fragrant, costly and beautiful, the most magnificent that could be procured evidently, and quite eclipsing those that her cousins had received from their admirers; but with it unfortunately came a note, announcing that the donor, very greatly to his chagrin, had been obliged by business of importance to leave there that afternoon for home, and with many regrets at missing the ball, he bade her good-bye. This was hard upon our little heroine. The dismal prospect of a solitary seat on a bench rose before her. Her bouquet seemed now a mockery to her feelings. As she feared, the public ball was but a repetition of her experience at the private one. Though pretty and tastefully dressed, and quite as handsome as her cousins, she was left alone—and with the exception of a waltz with her Cousin Charles, which for very shame's sake he felt obliged to ask her to take with him, and a cotillion with the French nobleman, whom she found she had known at home, she passed the evening sitting by the lady who chaperoned their party to the ball, and who was too busy fussing after her own fine daughters to care much for a young girl, whom she knew was neither very rich nor very fashionable at home.

Lucy was thoroughly mortified, and not a little provoked; and her mind was made up never to try another ball at B.—. Her cousins said, "they were sorry she did not enjoy herself;" but no thought of their own impoliteness ever struck them, and no recollection of the trouble she had taken that they should have a pleasant visit when with her, ever crossed their memories. She did not suit the taste of the beaux there, they thought, and as that must be her fault they cared nothing for it. Lucy finished her visit without again trying another ball, and without being missed or asked after, and returned to her home liking her own city, and her own people better than ever.

A year and a half afterward she repeated her visit. and what a charming, charming creature her cousins and their friends then found her! Her coming was announced weeks before, and her presence solicited at parties prior to her arrival-nay! the assembly even was postponed a week in order to be certain that Miss Mason's presence would grace it. Visitors crowded to Mr. Chester's in the morning, and every evening a levee of beaux gladdened the eyes of his daughters, and bowed obsequiously before their cousin. neglected Miss Lucy Mason of a former visit, was now the belle triumphant; her witticisms, which formerly were just smiled at, were now applauded and repeated as wonders of smartness, and though, sooth to say, they were generally very cutting, and not a little personal, they were humbly received and much admired—our little Lucy was a person of great distinction. And why? Her rich old grandfather was dead; having outlived his son only a few weeks, the shock of whose sudden death speedily brought his old father to the grave. He lived long enough, however, to make a will, by which, true to his vow of not leaving his daughter a dollar, he passed over her, and left the whole of it to her children, four in number. No wonder then that Lucy, with her half million, is now such a sparkling belle with these disinterested folks: and no wonder that she should despise them, and let them see that she has not forgotten their former neglect of her. As to their feeling it, when had the worshippers of mammon any feeling? Lucy now was all the "ton," the observed of all observers The two young men who on her former visit bowed to her at her first ball, were now most devotedly in love with her, and spoke of being very old friends of hers. The three who looked at her, averred how very much they had been struck with her beauty that night; and as for her "chaperon" to the assembly, she was never tired of saying how intimate she was with her, and that she had taken her to her first public ball-she gave her dinner and supper parties, borrowed her mantillas, cloaks and dresses for patterns, and made her daughters dress, walk, and try to talk like her. How amused at first, and disgusted both first and last Lucy was, no pen can describe. She despised the homage paid to her wealth, far more than she felt the former mortifications inflicted upon her from her want of it, and returned the devotion now paid her by affected airs of indifference, quite foreign to her true character. She had a great disregard for dress, and with a costly wardrobe that any one might borrow from, appeared at their grandest balls in the same simple muslin she wore when there before. All wondered, but none abused-it was a charming eccentricity. She changed her mind about going to the assembly, and sent her French maid to look on in the ladies' dressing-room, carrying two of the largest and most splendid of the balf dozen bouquets that had been sent for her acceptance. The donors winced a little when they heard of this, but failed not to call the next day to ask after the headache that had kept her away. She denied the indisposition, and only pleaded a want of inclination to gothey bowed in humility, and sent her more bouquets for the next evening. She sent her cards by her footman in return for the visits that had been paid her, and went to see a sick and poor friend on the same morning; and what in others would have been called insufferable rudeness, was in her "so kind hearted." She even ventured to talk of books that she liked, and what before was "bad taste, blue, pedantic stuff," was now agreeable information, a well filled mind, whereas it was only a well filled purse that dazzled their imaginations. If she was rude, it was only a brusque manner-if she was sarcastic, it was wit-if she dressed plainly, it was such good taste-if she wore gaudy things, it was so stylish—she would not waltz-she would not dance the polka, and half the girls stood still while their partners were clustered everything and worth nothing.

round talking to her. True, they were provoked; but there was no use of complaining, for had not Miss Maron half a million of her own, and did not each one of those charming young men hope that he might perhaps be the happy man destined to share it with her-at any rate they would try. But they were doomed to disappointment. Lucy brought her visit to a close, without leaving her heart with any of her disinterested friends-though they offered theirs in exchange by the dozen. She left nothing with them but rejections to her lovers, and jewels to her cousins, and went back to her home quite heart whole to prepare for a visit to Paris, to act there as bridesmaid to her Cousin Harry Winslow's bride, long her most loved friend. Then she bestowed herself and her wealth upon a friend of her cousin's; one who had loved her when she was comparatively poor, and who now rich himself, was hastening home to offer himself to her, when he heard she was expected in France. After rehearsing as groomsman and bridesmaid to their friends, they played the principal parts themselves, and returned home-married. Many a hearty laugh did she enjoy with her cousin and his wife, in relating her two visits to the South.

Is not this a caricature I hear some one say; and in sober sadness I answer, it is not. Do we not every day hear and see of the metamorphoses wrought by wealth? The ugly are beautified, the stupid brightened, the old become youthful; and all by the almighty dollar! Even here in this our own enlightened city, in this Athens of America, with its libraries and athenœums, its colleges and schools, its academies of science and art, even here, where society of a much higher stamp, as regards intellect, information, mind and manners, can be found than in any other city in the Union, wealth can and does stand with many in the first place. The want of it does not banish any one from society, as it does in some other places-but the possession of it gives a false value to many a piece of worthless metal, that otherwise would be rejected and thrown out. What we shall become when California's gold is poured out upon us; when all the "diggers and miners" return with their huge lumps of metal transformed into coin, and expect to take their place among the refined and cultivated on the strength of that gold, time only can show. Long may it be with us before wealth is everything, and intellect is sent into the back-ground-long may it be before the "Golden Calf" is created with us to be fallen down to and worshipped, or before gold is

SONG.

BY MARION M. CLARE.

SCATTER no flowers upon my grave, When 'neath the sod I lie; Let no bright blossoms o'er it wave, To catch the stranger's eye.

Far in some lone, secluded spot, Where mortals seldom tread,

A place as lonely as my lot, There make my narrow bed.

And throw upon my resting-place Some idle, worthless weed, Devoid of beauty, scent, or gra Such gift is my just meed.



FLOWER GARDEN.-JULY.



WE shall preface this department, every month STOCK-GILLY, hereafter, with a bouquet of choice flowers, arranged similarly to the one above; and shall, moreover, give the floral meaning of each bouquet. Our fair readers will thus acquire the language of flowers, as well as learn how to cultivate these "choicest of Nature's gifts." The principal flowers in our bouquet for July } are the Tulip, Mignionette, Stock-Gilly, Heartsease, and Anemone; and their poetical meaning is as follows:-

Declaration of Love. TELIP, MIGNIONETTE, Your qualities surpass your charms. Sat this season; but evergreen plants may now be

Lasting Beauty. HEARTSEASE, Never furget me. ANEMONE, Anticipation.

A bouquet of similar flowers to those above, presented to a lady by a gentleman, would be a declaration of his passion-would imply that the admirer loved her more for her charms of heart and mind than of face-and while it conveyed a wish not to be forgotten, would express the eagerness with which he anticipated a favorable answer.

Very little requires to be done in the shrubbery

removed if they are watered immediately after trans- (are easily propagated by layers, from seeds, or by planting. The Rhododendrons and other plants which have done flowering, should have their seed pods removed as soon as they are formed, for if they are allowed to ripen their seeds every season, they will become weak and die in a few years of premature old age.

In the greenhouse there is nothing to be done this month, except in the way of cleaning it, by whitewashing, painting, &c., if the plants have been all removed to the open air. Many of the greenhouse plants may, however, be propagated by layers or cuttings, and, in particular, cuttings may be made of hydrangeas, camellias, shrubby cinerarias and calceolarias and geraniums; and the cuttings that were made in March should be potted off. Camellias may be also budded or inarched in this month. It may here be observed, that whenever cuttings of woody plants are made at this season, they should be taken off at the junction between the old wood and the new; and they generally grow so readily, that if pots be scarce, they may be planted in rich earth in a warm border, provided they are closely covered with a hand-glass. In making cuttings of camellias, orange and lemon trees, the sweet-scented daphne, and other woody greenhouse plants, however, pots should be preferred; and they are found to strike soonest if the even base of the cutting is made to rest against the earthenware bottom of the pot; and in this way much larger cuttings can be struck than could be done by any other mode. Orange and lemon trees require water daily. Thin the fruit, if too thick; remove the blossoms where the fruit is thick enough: give fresh { earth and plenty of air.

MIGNIONETTE and a few other flowering annuals may be sown for autumn. And now let us mention some of the most beautiful plants that flower in July.

CLEMATIS, OR VIRGIN'S BOWER, is a most beautiful elimbing plant; its fragrance gains it general favor. It is hardy, bearing a white blossom nearly all the summer. Another variety bears a bluish purple flower, succeeded by handsome red berries; this is { a week; and her roses are always admired. The prettier than the first, but wants its fragrance. They brushing tortures them to death.

parting the roots; requires support.

FUCHSIA -The ladies' ear-drop has long been introduced, especially the coccinea, which still remains the most attractive species. They are easily managed if kept screened from the intense heat of summer, and regularly watered.

HEARTSEASE.—The best situation for a bed of Heartsease is a spot which has the morning sun till about ten o'clock, or the afternoon sun after three. When Heartsease are kept in pots, as may readily be done, if a rich loamy compost is used, the plant may be trained by a single stem to a small trellis, when it will attain a foot or more in height. The tops may be pinched off when they rise too high, which will make them branch out. They must be kept constantly watered, never allowing them to become dry; nor, on the other hand, must they be exposed to too much sun.

PERIWINKLE, the large, a trailing plant, looks well at the bottom of a trellis, up which higher climbers grow. It bears a pretty blue flower during the whole of summer, and propogates itself plentifully by its suckers. It likes the shade, and will therefore grow at the bottom of trees, and among rock-work.

Roses.-It may be remarked as a preliminary, that the lighter the color the rose is, the sweeter-scented it is; and all of deep bright colors have little scent. White roses are sweetest-scented-scarlet roses have but little scent. And this is the case with all kinds of flowers. The flowers of the rose, as soon as they fade, should be out off; for the plants will grow more and bloom better, when they are not allowed to bear seeds, and are kept free from insects. In order to destroy rose-bugs, the best plan is to go over the plants in the mornings, with a pail of hot water, and shake the bugs into it. We knew a lady who practised this on her country-seat, and in three years there was hardly a rose-bug to be seen in the neighborhood. The green fly preys on the young shoots. An amateur lady of this city keeps her roses free of the green fly by brushing them off with a long hair brush, once M. V. S.

PRESENTATION WITH A COPY OF BURNS.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

PARDON, dear lady, pardon me Mingling my careless lays With his, who swept so tunefully The harp of other days. I will not hope to set my own With his poetic art, I crave an interest alone With him, in womau's heart.

The harp that rung so many years From Scotland's heathery hills, Wakes in this land the spring of tears Wherever music thrills, For Scotland's bard bowed all the while At gentle woman's shrine, And prayed to live for woman's smile-The poet's wish is mine.

Oh! they may sweep an hundred lyres With all of mortal skill, And sing of manhood's hopes and fears-They never bind the will 'Till softened words of beauty came Melting along the strain, And wile the weary wanderer home To woman's heart again.

Friendships grow old, congenial ties Of man to man-are reft. The poet's wreath grows dim and dies; But one bright flower is left-The heart that tells of woman's love May prize a woman's worth, And in her fond affection prove The purest bliss of earth.

LOVE AND ANGLING.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

Ir was vacation time in W—— College. The lovely little village which had grown up around its classic walls seemed silent and deserted. The merry shout and careless laugh of the sauntering student had died away from the shades of W——, to enliven and cheer the circles and firesides of far distant homes with their joyous melody. A Sabbath-like stillness pervaded the lovely valley—the loveliest in all Berkshire. The lazy clouds slept upon the high summits of Graylock and Prospect Hill, and the low murmur of the blue Hoosic, came with a lulling cadence on the soft winds of May.

Myself and my chum were the only students who remained in the desolate halls of our future Alma Mater. The days dragged heavily away, and dullness was fast settling down upon our naturally vivacious spirits. We were sitting together in our dingy little room, one sweet morning of early May; my chum, Richard Rover, brooding over his own gloomy thoughts, and drawing vehemently upon a villainous country cigar; and myself, endeavoring to become interested in one of the light productions of the French school of novelists, which at that time had a vast run and celebrity-thank Heaven, as ephemeral, as universal. Let me lay aside my book and describe my friend, Richard Rover, to my gentle reader, albeit, just at the present moment he is not in a very presentable condition.

Nature had bestowed upon Rover fine and well chiseled features, combining the best parts of both the Grecian and Roman orders; his forehead being low, yet broad; his eyes dark and expressive, of much latent fire and resolution; a nose which commencing with a delicate and straightly defined descent from his forehead, like that of an Ionian beauty, gradually changed its characteristics till it formed a slightly marked, but very beautiful aquiline; his mouth was perhaps a little too large, yet the expression of good humor was so plainly impressed upon its lines, that one loved to look upon it and hear it talk, it opened with such a pleasant smile, and gave vent to such merry jests. Add to these interesting facial adornments, a manly and well proportioned form, and you will have all that nature has done for Richard Rover. I trust you will have no reason to regret his acquaintance. He is a gentleman and a scholar. Constant intercourse with the refined and polished of both sexes, have given to him a graceful and pleasing demeanor, while an entire freedom from care or misfortune, has left upon his countenance a frank and joyous expression, which seldom fails to attract and win.

Rover at length heaved a long sigh, and for the first time in an hour opened his mouth and spoke—

"Bob! isn't this dull?"

Vol. XVI.-2

- "What?" exclaimed I, looking up from the pages of Eugene Sue.
 - "Why! this present life of ours, Bob!"
- "Yes! Dick, rather a monotonouss state of existence to be sure."
- "Of course it is," responded Dick, throwing the stump of his cigar out of the window. "Bob! gaze forth upon the world, there is nature arrayed in her fresh mantle of green—the meadows sprinkled with flowers—the trees upon the hill-sides rustling their leaves in the breath of the sportive winds of May, and—and—."
 - "Well, what?"
 - "And here we are, Bob!"
 - "Very true."
- "You needn't be so cool about it, I tell you. We must do something. Our blood will stagnate from inaction. I wish I had an uncle, or grandfather, or great aunt, or something of the kind, I could go and visit, but I haven't got a relative nearer than a fifteenth cousin this side of the Buckeye state."
 - "Shall we take a trip to Saratoga?"
- "It's out of season, and if it were not, the life there is too insipid—no pleasant, social intercourse—all stiff formality—if you fall in love with a girl in the evening, you are sure to lose it all the next morning when you see her making faces over a tumbler of that confounded spring water. You run against a whiskered foreigner at every turn of the plazza, or come in contact with an aristocratic tailor or cobbler 'from the city,' whenever you enter the drawing-room."

 "Are you fond of trout-fishing?"
- "Yes! and of unequalled skill in the art."
- "That must be proved. Well, there is an out of the way place among the Green Mountains, dignified with the name of a village, though consisting of only one good house, three or four sheds, and two barns, beside an old tavern stand. It is the town of Readsville. No less than six trout brooks run through the village, all within an easy walk of the tavern, and filled with the prettiest trout in New England. More than this, there is the loveliest country girl there I ever saw, if one basty glimpse will allow me to judge. What say you, Dick: shall we go there?"

During my description Rover's countenance gradually grew brighter and brighter, and at the close every feature was redolent with joy and returning good nature.

- "That's the idea, Bob! How far is it? When shall we go?"
- "Less than twenty miles-this morning."
- "Are your flies in the right season?"
- "All right: draw out that old trunk from under the bed, and pack in what you wish—leave me a corner for a change of dress."



Dick soon had the trunk filled, and assured me there was no room for any of my articles; he had nothing in but what was absolutely necessary.

"Please give me an inventory of the contents."

"Well, commencing at the top-here are four shirts; one odd volume of Shakspeare-two pair of inexpressibles-a copy of Izaak Walton-my fowling-piece-Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, (for Sunday reading, you know, Bob!) three boots-one overcoat-nine pamphlet novels-hair-brush-tooth-brush-Don Juan-six stockings."

"Hold on, Bob. I'll find room-pitch out all the books except Bunyan and Izaak-you will have no time to read in the day, and at night you will be too tired. Leave your fowling-piece behind also. Old Uncle Jonnison has got a musket which did good service in the days of the Revolution on Bemis Heights, and at Bennington-it will answer your purpose, now. Just throw in this old coat, and these heavy boots, and we are ready."

In another hour, we were on our way to Readsville. It was a glorious May morning. The pure air fresh from the dark mountains of New England invigorated our frames, and lent a pleasing exhiliration to our spirits. Following the windings of the lovely little stream which brightens the valley of Northern Berkshire, on its way to mingle with the darker waters of the Hudson, we passed beneath the summit of "Gray Lock," catching hasty glimpses of the "Hopper," the "Bellowspipe," the "National Bridge," and other singular features of mountain scenery, of local celebrity, emerging at length on the road at the base of the Green Mountains, which rose in one unbroken chain, far toward the North as the vision could follow. Well has this mighty range of hills been called "the back bone of New England."

As we proceeded Northward the scenery became even more wild and rugged-the little river toward whose source we were approaching became narrower, and changed its quiet and musical flow to an impetuous, onward rush, and noisy dash over huge rocks and fallen trunks of trees. The horizon became more and more circumscribed, and as we drew near Readsville, Rover asserted that we must have got out of America.

"There's a girl ahead, Bob!" cried Dick, "if she is good looking, she shall ride."

"Certainly."

"And good looking she must be-notice that springing step-her heel scarce touches the ground-what gracefully turned shoulders!-in fact, Bob, what an unusually elegant tout ensemble. My pretty girl," continued he, bending over the side of the wagon, and peering under her bonnet-"my pretty girl, will you ride? Thunder and lightning, Bob! drive ongo ahead—say nothing."

I looked back—the girl was black as night, with a huge pair of lips distended to a broad grin.

"Can't you make room for her, Dick?"

"Go on, I tell you?"

"What an elegant tout ensemble!"

"Bob! go on."

Dick was silent for the rest of our journey Not far from noon, crossing a perilous bridge, which tottered advise you to be careful how you meddle with her."

over a musical little brook, we drove up to the door of Uncle Tom Jonnison's antiquated tavern.

"How d'ye do, boys! ha! ha! ha! how are yer?" cried a nearly indescribable individual, who stood in the door-way; a short pipe in his mouth, and his arms mostly buried in his breeches pockets. He was apparently about sixty years of age; possessed of a very rubicund countenance, in which the nose shone like a Burgundy rose among flowers of paler crimson. Good humor sparkled in the twinkle of his small, gray eve, and sportive mirth was enthroned in the veins around his wrinkled mouth. He was nearly as broad as he was long, resembling, more nearly than anything else I can think of, a barrel of cider, standing on a saw buck, crowned with a pumpkin. His hair was gray, but not with care-a healthy hoariness which many happy, yet untroubled years had scattered there. His voice was clear and loud, though somewhat harsh in intonation; and his nose, to whose color I have before alluded, bore in shape no slight resemblance to what is well known among farmers by the name of a "long John potato."

"That's Uncle Tom, Dick!" said I, to my companion, nudging his elbow.

"A queer looking covey, isn't he?"

"Jump out, boys!" said the old man, "here, Obadiah, let the horse loose into the meadow-you are just in time for a good trout dinner."

We complied with his wish, and entered his barroom, which we found filled with a motley group of characters, some of whom may be more particularly noticed in the progress of our history.

"Try a glass of New England, boys."

"No, thank you."

"'Twlll give yer an appetite for yer dinner."

"But we both belong to the tee-total society."

"What's that?"

"A society that agrees-by each member pledging himself not to drink any New England, or other similar liquors-to do all it can to stop intemperance, and save people's lives, &c."

"Whew-save people's lives-you don't mean to say New England-my New England hurts folks, do yer?-why, hain't I been drinking it for these fifty years! Pshaw! these new fangled notions will be your ruin. You'll both die early-see if you don'tbut come, dinner's ready-unless the total society forbids your eating trout."

"Not a bit of it, Uncle Tom."

The old man really vexed, led the way to his dining-

A repast such as the back towns of New England alone afford, awaited our attention.

An immense dish of small trout, surrounded by plates of brown bread, and potatoes that would have enchanted an Irishman's heart-various kinds of pies on tin platters-and pewter mugs filled with cider. enabled us to make a hearty meal.

"A buxom looking country lass that," whispered Dick, as Uncle Tom's youngest daughter passed through the room with two pails full of water, "is that the beauty you told me of before we started?"

"Oh, no, Dick! this is a far different kind of girl: I

"She isn't bad looking though!-her cheeks and lips are painted by nature. We know one or two girls that have taken the brush from nature's hands, don't we? What a round, full form she has; weighs two hundred, I'll bet. I must introduce myself."

"Be careful, Dick! I give you fair warning."

"Never fear for me, Bob! I think we shall be acquainted with each other before the world is a day older."

Uncle Tom, having inspected our flies, which he pronounced very pretty, though he said he could make better in five minutes of his old hen's tail feathers, only it was difficult to catch her, she being already nearly denuded by former visits, and having shown a strong disinclination to the practice.

"Here are two poles, boys, beauties, ain't they? pine, with an arle switch-just the right length for our brooks-sixteen feet precisely-there, let your line out about two feet longer than the pole; now if you know how to cast a fly, you'll take the fish with that fixing."

Dick handled his fishing tackle so awkwardly, entangling his legs with the line, and catching the hook in his garments, that I began to doubt his vaunted skill; and Uncle Tom, in a tone of commisseration, advised him to shorten his line, as it would be much more easily managed, but my worthy chum declined following his advice, saying in a whisper to me-

"The old covey thinks I can't kill a trout, but I'll show you how to take them-just as if there wasn't any trout brooks in Ohio."

"Good luck to yer, boys," cried Uncle Tom, as we started for the brook, "I'll go down with you myself to-morrow, and give you a little teaching in the business. There are some things ain't larned at college, and catching trout is one on 'em."

"Self-conceited old costumer: isn't he, Bob?"

"Pshaw! he is a master of the art of angling. Izaak Walton himself was not more skilful; Uncle Tom and he would have been worthy comrades, had the fates placed them upon earth together. Izaak, to be sure, had more gentility, and doubtless was fuller of the milk of human kindness, but they both alike would have enjoyed their pleasant art, and the quiet companionship of brook and field; the green forest, and the wild flowers of the meadows."

"I should like to bet that I can beat him in any given time; his very appearance would frighten away any respectable trout."

"Well, here we are by the brook; you can now prove your vaunted address."

It was a most lovely stream. Sweeping on through a green and flower-sprinkled meadow in many circlings, as if it loved the beautiful lawn and regretted to leave it, the little brook glided before us. For nearly a mile, until it entered a wild and rocky ravine, its banks were free from bushes, and no impediment was offered to a clear cast of the angler's line. It behooved the fisherman, however, to use great care and address in approaching the shore, or the coy denizens of the brook would dart away to some deep retreat, and the cast would be made in vain.

"I've got one," shouted my noisy companion, as

fly. "Isn't he a buster?" continued he, giving a fiery twitch.

"Yes! but you haven't got him: he has not even bit at your fly-you don't pull right, Dick!"

"I tell you I know how to take a trout as well as any live man."

"Well, Dick! throw your fly just at the edge of that little eddy-over that rock-I'll warrant you a jump : so, be careful."

Rover threw his fly, but it struck the water clumsily, and with a splash like the plunge of a frog. For a moment the fly lay unassailed, but just as the current was bearing it away, a noble trout darted at it-Rover pulled, but the fish fell off, and vanished like a sunbeam.

"Confound it, Bob! my hook is dull."

"Come, Dick, own up. Did you ever fish for trout with anything but an earth worm?"

Rover's color heightened; an angry reply rose to his lips; but suddenly like one who has come to a magnanimous conclusion, he straightened himselfshook his shoulders, and exclaimed-

"No, Bob! to tell the truth, I never did."

"Watch me a few minutes, Dick! and you will improve. Though I am a mere novice in comparison with Uncle Tom, I can teach you something of the art. Now notice. You must not twitch directly out from the stream; there is a certain scientific jerk that you must attain, which fastens the hook in the trout's mouth—a slight motion of the elbow will do it—then you can pull the fish out at your leisure. There, just beyond that snag, I'll have a jump."

"St. George! you've got him-a beauty."

"Poor fellow, his spots are fast growing dull; see, Dick, they brighten again like the sparkle of a taper as it goes out-throw him into the basket."

Dick tried in vain to attain the peculiar jerk well known to all accomplished trout fishermen, and after various failures threw down his rod and line by the brook, and told me to go ahead. I wandered along alone till I reached the rocky ravine, when I seated myself beside a deep pool, where I was confident I should take several large trout.

I had hardly seated myself when Rover rejoined me, exclaiming-

"Bob, did you see her?"

"Who?"

"How should I know? but there is a petticoat just ahead. I caught a glimpse of it through the underbrush-see, she is fishing, by the Heavens-don't you see that trout on the top of the water-there, through the rocks. Keep easy, Bob, let me make an investigation."

Rover stole quietly along the rocks with the cautious step of an Indian spy. He had reached the top of a high bluff, when after a long look over it he turned toward me, and threw up his arms as if in surprise and passionate admiration. But alas! for the romance of the occasion, as he turned toward me his foot slipped, and rolling down the cliff he fell into the brook directly before the object of his pursuit. I heard a wild shriek of surprise and fear, not from Rover, but most indubitably from a female voice, the glancing side of a noble trout appeared by his and letting go my own rod and line, I rushed forward

as rapidly as the rough footing would allow. The scene which presented itself was worthy of the painter's canvass. On a gently shelving rock stood a maiden, lovelier than the fair Ellen of Lorn. Her little sun-bonnet had fallen back from her forehead, around which clustered the richest and darkest treasure of ringlets which ever adorned a woman's brow. Her beautiful black eyes were opened wildly and fearfully, and through her rich, red lips the bright, small teeth gleamed like the purest ivory. Her form slightly bent forward, was of full, round, yet not indelicate proportions. She looked like the guardian fairy of the wild brook which dashed by at her feet. Her rod, held lightly in her right hand, was of the slightest proportions, tipped with whalebone, and her long line, relieved of the weight of the trout which had escaped when Rover fell into the brook, swayed gracefully with the circlings of the eddies.

My unfortunate companion had just emerged from the bottom of the brook, and was clinging to an old branch of a decayed tree, while the swift waters bore his legs downward, preventing him from getting a foothold.

- "Bob," cried he, "I'm in for it."
- " Yes."
- "Confounded cold, this water: help me out."

I reached forward and seized my friend's arm, pulling him out from the brook. Rover shook himself, and turned to address the girl, but she had disappeared. We were sure, however, that we heard a clear, ringing laugh among the trees, and that we saw her light form gliding hastily away. I never saw Rover so completely disconsolate.

"Heavens!" he cried, "how unlucky—but isn't she the loveliest girl you ever saw? How cold these mountain brooks are; let's go up to Uncle Tom's but say nothing, Bob!"

"Not a word, Dick!"

We started for the tavern, which we reached just as the keepers of the upper deep were showing the fires of their light-houses, or for fear the reader may not know what I mean, just as the stars were coming forth.

Uncle Tom opened our trout basket, and said-

"Very well, boys—very well—there are higger trout than those in the brook though. Come, you must be hungry."

"Yes," said Rover, "lungry, but not very dry!"
"Ha! ha! been in the brook, have yer? You've

got a new way of catching trout, perhaps."

Rover soon changed his dress, and we did ample justice to the bountiful supper spread before us. It would not have been popular at all in that democratic community to have called for a private room, consequently we returned to the bar-room. Reposing ourselves on an old oak bench which formed the sofa of the apartment, we were not at all disposed to quarrel with our situation.

"Variety is the spice of life," said Rover, lighting a cigar.

"That air's a fact," responded an individual, who sat in a corner of the fire-place. "I am," continued he, rising, "gentlemen, I am the tallest democrat in the state of Vermont—six feet seven inches in my

stockings—my name is Square Barlington, Justice of the Peace for the town of Readsville. Last winter I taught school, and now I am engaged in making shingles; prehaps you've hearn on me before?" asked he, concluding with an energetic slap of the hand upon his lank leg.

"Of course," replied Rover, "your name, Square Barlington, is familiar as a household word."

"Give us yer clipper; there ain't no minister in these diggings, and I doose all the marryin'. I like to got in a scrape once. I married a couple who had run away, and the old man hove in sight just as the knot was tied. Wa'nt he mad! He said as how he'd sue me—but I showed my commission, and he hauled in his horns."

This village "Square" was decidedly a singular character. His stature was doubtless the same he had claimed, but he looked even more longitudinal. He was excessively lean; his head was large, and seemed to weigh over his neck and shoulders. His breast was sunken, as if he had starved himself as near to nothingness as possible. His crane-like legs were encased in pantaloons evidently originally constructed for a much smaller man, as they reached only to the tops of a pair of dark blue stockings, while his whole frame was supported by huge feet clad in shoes, not unlike in form and dimensions to a pair of snow shoes. His shape as he usually stood, from the summit of his cranium to his toes, very exactly described a semicircle. Altogether, as Rover remarked to me, "an eccentric looking character."

- "Pinch me, Bob! or I shall laugh in his face."
- "Are you a trout fisher, Square?" inquired I.
- "I guess so—nobody but Uncle Tom can beat me with a fly, and he can't."
 - "Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Uncle Tom.
 - "Well can you now?"
 - "Ho! ho! ho!"
- "I caught a four pounder yesterday on 'Mud Pond.' He broke my pole; pulled me into the drink; bit off my line, and got away. When Gen. Jackson was going through the states of New England, and Vermont, a few years ago, I called on him, or he on me, I forget which. Says I to him, says I, 'general, I'm the tallest democrat in the state of Vermont.' 'I should think so,' said he; that's what he said.'
- "Rather rambling in his remarks," whispered

Uncle Tom, whose ire had been somewhat aroused by the assumed superiority of the "Square," in his turn assailed him, and listening to the sharp contest of these two antipodes, I did not notice Rover's exit from the room. The combatants were in the height of their argument when my comrade again stole in, with one hand pressed against the side of his head.

- "What is the matter, Dick?" asked I.
- "Blast that girl!"
- "What is it?"
- "Her fist is harder than a junk of lead."
- "Did she strike you?"
- "Strike! you'd think a horse had kicked you! if you had been in my place you'd wish you had been dipped in the styx, like Achilles."
 - "Come, tell me, Dick."



"Why," answered Rover, "I went into the kitchen, Uncle Tom's daughter was washing the dishes; says I, 'Susan! will you give me a glass of water?" She brought me the water, I drank it, and when I set the mug down, why I gave her a smack on her lips, and the way she smacked me with her great red fist, was a caution to all lovers of rustic beauty."

At this moment an antiquated individual came up to Dick, and whinnying like a horse, by way of introduction, asked him if he had the toothache.

"I'm a horse doctor," said he, holding up a pair of huge pincers. "Can cure you in five minutes."

Rover shuddered, and made no reply.

"Set down, Moab," said Uncle Tom. "Keep still, or I'll put you out!"

A very staid, intelligent looking farmer, at this time dropped into the bar-room, and with the freedom of manner which always characterizes the inhabitants of small country villages, soon opened a conversation with us. He was treated with marked respect by all the loungers around the fire, and after a short time occupied in general remarks, extended to us an invitation "to come up and see his farm, before we left."

"That's Mr. Turner," said Uncle Tom, as he retired, "he's a man well to do in the world, and has got a purty darter."

"Ah! I reckon she is the girl, my friend Rover introduced himself to, to-day."

"Bob! be still!"

"You've seen her then, have yer? Well, she's a nice'un. There's Bill Stokes, sitting there whittling a shingle; he thinks he'll get her; but I guess he can't shine."

A tall, sturdy looking young fellow, rose from the shadow of the fire-place, and scowling revengefully at Uncle Tom, left the room, uttering something strongly resembling an oath.

A general laugh followed his exit.

"Poor feller," said the Square, "he's been a courtin' Mary Turner this two year, and if she hadn't gone off to school, he might ha got her, but now, he don't stand no chance at all."

"Verily!" remarked my classical friend, Rover, "it would be like the marriage of Venus with Vulcan."

We amused ourselves a little longer, by watching the various characters that had assembled in the little bar-room—answered the many questions which were propounded by the curious rustics, till Rover wished to retire.

- " Wake us early! Uncle Tom!"
- "Sartin."

"What a glorious night!" exclaimed Rover, throwing open the window of our room. "Confound Uncle Tom's youngest daughter, how my head aches! Bob! see the moonlight on the bare top of that mountain, and in the little brook! isn't it great?"

"Come to bed, Dick!"

"How strangely beautiful those driving clouds, and what curious shadows are moving over the meadows! Bob! I feel poetical. I think I could write a long poem to the maid of the forest, or the queen of the trout brook, or the nymph of the glen, or whatever you choose to call the lovely girl, that caused me to fall into the stream to-day."

"Dick! I don't clearly understand how you can have your affections occupied at the same time by her, and by Susan."

"Oh! I have a most capacious heart! but Susan! don't mention her! You've seen this Square Barlington as they call him, before to-day, have you?"

"Yes! often! he has at times been my companion in former trouting excursion."

"What a comical looking handiwork of the Great Architect he is!—gaunt—lawk—shrivelled—lantern jawed——"

"Well! well! Dick, he is the great man of Readsville, but just oblige me by quitting your rambling rhapsodies and going to sleep."

The night passed away, and we were aroused at an early hour by a wild looking boy, sent by Uncle Tom to waken us. It was yet dark and raining severely. The big drops pattered against the window panes, with a chilling cadence, while the harsh wind shook the old habitation till it tottered on its time-worn foundations.

We descended to the lower regions of the tavern, and much to our surprise were assured by Uncle Tom, that it would be the best fishing day of the season.

"Come," said he, "down with your breakfast, and let's be off-trout bite best in the morning."

At the breakfast table, Rover eyed the buxom Susan with doubtful looks askance. A most winning smile, however, visited her rosy lips, as she presented him with a cup of coffee, and my unfortunate friend was again ensnared.

"Bob!" said he, "I have come to the conclusion not to go out trouting to-day."

"Why not?"

"I don't feel first rate," replied he, glancing toward Susan.

"Ah! Dick, I understand; but you had better go. The evening—when the dew laden moonlight is shedding its voluptuous radiance over earth, is the time for love. This evening, Dick! if you wish, you can try another smack."

"Don't mention it! I'll go."

The green meadow, wet with rain, glistened in the morning light like a field of pearls, as duly armed and equipped, and escorted by the jolly Uncle Tom, we took our way toward the brook. The air was musical with the melody of morning songsters, and the bracing and exhilirating breeze nerved our frames, and roused our spirits almost to rapture, and enthusiasm.

"Hist!" said Uncle Tom, "boys, do you hear that splashing in the water just over that log?"

" Yes."

"What do you think it is?"

"A muskrat!"

"A bull frog!"

"No! no! that is a trout, and a large one—don't stir! I'll show him to you in a minute."

The old man's eyes lighted with a joyous interest, that would have rejoiced the heart of Izaak Walton, could he have beheld his honest countenance, as with a skilful throw, he cast the fly gently and lightly on the water directly beyond the log. Instantly the line straightened—the pole bent—

"Hurrah!" shouted Uncle Tom, as he landed a

splendid fish directly between Rover's feet. My volatile chum began to jump as if in sympathy with the trout, reminding me of the evolutions of a country dance.

"A two pounder, boys! We don't often get larger trout, short of Mud Pond."

"No," exclaimed I, "he is one of the patriarchs of the brook."

"The Methusaleh himself," shouted Dick.

Fixing our own tackle, we accompanied Uncle Tom down the brook, but though the fish were jumping in every part of the stream, the largest seemed unavoidably attracted to the old man's fly, and such was his skill that he never missed catching the trout that sprang at his hook. Rover, evidently improved in the "gentyl art," and had succeeded in landing several, when catching his hook in a snag, he broke his pole. He insisted that it was a large trout which had carried off his tackle, and that if he had caught it, it would have been the biggest one of the day.

With our baskets full of splendid fish we went up to dinner, to which we were summoned by the reverberations of a tin horn, whose echoes sounded from hill to hill, till

"Jurn answered through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps which called to her aloud."

The pure air of the mountains had given us a glorious appetite, and we did full honor to the plentiful feast before us.

I lost sight of Rover soon after dinner, but not feeling very melancholy over his absence, I stretched myself out for a quiet repose. When I awoke, Rover's face was beaming upon me, lighted with a very complacent smile.

- "Bob! Susan is not so homely a girl after all."
- " Ah!"
- "Bob! I did get another smack of Susan's lips, this identical afternoon."
- "Did they retain the flavor of bread and butter, you noticed last night?"
- "Be quiet, Bob! they were as sweet as new mown hay! fragrant as the wild honeysuckle of June!"
- Did you also receive the returning smack she bestowed so generously upon the former occasion?"
- "No! she gave me a hearty kiss that almost blistered my lips, and then laughing till her voice rang like her father's old dinner horn, she vanished into the pantry, and was not again visible. But I say, Bob! we are going up to-night to see my fair maid of the forest."
 - "Is it time?"
- "Yes, it is near sunset, and early calls are fashionable in country society."

A short time after, we were entering the neat front yard of Mr. Turner's farm house. The worthy farmer met us with outstretched hand at his door, and welcomed us heartily. He introduced us to his wife, and to his lovely daughter, whose conscious blushes betrayed her remembrance of the preceding day's adventure. We partook of the bounties of the supper table, and after the hospitable board was cleared, the old farmer and myself entered into an agricultural conversation, while my handsome friend made himself agreeable to the ladies. Mrs. Turner was matronly and intelligent looking, and Mary was, if possible,

more beautiful this evening than she had seemed the day before.

The evening passed away without any event worth narrating, except that twice in the course of our visit, I was confident I saw the dark and scowling visage of Bill Stokes pressed against the outer window of the little room, glaring frightfully upon Rover and the lovely Mary, whose merry countenances formed a strong contrast to his own passion distorted face.

"Bob!" said Rover, as we were retiring for the night; "I once had a heart, but it is gone forever, I only hope I can get another in its place."

"In love, ah! Dick! Went fishing, and got caught yourself."

"That's a true statement of the case, Bob! there is no denying the position."

"With Susan, I suppose you mean that your heart now is."

"If thou lovest me, no more o' that. I've done with Susan forever; but Mary-oh! Mary-thou flower amid the desert! thou sunbeam on the cloud! thou, thou-anything that's beautiful! Bob! why shouldn't I get married? I'm old enough-nineteen, next summer-got to the years of discretion! I'm rich enough !--don't know how much I'm worth! but any quantity of wild land in Ohio!-great state you know, and constantly increasing-expect to be rich as Cræsus by-and-bye, unless emigration ceases, or there is another flood. I'll pop the question tomorrow-know she likes me; saw it in her eye! Bob! she's going fishing to-morrow! I'll meet her by the glen, where I first saw her, you know; talk to her with tears in my eyes; tell her-I don't know what: marry her-quit college-what do I want of a diploma? settle down in Ohio, and-

- "Got through, Dick!"
- "Not half-yes, I have though-you are laughing at me-never was more in earnest in my life!"
 - " But Bill Stokes-
- "Blast Bill Stokes, I can whip him to death in five minutes-took a hundred lessons in boxing till I gave my tutor two black eyes, and a broken nose, upon which he declared me an accomplished pugilist, and I discharged him."
 - "Dick, I'm going to sleep."
 - "So am I, to dream of Mary."

Rover was prepared early the next morning, for our fishing excursion. He hurried to the little glen, and would go no farther. I left him to his own resources, and wandered down the brook. After nearly filling my basket, I turned up the stream throwing my fly into deep pools, where I remembered having lost a trout on my way down. At length my attention was attracted by a slight rustling in the bushes over my head. Gazing up, I caught sight of the form of Bill Stokes, creeping stealthily along the ledge of rocks. He evidently had not seen me, but there was something in his attitude and manner, which at once determined me to wind up my line hastily, and follow him. Presently he stopped. I saw the blood rush over his face and neck, and my eyes followed the direction of his.

Truly, Rover had made rapid progress. Seated by the side of Mary under the shadow of a flower-covered rock, with one of her little hands clasped in his; his head bent forward till his long curls almost blended with her own still darker ringlets, he seemed pouring his tale of love and devotion into most willing ears. The fair girl's eyes were cast downward, and I thought in the uncertain light that I could see tears trembling upon their richly fringed lids. Rover in the ardor of his pleading, ventured at length to press a kiss upon her lips. The girl started slightly, and Bill Stokes sprang like lightning from his hiding place. I had only time to give a loud warning cry to Rover, before Bill was at his side. With his teeth fiercely clenched, and his swarthy brow throbbing with intense passion, he stopped not to speak, but levelled a blow at Rover which seemingly would have felled a much larger animal than my slightly built friend. Rover with the most admirable coolness, parried the blow, and then proceeded with the most scientific adroitness to punish his rustic rival. The contest was short. A few well directed blows from Rover disabled his antagonist, who crawled away muttering vengeance, as I reached the side of the combatants.

Mary had not fainted away, as perhaps my fair readers will think would have been both appropriate and lady-like, but a deep expression of sorrow and dismay had settled upon her sweet countenance, and she seemed more beautiful than ever through her rapidly falling tears.

We attended her to her father's gate, and walked on to Uncle Tom's in silence. When we were again alone, Rover sat for a while in deep thought. At length a merry smile stole over his features, and he exclaimed-

"Bob, 1 reckon Stokes will want more satisfaction still. What do you think?"

"I would keep an eye on him; there is a good deal of revenge in his composition, and a jealous lover is the deadliest foe in the world."

For several days longer, we amused ourselves after our own inclinations. Rover with the confidence of his manly nature, gave me each night a minute detail of his progress in the affections of the mountain maid.

"Oh! she is an angel," he said. "How lovely she was to-night! In the soft light of the May moon, we sat in the little garden bower, and I fancied we were in Paradise. She told me to-night that she loved me, and hung her own sweet miniature around my neck, see it rests just over my heart. Methinks I see in futurity my happy Western home, on the shores of Erie. My own fair Mary, the light of my heart, and home!"

"Suppose we go to sleep, Dick."

"Oh! insensible clod!-sleep thou, while I talk to the moon, and whisper my love to the stars."

The next morning at an early hour we started for "Mud Pond," a most beautiful lake, with a most unromantic name, on the very summit of one of the Green Mountain ranges.

It was a toilsome ascent of four miles, but even one view of it well repaid the exertion. It is a wild romantic place, where now and then, a solitary deer gazes at his antlers in the mountain mirror, and a roving bear still growls a dirge in memory of his departed progenitors. It is surrounded on all sides by \ ness in putting things together. He drew up his

large pine and hemlock trees, which cast their sombre shadows far down into the dim depths of the wild lake, trembling fanciful with every light wind that sweeps through their sighing boughs. We cast loose the little boat, and rowed gently out to the centre of the pond. We found it filled with noble trout, and the day passed rapidly away. It was late in the afternoon. I was sitting in the bow of the boat, while Rover was guardedly pulling in a large trout. My eye wandered carelessly over the dark shores, and was at length arrested by a moving form, under the shadow of a huge pine.

"Dick," I cried, "there is a Green Mountain bear." "Ah!" said he, "well, this is a Green Mountain trout; a five pound fish I think, Bob," and he disengaged it from the hook, and threw it into the stern of the boat. "Now," continued he, "where's your bear?"

Rover straightened himself, and gazed earnestly in the direction toward which Prointed.

At that moment, the loud clear, report of a rifle rang through the woods-startling the shrill echoes of the high lands with fearful distinctness.

Rover uttered a low cry, and fell heavily into the lake. I heard a shout of exultation on the shore, and the dark spot vanished from under the pine. Even in the unnatural echoes of that fiendish shout, I recognized the voice of Bill Stokes.

As Rover rose to the surface of the water, I seized him by the arm, and drew him carefully into the boat. He was insensible, and breathed heavily, and I saw no signs of blood any where about his person. I rowed to the shore as rapidly as possible, and proceeded to examine the condition of Rover. I opened his vest, and loosened his neckcloth, during which process, he revived sufficiently to unclose his eyes, ask where he was, and again relapse into insensibility, with the remark,

"Curious bear, that, Bob."

He speedily came to again, and upon examination we found the rifle ball was deeply buried in the little miniature of Mary, which she had so lately presented to him. Strangely enough, not a feature of the portrait was injured, but, above the flattened bullet, beamed forth the same sweet face, which had won the heart of Rover, for its own.

"Blessed angel!" he cried, "now thou art doubly

Rover had escaped with a severe bruise only, which rendered his walk down the mountain painful and tedious.

We had no hesitation in relating the occurence in presence of Uncle Tom, and the loungers of his bar-

"Wal, now!" said Square Barlington, "that ar, I guess, accounts for what old John Stokes told me just now. The old man felt bad, I tell yer. 'Look a here,' says he to me, 'see this ere note.' I took it and it read, 'good-bye, dad! I'm off on a whaling voyage.' Now, I guess, we can put this, and that together, and come pretty near to the identical rascal that shot at that young fellow, and that ar's Bill Stokes."

The Squire was evidently delighted with his acute-

semi-circular form almost to erectness, and gave a peculiar slap of the hand upon his thigh, which proclaimed his self-satisfaction. He was not, moreover, without a shrewd suspicion of the reason why Bill Stokes shot at Rover, for he whispered to me—
"The boy is sure on her 2000, any way."

Richard Rover's character was that manly straight forward nature which always led him to adopt the most open and direct course in all his acts. Before we left Readsville, he had made proposals both to father and daughter. The lovely Mary had but one word to say, and it may be remarked by the reader, that throughout all this long and eventful history this is the only one she has uttered that the author has chosen to give to the public ear. Perchance my friend Rover could tell you of a hundred sweet sayings that had fallen from her rosy lips, like the pearls from the lips of the fair Oriental fable, but as for me, I do love a lady that says soly a few words, and those very pleasant ones.

The word the gentle Mary gently whispered in the ear of Rover was "yes."

The reply of Mr. Turner was characteristic not only of himself, but of the American nature.

"My young friend," said he calmly, "I will not hesitate to say that I like you much. You are somewhat wild, and I guess rather flighty, but you are a good honest boy, and one of that kind that always makes good man in the end. Now, Mary is my only child, and she is as good a one as any father need ask, but if you only answer one question right, you shall have her. Mr. Rover, what are your politics?"

Poor Rover! he had no politics. It was the last thing he had ever thought of bestowing attention upon. Politics! he despised them—hated them. Had he been asked his opinions in religion, science, art, poetry, general literature, or even mathematics, he might have found a ready answer. But something must be done. "Ahem! Mr. Turner, yes, sir, politics! yes, sir.

family are all democratic. I've got two uncles who are whigs, and one who is a democratic member of Congress, and four aunts who aint anything particular except old maids. Both my grandfathers were Revolutionary soldiers, and voted for George Washington, and—and——"

"Never mind, Mr. Rover, what are your own politics?"

"Mine, yes, sir," and Rover anxiously watched the countenance of Mr. Turner, for some light upon that gentleman's politics, but in vain: not a muscle of that calm countenance moved.

"My politics, sir? why I'm not twenty-one yet."

Mr. Turner laughed, and said, "very well, Mr.

Rover, I have made up my mind, that Mary, if she
marries any body, must marry a good, sound ——."

"What?" said Rover, jumping to his feet, "I'm one of 'em any way—in fact, Mr. Turner, my politics are undecided; but, but, I 'am open to conviction."

It would be unnecessary to state that Mr. Turner soon joined his consent to that of his daughter, for in addition to making Rover his son-in-law, he had the almost equal pleasure of also making him a good, sound —, and from thenceforth Rover was an eager and violent politician, having adopted his position from the highest motives of principle and patriotism.

Rover could not obtain Mr. Turner's assent to their immediate marriage, or he would gladly have given Squire Barlington a little business to do "in the way o' marryin," but he was compelled to return to college, where he had yet two long years of study to pass, before he would be entitled to the honors of graduation. In little more than a year, however, Rover had so far won upon the old man's heart, that he permitted the marriage, on condition that Rover should notwithstanding finish his collegiate course.

general literature, or even mathematics, he might have { Years afterward I saw Rover and his wife, in their found a ready answer. But something must be done.

"Ahem! Mr. Turner, yes, sir, politics! yes, sir— { changed his politics, nor his love for the maid of the well, sir! my father is a whig, but my mother's forest. He was happy—shall we not leave him thus?

KINDRED SPIRITS.

MARY L. LAWSON.

My heart has whispered every soul is formed By God, to meet a kindred soul below, Tho' for a time the world these hearts divide, Vain are the barries that around them grow; For destined soon or late to blend in one, These Heavenly sisters beat in unison.

And when they meet as meet at length they must,
A sudden instinct in their bosoms prove,
Here dwells the sympathy they fondly crave,
And soon they glow with friendship or with love,
Words that may seem to bear a different name,
But in their earnest feeling still the same.

Each separate existence that before
Was incomplete, and dwelt with pain apart,
In one united stream now onward flows
And forms the tranquil current of the heart,
Like lightning flash they know and they adore,
O'er joyed the eye or soul demands no more.

Assured of truth they dread no cold return,
No broken faith or falsehood insincere;
A spirit voice the union has avowed,
'Ere tones of tenderness have met the ear,
The language of the eyes alone is sought,
Those soft but true interpreters of thought.

O'er vanished days they turn no more to gaze, They only sigh that they have met so late, And in life's mingled dream their spirits twine, No longer sad, no longer desolate; Striving by pure devotion to atone, For long lost years in which they dwelt alone.

It is the light that mirrored in the stream, Reflects a radiant glory to the sky, It is the echo softened yet distinct— That when we speak returns our faintest sigh, It is our shadow from the sunshine thrown, That leaves us not, and clings to us alone.

THE WORK TABLE.

SCAGLIOLA WORK, CROTCHET, &c.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.

We shall give in future, from month to month, hints on crotchet work, scagliola, netting, embroidery, &c., arranging the subjects according to the seasons, and illustrating our themes wherever appropriate. We begin the present month with an engraved pattern of a scagliola card-case, of a very beautiful design.

SCAGLIOLA WORK.

CARD CASE.—This description of drawing is called scagliola work. It was first invented by Guido Tassi, and the art was afterward improved and perfected by

Henry Hugford, a monk, of Vallambrosa. It was first used to counterfeit marbles; and the altar of St. Antonio, in the church of St. Nicolo, at Carpi, is still preserved as a monument of extraordinary skill and beauty. It consists of two columns, representing porphyry, and adorned with a pallium, embroidered as it were with lace; while it is ornamented on the margin with medals bearing beautiful figures.

The dicromi, or yellow figures on the back ground, in imitation of the Etruscan vases, are now most admired in scagliola work, and, as the art is one easy of attainment, we shall describe it:—Having procured a piece of sycamore of the desired size and shape, you draw upon it with a pencil, first the centre piece, and after-

wards the border; you then trace over the pencil marks with India ink and a camel's hair brush. After two or three days, varnish with the best picture varnish.

If sycamore cannot be procured, deal will answer the purpose, covered with good cream colored drawing-paper.

CROTCHET WORK.

FLACON PURSE.—Materials—Poncean crotchet silk and gold twist.—This purse of a neat and graceful form, is commenced with a chain of 112 stitches united.

Three rounds of long crotchet, with a chain stitch between each. Ponceau.

Only the three first rows are worked round. From the first row of gold begins the opening which is made by working from right to left side of the work.

1st row.-Gold.

4 rows ponceau.

1 row gold.

4 rows poncean.

1 row gold.

4 rows ponceau.

l row gold.





4 rows ponceau.

After the last four rows, begin to close the purse by working four rounds of double crotchet, uniting the first row; then begin the design with the colors indicated as above. When the last row of the pattern is finished continue with the ponceau in double crotchet, diminishing eight stitches in each row; this is done by leaving one stitch without working in every thirteen till diminished to a point, and always in the same place to the right.

Lady's Reticule.— Materials, Drab crotchet thread, two shades of narrow blue satin ribbon, cord and tassels to correspond with the ribbon; a piece of blue and a piece of white silk as lining.—Make a chain of 130 stitches.

1st row. Double crotchet.

2d row.—3 chain, 3 long.

3d row.—3 long worked in the 3 chain; repeat.
4th and two following rows.—1 long, 3 chain.

7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th rows.—Like the 2d and 3d; repeat from the 3d row twice, and finish with 3 rows, 3 long, 3 chain, miss 3.

Crotchet the sides together, work a row of doublelong stitches around the top, in which to insert the cord, and finish with a row of double crotchet.

Pass the ribbon through the rows of 3 chain, 3 long, placing the lightest in the centre strip.

Make a double lining with the silk; place the white next the reticule and the blue inside, and finish with cord and tassels.

RUDOLPH;

OR, THE STAR OF THE VIRGINIA LEGION.

ву ј. 8. совв.

CHAP. I .- THE BALL.

On the banks of the Chiccahoming, eighteen miles west of Richmond, Virginia, stood in 1781, a handsome and spacious country house, belonging to Richard Stanton, Esq., quite a prominent member of the House of Burgesses, and a fast friend to the Independence of America. In the rear of this building was a lawn which extended to the bank of the river, and which, at the time in question, presented a scene of most peculiar and stirring interest. It was the camping ground of Lafayette's chosen dragoons, the idol of his pride and affections, and who had been equipped mostly at his own expense, and according to his own taste. Not far off, the whole American army, then under command of the chivalrous marquis, to whose prowess the commander-in-chief had entrusted the destinies of the Old Dominion, lay strongly entrenched, prepared at any moment, to march against the British, who, under the fierce Philips and the traitor Arnold, were mercilessly ravaging the country around.

On the evening of the first of May, 1781, a splendid fete was given by the worthy proprietor of Mosswood, for so was the villa named, in honor of the gallant Lafayette. Many of the neighboring gentry, and a large concourse of belles who graced the metropolis, were present on the occasion, for the fears excited by the vindictive Arnold and his coadjutor, impelled many of the inhabitants of both sexes, to seek safety within the American lines. The enemy were daily expected to make their appearance before the city, and a division of Lafayette's army under Baron Steuben, far inferior in number and appointment to the British forces, were stationed for its defence. Hourly communication was kept up between the generals commanding, for it was the design of Lafayette to cover Richmond with his whole strength if \(\) necessary, until the public stores which had there been gathered, under the orders of Gen. Washington, were safely and entirely removed.

The villa was beautifully and brilliantly illuminated, and the sounds of music and revelry borne on the night breeze gave no token that war and danger were so near at hand. A strong patrol was stationed in the immediate vicinity, and sentinels were strung for miles in every direction from which a surprise was apprehended. Gay parties of lively young girls, decked with the early flowers of the season, attended by dashing young officers, were seen promenading the graveled walks of the lawn and garden, full of the present enjoyment, forgetful alike of past horrors, and unmindful of future hazards. But the chief and absorbing object of attraction was the presence of the Marquis De Lafayette. Standing in the centre of the

vast parlor, attired in the splendid dress uniform of his dragoon troop, with the rich and elegant sabre, presented to him by the Continental Congress, hanging gracefully from the belt which begirt his slender waist, this distinguished young general was receiving the respects of his friends and admirers, with that exuberant affability so peculiar to him, and which drew the involuntary admiration of all who approached him. He was leaning familiarly on the arm of a gentleman, apparently some twenty-five years of age, whose clear, keen eve and animated expression evinced already the tokens of that capacious and unequalled genius, which have since marked him as the first jurist of the age, and second to none whose works have come down from a former generation. His countenance was furrowed with the lines of severe thought and intense study, and his wan complexion and attenuated frame bore witness to the habits of industrious application, from which he was rarely favored with exemption or relaxation. This was John Marshall. To the right of the future biographer and Chief Justice was an officer, who, from the number of ladies and gentlemen that was gathered around where he sat, seemed likely to win his full share of attention amidst this brilliant galaxy. The fierce glance and fiery vehemence which blazed from his full and steady eye impressed with an indescribable awe those who beheld him, yet they were too much interested at the same time to leave his company. His earnest gesticulations and nervous restiveness evidenced plainly enough that terrible impetuosity and ungovernable spirit which had already rendered him conspicuous as an officer, and marked him as the paragon of chivalrous gallantry in the American army. When the reader is told that the officer alluded to was Anthony Wayne, further description will be unnecessary. His whole character is portrayed, and may be concentrated in two words, sagacity and impulsiveness. Attached to the coterie of this distinguished general were many officers of inferior rank, whose fame is stereotyped in the heart of every American. There were the intrepid Lee; the light-hearted Butler; the ardent Pickens; the chivalrous Howard; and last of all, the dauntless and mysterious Rudolph, whose daring feats and romantic impetuosity had attracted universal attention on many a hard fought field, and made him the star of that far-famed band, the Virginia Legion.

This officer had left the gay company for awhile, and was slowly promenading up and down the long corridor which separated the two wings of the marsion. Suddenly, as he approached the door which opened on the lawn in rear of the villa, the sentinel on guard met him.

"Captain," he said, "a corporal with a young

woman is waiting at the door, and wishes to speak with you."

Rudolph stopped, and looking at the soldier increduously and somewhat sternly, replied—

- "A young woman, and wishes to speak with me? You mistake, certainly!"
- "She is a stranger just arrived, and will see no one else."
 - "Lead on then, I will follow you."

The sentinel returning, pointed to a man and woman who stood at the foot of the steps. When Rudolph, by the light of the full moon, whose beams silvered with the brightness of day the landscape around, caught sight of the female, he started back as if amazed, and yet there was gladness in his tone.

- "You here, Fanny?" he exclaimed. "But in Heaven's name, what brought you?"
- "Pressing and important business," was the soft response.
 - "How did you pass the guard and patrol?"
- "I told them I must see you, and this officer was sent to guard and conduct me. No one questioned me further."
- "It is true," said the corporal, who was standing by.
- "Gentlemen," said Rudolph, to the two wondering soldiers, "you can go about your business, but, mind you, take good care to keep your own counsel! This may not bear repetition."
- "And now," he again said, after they had gone, "tell me the cause of this strange visit? I fear you have been imprudent, Fanny, and have broken your promise."
- "Captain Rudolph is quite mistaken," said the maiden, proudly. "I left my uncle's house with his knowledge and by his order, and rode hither accompanied only by his faithful servant."
 - "What has happened?"
- "Philips has joined Arnold, and they will be in Manchester 'ere the morrow's sun rises. What think you now?"

Had a bolt fallen at his feet, Rudolph could not have been more astonished, and his large eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire.

- "How came you to know this, Fanny?" he said.
 "This news must soon change the features of these
- "My uncle's house was yesterday entered by a party of British soldiers, who destroyed everything that was valuable, and then burning the outhouses with all they contained, ordered him to leave his bed and follow them. When told by the physician that he was bed-ridden, they cursed him as a lying rebel, and struck him to the floor. Then setting fire, as they thought, to the house, they rode off, swearing that the rebels deserved no better fate."
 - "And how did you escape?"
- "When they were first descried, my uncle ordered me to take refuge in a closet, within which was a dark, low cuddy, where I lay perfectly secure."
- "And did the house burn down? and what became of the old gentleman and his friend?"
- "The fire was soon extinguished by the servants, who came in after the British left. My uncle then

instructed me to come hither, thinking I would be safer on the road under the guidance of his servant, than in his house whilst the ruffians were so near. He charged me to make all the speed I could to prevent the destruction of Richmond."

"How?" said Rudolph, "is not this known at Richmond?"

- "No. It is a secret march, and they intend surprising Baron Steuben before the marquis can march to succor him. This was told by a young countryman who had made his escape after being taken prisoner, but was again unfortunately met by the party as they came to my uncle's. The ruffians shot him on the spot."
- "The heartless villains!" exclaimed Rudolph, fiercely. "But there is no time to be lost, and we must take measures to break in upon their plans. Fanny, this night's work will immortalize you."
- "I shall be glad if Richmond escapes destruction through my poor means; but if ill befalls you, I should regret that I was the messenger," said the girl, in a soft murmur.

"That will be as fate decrees. And now take my arm, and go with me to the lady of the house."

As good luck would have it they met Mrs. Stanton crossing the passage all alone, on her way to the chamber where her little children were sleeping. Rudolph spoke a few words with her, which seemed to agitate her no little; and then introducing and leaving Fanny to her charge, he strode on with rapid step in the direction of the parlor.

CHAP II .- THE COUNCIL.

GENERAL WAYNE, yielding to the vivacity inspired by this interval of relaxation from the stern duties of war, was engaged in animated converse with a bevy of ladies who surrounded him. Abstracted and determined, Rudolph made his way through the intervening throng, which opened as he approached, and addressed the general, to whom he was an aid—

"General Wayne," he said, "I beg the honor of a few minute's private conversation with you."

There was something in the look, the tone and manner of Rudolph, which left no doubt with the general that his report was of a pressing and important nature, and he immediately left the room with Rudolph. At the door they met Colonel Lee and Mr. Stanton, who were invited to accompany them. The company who had been involuntary witnesses of these proceedings, were left in a bewildered state of suspense, and the most annoying conjecture.

The connection of Rudolph with any matter was at all times sufficient guaranty of its weight and importance. This young officer had now been twelve months attached to the legion, or to the staff of Gea. Wayne, and yet little was known as to his past history. He held communication on this subject with none of his messmates, and he had not courted or allowed a sufficient intimacy with any member of the corps to warrant the liberty of questioning, or in any manner inquiring into so delicate a matter. It was generally believed, however, that he was a native of Maryland. His resolute and rather peculiar

had raised him to notice. The high esteem in which \ he was evidently held by Lafayette and Wayne, commanded for him on all sides the most flattering attention. His acknowleged talent and chivalry, taken with the fact that he ever wore, conspicuously attached to his dragoon cap, a silver star, which had often been seen gleaming foremost in the bloody fight, had gained for him the familiar cognomen of "the star of the legion."

Many conjectures were hazarded and discussed as to the purport of his communications to the officers who had left the room. The continued presence of the marquis, however, who was still affable and totally unconscious of what had happened, alone gave color to the belief that it concerned not the movements of the enemy, or the prospect of danger. But when, after the lapse of a few minutes, Colonel Lee re-entered the saloon, and solicited an interview privately with the commanding general, wonder gave place to universal uneasiness.

"Do I understand, colonel, that Rudolph is the author of this news?" said the marquis, as they passed out.

"Yes, marquis. He is now with Gen. Wayne."

"Then be sure that all will be as he says. He is a man that never gives false alarms."

When Lafayette entered the apartment which had been assigned to General Wayne, he was surprised to find a young girl present, who, timidly leaning on the arm of Captain Rudolph, was replying to some question addressed to her by the general.

"Aha, my dear general," said the marquis, smiling, "I was not aware that the American service allowed female counsels."

"They are not excluded as witnesses though, my dear marquis," answered Wayne, bowing.

"Who is this young woman?" asked the marquis. "The daughter of William Beckham, Esq., of Albe-

marle," replied Rudolph, with a ceremonious salute. "From whence does she come?"

"From Chesterfield Court House since noon, on

horseback, and accompanied only by a servant."

"Sacre Dieu, you tell me an impossibility."

"It is nevertheless as I say, marquis."

"And pray, what is the news she brings?"

"Ah, now you touch the point," said Wayne: "you must know, marquis, that the British left Petersburg yesterday, and 'ere sunrise to-morrow will be bombarding Richmond."

" Morbleu, this is news indeed. Who will answer that it is well founded? The girl may be mistaken."

"I will answer with my life, marquis," said Rudolph.

"Very well. And now tell me who is in command?"

"General Philips," was her low answer.

The fierce brow of the marquis was instantly clouded with a dark frown, and his cheek flushed perceptibly. The maiden, ignorant of the cause, and somewhat agitated at the presence of so renowned a personage, felt the blood rushing coldly to her heart, and could not repress a shudder of timidity. A slight pressure of her hand from Rudolph re-assured her,

character, and his head-strong courage were all that; and, when she again looked up, the cloud had passed from Lafayette's countenance.

"Ah, Philips!" said he-"the Cannonier of Menden! Well, he owes me the life of the best of fathers, and I am not sorry at the prospect of getting even

"Surely, marquis," said Wayne, half humorously, "vou bear no malice to this poor consumptive general? You must set it all down to the fortune of war."

"Mon Dieu, yes," returned Lafayette, "but fortune sometimes affords a fair field for returning favors. And now, messieurs, to your command, and have all ready for instant marching. Our friend Stanton must pardon our unceremonious departure."

"We shall not seek to detain you, my dear general," said Mr. Stanton, with a smile. "But he assured we shall not part company, and we will be ready as soon as you. A visit from one of Arnold's forage parties would not be the most pleasant for such a rebel as I, who have ventured to entertain American generals and soldiers."

"You are right," was the answer. "And do not neglect, let me beg you, to provide a comfortable seat for my fair friend here. A hard ride on horseback, over the Virginia hills, will not deal the easiest with such delicate limbs."

"Be assured, marquis, she shall not suffer."

"Ah," said Wayne, "we can fight with stout hearts and ready courage, so long as our women thus watch for us. I shall not soon forget this service, my fair Fanny."

"Allow me to kiss your hand, brave fair one," said Lafayette, and catching the reluctant hand of the blushing girl, the gallant young marquis gaily imprinted on its soft surface a fervent kiss."

When, after the officers and Mr. Stanton had left the room, Rudolph found himself alone with the young girl, the fierce expression which usually dwelt on his countenance, gave place to a look of unspeakable tenderness, and he pressed her fondly in his arms.

"I claim a kiss elsewhere," he said, as he pressed his lips to hers. "I told you, Fanny, this service would immortalize you. Believe me, you have saved Richmond, and so the marquis thinks, and so will be report to Washington."

"Ah, Michael, do you think our forces can reach in time to prevent the bombardment? If so, and you escape unhurt, I shall be too happy, and may then have a heart to meet those at home."

"Nay! cheer up, sweet one," said Rudolph-" you ask if we shall be there in time. It is now eight o'clock. By eleven I shall be at Steuben's headquarter's with the advanced guard from the legion. By one, Wayne's division will be encamped within the city, and before dawn Lafayette will be there with the rear. Before light every battery will be ready for action. The surprise will be turned against the traitor and his friend. And now return with me to Mrs. Stanton's apartments, and she will provide for

In a half hour afterward the patrols and videttes were all drawn in, the drums were heard beating for assembly, and aid-de-camp galloped forth and back in bearing orders to the different divisions. Presently

a troop of horse hurried past, and took the high road , which was not there three hours ago, and we are for Richmond.

"Steuben will hear the news in less than three hours," said General Wayne, as the last file disappeared. "Rudolph is off."

"He sets a good example of haste," said Lafavette.

"That is nothing uncommon for him when strife is afloat."

In a very few minutes after this the whole army was paraded in line of march, and the moonbeams reflected the lustre from more than two thousand muskets. The artillery moved off, and Wayne followed at the head of his infantry. The legion, led by Colonel Lee, brought up the rear of this division. and they were soon on the track of the advanced guard.

By ten o'clock Lafavette's arrangements were completed, and surrounded by his chosen corps, he placed himself at the head of his rear division. Having then seen to the safety of such ladies as chose to accompany his march, he put his troops in motion, and Mosswood was left to solitude.

CHAP. III .- THE TRAITOR.

A CLOUDLESS dawn succeeded to the night, under cover of which Lafayette had accomplished this timely march; whilst Philips and Arnold, intent on destroying the public stores collected at Richmond, and mantled by the same darkness, had quietly occupied the heights around Manchester, and taken military possession of the town. This being considered the key by which to unlock the well filled storehouses of the city, the British generals had been busily engaged, during the latter part of the night, in disposing their troops in such manner as to commence their attack on the feeble defences of Baron Steuben by the earliest dawn. Knowing the weakness of the veteran Prussian in point of troops, as well as proper ordnance, they calculated on partial resistance; but they well knew that so skilful a soldier would not surrender such an important post without exhausting his full means of defence. They had not the slightest suspicion of the discovery of their plan, or the formidable preparations which had been made to counteract their plans.

By daybreak Arnold was in the saddle, and in consequence of General Philips' suffering with hemorrhage of the lungs, assumed the chief command. Surrounded by a brilliant staff, the traitor visited the different posts, and completed the arrangements for regularly investing the metropolis. He was returning to the station which he had just left, and from which the attack was to open, when a small company of horse, which had been thrown forward with the view of impressing a belief that they supported a body of infantry, were seen riding back in full gallop, and approaching the suite of the general-

"What's the matter now?" said Arnold, as the officer commanding drew up by his side. " You surely have not succeeded so soon in drawing a pursuit from the old Dutchman!"

"No, general; but I fear all is not as was thought. A heavy battery may be seen from a height yonder, 5 rear, whose rich uniform and handsome caparisons Vol. XV1.-3

evidently expected."

Arnold's face was instantly flushed, and without offering a word in reply, he set off at full speed in the direction of the height indicated.

"Hand me the glass, quickly," said he, to his adju-

A single glance with the naked eye, unaided by the telescope, sufficed to reveal the whole fully and unmistakeably. The eminence commanded the entire front of the main street which led from the bridge to the capitol, and exposed to view the battery which had surprised the officer first on duty. The guns from this battery swept the bridge from one extremity to the other, and Arnold, totally unprepared to encounter opposition of this character, was too sagacious not to have known at once that his plan had failed, and that he had been out-generaled.

"There can be no doubt," said an officer present, "but that Baron Steuben has been reinforced from some quarter, within a few hours."

"Reinforced," repeated Arnold, bitterly. "What has chanced requires a stronger word to come at its importance. Lafayette is there in full force, and Steuben is superseded."

"Lafayette in Richmond!" repeated the officer, in turn. "Why at sunset yesterday he was eighteen miles off, and ignorant of our approach."

"That may all be, and yet I tell you he is now in Richmond. You have only to make a feint of crossing, to test what I say."

"If you will allow Colonel Simcoe, he will make not only a feint, but, my life on it, he will throw his men over the bridge."

"By no means," was the quick response. "But go, and order forward a small field-piece, so as to disperse that band of horsemen who hover on the opposite bank under cover of the battery. If we can thus draw the fire from the guns, Simcoe may effect the passage of the bridge. If the guns are silent, you may be sure the marquis is there with his whole force. We shall then turn back, for we are not sufficiently strong to make the attempt in face of such opposition."

In a few moments the loud report of a heavily charged cannon disturbed the quiet of the early morn, and awakened a din of successive reverberations along the shores and channel of the river which flowed noiselessly below. The blue wreath of smoke curled in mid-air, and then evaporated; the troop of horse were seen slowly moving away, but not a gun from the opposite bank sent back its answer. But the scene suddenly changed.

Simultaneous with the discharge of the cannon, and as if intended to herald its approach, the first rays of the rising sun were seen blazing from the tops of the adjoining hills, and lighting up the beautiful landscape around. Arnold and his suite were now enabled to see that a strong body of infantry, posted at regular intervals, and supported by a heavy reserve of cavalry, were drawn up in line of battle behind the battery. A corps of light dragoons were seen defiling along an open street some distance in the

disclosed at once to Arnold that Lafayette was present, and before him in complete array. Chagrin and disappointment were pictured in his every lineament, and the conviction flashed on his mind that the betrayer had in turn been betrayed.

The officers around participated in this despondency, for hope had run high among them at the prospect of serving their king and country, but many found it impossible to bring their noble hearts to sympathize in the disappointment of the traitor who had been so unexpectedly baffled in his clandestine at-

"Well, are you satisfied now that I was right?" he asked, of his officer.

"There can be no doubt," replied the adjutant, "that Lafayette, apprized of our approach, threw himself into Richmond last night."

"That is certainly very clear. But who apprized him? We had reliable information that he was at his camp at a late hour in the afternoon of yesterday." "There certainly could not have been a traitor

among us?" said the officer, innocently.

Arnold's fierce eyes lighted up with a blaze of fury, and the young officer, made thus sensible of his faux pas, attempted a confused and unmeaning apology. The group around exchanged glances, and a breathless silence ensued.

"Pray, sir, inform us what you mean, or aim at by apologizing when none are offended?" said the general, recovering with an effort his temper and self-possession. "Come, be kind enough."

"General, I feared my remark had been thought personal, and I was exceedingly mortified."

"Are any in this company," said Arnold, pointing around, "liable to a charge of treachery?"

"Oh, certainly not. I never thought such."

"Then you knew not what you were at?"

"Perhaps, general, I did not."

"I expected so. And now do me the favor to keep yourself in the rear until further ordered."

The young officer, flushed to crimson with mortification, bowed and rode rapidly off.

"Now, gentlemen," said Arnold, "we must proceed to business. You, sir, ride forward and order Colonel Simcoe to draw in his advance, and get his troops ready for marching. You, sir," and he turned to another, "will please ride and inform Gen. Philips that I find it indispensable to order a retrograde movement. Richmond must be abandoned for the present. Lafayette must be attended to when my Lord Cornwallis shall have reached us. Gentlemen, favor me by bearing similar orders to the commanders of other divisions. The sun must set on us many miles from this, and when these goodly stores of tobacco belonging to the rebels of Manchester shall be consumed, we will rid them of our presence."

CHAP. IV .- THE WOUND.

A SHORT time after this, the village of Manchester was covered with smoke and flame from the burning warehouses, and many an innocent sufferer in the cause of freedom beheld that day the destruction of }

foreign to his character before the period of his crime, directed in person the work of ruin and devastation, and was seen riding with reckless rapidity through the flames, like the grim fiend exulting over his destructive work. What a fall for the mighty! What a change from the hero to the demon-from the patriot to the traitor! The companion and co-adjutor of Montgomery on the glorious and bloody heights of Abraham, inciting British robbers to lay waste the goods of American citizens!

From the balcony of a house in the metropolis opposite, Lafayette and Wayne beheld the progress of this melancholy and outrageous work. They did not deem it safe or prudent to attempt arresting itbut their manly bosoms burned with irrepressible indignation.

"Sacre Dieu!" exclaimed the ardent Frenchman, "just to think of such a man having been once the intimate friend of Washington!"

"You forget the old maxim, marquis," answered Wayne. "I have heard that the gods first madden those whom they will destroy."

"If you will add harden, I will agree, general."

"By the living God, that is too much for human endurance!" ejaculated the impetuous Wayne, as a crowd of women and children were seen flying tumultuously from a house enveloped in flame. "Ah, marquis, if I were in command I should feel tempted to give those thick, red columns a farewell salute ere they left us, even if deemed a little rash."

"Eh, ma foi, it would not prove very agreeable, my dear friend, to turn loose a battery which might kill as many friends as foes," answered the marquis, shrugging his shoulders with indescribable stern national expression, "and you know we are not sufficiently strong to venture an engagement at a disadvantage."

"Oh! surely not, marquis. It would be right to act only as you are acting. You know, though, I am called Mad Anthony."

"Yes, but you have more method in your madness than most madmen," was the flattering answer. "But come, did you not tell me that Rudolph was at your quarters? I trust his wound is not serious. Do me the pleasure of going with me to visit him."

"Certainly. His wound is severe, but not serious, I believe. He was the only one injured by the discharge. When I saw the brave fellow tumble from his horse, I could scarcely refrain from ordering a return from the battery, which would have caused the British curs to recollect with certainty the consequences of their ruse."

"Ah, now you are mad again. Remember your maxim, dear general, though not my addition. And now will you accompany me to your quarters?"

"With pleasure, for I see that the last company of the red coats have taken up their line of march, and I have no further heart to look on such a sight."

The two officers left the balcony, and disappeared within the building.

In a room darkened and deadened so as to exclude the least ray of sunlight, and to guard against the noise of the lightest footfall, lay Rudolph, stretched on the bed of pain and misery. A solitary being watched all he had. Arnold, with a vindictiveness wholly by his side, ever and anon soothing the restlessness

of the sleeping patient by gently pressing his hand in I am alone, because the doctor requests that you be her soft grasp. The physician attending had strictly kept perfectly quiet." enjoined quiet, after having administered a strong opiate. A large, white bandage encircled the head of the patient, and the stains of blood to be seen showed that the wound had not ceased discharging.

Rudolph had been struck by a shot from the only gun fired by the British on that morning. The ball had rebounded from a stout brick building in rear of his position, and glanced along the full side of his } head, causing severe contusion, but had not fractured the skull. The dread of inflammatory symptoms had suggested the cautious regimen we have

Presently he awoke, and by the light of a taper which burned on the hearth, discovered the girl sitting by his bedside.

"Why are you alone, dear Fanny? Ah, now I recollect—the battle has re-commenced, and Alexandre has gone to his post-is it not so?"

"No, indeed, Michael, for the enemy have gone. I rals.

"Where then are Berthier and Hamilton?"

"They are waiting in the next room, ready to serve you at any moment. The doctor advised them to stay away until you awoke."

Berthier was a young French officer, remarkably fair and handsome, who had been detached by the Marquis Lafayette from the staff of the Count Rochambeau, with the view of placing him at the head of his favorite dragoon corps. He and a lieutentant in Lee's Legion, named Hamilton, were the only intimate associates of Rudolph in the whole army.

"Ah! well, I will see them by and bye. But how shall I thank you for your sweet care, Fanny?"

The beautiful girl blushed, and would have answered, but at this moment the door was softly opened, and Hamilton announced the Marquis De Lafavette and General Wayne. Fanny glided from the room and left Rudolph alone with the two gene-(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

EVENING IN SUMMER.

BY EMILY HERRMANN

Now the sultry heat is over, All the chicks have sought the cover Of their mother's wing. There's a most delicious pleasure Spread out, in no stinted measure, For each living thing.

All the bees and flies have gone ' With the glorious evening sun To their quiet homes. From his earthy, leaf-roofed cell Near the wild flower's painted bell Night's gay stroller comes.

Upward, upward is his flight With his lamp trimmed up, to light Where the day-beams leave. All things round me speak of joy; No rude sounds the ear annoy On this Summer eve.

Pleasant thoughts come over me While the shutting flowers I see Fold themselves to sleep, Carelessly and peacefully 'Neath the Eye that watchfully Guard o'er all doth keep.

Pleasantly, right pleasantly All things sink to rest; Little birds, that merrily Tuned all day their minstrelsy, Now are in the nest.

Yet the cricket "winds his horn," Neither will he cease till morn, Diligent is he. Who knows but a serenade Is intended to be made For his dumb ladye?

Superstition cannot bear it, But I dearly love to hear it Sung so gallantly. All old poets loved the crickets, Theirs are cheapest concert tickets, Harmless revelry.

But the fire-fly seeks the tree-trops Through the softly falling dew-drops While the stars are bright. Deep-toned frogs have joined the chorus, And the moon rides up before us High above the night.

TO POLYMELA.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Sweet rose-bud in the garden of pure song! As from the unfolding of young leaves arise Sweet fragrance, which has lain therein so long; So, from thy parted lips, thy melodies, In sweet perfume, now, flowing, wake around My soul an odorous ocean of sweet sound.

Sultana of my soul! the live-long night I heard thy brook-like voice, (still murmuring,) Wave round my thoughts with deluge-like delight-Greening my heart with an immortal Spring Of Heavenly pleasure; as the vales of rain Are clad in verdure; Lady! sing again!



TRUE LOVE AND FALSE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"This is slow work," said Allan Seymour, as he pushed aside a law book with which he had been occupied, and gathering his long limbs from beneath his office table, threw himself into a lounging chair and gazed intensely into the fire. "Slow work, indeed," he added, "and I am getting fairly sick of it. But there is no royal road to eminence—nothing but drudge until the end of the chapter. If Marion Lee were not such an angel, and I had not been such a fool as to fall in love with her, I might—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a murmur, and though the reverie of the young barrister continued long, and the shadow grew deeper upon his handsome face, no further sound gave token of its object.

Brightly the glowing fire flashed upon his eye, and darkly frowned down upon him the well-stored book shelves, whose contents were so distasteful to him; loud roared the wind, and louder rattled the passing carriages—he saw and heard them not. For before his mind's eye was stretched a moonlit landscape, above him rustled the boughs of a venerable oak, and beside him murmured a voice he fain would have listened to forever—for it spoke of love and trust to hope—of effort, high and noble effort to reach a goal, and as Allan listened he felt his better nature rise within him, and he had determined, alas! alas! how vainly, to do and to dare all that it prompted.

Allan had then for the first time really loved. He had had flirtations innumerable, for he lived much in the gay world, and many a dashing belle had seen him in her train. Besides his profession, he possessed a small patrimony which had enabled him to live idly and expensively, and on being informed by his guardian that it was nearly spent, he had repaired to Saratoga with the intention of addressing a wealthy but unattractive heiress, who had shown very plainly that she preferred him to her other suitors.

On the evening of his arrival there, his eyes chanced to meet those of Marion Lee bent admiringly upon him. He was struck with her beauty, and with the blush that mantled upon her check, as she timidly withdrew her gaze, when she found it was observed. An introduction followed, the heiress was forgotten and offended, and Marion and he loved.

But they had parted unbetrothed. Marion's father, a man of moderate means but elevated character, did not fully approve of his daughter's choice. He had inquired, he said, and heard that the young man was averse to business and fond of pleasure, that he had wasted his patrimony, and what was more his time.

"Let the young man prove that he loves you by his actions, my child," he said. "If two years hence he returns here an industrious hard working lawyer, you may have him, if you will, but until then you both must be free."

And as all Marion's tears would gain no more, she strove to inspire her lover with the same high hopes and noble aims that animated her own pure bosom, and trusted in his vows of love and constancy, as firmly as in her own. And thus they parted.

Eight months had passed since then—eight months of fitful effort, but still constant love—for Marion was not one to be readily forgotten—but the effort was daily becoming more wearisome, and Allan gradually had yielded at the solicitations of his former companions, to re-enter the gay and dissipated circles he had for a while forsaken. On the evening we have introduced him to our readers, his long reverie was broken in upon by the entrance of one of these friends, if friends such can be called, who after rallying Allan upon his studious habits and love of solitude, insisted upon his accompanying him that evening to a party to which both were invited. Allan, at first refused to go, so after exhausting other arguments, his friend said—

"But I have promised Miss Talbot that you shall be there, and you must go if it is only to oblige her." "Poh, nonsense, Miss Talbot and I have scarcely spoken for months."

"Did you not speak to her at Mrs. R--'s the other night?"

"For a moment only—she was very civil, to be sure—all things considered," said Allan, musingly.

"And all things considered, Allan Seymour, you are the most insensible fellow in the world, or you would have married that girl long ago—why she has been in love with you for a year at least."

"And eight months of that year I have been in love with another woman. So it is a hopeless business."

"I was in hopes you had gotten over that nonsense—but you are not engaged yet?"

"No, but after two years toiling at my profession we are to be—eight months have gone already—heigh ho!"

"Two year's hard work before you are engaged, and twice two before you are married, and when you are married, what a prospect! I can see you now, Allan, in your threadbare coat, sighing over musty papers in your dingy office, your wife, thin, pale, and shabby, sighing over her children's clothes in her dingy parlor, and the poor brats, fat, ragged, and saucy, wanting a thousand things you can't afford to give them. Poh! it makes me sick."

Allan sighed. He had thought of all this a hundred times, but he smiled sadly as he replied—"but in spite of all this, we will love each other dearly, for Marion is a glorious creature."

"Hem—you know the old proverb, 'when poverty comes in at the door,' &c. I'll wager a cool thousand

that at the end of two years, you would love Lucretia Talbot just as well as your fair Phillis yonder, for she will love you far better. Look at the two womenhere is one ready to break her neck after you, though you show her no civility, while the other, whom you love so dearly will not write you a line in six months, because 'papa says not.' Why, man, if she loved you half as well as Lucretia does, she would have run off with you at the first word, instead of setting you on this miserable probation. I bet she is at this moment flirting with some of her old beaux: so come to Mrs. Lennox's, and flirt with some of four old belles." And Allan at last was persuaded to go.

Miss Talbot, who had sat sullen and silent all the evening, recovered her smiles and animation when Allan addressed her. She invited him to take a seat next her, and though the fair image of the absent Marion often rose beside the image of the plain, dark visage of Miss Talbot, still in the dim distance was the other picture his friend had drawn, beside which even Lucretia grew fair, and the diamonds with which she was loaded, shone with redoubled lustre.

Our hero was, as we have said, eminently handsome; he was also, as handsome men are apt to be, eminently vain. Miss Talbot's devotion after all his coldness, inflated him to such a degree, that when they parted, he thought less of Marion's charms than of his own, and from that time, willingly sought the society where he received such incense.

At first he did not dream of inconstancy to Marion, he was only amusing himself and gratifying his vanity. Soon, however, he found the heiress appropriating his attentions as her right; soon too, her immense fortune excited in his mind a strong desire to grasp the prize he saw others vainly striving after.

True, the heiress was plain, weak-minded, and ill-tempered, while Marion, his still loved Marion, was all beauty, intellect, and goodness. Her form, upbraiding him for his falsehood, suffering from his inconstancy, seemed day and night before him. The struggle was a severe one, between a life of exertion and poverty with her love, and one of indolence and wealth without it. But it ended at last. Money carried the day, and he offered his hand to Lucretia, who at once accepted him as her future husband.

"Tell me, Allan," said Lucretia, one evening at a party, soon after their engagement, when she had withdrawn him from the company to snatch a short tete-a-tete in a dimly lighted conservatory—"what became of the pretty Marion Lee, you flirted with so dreadfully at Saratoga, when you made me so angry with you?"

"Ah-really-ah-I don't know what has become of her," stammered Allan. "What in the world makes you ask?"

"Because I saw a figure in the ball-room that reminded me of her."

"Where? in the name of Heaven, where?"

"Stay, sit still, we have been here but a minute, and it is so delightful to have you all to myself," said Lucretia, drawing him again to her side. "Now you must tell me all about it, love, or I shall be really jealous. Have you never seen her since?"

- "Scarcely—what nonsense—how beautiful your hair is dressed."
- "Yes. Le Page always does it well. Then you were not in love with her?"
- "Never," said Allan, though the falsehood almost choked him.
- "Then why were you so devoted to her? and why did you look at her as I have never seen you look since?" said Lucretia, poutingly.
- "Because—because—I was a fool. You made me angry, and I flirted with her to worry you."
- "And that was all—and you really did not care for her?"

"Never," said Allan, "on my honor." He raised his eyes as he spoke, and just before him screened from Lucretia by an immense flowing Azalia, stood Marion herself—her queen-like figure drawn to its utmost height, her large eyes flashing with indignation, though the rest of her beautiful face expressed both pity and contempt.

She had vanished before he recovered from the shock her appearance had excited, and as it was some time before he was able, under the plea of sudden indisposition to release himself from Lucereia, whose exhibition of fond anxiety made him feel as if he hated her, no trace of Marion could then be seen. At first he was tempted to believe the whole a vision of his brain. But no, it was her living, breathing presence. He had heard a bitter sigh part her lovely lips as she turned so proudly from him—a sigh not so much for her own wrongs as for his degradation, and as soon as he could command himself sufficiently to question his hostess, he learned that Marion had indeed been there, and where she was to be found.

Forgetting everything but the powerful impulse of the moment, he determined at once to see her-but day after day he beseiged the door of her friend's house in vain. He wrote to her-his letters were returned unopened. Accident was, however, at last his friend. She passed him without a sign of recognition, but as she was alone he joined her, and though she motioned him away, (for she dared not speak, and could scarcely stand,) he drew her arm firmly within his own, and turning into an unfrequented street, forced her to lisen, while he poured forth an incoherent rhapsody, which ended by imploring her to forget the past, and as his better angel, to snatch him from the miserable destiny he had prepared for himself. At last he paused for a reply, but Marion was silent. No answering look of tenderness met his impassioned gaze, or rewarded him for expressions of attachment she knew to be false, and felt to be degrading.

"Cruel Marion!" he exclaimed, passionately, "is it only with cold disdain that you listen while I humble myself before you? while I confess my sin, my sorrow, and the adoration I this moment feel for you? But you have never loved as I have!"

"No, never!" said Marion, struggling to command her voice, which always soft and low, was now scarce louder than a sigh, but gradually gained strength as she proceeded. "How I have loved you can scarcely guess. How I have suffered in awaking from my delusion, is only known to him who gave me strength to bear it. It is enough for you to know that I have

Digitized by Google

awakened-it is impossible that I can dream again. Farewell, Mr. Seymour. May you be happy with the wife you have so deliberately chosen. My business leads me in another direction"-and with a stately bow she left him, hastened homeward, her strength failing at every step, until she sunk fainting into the arms of the servant, who opened the door to admit her.

For hours Allan wandered through the streets, neither hearing nor seeing anything that passed around him, inwardly cursing his own folly, Marion's pride, and the poverty of both, and it was some days before the spirit of worldliness regained its former empire over his vacillating mind. Restless and unhappy, his only desire seemed now to fix the fate he had chosen, and he urged the completion of his marriage with an impatience, that charmed the willingly deceived Lucretia. In a very few weeks, before Marion had recovered from the illness his falsehood brought upon her, he stood at the altar, vowing to love and to cherish one whose person he disliked, whose character he despised, but whose wealth he hoped would make amends for all the rest.

But Allan was mistaken. He had experienced the charm a highly placed attachment can throw around existence, and he felt the aching void its absence had occasioned. Had his wife's affection for him been less engrossing, he might, perhaps, have sometimes forgotten the golden fetters that bound him, but this was almost impossible. She must share all his pleasures with him, and her presence was enough to render them nugatory. Weak, narrow-minded, pampered, and entirely selfish, her love partook of the selfishness of her nature. It must minister to her own happiness, not to that of its object, and as time went on, Allan (who was naturally amiable, and seldom roused his indolent temper to contend against her violent one) found himself tied to the apron-string of his volatile wife, the alternate slave of her caprices, and of the sensual indulgence, in which alone he found refuge from them.

It was several years after their marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were spending the summer at Sharon Springs, when business connected with some valuable property, owned by Lucretia in the western part of the state of New York, made it necessary that Allan should visit a thriving town in that section to consult his lawyer. Lucretia, who always fancied herself an invalid, was unable, to his great joy, to accompany her husband on the journey.

After a long consultation with his lawyer-a remarkably fine looking and intelligent man, whose knowledge of the intricate points of law connected with the business, had impressed Allan with a high opinion of his powers, he felt somewhat at a loss how to dispose of the rest of the day, when Mr. Aubrey said to him-

"As I am very busy this morning, I regret I will not be able to devote it to you, but if instead of returning to your hotel you will dine with us, my wife will, I am sure, do her best to entertain you."

Allan bowed assentingly, and his host apologizing \ other side of the hall and hurried back to his office.

As the room was empty, Allan had time to look about him. It was plainly, but tastefully furnished, while books, prints, a piano-forte, and some lovely flowers gave it an air of refined domesticity and home enjoyment, that made Allan sigh, as he contrasted it with his own gorgeous drawing-room, so grand, so cheerless, and so seldom occupied. A door leading to the adjoining room was partly open, and a sweet female voice warbling a lay he once had loved, but now could scarcely bear to hear, indicated that there he would probably find the mistress of the mansion. He therefore advanced, and entered the apartment.

It was a dining-room still plainer than the one he left. A child was playing in the vine embowered porch, upon which its large window opened, and beside it sat a lady, simply dressed, sewing and singing so diligently, that she did not hear the stranger enter. Allan stood as if transfixed. It was Marion, young and beautiful as ever, her fair head bowed over her work, while the well-filled basket beside her gave token of her housewifely thrift. In a moment she looked up, and advancing, as to a stranger, bowed courteously.

"Marion!" exclaimed Allan, "do you not know me?"

A spasm of pain contracted her lovely features for an instant, but soon commanding herself, she offered him her hand, and said with kindness, as her eye rested on his altered face-"excuse me, Mr. Sevmour, I fear you have been ill, for I did not recognize you."

"Ill at ease, Marion-restless, dissatisfied, unhappy -as I deserve to be," he said, holding her hand in both of his, and regarding her intently.

"Mrs. Seymour is well, I hope?" said Marion, coldly, disengaging her hand and desiring to change the subject.

"Do not speak of her," he answered, vehemently. "Oh Marion! you might have saved me from that fate but you would not. Had you but listened to me when last we met, instead of the worthless sensualist I am, I might with you in some sweet solitude like this, have grown to be honored, useful, distinguished as now I can never be !"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Seymour," said Marion, "circumstances do not alter character. In the solitude you would probably sigh as vainly for the wealth that now is yours, as you do for the love you once so wilfully rejected. That love, highly placed and warmly reciprocated, forms my happiness in a life of self-denial and industry, but it never would have sufficed for yours-you surely chose your own portion, and should not murmur, for you have received your reward."

Allan could not reply, but turned for relief to the child who was trying to attract his attention. He satisfied himself by close observation during the remainder of his visit, that what Marion said of her own happiness was strictly true. Mr. Aubrey has since risen both to wealth and political eminence, and his beautiful wife is often the "cynosure of every eye," in the brilliant circles at the capitol. Allan for leaving him so abruptly, opened a door on the Seymour still vegetates, a grumbling idler, rich in purse, but poor in all that gives to life its real value.

TWO CHAPTERS

IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG WIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"When the idea of the marriage tie is taken at its true height—when it is acknowledged as an institution of God, there is found in it so much of self-denial—so much of consecration to another, (these two fine attributes of human nature) the power of devoting and controlling self are so called upon to manifest themselves, that this connexion will always be the most excellent school of amelioration, as well as of great cause of miral development." MADAME NECKAR DE SAUSSURE.

CHAPTER I.

"HELEN, my love, after you have finished trimming that morning cap for me, I wish you would go around to Annie's, and see how she is getting along with the new servant I sent her yesterday. I feel worried about her, she is so unaccustomed to care, and Hannah's leaving her so suddenly has troubled her, I know, for she looked very much out of spirits last evening, didn't you think so, Mr. Carroll?" she said, ? turning to her husband.

"She has not looked well to me for some time past," he replied, "and I am afraid now that it is too late, you will find out that I was right in opposing her marrying on so short an acquaintance. Why, I get out of patience whenever I think of it! Such a mere child as she was too!-she had better by far have gone to school three or four years longer. Heigh ho! you women must have your own way, or there is no living in the house with you. I only hope you have not sacrificed your daughter to your-

"Sacrificed her, Mr. Carroll!-sacrificed! I should like to know what you mean by making use of that word? You had better take the cap up stairs, Helen, to your room, and finish it there."

Helen left the room, and Mrs. Carroll continued-"I should like to know, as I have said before, what you mean by that word, for I am sure I do not know where the sacrifice was in marrying Annie to a son of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, and such a strong attachment existing on both sides. I wish I could see where the sacrifice was!"

"Don't get angry, Julia, don't get angry, for when you get angry you are always nervous, and you won't listen to reason-now I wish to talk with you plainly on the subject, without exciting either of us. You know how repeatedly I told you before Annie's marriage, that I thought she was too young to assume the duties and responsibilities of a married life, and I requested again, and again, that the wedding might be deferred for a few years, until they had both seen more of the world, and had more time for studying each others tastes and dispositions, but you were so anxious to secure young Falkner, that-

"It was no such a thing, Mr. Carroll-you always persist in looking at the matter in a wrong light. As Helen was the oldest, I should have much preferred to have had her settled first, but Mr. Falkner was so urgent for an immediate marriage, and Annie was so and these called her heartless and unworthy of his

gay, that I thought it was the best thing we could do with her."

"Well, well, I hope it will prove so, but if Harry Falkner had been poor, do you think you would to oblige him, have so readily consented to their immediate union?"

"That is a different matter, Mr. Carroll. Of course I would not consent to her leaving her home for a less comfortable one, but look at the luxuries with which she is now surrounded, and which, I am sure, cannot fail of making her contented and happy."

Mr. Carroll made no reply, but he shook his head musingly, as though he doubted the power of elegance and wealth to make a warm-hearted and sensitive young being happy, without deeper and more abiding causes.

And now with this slight introduction to the excellent Mr. Carroll and his worldly-minded wife, let us turn for awhile to Annie Falkner, the subject of the conversation which I have recorded. She had married at the age of sixteen, without forming any correct estimate of the responsibilities which she then assumed. Expecting to find continued in her husband the devoted fondness and passionate tenderness of the lover, she met his first short-comings with sighs and tears. This annoyed him exceedingly, for he could not see any cause for her unhappiness, and when evening after evening he returned to his home to meet with sentimental scenes, he became equally disappointed in his expectations, and grew irritable and morose, not unfrequently answering her tears with cruel and wounding words.

Thus was gradually built up between them a barrier to that intimacy and confidence so essential to happiness in the marriage relation. Mr. Carroll's discerning affection had not been long in ascertaining this, but even he could not determine what had caused this lamentable state of things. When with true fatherly love, he sought the confidence of his daughter, she summoned pride to her aid, and denied the misery which her sad face had caused him to mistrust.

Thus passed the first year of their wedded life, and the second and third glided away, and still no material change.

The world had not failed to remark the coldness which had existed between them-some had observed how closely he watched her when she was unaware, love: there were others who had seen the tears gleam in her eyes, and the quick heaving of her bosom when he had shown her some unusual attention, and they pitied her, and thought how sad that one so young should be so neglected and deserted.

All this while, neither husband or wife dreamed of the love in each others hearts, which though now smothered, needed only the breath of tenderness to fan into a pure and undying flame.

Meanwhile, Helen Carroll had become attached to a young man, every way worthy of her, but although he possessed a large fortune, Mr. Carroll would not listen to their union. Two years he required at least should be passed before he would consent.

This period had now glided away, and as their love was still steadfast, Mr. Carroll felt himself obliged to yield to their wishes. It was arranged that they should leave immediately after their marriage for their bridal tour, accompanied by some of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll had already made arrangements to go with them as far as Saratoga, and they, as well as Helen, were extremely anxious to have Annie of the party; for her pale cheeks and listless expression were now a source of constant anxiety to the affectionate father.

"I will speak to Henry about it, and let you know soon," was Annie's answer, as she turned from their entreaties, but she had little hope of joining them, for the last few months her husband had seemed to take particular happiness in thwarting her wishes.

That evening when Mr. Falkner entered the supper-room, Annie said in a voice which was meant to be cheerful—

"Helen is to be married the first of the month, Henry, and papa and the rest are very anxious to have me go with them to Saratoga."

"And Charles Nugent too, I suppose."

"Yes, Cousin Charles urged me very much on Helen's account, he is to be one of the groomsmen, but he does not know whether he can leave the city yet."

"He told me to-day that he was going."

"Oh, I am very glad. Do say that we will go too. I do not know when I have anticipated anything so much."

"I shall not go, but you can go, and stay if you choose."

Annie arose from her low seat, cast one imploring glance toward her husband, but his face betrayed no emotion.

"You did not mean that, Henry, I am sure you did not," were the words which escaped her lips in tremulous tones.

"I do mean it; and I advise you by all means to go. Helen may need some lessons in matrimonial scenes, and I know of no one more capable of giving them than yourself."

These words wounded her to the heart, but she replied gently-

"I hope Helen will never have the cause for them which I have had."

"Perhaps not, but when a woman marries for money, she must be satisfied with that, and not expect happiness too." "You wrong Helen if you think she cares for money—she thinks no more of it than I did."

"No more than you!" sneered he, in reply, "she could not well think more of it than you did—you were both of you too nicely brought up to ever marry a poor man, or I suppose Charles Nugent would have been your choice then, even as he is now.

This was the first hint Annie had ever received of her husband's now settled opinion, for long ago had Henry Falkner come to the conclusion that he had been married for his money and not himself. Several times during the first month of their marriage when he had seen his wife in tears, had this suggested itself to him, and it became a firm conviction, when one morning he stopped at Mr. Carroll's to execute a commission for his wife with regard to a new servant. and finding the waiter at the door he entered unannounced, and overheard through the folding doors the conversation recorded at the commencement of the chapter. Without pausing to execute his errand, he hastened from the house, and from that day he regarded his wife with a jealous eye; but he vainly looked for the rival which he imagined her tears were wasted upon. Months passed; and Charles Nugent returned to his family after an absence of three years. He had always regarded his Cousin Annie as the embodiment of everything lovely or loveable in woman, and when he saw the coldness of her husband he strove by every attention to divert her mind from his neglect. Annie saw, and appreciated his kindness, and Mr. Falkner noticed that she became more fond of society, and that her sad eyes always brightened at her cousin's approach. All this was galling to him in the extreme, and when she proposed accompanying the party, blinded by jealousy, he only saw a wish upon her part to avoid a separation from her cousin, and this provoked him to answer her as he did.

Sinking back upon the lounge, Annie covered her face with both hands. There was a silence of some moments before she arose. Her fingers were locked nervously together, and all color had died away from the before flushed cheeks—even the lips were pallid, and the wild look of the eyes told plainly of the fearful struggles within. An instant she paused beside the table where her husband was sitting, and looking steadily at him, she said in clear tones—"I wish that I had died, Henry—God knows that I wish I could have died before I ever heard such cruel words from you. You would then have been spared the bitter reflection that your unkind, and unjust accusations broke my heart." She turned to leave the room, but not so rapidly that she did not hear his last remark.

"A very good winding up of another sentimental scene, but I have lived long enough to know that hearts are not broken so easily."

Not another speech could be have made which had such an effect upon Annie as this. For the instant she almost hated him, with such power did the tide of outraged love sweep from her bosom all tender recollections.

She had turned to leave the room—her spirit bowed like a reed crushed by the pitiless storm, but now those few words of ridicule had awakened her womanly pride, and lifting her head in the bold consciousness

of innocence, she trod firmly the space between that room and her own apartment, resolving that she would triumph over her weakness, and revenge herself by showing him that she had lost all care for his love, but when alone, her pride forsook her, and kneeling beside the couch she prayed earnestly that God would enable her to remain unwavering in the path of duty. Ah! why is it that in adversity we always turn to Him of whom in prosperity we are but too forgetful? It is because His ear is ever ready to hear-He pitieth our calamities-His promises console our grief, and as temporal blessings vanish, He manifesteth himself more and more to the spirit that yearneth for communion with Him. All night did Annie, weeping and praying, remain beside her couch. Morning came, and still heavy of heart, she lifted not her head, but strove to shroud her eyes from the sunlight which fell through the embroidered curtains of the windows. The hours stole on, and her maid tapped gently at the door. Annie aroused herself. Casting a glance at a mirror, and meeting the reflection of her still tearful eyes and disheveled hair, she refused her maid admittance, and set down beside her table to commence her own toilette. Mechanically she braided the long, dark tresses, and wound them around her beautiful head, now throbbing with pain from the intense mental excitement of the past night. The last braid was arranged, and she descended the stairs and met her husband in the drawing-room. Her good angel was beside her, and obeying its promptings she drew a seat near him, but her heart seemed frozen when he suddenly arose and left the room without saying one word to her.

Day passed after day, and still Henry Falkner maintained toward his wife a reserve and coldness, which had she trusted in her own strength she would have found it impossible to endure. More than once the idea suggested itself to her, that in her father's house she should find more peace of mind, but she put it from her as a temptation, and sustained by her exalted sentiment of duty, she continued to struggle on through all with the hope of one day convincing her husband of his error.

Helen's wedding day drew near. Annie had declined accompanying them much to the regret of all; but as Mr. Falkner had made no inquiries, he was ignorant of her intentions. He was, therefore, somewhat surprised when at the bridal he ascertained, for the first time, that his wife was not to be of the party. He turned toward her with a smile, and Annie felt repaid for all, as she met the glance. But her disappointment was short-lived, for scarce a moment afterward, when she raised her eyes to her cousin's to answer some trivial question, she met another glance from him which pierced her to the soul.

She was weak, and the re-action from happiness to misery was so sudden that it was more than she could bear. She leaned for support against the window casement, but everything glided mazily before her, and she knew not when reeling she fell into the outstretched arms of her Cousin Charles, who bore her from the room followed by her parents. Mr. Falkner's face was blanched—not with fear, but with anger as he saw Nugent bear the lifeless form of his

wife past him, but instead of following them he took his hat and hastily left the house.

When Annie revived, she looked vainly for her husband.

"He must indeed be indifferent to me," she thought, and earnestly she wished that she had never awoke to a new sense of her misery.

In vain they all urged her to alter her determination and to accompany them, saying that change of air and scene would bring her strength—they promised to wait until she was ready, but her resolution was unalterable; and from the windows of the room that used to be her own when care and sorrow were unknown guests to her, she saw the bridal party depart, and from her breast arose a voiceless prayer that God would save her sister from the isolation of heart which she endured.

She returned to her cheerless home to meet still colder looks, and listlessly she wandered from room to room, almost oppressed with the cold elegance which surrounded her, and yearning for something to love in her splendid solitude.

Weeks passed on, the bridal party returned. Like an automaton Annie mingled with them in their gaities, and Mr. Carroll's heart bled as he saw the unhappiness which was but too plainly depicted upon her face.

At length the monotony of the scenes in Mr. Falkner's house was broken by the arrival of a maiden aunt—a sister of his father. Eleanor Falkner soon discovered the unfortunate misunderstanding which existed between her nephew and his young and gentle wife. She made the dispositions of both her study, and was not long in finding out that the cold exterior of each covered warm and loving hearts. Then, actuated by the best of motives, she endeavored to discover the cause of the unhappiness, but though gifted with uncommon discernment, she found this beyond her penetration.

Thus the autumn and winter passed away, and spring came and brought no happiness to Annie's now desponding heart. In the present there was no joy for her—in the future no hope, and wearily the hours lengthened into days, and Annie saw each one depart with a sigh of relief—she was nearer her rest. Her rest! Oh! that in this bright world there should be so much of helpless woe—of crushing misery as to make the young and beautiful yearn for the cold stillness of the dark, deep grave!

CHAPTER II.

On the south side of Mr. Falkner's house, a small wing had been built, which was furnished as a library. Over the window which looked into the yard a beautiful jessamine had been trained by Annie's own hands, and early one morning while busily pruning the vine, and fastening its slender tendrils to the lattice, she heard the gentle voice of Eleanor Falkner as she bade her nephew "good morning."

stretched arms of her Cousin Charles, who bore her \ "Here is something I have brought you to read to from the room followed by her parents. Mr. Falk- \ me, Henry," she said, as she sat down near him. He ner's face was blanched—not with fear, but with \ took the slip of paper from her hands, reading in the anger as he saw Nugent bear the lifeless form of his deep tones of his musical voice the poem which was

one of exquisite grace and beauty, although touchingly sad. As he finished, he said—"this is really beautiful, Aunt Eleanor, and it is in your hand-writing. I did not know that you were a poet before."

"Neither am I, Henry. I would give much to possess the power of expressing the deeper feelings of my heart in song, but so great a privilege is denied me. This I copied from Annie's sketch-book."

"She never wrote it, Aunt Eleanor—one so entirely heartless as she is could never have written that."

"Henry, my child, you must let me tell you plainly how you misjudge your wife. Annie is all heart, and I can convince you in a moment that she wrote it, for I have her manuscript with its alterations and additions."

"Oh! it is of no consequence—if she wrote it, she had just been reading a novel, and so imagined herself the heroine."

Poor Aunt Eleanor was sadly puzzled—she was convinced from the manner in which her nephew spoke that he did not love his wife, but how he could help loving her was a mystery.

Meanwhile, Annie beside the lattice had heard every word. How the bright light flashed in her eyes, and the rose-hue stole to, and deepened in her cheeks as she heard him, whose every tone was dear to her, read the lines which she had penned in an hour when her heart was yearning for his love. But ah, how suddenly died away the beautiful color from her face, and the light from her eyes when she heard him call her heartless.

"Heartless!" she murmured, as she turned away from the window—"heartless! oh, would that I were! Have I not been through enough to make me so? Yet still I bear this wounded, bleeding heart where'er I go, too proud to accept the sympathy offered by those who love me, and too wretched for want of his love to prize any other."

When she reached her chamber she turned the lock of the door, and gave free vent to her tears. The breakfast bell sounded through the hall-she paid no attention to it, and hour by hour the morning glided away, and still Annie communed with her own heart, although bitter and grievous were her communings. It was mid-day when answering a knock at her chamber door, she found her husband standing beside it. He crossed the threshold and closed the door after him. It was the first time for months that he had been within her room, and her heart beat nervously as drawing a chair, he motioned her to sit down. Her first impulse was to throw herself at his feet and plead for the love which she had lost, but there was something so forbidding in the expression of his countenance, that she moved still further from him, and covering her face with her hands, tried vainly to suppress the sobs that were convulsing her.

"I did not come to witness any scenes, Mrs. Falkner, but to say to you that as long as you bear my name, I expect you to behave worthily of it. You have several times lately seen fit to absent yourself from your meals without any cause, and in doing so have given occasion for remark among the servants. I sent your maid this morning to your room, and she tells me that you refused her admittance. These

things may be the latest approved fashion of novel heroines, but they do not agree with my ideas of the dignity which a woman ought to maintain in her household, and which I shall hereafter look to you for."

A reproachful reply arose to Annie's lips, but she checked it, and said mildly—"I will, if possible, obey your wishes."

"I see no reason why it is not possible—your wishes are all obeyed, 'you are surrounded with every luxury, and all this, I am sure, cannot fail of making you happy and contented,' said Mr. Falkner, in a sarcastic tone of voice, emphasizing the words which he quoted as nearly as he could remember them, from the conversation he had overheard so long ago.

"Cannot fail!" echoed Annie, in a mournful tone of voice—"cannot fail! oh, Henry! what are all these to a woman's heart without love?"

"You made your choice between the two, Mrs. Falkner, and now you must abide by it; but I did not come here to discuss the matter—one thing more I would say. You have denied yourself lately to your cousin, Charles Nugent, it is my wish that you do so no longer. I have already heard it remarked upon, and some have said that I was jealous of his attachment to you—have I ever given you any reason to think me jealous? I wish you to answer me, Mrs. Falkner."

"There can be no jealousy where there is no love, Henry," said Annie, sadly.

"Ahem! very true; you are right, Mrs. Falkner," and crushing his lips between his teeth, Mr. Falkner rose to leave. At the door he was met by a servant with a card. He glanced at it as he handed it to his wife—it was his of whom they had been speaking—"Charles Nugent."

"You will not fail of going down," Mr. Falkner said.

"Oh! Henry, how can I?—you will not be so cruel as to make me go when I feel so very, very wretched."

"I insist upon your going down, Mrs. Falkner—I have no doubt but that you will have a more agreeable interview with him than you have had with me."

Annie did not answer the unkind remark, but rising she bathed her eyes, re-arranged her dress, and followed her husband down stairs.

"Will you not come in, Henry?" she said, with a beseeching look.

"No, I should only be a restraint upon you, madam," and his thin lips curled scornfully, as taking his hat from the stand he turned to leave the house.

"You have been weeping, Annie," said Charles Nugent, when the first salutations were over. His allusion to it brought the tears again to her eyes, and she turned her head that they might escape his notice.

"Poor Annie! will you who deserve so much happiness, never be happy?" he said. Her only answer was a fresh burst of tears, which she in vain tried to check.

"Would you not be happier to go back to your old home again, dear Annie? You do not know how your father grieves for you, for though you will not tell us of your troubles, we can but too truly guess them all.

Oh! Annie, let me plead with you to leave this life of , and they pierced the husband's heart like arrows. torture, for that dear home where all will strive to He bowed his head beside her pillow-nestling his make you happy; answer me, my own sweet cousin, \ face to hers, murmuringwill you not?"

Annie stifled her sobs as she replied in a firm voice, "If you could see my heart, Charles, you would not ask such a question. I would not leave my husband even were he to treat me cruelly, which he has never done; even did he desire it I would not go, and thank God he has never intimated to me a wish for a legal separation. My only hope now is to die beside him, and if my death should win from him one word of love, then shall I be repaid for all my unhappiness; but do not let us talk on this subject any longer-tell me about yourself, Charles: have you seen Alice Fleming lately?"

"Yes, Annie; I come to tell you this morning that her father has consented to our marriage in the autumn."

Annie's eyes partially reflected the joy which beamed from her cousin's at this announcement, but it died away, and she spoke in earnest tones-"I hope from my heart that your future may be an unclouded one, but it is a serious thing to trust your happiness to the keeping of one, my dear cousin, and it should not be done hastily."

"Nor has it, dear Annie, in our case, for Alice and myself have loved each other from childhood-do you not remember the day on which you told me with blushing cheeks and timid tones, of your engagement to Harry? Well, at the time, I could scarcely refrain from telling you that Alice had promised at some future day to be mine, but as she wished it kept secret I was in honor bound not to mention it, even to you. Mr. Fleming opposed our engagement, and at his wish I finally made the voyage to Canton, with the promise from him that if she continued to love me upon my return, he would no longer oppose our union. I returned to find her true, God bless her! never had I doubted her for a moment, and now-

"Hush! did you not hear a groan?" "No, Annie-how wild you look, child, you are nervous-it was only the creaking of a shutter, 1 imagine."

In vain Charles Nugent tried to convince his cousin that it was a freak of the imagination; and when he parted from her, he noticed the burning color of her cheeks and the brilliant light of her eyes, and thought she must be strangely weak for so slight a cause to have effected her so violently. Trembling in every limb, Annie Falkner dragged herself up the stairs, and weak and exhausted she threw herself upon her couch, moaning to herself-

"I am very ill-I am very ill, and no one to love me." These tones went to the heart of the husband, who was now bending so tenderly over her, while large tear-drops fell upon her face from his eyes like rain.

"Annie, my darling-my own, God knows how l love you." She did not answer, but mouned on-

"I am very ill-I am very ill, and no one to love me."

"Do you not hear me, my sweet wife-my gentle, patient, Annie?"

There was no answer save those mouning words,

"Oh! God forbid that I have killed her."

As the burning heat of her cheeks met his face, he sprang up wildly, and after pressing his fingers upon her pulse he rushed from the room, and sent immediately for the physician.

Upon his arrival Mr. Falkner's worst fears were confirmed, for his wife was pronounced in a high stage of brain fever. Days passed, and during that time of delirium, had there remained one doubt in the heart of her husband as to the devoted love of his wife, it would have been removed; but only too well was Henry Falkner convinced of the injustice which he had done her. Now how bitterly he re-called all her winning ways-even her tearful hours in their first year of marriage he saw only arose from an excess of love; and he despised himself when he remembered how easily he had admitted the monster suspicion into his breast, and with what cold and cutting words had he checked the tender tones of his pure and guileless bride.

At length there came a day when he was denied admittance to her room. It was the crisis, and only the nurse and physician moved noiselessly through the darkened chamber. In the room without, the father, mother and sister sat motionless—their pale faces and compressed lips telling plainly the agonizing anxiety of the hour. In her chamber, upon her bended knees, Aunt Eleanor prayed earnestly, but in tremulous tones for the life of the frail being in whom the happiness of so many hearts were centered; and bowed in torturing suspense beside the door of the sufferer's apartment, the husband listened if he might catch the breath of his now idolized treasure. was the sound of a hand upon the door-it opened cautiously, and shut-face to face stood the physician and Mr. Falkner. To Mr. Falkner's earnest gazeto the eager questioning of his look-the physician shook his head slowly (while the tears started from his eyes) and passed on. Upon the stairs Mr. Carroll overtook him.

"Docter tell me, is there any hope?"

"I fear not! she seems gradually growing weaker, and I think will hardly survive the night." Mr. Carroll's groans pierced the kind physician's heart, and he clasped his hand warmly, as he said-

"I will return in an hour, Mr. Carroll, and in the meantime, it is barely possible there may be some favorable change."

When Mr. Falkner read his answer in the physician's face, he gave no outward signs of the agnoy within. Without even a groan, he passed the threshhold of the chamber, where the angel of death was even now hovering, and bending over her pillow, he pressed his lips wildly to hers. She moved uneasily, and murmured some words in so low a tone, that he could not catch them, although he strained every nerve to hear.

Aunt Eleanor came into the room, and stepped softly to the bed-side. "How is she now, nurse?" she enid.

"She is dying, I think," answered the nurse, in a

whisper, but it fell like a thunder crash upon Mr. Falkner's ears.

"Dying!" he said, "my Annie dying! Oh, God in Heaven take me too!" There came a gentle answer to those loud wild tones. It was the voice of the invalid.

"Harry, my dear Harry, are you beside me?"

"Yes, darling; thank God she knows me at last."
"And will you love me, dear Harry, when I am gone?"

His sobbing groans—his scalding tears were her only answer."

With a gentle pressure, she drew his face still closer to hers—her sweet eyes closed—her breath swept tremblingly through the masses of hair which shaded his forehead, and the parents, and sister saw through their blinding tears, the smile of joy which rested upon the ashy lips of their stricken one. For one long, weary hour, they still kept watch, and again the physician stood beside them. All eyes were bent anxiously on his face as he bent over the couch, and a thrill of joy, so intense, it seemed but pain, shot through their hearts, as he said—

"A favorable change has indeed taken place—only let this sleep be unbroken, and I think I may promise you, that with the blessing of God, she will recover."

Oh, there were earnest prayers of thankfulness borne to the throne of God that night, and not the least fervent were those of the loving Aunt Eleanor. Days glided on; time no longer passed wearily to the fond and devoted husband: at night he slept beside her couch, her pale, thin hand clasped in his, and though they urged him, he would not leave her for an hour.

And Annie-her dark eyes soon became lustrous

with joy, and so serenely happy was the expression of her almost transparent face, that her beauty seemed angelic. When she was able to be removed from room to room in an easy chair, Mr. Carroll seemed crazy with delight, but her husband showed his happiness in a calmer way. Oftentimes he would turn to Annie, with tearful eyes, saying, "oh, tell me again, my own darling wife, that you forgive me all," and she would press her small white hand over his lips, and bid him never to ask that question again, for she had long since forgotten that she had aught to forgive. Then he would bless her, and tell her that she was his better angel, who had taught him the beauty of truth and goodness, and filled his soul with aspirations to become more worthy of her.

When autumn came, Annie was able to be present at the bridal of Alice Fleming and Charles Nugent, but in all that large assemblage of beauty, there was not a lovelier face, or a happier heart, than Annie Falkner's. No wonder that her cousin whispered to his bride, "I do not regret Annie's illness, for her husband has been so devoted, and she so exceedingly happy." He did not know that he had ever been the cause of unhappiness between them; and that his morning's conversation with Annie, to which Mr. Falkner had listened, had caused that return of love, which Annie had so earnestly longed for. But Annie knew all, and she felt that her husband's sufferings had only been equalled by her own.

In after years, she never failed to warn her young friends of the rock on which her happiness was so nearly wrecked, and they, profiting by her experience, were prepared to exchange the passionate worship of the lover, for the calmer sentiments of the husband, without disappointment.

THE INVITATION.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

On, come to the East,
In the bright Summer time,
When each day like thy voice has a musical chime,
When the wild flowers are springing
From mountain and dell,
As gay as the visions of Love's morning spell;

As gay as the visions of Love's morning spell; When night hath its trances Of joy and delight,

Of willowy banks 'neath the moon's vestal light, And eyes that outdazzle the lamps at the feast:— Then come, cheriahed one, to our home in the East.

Oh, come to the East,
Whilst each fountain and stream,
On their bosom is glossing the rose-tinted beam,
Of the sunshiny glances,
That come and depart,

Like the first dawn of love o'er the young maiden's heart; Come, come, for the song birds Are warbling now

Their rapturous notes from each vine-covered bough, And over the wildness of fruit-ladened trees, Comes sweet to the senses the perfuming breeze. Oh, come to the East,
Let the past be forgot,
As the storm-cloud that darkened our Summery lot;
Or the shadows that fly
From the lake's stilly breast,

When the sun has uprose from his night-mantled rest, We will welcome there there,

With affection as true
As the lingering thoughts of thine eyes beaming blue,
When last we beheld thee all bathed in tears,

As the rose-bud encircled with dew-drops appears.

Oh, come to the East,
And thy shelter shall be
In the bosom of those who have trusted to thee;
We'll keep thee afar
From the world's cruel dart,

Like a long treasured memory enshrined in the heart;
Though the rains may have beat,
And the storms may have fell.

Thy loved name has ever been nursed as a spell— With wings that ne'er drooped, and love that ne'er ceased; Then come weary one to our home in the East.



PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1817, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 218.

CHAPTER VII.

There was not about her birth-place A thicket, or a flower, But childish game, or friendly face, Had given it a power, To haunt her in her after life,
And be to her again,
A sweet and bitter memory, Of mingled joy and pain.

It was a wild and lovely spot in the heart of Maine, a state where the rural and the picturesque are more beautifully blended than can be found elsewhere upon the face of the earth. The portion we speak of, is broken, and torn up, as it were, by undulating ridges of the white mountains, that seem to cast their huge shadows half over the state. The valleys are bright with a wreath of foliage, which, in the brief summer time, is of a deeper and richer green, than ever was found elsewhere. The hills, some of them bold and black with naked rocks, others clothed down the side with soft waving ridges of cultivation, where oats, rye, and Indian corn, with the buckwheat, all in a sea of snowy blossoms, and fields newly ploughed for the next year's crop, are blended in one luxuriousness of colors. Wild, deep lakes sleeping in their green basins among the hills; mountain streams plunging downward, and threading the black rocks together as with a thousand diamond chains of closely entangled fern struggling to get free. The placid river-the Andrascoggen, gliding calmly on, winding through the hills, and rolling softly beneath the willows that here and there give its banks a park-like beauty, and a thousand broken hollows, sheltering nooks of cultivated ground, sometimes a single farm, sometimes a small village. Such is the country, and such are the scenes to which our story tends.

In one spot the mountainous banks loomed close and dark over the river, but there was a considerable depth of rich soil among the rocks, and thrifty trees crowded the poverty-stricken yellow pine up to the very summits of each beautiful acclivity-for half a mile the shadows of this rough bank had fallen nearly across the river, but all at once it parted as if some earthquake had torn it, centuries before, and there lay a little valley opening upon the river, and walled on one hand by an abrupt precipice, and on the other by a steep and broken hill, its crevices choked up by wild grape-vines, mosses and every species of forest tree that can be found among the high grounds of Maine. This little valley was perhaps the fourth of ing now and then a furtive glance at the lady, who a mile in width, and cut back into the mountains twice \ had drawn her veil aside, and sat with her eyes fixed

Vol. XV1.-4

that distance. From thence the highway wound up the broken bank, and was lost sight of among the pine trees bristling along the horizon.

The river was broad at this point, as a rich plot of groves and meadow land lay on the opposite side. This was threaded by a turnpike connected with the road we have mentioned, by a ferry boat, or rather ancient scow, in which three or four old men of the neighborhood picked up a tolerable subsistence.

A few weeks after the events already related in the course of our story, a plain, one horse chaise came slowly along the highway, and bent its course toward the ferry. The scow had been hauled up beneath a clump of willows, and two old men sat in the shade waiting for customers. They saw the chaise and instantly sprang to work, rowing the scow out into the the stream, and bringing it up with a clumsy sweep against the carriage track.

The chaise contained two persons, one was a female, in a neat unostentatious travelling dress, and with her face partially concealed by a green veil. The old men had never travelled far beyond the river which afforded them support, but there was something in the air and general appearance of the lady, which aroused them to an unusual degree of curiosity. The man too, there was much in his air and dress to attract observation; a mingling of rustic awkwardness, with self-confidence, and a sort of rude strength, that, while there was something in it, struck the old men as unnatural and foreign. The chaise they soon recognized as belonging to the landlord in a neighboring village, but the two persons who rode in it, puzzled them exceedingly. The man in the chaise drove at once into the scow, and stepping out he took his horse by the bit.

"Now move on!" he said, addressing the old men with the air of one who understood the place and its customs. "If the horse stands steady, I will lend a hand directly."

"Oh, he's steady enough, we've rowed the critter across here more than once, he ain't shirey, that horse ain't," answered one of the men, ready to open a conversation on any subject.

"Perhaps not, but I'll hold him just now and see how he stands the water."

There was nothing in this to open a fresh vein of conversation, so, taking up their poles, the two old men pushed their lumbering craft into the river, caston the opposite shore, apparently unmindful of their scrutiny.

- "Purty, ain't she?" whispered one of the men.
- The other nodded his head.
- "A sort of na'tral look about her," continued the man, drawing back as if to give a fresh plunge with his pole.
 - "Just so!" was the rejoinder.

The lady who had, up to this time, kept her eyes eagerly bent on the little village to which they seemed creeping over the water, suddenly addressed them—

- "There are three houses in the valley now, that nearest the water, to whom does it belong?"
- "That ma'am! oh that's the new tavern, the sign isn't so well seen when the leaves are out, but yit if you look close, its swinging to that ar willow agin the house."

The lady cast a glance toward the willow, and then her eyes seemed to pierce into the depths of the valley. Beyond the tavern lay an apple orchard, and back of that rose the roof of an old gray house, the ridge and heavy stone chimney alone were visible; but the old building seemed to fascinate her gaze—she bent forward, her hands were clasped, her features grew visibly pale. She cast a wild, earnest look at the old man, and attempted to speak, but the effort only made her parted lips turn a shade whiter. She uttered no sound.

"You needn't be afraid, marm, there's no arthly danger here!" said one of the men, mistaking the source of her emotion. "I've been on this ferry sixteen years, and no accident has ever happened in my time. You could'nt drown here if you was to try."

The lady looked at him with a faint quivering smile, that died gently away as her gaze became more carnest. She dwelt upon his withered old face, as if trying to study in its hard lines for some familiar feature.

"Sixteen years!" she said, and the smile returned, but with an additional tinge of sadness, "sixteen years!"

"It seems a long time to you, like enough, but you seez, marm, wait till you get as old as I am, and see how short it is."

The lady did not reply, but sinking back into her seat, drew the veil over her face.

All this time, the traveller, who still held the horse by the bit, had been regarding the lady with no ordinary appearance of anxiety. He overheard the whispers passing between the ferrymen, and seemed annoyed by their import. He was evidently ill at ease. When the scow ran with a grating noise upon the shore, he gave the usual fare in silence, and entering the chaise with a swing leap, drove toward the tavern.

The landlord, a thin, looking man, who had just arisen from an early supper, washed down by a cup of hard cider, came indolently from the front stoop, and held the horse while the travellers dismounted.

- "Want to bate the horse?" he inquired, pointing toward a rough wooden trough built against the huge trunk of the willow.
- "Put him up-we shall stay all night," replied the guest.

The landlord's face expanded; it was not often his house was honored by travellers of a higher grade than the farmer teamsters, who brought private fare for man and horse in the same bag; which usually contained oats or corn in one end, and a box of baked beans, a loaf of bread, and a wedge of dried beef in the other—man and beast dividing accommodations equally on the journey.

"Oats or grass?" cried the good man, excited by the rich prospects before him.

"Both, with two rooms, supper for the lady in her own chamber, for me, anywhere."

"Supper!" cried the landlord, with a crest-fallen look, "supper!" We havn't a morsel of fresh meat, nor a chicken on the place."

"But there is trout in the brook, I suppose," answered the traveller.

"Yes, but—but how did you know that? been in these parts afore mebby."

"These hills are full of trout streams, everybody knows that, who ever heard of the state," was the courteous reply. "If you have a pole and line handy, perhaps I can help you."

"There is one in the porch, I'll just turn out the horse, and show you the way."

The traveller seemed glad to be relieved from observation. He turned hurriedly away, and taking a rude fishing rod from the porch, went round the house, and crossing a meadow behind it, came out upon the banks of a mountain stream, that marked the precipitous bounderies of the valley. A wild, sparkling brook it was—broken up by rocks sinking into deep, placid pools, and leaping away through the witch hazles and brake leaves that overhung it with a soft, gushing murmur so sweet and cheerful, that it seemed like the sunshine laughing, as it was drawn away to the hill shadows.

Jacob Strong looked up and down the stream with a sad countenance. "How natural everything seems," he muttered. "She used to sit here on this very stone, with her little fish pole, and—and those pretty white feet half in the water, and I—how she would laugh at my awkward way of baiting her hook—she didn't know what made my hand tremble, no, nor never will!"

Jacob sat down upon the stone on which his eyes had been riveted. With his face resting between his hands, an elbow supported by each knee, and his feet buried in a hollow choked up with wood moss, he fell into one of those profound reveries, that twine every fibre of the heart around the past. The fishing rod lay at his feet, unheeded. Just beneath his eye, was a deep pool, translucent as the diamond, and sleeping at the bottom, lay three or four fine trout, floating upon their fins, and with their matted sides now and then gleaming through the water with a soft rainbow flash.

At another time Jacob, who had been a famous angler in his day—would have been excited by this fine prospect of sport, but now these delicate creatures, balancing themselves in the waves, scarcely won a passing notice. They only served to remind him more vividly of the long ago.

He was aroused by the landlord, who came up the

stream, pole in hand, baiting his hook as he walked along. He cast two fine trout, strung upon a forked hazle twig, on the moss at Jacob's feet, and dropped his hook into the pool.

Jacob watched him with singular interest. His eyes gleamed as he saw the man pull his fly with a calm, steady hand over the surface of the water, now dropping it softly down, now aiding it to float lazily on the surface, then allowing it to sink insidiously before the graceful creatures that it had as yet failed to excite. All at once, a noble trout, that had been sleeping beneath a tuft of grass, over which the water flowed, darted into the pool with a swiftness that left a ripple behind him, and leaped to the fly. Jacob almost uttered a groan, as he saw the beautiful creature lifted from the wave, his fins quivering, his jeweled sides glistening with water drops, and every wild evolution full of groanful agony. He was drawing a parallel between the tortured trout and a human being, whose history filled his heart. This it was that wrung the groan from his heart.

"This will do!" said the landlord, gently patting the damp sides of his prize, and thrusting the hazle twig under his gills. "You're sartin of a supper, sir, and a good one too—they'll be hissing on the gridiron long before you get to the house, I reckon, without you make up your mind to go along with me."

"Not yet; I will try my luck further up the stream," answered Jacob, and snatching up the rod, he plunged through a clump of elders, and disappeared on the opposite bank. But the man was scarcely out of sight when he returned again and resumed his old position. Again he cell into thought—deep and painful thought. You could see it in the quiver of his rude features, in the film-like silk that gathered over his eyes.

The afternoon shadows were beginning to lengthen across the valley, but they only served to plunge poor Jacob into memories still more bitter and profound. Everything within sight seemed clamoring to him of the past. Near him was a clover-field, ruddy with blossoms, and broken with clumps and ridges of golden butter-cups and swamp lilies. It brought a little girl to his remembrance-a fair, sweet child with chestnut curls and large, earnest eyes, who had waited in a corner of the fence, while he gathered armsful of these field blossoms, for her to toss about in the sunshine. On the other hand lay an apple orchard, with half a dozen tall pear trees, ranging along the fence. He remembered climbing those trees a hundred times up to the very top, where the pears were most golden in their ripeness. He could almost hear the rich fruit as it went tumbling and rustling through the leaves, down to the snow-white apron held up to receive it. That ringing shout of laughter, as the apron gave way beneath its luscious burden-it rang through his heart again, and made a child of him.

The shadows grew deeper upon the valley, dew began to fall, and each soft gush of air that swept over the fields, became more and more fragrant. Still Jacob dwelt with the past. The lady at the inn was forgotten. He was roaming amid those sweet scenes with a wild, mischievous, beautiful girl, when a hand fell upon his shoulder. He started up and began to tremble as if caught in some deep offence.

- "Madam, oh, madam, what brought you here?"
- "I could not stay in that new house, Jacob. The air of this valley penetrates my very heart. It was so close I could not weep in there."

Jacob turned his head away, he could not all at once arouse himself from the deep delirium of his memories; his strong brain ached with the sudden transition her presence had forced upon it.

- "Where are you going, madam, not up yonder—not to the old house?"
- "I must go, Jacob, this suspense is choking me, I could not live another hour without learning something of them."
 - "No, not yet, I beg of you, do not go yet."

Adeline Leicester turned abruptly toward her humble friend, her lips grew very pale.

- "Why, why? have you inquired? have you heard anything?"
- "No, I did not like to ask questions at first."
- "Then you know absolutely nothing?"
- "Nothing yet!"
- "But you have seen the old house. It should be visible from this hollow!"
- "Not now, madam. The orchard has grown round since—since—"
- "Have the saplings grown into trees since then, Jacob? Indeed it seems but like yesterday to me," said the lady, with a sad wave of the hand. "I thought to get a view of the house from this spot, just as one ponders over the seal of a letter, afraid to read the news within. Let me sit down, I feel tired and faint."

Jacob moved back from the stone, and tears absolutely came into his eyes as she sat down.

- "How strangely familiar everything is," said the lady, looking around, "this tuft of white flowers close by the stone. It scarcely seems to have been out of blossom since I was here last, I remember. But why have you crushed them with your feet, Jacob?"
- "Because I remember!" answered the man, removing his heavy foot from the bruised flowers, and regarding them with a stern curve of the lip, which on his irregular mouth was strongly impressive. The lady raised her eyes, filled with vague wonder, to his features. Jacob was troubled by that questioning glance.
 - "I never loved flowers," he said, hesitatingly.
- "You never loved flowers. Oh, my good friend, how can you say so?"
- "Not that kind, at any rate, marm," answered Jacob, almost vehemently, pointing down with his finger. "The last time I came this way, a snake was creeping round among those very flowers. That snake left poison on everything it touched, at least in this valley."

The lady gazed on his excited face a moment very earnestly. Then the broad, white lids drooped over her eyes, and she only answered with a profound sigh.

The look of humble repentance that fell upon Jacob's face, was painful to behold. He stood unleastly upon his feet, gazing ruefully down upon the tuft of flowers his passion had trampled to the earth. His large hands, with their loosely kuit joints, became

nervously restless, and he cast furtive glances at the face and downcast features of the lady. He could not speak, but waited for her to address him again, in his heart of hearts sorry for the painful thoughts his words had aroused. At length he ventured to speak, and the humble, deprecating tones of his voice were absolutely musical with feeling.

"The dews are falling, marm, and you are not used to sitting in the damp."

"There was a time," said the lady, "when a little night dew would not drive me in doors."

"But now you are tired and hungry."

"No, Jacob, I can neither taste food, nor take repast, till we have been yonder, perhaps not then, for Heaven only knows what tidings may reach us. Go in and get some supper for yourself, my good friend." Jacob shook his head.

"True, I am wrong," persisted the lady, "let me sit here till the dusk comes on, then I will find my way to the house, perhaps I may sleep there to-night, Jacob, who knows?" She paused a moment and added, "if they are alive, but surely I need not say if. They must be alive."

"I hope so," answered Jacob, pitying the wistful look, with which the poor lady searched his features, hoping to gather confidence from their expression.

"And yet my heart is so heavy. Leave me now, Jacob, I must have time to think."

Jacob turned away, without a word of remonstrance. His own rude, honest heart was full, and the sickening anxiety manifest in every tone and look of his mistress, was fast undermining his own manhood. He did not return to the tavern, however, but clambering over a fence, leaped into the clover field, and wading, knee deep, through the fragrant blossoms, made his way toward the old farm-house, whose chimney, and low, sloping roof, became more and more visible with each step.

On he went, with huge rapid strides, resolute to carry back some tidings to the unhappy woman he had just left. "I will see them first," he muttered, "they might not know her, or might have heard. It ain't likely though, who could bring such news into these parts. Anyhow, I will see that nothing is done to hurt her feelings."

Full of these thoughts, Jacob drew nearer and nearer to the old house. He crossed the clover lot, and a fine meadow, whose thick, waving grass, was still too green for the scythe, lay before him, bathed in the last rays of a mid-summer sunset. Beyond this meadow rose the farm house, silent and picturesque in the waning day, with gleams of golden light here and there breaking over the mossed old roof. Jacob paused with his hand upon an upper rail of the fence. His heart misgave him. Every object was so painfully familiar, that he shrunk from approaching nearer. There was the garden sloping away from the old dwelling, with a line of cherry trees running along the fence, and shadowing triple rows of current and gooseberry bushes, now bent to the ground with a load of crimson and purple fruit. There was the well sweep, with its long round bucket, swinging to the breeze, and the pear tree standing by, like an ancient

old age. A stone or two had fallen from the rough chimney, and on the sloping fall of the roof lay a greenish tinge, betraying the velvety growth of moss with which time had dotted the decayed shingles.

Silent and solemnly quiet stood that old dwelling amid the dying light which filled the valley. A few jetty birds were fluttering in and out of a martin-box at one end, and that was all the sign of life that appeared to the strained eyes of Jacob Strong. He stood, minute after minute, waiting for a sight of some other living object-a horse grazing at the back door-a human being approaching the well, anything alive would have given relief to his full heart. He could contain himself no longer: a desperate wish to learn at once all that could give joy or pain to his mistress possessed him. He sprang into the meadow, found a path trodden through the grass, and sweeping the tall, golden lilies aside, where they fell over the narrow way, he strode eagerly forward, and soon found himself in a garden. It was full of coarse vegetables, and gay with sun-flowers, tufts of "love-lies bleeding," drooped around the gate, and flowering beans, tangled with morning glories, half clothed the worm-eaten fence.

Coarse and despised as some of these flowers are, how eloquently they spoke to the heart of Jacob Strong! The very sun-flowers, as they turned their great dials to the West, seemed to him redolent and golden with the light of other days. They filled his heart with new hope; since the earliest hour of his remembrance those mossy blossoms had never been wanting at the old homestead.

Again the objects became more and more familiar. The plantain leaves about the well seemed to have kept their greenness for years. The grindstone, with a trough half full of water, stood in its old place by the back porch. Surely while such things remained, the human beings that had lived and breathed in that lone dwelling, could not be entirely swept away!

Jacob Strong entered the porch and knocked gently at the door. A voice from within bade him enter, and, lifting the latch, he stood in a long, low kitchen, where two men, a woman, and a chubby little girl, sat at supper. One of the men, a stout, sun-burned fellow, arose, and placing a splint bottomed chair for his guest, quietly resumed his place at the table, while the child sat with a spoon half way to its mouth, gazing with eyes full of wonder at the strange man.

Jacob stood awkwardly gazing on the group. A chill of keen disappointment fell upon him. Of the four persons seated around that table, no one face was familiar. He sat down and looked around the room. A single tallow candle standing on the table shed its faint light on those around, but failed to reveal the troubled look that fell upon the visitor. The silence that he maintained seemed to astonish the family. The farmer turned restlessly in his chair, and at last opened a discourse after his own hospitable fashion.

"Sit by and take a bite of supper," he said, while his wife arose and went to a corner cupboard,

"No, I thank you," answered Jacob, with an effort, for the words seemed blocking up his throat.

breeze, and the pear tree standing by, like an ancient ("You had better sit by!" observed the wife, mosentinel staunch at his post, and verdant in its thrifty destly, coming from the cupboard with a plate and

knife in her hands. There's nothing very inviting, but you'll be welcome."

"Thank you," said Jacob, rising, "I'm not hungry; but if you've got a cup handy, I will get a drink at the well."

The farmer took a white earthen bowl from the table, and, reaching forward, handed it to his guest.

And welcome, but you'll find the well pole rather hard to pull, I calculate!"

Jacob took the bowl and went out. It seemed to him that a draught from that moss-covered bucket would drive away the chill that had fallen on his heart at the sight of those strange faces. He sat the bowl down among the plaintain leaves, and seizing the pole plunged the old bucket deep into the well. When it came up again, full and dripping, he balanced it on the curb and drank. After this, he lingered a brief time by the well, filled with disappointment, and striving to compose his thoughts. At length he entered the house again with more calm and fixed resolution.

"This seems to be a fine place of yours," he said, taking the chair once more offered to his acceptance, and addressing the farmer. "That was as pretty a meadow I just crossed as one might wish to see!"

"Yes, there is some good land between this and the brook," answered the man, pleased with these commendations of his property.

"You keep it in good order too; such timothy I have not seen these five years."

"Wal, true enough, one may call that grass a little mite superior to the common run, I do think!" answered the farmer, taking his chubby little daughter on one knee, and smoothing her thick hair with both his hard palms, "and considering how the old place was run down when we took it, we havn't got much to be ashamed of, anyhow."

"You have not always owned the farm?" Jacob's voice shook as he asked the question, but the farmer was busy caressing his child, and only observed the import of his words, not the tone in which they were uttered.

"I rayther think you must be a stranger in these parts, for everbody knows how long I've been upon the place; nigh upon ten years, isn't it, Mabel?"

"Ten years last spring," replied the woman, in a pleasant, low tone; "jist three years before Lucy was born."

"That's it! she's as good as an almanac at dates; could beat a hull class of us boys at cyphering when we went to school together, couldn't you, Mabel?"

The wife answered with a blush, and a good-humored smile divided cordially between her husband and Jacob.

"You must not think us over shiftless," she said, "for living in the old house so long, we've talked of building every year, but somehow the right time hasn't come yet; besides Joshua don't exactly like to tear the old house down."

"Tear it down," cried Jacob, with a degree of feeling that surprised the worthy couple—"tear the old homestead down; don't do it—don't do it, friend. There live those in the world who would give a piece of gold for every shingle on the roof rather than see a beam loosened."

"I guess you must have been in this neighborhood afore this," said the farmer, looking at his wife with shrewd surprise; "know something about the old homestead, I shouldn't wonder!"

"Yes, I passed through here many years ago; a man at that time, older than you are now, lived on the place; his name was—let me think——"

"Wilcox, was that the name?"

"Yes, that was it-a tall man, with dark eyes."

"That's the man, poor old fellow; why we bought the farm of him."

"I wonder he ever brought himself to part with it! His wife seemed so fond of the place, and—and his daughter: he had a daughter, if I recollect right?"

"Yes, we heard so; I never saw her; but the folks around here talk about her wild, bright ways, and her beauty to this day; a harnsome, smart gal she was if what they say can be relied on."

"But what become of her? Did she settle anywhere in these parts?"

"Wal, no,? reckon not. A young fellow from somewhere about Bosting or York, come up the river one summer to hunt and fish in the hills, he married the gal and carried her off to the city."

"And did she never come back?"

"No; but a year or two after, the young man come and brought a little girl with him, the purtyest creature you ever sat eyes on. Hard words passed between him and the old man, for Wilcox wouldn't let any human being breathe a whisper agin his daughter. Nobody ever knew exactly what happened, but the young man went away and left his child with the old people. It wasn't long after this before the old man kinder seemed to give up, he and his wife too, jist as if that bright little grandchild had brought a canker into the house. After that things went wrong, nothing on earth could make the old people neighborly, they gin up going to meeting, and sat all Sunday long on the hearth there looking into the fire. Wal, you know the best of us will talk when anything happens that is not quite understood. Some said one thing, and some another, and Wilcox arter while got so shy of his neighbors that they took a sort of distaste to him."

"Did the old people live alone after their daughter went away?" asked Jacob, in a husky voice. "There was a young man or boy in the family when I knew anything about it."

"Oh, yes, I jist remember, there was a young chap that Mr. Wilcox brought up—a clever critter as ever lived. He went away just arter the gal was married, and nobody ever knew what became of him. People thought the old man pined about that too: at any rate, one thing or another broke him down, and his wife with him."

"You do not mean to say that Mr. Wilcox and his wife are dead?"

The farmer turned his eyes suddenly on the form of Jacob Strong, as these word were uttered, for there was something in the tone that made his honest heart ache. Jacob sat before him like a criminal, pale, shrinking in his chair.

"No, I did not mean to say that they died, but when a tough, cheerful man, like Wilcox, gives up, it is worse than death." "What happened then—where did he go? is the child living?" almost shouted Jacob Strong, unable to control the agony of his impatience a moment longer; but the astonished look of his auditors checked the burst of impetuous feeling, and he continued more quietly—

"I took an interest in this family long ago, and stopped in the valley over-night, on purpose to visit the old gentleman. I had no idea he would ever leave the farm, and was surprised to find strangers here, more so than you could have been at seeing me. Tell me now where the Wilcox family can be found?"

"That is more, by half, than I know myself," answered the farmer. "I bought the farm, paid cash down for everything, land, stock, furniture, and all." "But where did they go?" cried Jacob, breathless

with suspense.

"To Portland, they took one wagon load of things, and when the teamster came back, he said they were left in a hold of a schooner lying at the wharf."

"But where was she bound-what was her name?"

"That was exactly what we asked the teamster, but he could tell nothing about it, and from that day to this, no person in these parts has ever heard a word about them!"

Jacob arose and supported himself with his chair. "And is this all? Gone, no one knows where? Is this all?"

"All that I or any one else can tell you," answered the kind-hearted farmer.

"But the teamster, where is he?"

" Dead!"

Jacob left the house without another word. He knew that these tidings would be more terrible to another than they had been to him, and yet that seemed scarcely possible, for all the rude strength of his nature seemed prostrated by the news that he heard.

The twilight had given place to a full moon, and all

the valley lay flooded in a sea of light. The meadows were full of fire-flies, and a whip-poor-will on the mountain side, poured a mournful noise upon the air. Jacob could not endure the thought of meeting his friend and mistress, with tidings that he knew would rend her heart. He left the homstead, tortured by all that he had heard, and plunged into a pretty hollow which opened to the trout stream. In this hollow stood a tall, elm tree with great, sweeping branches, that drooped almost to the ground. A spring of neverfailing water gushed out from a rocky bank, which it shaded, and the sweet gurgle of its wavelets as they flowed away through the cowslips and blue flag that choked up the outlet to the mountain streams, fell like the memory of an old love upon his senses. He drew near the elm, and there sitting upon the fragment of rock, with her head resting against the rugged trunk of the elm, sat Adeline Leicester. Her face shone white in the moonbeams, and Jacob could hear her sobs, long before she was conscious of his approach.

She heard his step at length, and starting to her feet, came out into the full light. The hand with which she wildly scarched his, was damp and cold, and he could see that heavy tear-drops were trembling on her cheek.

"Were they there—are they alive, I saw you go in, and have been waiting all this time? Tell me, Jacob, will they let me sleep in the old house tonight?"

"They are all gone, no one of the whole family are there!" answered Jacob Strong, too much excited for ordinary prudence.

A wild cry—scarcely louder than the scream of a bird—but oh, how full of agony, rang down the valley, and terror-stricken at what he had done, Jacob saw his mistress lying at his feet, her pale face, her lifeless hands, and the white shawl which she had flung about her, huddled together in the pale moonlight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO MY WIFE.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

When smiling May comes o'er the plain, And opening buds reveal the flowers, And all around melodiously The birds are singing in their bowe:s;

It minds me of that cherished hour,
When thou didst plight thy troth to me,
And leaning fondly on my breast,
Didst whisper I was all to thee!

I saw a tear-drop stealing forth, And glisten, pearl-like, in thine eye, While from thy pure, half-parted lips, There came a deep yet tender sigh.

And could I chide that thou didst weep, And to the past give one more tear? No-well I know the sacrifice To sunder ties to thee so dear. But when thy hand was placed in mine,
And fervently thy vows were given,
That sigh was caught from off thy lips,
And with the tear-drop, borne to Heaven.

There He who ever deigns to bless, When guileless love implores his aid, Received the tenrshrop and the sigh, And straight thy tender heart was stayed.

'Mid all the darkest scenes of life,
There is to me a solace nigh—
I know that Heaven still looks upon
Thy guileless heart and tearful eye!

Should we live on through many years,
And all the world look dark and drear,
I know that God will be our friend,
For he has still that sigh and tear!

CONNUBIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BY LAURA CLEVELAND.

This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might "brain them with a hady's fan;"
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

Don Jose and his lady quarelled—why

Not any of the many could divine,

Though several thousand people chose to try,

'T was surely no concern of theirs or mine.

[We do not know who Laura Cleveland, the author of this little sketch, is. But of this we are certain—she is an incorrigible old maid. No one else, we are sure, would write so bitterly of "Connubial Felicity." Laura must either have drawn entirely on her imagination, or must possess very ill-tempered acquaints ances. Still, there is some truth in the sketch, and for that reason we publish it, though it is the truth of caricature, not of real life. Or if there are really such people as Mr. and Mrs. Jones, we thank the stars they are not of our acquaintance.]

"TO-DAY is the anniversary of our wedding, dear Julia; does it not seem impossible that we have been married two whole years?" said Mr. Jones, to his wife.

"Yes, dear James, it does; and you have been so good and kind, that my life during that time has passed like some bright summer's day, with scarce a cloud to dim, for one moment, its brightness."

"And so has it been with me, dear Julia; while each day has served to bring to light, some new virtue and beauty in my little wife, and call forth more strongly, if possible, my love and admiration for her."

"Hush, hush, dear James, or you will quite turn my poor little head with your flattery. By the way, would not Mr. Sawyer look blank, could he see us now, still so happy, notwithstanding his ill-natured prophesying to the contrary. Do you remember, love, his saying that we might bill and coo like a pair of doves for a month or two, but before the end of a year, we would have quarreled, and that right bitterly? And yet in spite of the old raven, we have lived so happily together, that our home has been like a Paradise; how I wish the cross, crusty—"

"Stop, stop, my dear, not so fast—it was Mr. Brown, and not Mr. Sawyer who made the remark to which you refer."

"Oh no, darling, I'm sure it was Mr. Sawyer who—don't you remember, dearest, it was about a week after our marriage, when, as we were sitting together, Mr. Sawy acame in and made that ugly speech?"

"You are perfectly right, my dear, as to the time and place of the observation, but entirely wrong as to the individual who made it."

"Well, perhaps you are right, but just think a while, darling, and I'm certain you'll be convinced that it was Mr. Sawyer."

"No, I'm certain it was Mr. Brown."

"Indeed, Mr. Jones, you are mistaken, it was Mr. Sawyer."

"I'm positive it was Mr. Brown."

"But you are wrong, it was-"

"If you please, Mrs. Jones, do not contradict me again—I know perfectly mall that it was Mr. Brown."

"I feel certain that for as Mr. Sawyer, and that you are entirely wrong in attributing it to Mr. Brown, but men are so positive."

"I must confess that I never saw a woman with such a contentious, contradictory disposition. I married you, believing that you were amiable; but alas! I have found to my sorrow, now that it is too late, what a trying ungovernable temper you have."

"And I, sir, thought I was marrying a gentleman, but I find I have married a tyrant. You are a wretch—you make my life miserable; but I feel convinced that I shall not have to endure it much longer, for such treatment, I am certain, will kill me before another year."

"No more, madam, you have said enough—I will leave this house, which you have rendered a purgatory, and rid you of my hateful presence, and seek some more pleasant place until you return to reason."

Saying this, Mr. Jones disappeared, slamming the door with violence; while Mrs. Jones threw herself on the sofa in a flood of angry tears, yet through her sobs might be heard—

"I say it was Mr. Sawyer."

As I witnessed this scene, I sighed, "alas for Connubial Felicity," and turned my thoughts with renewed pleasure to my own prospects of old maidenhood, longing for the time when I should possess a garret, with no more quarrelsome companions, than a teapot and parrot.

HINTS FOR EQUESTRIANS.—NO. III.

RESTIFFNESS AND CATCHING THE BIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HORSEMANSHIP."

WE have, in former articles on horsemanship, described the proper manner for a lady to mount into the seat—the position in which she should sit—the process of advancing—and the keeping of the balance. The latter, however, depends so much on a variety of circumstances that we shall resume the subject, and elucidate it by various cases in point.

When going round a corner at a brisk gait, the body should lean back rather more than in the walking position. In the same degree that the horse bends inward, must the body lean in that direction. If a horse shy at any object, and either turn suddenly around, or run on one side only, the body should, if possible, keep time with his movements, and adapt itself so as to turn or swerve with him; otherwise the balance will be lost, and the rider be in danger of falling off on the side from which the horse starts.

RESTIFFNESS .- Some horses are addicted to a very troublesome and vicious practice of turning about suddenly. We do not allude to shying, but to restiffness. A lady, certainly, should not ride any horse that is addicted to bad practices; but she ought, nevertheless, to be prepared aga their occurrence. However long a trial she may be had of the merits and temper of her horse, she cannot be sure, when she takes the reins, that she may not have occasion to use her defences against rearing, kicking, shying, and restiffness, or be required to exercise her skill to save herself from the dangers attendant on starting, stumbling, or running away. The quietest horse may exhibit symptoms of vice, even without any apparent cause, after years of good behavior. The best-tempered are not immaculate, nor the surestfooted infallible. It is wise, therefore, to be prepared against frailty or accident.

With regard to restiffness: a horse soon learns that the left hand is weaker than the right, and consequently less able to oppose him; he, therefore, turns on the off side, and with such force and suddenness, that it is almost impossible, even if the rider be prepared for the attack, to prevent him. In this case, it would be unwise to make the attempt; the rider would be foiled, and the horse become encouraged by his success in the struggle to make similar endeavors to have his own way, or dismount his rider. The better plan is, instead of endeavoring to prevent him from turning with the left hand, to pull him sharply with the right, until his head has made a complete circle, and he finds, to his astonishment, that he is precisely in the place from which he started. Should he repeat the turn, on the rider's attempting to urge him forward, she should pull him round on the same side the practice.

three or four times, and assist the power of the hand in so doing, by a smart aid of the whip on the leg.
While this is doing, she must take care to preserve her balance by an inclination of the body to the centre of the circle which is described by the horse's head in his evolution.

Restiff horses, when put out of temper, sometimes attempt to crush their rider's legs against walls, gates, fences, trees, posts, &c. An inexperienced rider, in such a situation, would strive to pull the horse away, but her exertions would probably be unavailing. The animal would feel that he could master the opposition, and thus, discovering the rider's weakness, turn it to her disadvantage on future occasions.

It may be regarded as a rule, that the rider should never enter into an open, undisguised contest with the horse. It is useless to attack him on a point which he is resolute in defending; the assault should rather be directed to his weaker side. If he fortify himself in one place, he must proportionally diminish his power of defiance in another. He anticipates and prepares to resist any attempt to overcome him on his strong side; and his surprise at being attacked on the other, and with success, on account of his weakness in that quarter, goes far to dishearten and subdue him. Nothing will conquer a horse so soon as this mode of turning his attack against himself, and making his defences appear acts of obedience to the rider's inclination.

When, therefore, a horse viciously turns to one side, with intent to crush the rider's limbs against a fence or other structure, pull his head forcibly toward it; and if, by the aid of the leg or whip, the rider can drive the horse's croupe out, she may succeed in backing him completely away from it. It is certain that when he finds his rider inclined to go to the fence as well as himself, he will desist; should he not, his croupe may be so turned outward that he cannot do his rider any mischief.

CATCHING THE BIT.—Another vicious practice in horses, is called "catching the bit." The horse that is addicted to this vice, is dangerous to ride. His object in grasping the bit between his teeth, is to deprive the rider of all power to control his motions, and to enable him to run away at discretion. When the lady finds that her horse has caught his bit, she should quickly turn him about several times; and when he appears to be a little subdued, by a sawing motion, she should wrest the bit from the embrace of his teeth. But if the horse be high-spirited, no exertions on the part of the rider will effectually correct the practice.

"THE MATCH OF OUR VILLAGE."

BY BELLA GRAY.

ALFRED CONWAY was beyond dispute the match of our village. Gifted with talents above mediocrity, a handsome person and pleasing manners, these alone would have secured him admirers; but as a rising young lawyer, possessed of a competence independent of his profession, he shone as a star of the first magnitude. True, it was whispered around that he was somewhat vain, but that could be forgiven in one so handsome and talented; and even when it was proclaimed in a louder tone that he had, in an unguarded moment, asserted that the ladies had laid regular siege to him, and that if he chose, he could have his pick of the fair belles of Belleville, this monstrous breach of-to say the least-good taste, was palliated by each young lady, on the ground that it was true as far as it regarded her neighbor, that no one with their eyes open could help seeing how such and such ones were trying to captivate him. By common consent, however, pretty, modest Mary Wells and saucy Bell Harden were considered exceptions. Could they have walked with him, however, from the post-office before the gossips had ceased discussing the subject of his excessive self-esteem, and read the contents of the dainty looking letter he examined so attentively, they would have conceded that he was indeed the sought for. The handwriting was unknown to him, but it was one to elicit the warmest encomiums from an admirer of fine chirography, and he instantly decided that none but a woman, and one of fine taste could have penned it. The word HOPE was engraven on the seal, and bore the postmark of a neighboring city. With an air of surprise, he read the following:

"DEAR SIR-You will undoubtedly be surprised at receiving a letter from a lady, and I will explain and apologize for what you may deem an unpardonable intrusion and breach of maiden modesty. I am an orphan, and reside in the family of an uncle, where I am treated kindly and surrounded with every luxury wealth can procure; am endowed with talents and beauty, and with the homage so lavishly bestowed upon the fortunate possessor of these gifts, I should, perhaps, be satisfied. I endeavor to be, and amid the whirl and excitement of our fashionable life, have thought to stifle the still small voice that whispers of mis-spent time and talents wasted. But conscience will not thus be silenced, and in my solitary moments the phantoms of murdered hours rise reproachfully before me. Ah! how ardently I then wish for some spirit to understand and commune with mine, to instruct me how to perform duties that devolve upon us all as fellow-helpers, duties that are generally, and alas! by me so little understood. 1 believe there is in

corroded with ignorance, vice and crime, is never so entirely extinguished but it can be re-kindled; and I may be surrounded by those whose hopes and aspirations are as high as mine, but I cannot remove the veil in which we so closely envelop the inner chamber of our hearts, and amid the crowd feel solitary and alone. I attended the recent trial of H----, to hear some of our famous lawyers, and was surprized to see seated with the veterans of the bar one yet in the spring time of life. His appearance interested me, and inquiring who was allowed so distinguished a place ere yet time had silvered his locks or furrowed his brow, learned it was the young lawyer who nobly stepped forward to defend one so steeped in vice and crime as to be apparently forsaken by both God and man-in a word, yourself. The appearance of the prisoner was certainly repulsive, and I wondered what motive had induced you to be his defender. But when you spoke of his friendless youth, left an orphan at an early age, and poor, uneducated, unpitied and unloved, struggled with the cold world year after year before he commenced his career of vice, the simple incident of tears dimming his eyes as he listened to the senseless prattle of a child as it fearlessly approached and leaned on the outcast, showing him not logged all kindly feeling, and enlisting your sympathies in his behalf, proved you one that looked beneath the surface. How breathlessly I listened as you proceeded, and when contrary to all previous expectations, and, I had almost said, wishes, the prisoner was found not guilty, I could have wept for envy. I envied you your talents, your power over the minds of men, and above all, the consciousness of having saved the life of a fellow man. But enough of this, you are perhaps already weary of it. My object in writing is to ask if your affections are engaged-if you are free-am I too bold? do you wish to remain so? I shall await your answer with trembling and with fear, for it may prove the death knell of my brightest hope and most cherished day dream, and on the spirit of it will depend whether you MARY C--." hear again from

Conway's first feeling on perusing the letter was one of gratified pride, and then came a curiosity to discover the writer. It was a romantic incident that broke in upon his somewhat monotonous life with a pleasing effect, and he immediately determined to answer the fair unknown, and let time and circumstances determine to what it should lead. Though he had a suspicion that some one might be making a dupe of him, it was too little flattering to his vanity to be retained, and after seriously considering the affair, an answer was written. Thanking his unevery human heart, originally, something good, some known correspondent, for the high honor she had longing for better, loftier existence, that however done him in writing, he gave some of his own exalted views of life and its purposes, touched upon the strong natural craving of mankind in general, and himself in particular, for sympathy; delicately hinted his hope and belief that she would prove to be the embodiment of an ideal he had long worshipped, and to whom only he was engaged; and closed with an earnest wish for the correspondence to continue, assuring her he should wait anxiously for her reply. He was dissatisfied with his letter, on re-perusing it, as too impassioned; but after several attempts at remodelling, finally despatched it as originally written.

A week, another, and then another passed without bringing the expected answer, and Conway returned from each fruitless errand to the post-office with visage considerably elongated. He laid the flattering unction to his soul that he was the victim of a silly hoax, and his surprise was only equalled by his pleasure at receiving, ere the close of the fourth week, the wished for answer. He felt quite a relief to think that now he could smilingly return the salutations of the ladies he met, without fearing that possibly they might be secretly laughing at him and his sentimental letter. A solitary office, with closed doors to prevent interruption, is an excellent place in which to read a private letter; and choosing the most comfortable lounging place, Conway proceeded to con the long delayed missive. But who can imagine his vexation as he read. The letter ran thus:

"Sir: may you never taste the bitter cup you have pressed to my lips, never feel that you have wasted fine sentiment on one that could not understand it. Your letter I found cold, cold, cold. (Here followed a shrug of the shoulders and an audible groan from poor Conway, he had an innate horror of ridicule.) With regret for your pappointment at not finding your ideal in me, I must close our brief correspondence."

Conway laughed in spite of his chagrin, but to write as he had written and then have it ridiculed was too much; he would discover the author, if possible, and turn the tables. One by one the fair laddes of his acquaintance were honored with a review of their characteristics and qualifications, but on none could he fix suspicion till he came to Isabel Harden.

"I have it," he exclaimed, "why did I not think of her before; and yet would she?"

He remembered meeting her that day, and thought her merry black eyes looked more reguish than ever. The letter was instantly referred to, and fancy pictured those same mischievous eyes in every word—at least the spirit of them. It was wonderful he had not perceived it before. But he would know now whether his suspicious were correct or not, and that without loss of time.

In pursuance of his resolution, an early evening

hour found him on his way to the neat white cottage where Isabel resided.

Pretty, little Bell Harden, as the gentlemen called her, or "that saucy Bell," as she was frequently termed by the ladies, was as pretty, fairy-like a specimen of humanity as one can well imagine, not beautiful, but with dark glossy hair falling naturally in heavy curls around a fair oval face, and sparkling black eyes that they said could look serious. She received Attorney Conway, as she delighted in calling him, with the slightest embarrassment possible; but that little served to confirm his suspicions, she was usually so self-possessed. With expressions of wonder at his visit, "it was such an age since he had been there, she asked what good fairy she should thank for sending him." Conway replied as gracefully as one could, going on uncertainty.

"Really, Miss Harden, your thanks belong to yourself, had you allowed our interchange of sentiment to continue I might not have intruded, but to be absent and not correspond was more than I could endure."

Isabel's blushes and confusion encouraged him to proceed—

"I intend," he added, "to take lessons in fine sentiment if I can be made to understand it, indeed my present object is to induce you to be my instructress."

Poor Bell! it was too much, and she burst into tears. Tears were more than Conway had bargained for, denials, blushes and anger he had expected, but tears were quite different things; he could not see pretty Bell weeping, and not forgive her.

"Miss Harden," he said, "I beg you will not take the matter so seriously, it is nothing, forgive me, I will never mention it again, and," he added, ruefully, "if this is sentiment I'll give up the lessons."

The last speech was too mirth-inspiring for Isabel, and she glanced up laughing through her tears, and looked so bewitchingly too, that he was half tempted to ask her to give the lessons in earnest. Humbly, very humbly for her, she acknowledged her guilt, but justified it by repeating his remarks in regard to the attentions paid him by the ladies.

Though he would not return her letters, the affair was finally adjusted, and so much to their mutual satisfaction, that a few months later the aforementioned white cottage was thrown open for a wedding party, and much to the dissatisfaction of some of her friends, Bell Harden was won by the match of our village.

"It was all her own fault," Conway says, (Attorney Conway no longer) "if she had not written so much in character as that last, I should never have suspected who made love so boldly under pretence of hoaxing n.e."

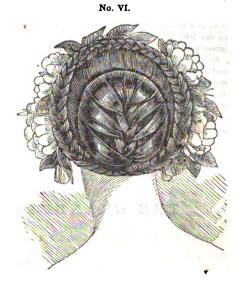
POWER OF NAMES.

THERE's magic in a name,
It sends the hot blood from the fevered cheek,
Nerves with new strength, the wav'ring and the weak,
And leads men on to fame.

Some names are potent things,
They bear the dead back from the dusty grave,
Bid bold men tremble, cheer the free and grave,
And mockeries make of kings.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.





WE have, this month, varied the style of our principal fashion plate, for the purpose of introducing a The colored engraving, new kind of illustration. "Edith," is something entirely original in the pictorial way; and, we think, as beautiful as it is novel. In point of expense, it has cost us as much to color it as an ordinary embellishment costs entire. In addition we give engravings of drawing-room and street dresses, head-dresses, wreaths, &c.

FIG. I.—EQUESTRIAN COSTUME —This costume, in fashion about a century ago, might be adapted to the taste of the present day, and would then prove more suitable than any of the riding-habits now in vogue. It consists of a sort of polka jacket, slashed in the sleeves, and superbly embroidered with gold lace: a broad-brimmed hat, with a plume, the brim turned up at the sides; a scarlet sash; and the usual full, black cloth skirt. The simpler tastes of the present day would banish the gold lace, but in its place black silk braid might be substituted. In every other respect we should be glad to see this elegant costume adopted, as it would soon be, on account of its convenience, if some leader of fashion would set the example. Nothing is more unsuitable than the riding-cap now so generally worn, for it fails to protect the complexion; and nothing is so deficient in grace as the prevailing cut of the riding boddice.

FIG. II.—THE PONCHO.—This is an entire novelty. It is suitable for promenading, or for evening wear; and is a description of shawl mantilla, somewhat resembling, in shape, the mantilla worn by the Spanish { Across the upper part of the head is worn a wreath senoras. It is made in either black or white lace, of { richly-embroidered pattern. There are neither sleeves side.

nor opening of any kind for the arms. and. when Pro-

worn, it has to be drawn on over the head. As it hangs in loose and graceful folds, it shows the figure to the greatest advantage; and, no doubt, in a short time, will become a favorite article of dress.

FIG. 111 -SEA-SIDE WALKING DRESS -This is composed of a robe of drab colored ducape; the skirt with two very deep flounces, pinked at the edges. The casaveck-mantelet, represented in our engraving, is an entirely new introduction. It is fastened up the front by a row of fancy silk buttons, and the ends are sloped so as to form two points. The sleeves are of the Dalmatian form, very loose at the lower part, so as to allow the sleeves of the dress to pass easily through them. Both the mantelet and sleeves are trimmed with three rows of very narrow gimp, of the color of the silk, which is a bright pomona green. The sleeves of the dress are quite tight to the arms, and finished at the wrists with puffed sleeves of clear muslin. Yellow kid gloves. Straw bonnet, trimmed with bouillonnees of ribbon, straw color edged with green; on one side a bunch of wheat-ears.

FIG. 1V .- WREATH FOR THE HAIR. - This is of apple-blossoms, the flowers mounted in large tufts at each side, united together by foliage. The prettiest way to wear this wreath, is to place the foliage across the top of the head, rather backward, bringing the lateral bouquets down toward the chin.

FIG. V.-HEAD-DRESS, FRONT VIEW .- The front hair divided in the centre of the forehead, then frizzed and arranged in full bandeaux on each side of the face. of foliage and flowers, descending very low at each

FIG. VI.—HEAD-DRESS, BACK VIEW.—The same as

represented in Fig. 5. The back hair is tied a little below the crown of the head; then combed upward, and a small cushion pinned on the head. The hair is next combed over the cushion, and brought down nearly to the nape of the neck, where it is divided into two parts, each of which is formed into a plait. The plaits are fixed round the head in a circular direction, one being turned to the right side, and the other to the left; the ends turned in and fastened at the lower part.

GENERAL REMARKS -We have already illustrated and described so many of the novelties of the month, that but few are left to speak of under this head. Walking-dresses are still made with high corsages at the back, but cut quite low in the front—the body a la Raphael, which is cut square on the bosom, being the newest. Thin sleeves of tulle clear muslin, or adorned with lace or needlework.

lace are very much worn in the street, without any over sleeve-they are still made with puffs, and are generally quite full. They add much to the finish of the dress. Dresses of thin materials are not tucked as much as they were last summer, being generally finished with a hem a quarter of a yard in width, or trimmed nearly to the top of the skirt with folds slightly fulled on. Several balf-dresses of white tulle over white satin have been trimmed with a great number of small flounces.

CAPS are simple in form, though rich in ornament. Ribbon is much used for trimming. If for morning caps, the ribbon should be white, or of some dark color. For evening neglige, pink, blue, and orange are the fashionable colors for cap ribbons.

DRESS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS are still profusely

GRANDFATHER'S ARM-CHAIR.

BY ANNA BENNETT.

"Sweet is the song of birds,"
The lisp of infants and their earliest words."

WE are almost disposed to wish that it was our (into screams of fear and pain. Even here thy suspiown arm-chair that has been so usurped by our brighteyed friend. Indeed we would not disturb her. With such a centre for our thoughts to collect upon, contemplation is far sweeter than to sit down and resume our dry-as-dust studies. We look and dream. Little one! suggestive of all the poetry this matter-of-fact world will well admit of, we salute thy presence, and memory sanctifies the scene by re-calling those distant years when all around us was bright and happy. Infancy, indeed, is the Eden of life. Then, and then only, can man be really pronounced to be good. "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven" is authority, we think, which will not be disputed. In children, by common consent of parents and philosophers, truth and simplicity predominate, whatever other tendencies may be observed to qualify our admiration. The popular ideas of these virtuous principles find readiest exponents in touching allusions to the unconscious guilelessness of infants; and we hold that, although law and order might be inferred from other evidences in being, still the moral relations of truth and justice, in contradistinction to falsehood and selfishness, would have no speaking characters, but for the striking contrasts observed between unsophisticated childhood and dissembling age.

But into what a sermon have we been led! Hamlet's soliloquy over the skull of Yorick is scarcely less moralizing or more seeming wise. The cat appears astonished at our discourse. Poor puss, scratching whilst caressing, hope could not have apter prototype than you. Loudly purring with excess of attachment, change the laughing blandishments of childish love for the introduction of our subject.

cious eye contrastingly tells with the confiding smile of thy young mistress. There is an instinctive philosophy in genius, and the artist has transerred not only the forms, but the very natures of his studies from

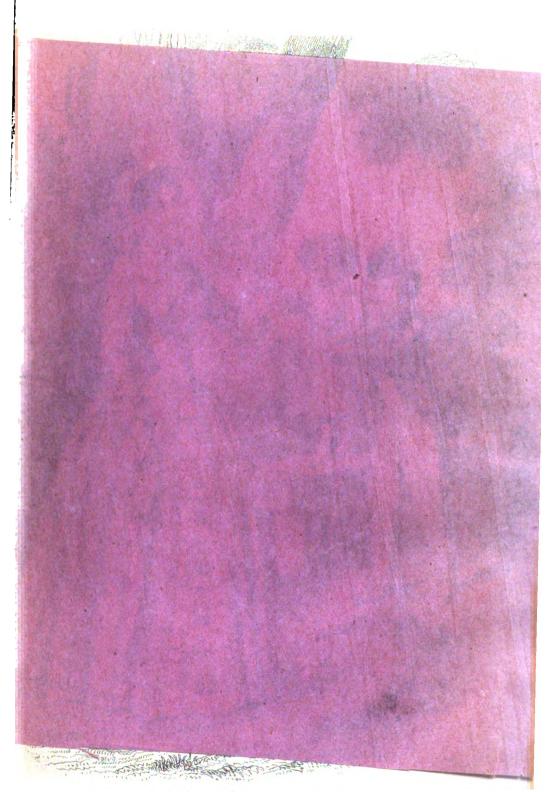
But wherefore art thou musing, gentle reader? Nay, let us not disturb holy thoughts, but in communion bend over our pictured page. Is it with you, oh! age, we look? Speciacled eyes have been young "Yes, yes, yes. Do we not remember how like, when our eldest girl was young? Grandpapa? No; that her little one says now. Well, how like!" Kindly our hand is on your shoulder, grandpapa. Wait you for the chair, our fairy has made her table. Tottering one, the little "toddling" one loves you. Smiling, she is prepared to vacate her state, that you be seated. But, whilst we write, the aged shade retires. His book and spactacles are there; but, lean and slippery, he has escaped our mental grasp. We have lived not long enough. We have failed to extract a moral from his experience.

Is it the loving mother or the laughing sire whose heart we wish to affect? Look on. It is a familiar scene enough. Domestic hearths are cold where children play not. They make households homes. Many are there of our readers who, in their families, will realize our speaking illustration. To follow their thoughts is unnecessary; and to those who cannot, still, softened emotions must bear testimony to the common humanity which gives interest to it. "One touch of nature makes all mankind of kin;" and of softest fur and most silent step; yet how apt to awakened sympathies will yield a planing reason

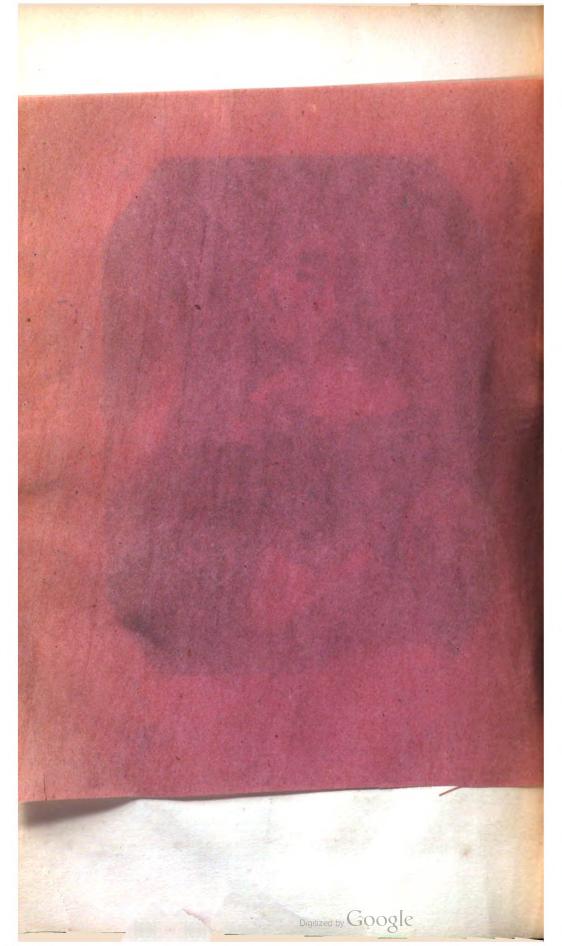
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.





LES MODES PARISIENNES





LES MODES PARISIENNES





A STAGE-COACH ADVENTURE.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1849.

No. 2.

THE LADY MABEL.

BY CATHARINE H. FORD.

THE Lady Mabel had been left an orphan while yet; that Sir Roland, moved by the preaching of a holy child, and hence had never known a mother's or a father's love. Brought up alone, in her paternal castle, the only playmate of her years had been a page, in the service of the bold knight, who, in her behalf, commanded the garrison of the fortress. Between these two children an affection sprang up, which both remembered long years afterward, and which was the cause of many a tear to the Lady Mabel.

For when she was in her tenth year, and the page in his fourteenth, the latter had been removed, in order that, as a squire at arms, he might learn the duties of a true knight, to which station he was destined. Perhaps, too, the shrewd old warrior, who acted as governor of the castle, feared that the intimacy between the rich heiress and the poor cadet might become dangerous, if allowed to continue. So the page Roland went to France, to serve in the wars there; and the Lady Mabel was left alone with her handmaidens.

This separation was the Lady Mabel's first real sorrow. For nearly a week she wept incessantly. But time at last softened her regrets. She grew up lovely and accomplished, and was courted by all. At eighteen there was not a lovelier female in all England. Her dark and lustrous eyes, the redundant masses of her raven hair, and the mingled grace and majesty of her person were the admiration of all who beheld her.

At first she heard occasionally of Roland. A wandering minstrel, who had been in France, would sometimes stop at the castle, and bring news from the camp; and, on all such occasions, the name of the young knight, a squire no longer, was sure to be mentioned with encomiums. The Lady Mabel heard how he had been dubbed knight on a field of battle, for his heroism, by the hands of the monarch himself; how he had been foremost in the breach at the assault of more than one fortified tower; how he had saved a noble countess from a fate worse than death, by rescuing her from some free-companions, at the sack of a city. Singular to relate, this last news, so honorable to Sir Roland, created a pang in the Lady Mabel's bosom. Was she jealous of the countess? If so, she monk, had assumed the cross and sailed for Palestine.

And now months and years passed without a word being heard at the castle of the absent page. At the end of the third summer, however, a palmer arrived, who told that, when he left the Holy Land, Sir Roland was alive and well, and was regarded as one of the bulwarks of Christendom. How the heart of the Lady Mabel leaped at this intelligence! But her joy was soon rudely dissipated. As a ward of the crown, according to feudal customs, her hand was at the disposal of the king; and he now announced his intention to give it away in speedy marriage. This intelligence revealed to the Lady Mabel the state of her heart. In the near danger of becoming the wife of a stranger, she discovered the secret of her interest in Sir Roland. She loved him. And, at first, even death seemed preferable to her threatened fate.

But soon a gleam of hope was afforded her. monarch, finding the applicants for her hand numerous, gave notice that her person and estates should be the reward of the best lance; and announced a grand tournament to be held that day six months, in which the prize was to be contested. Such methods of disposing of a beautiful heiress were not unfrequent in the age of chivalry. It was soon known that every knight of any pretensions, in the whole kingdom, had announced his intention of being a candidate at the tournament. Some, in foreign lands, had been sent for by their friends, in order that they might also contest the prize. A drowning person, it is said, will catch at a straw, and the Lady Mabel hoped that, among others, Sir Roland would appear. She knew that most of the crusaders were returning home, and, with the sanguine heart of youth, she trusted that he would come back in time, and prove the conqueror.

But a terrible blow a waited her. The eve of the tournament, when every hostel in London was crowded with knights, a palmer appeared at the cloister in Westminster, where the Lady Mabel temporarily resided, and desired to see her, saying that he bore a message to her from the Holy Land. With a heating heart she hastened down into the parlor of the nundid not continue jealous long, for suddenly she heard I nery, to receive her guest. Seating herself in a

richly carved chair, covered with curious tapestry, she directed the palmer to be admitted. The holy man entered with a low obeisance, and then paused, seemingly struck dumb with her surpassing loveliness. She was now in her twentieth year, and in the full bloom of her beauty. Her rich attire, too, increased, if possible, her charms. She wore an under skirt of amber-colored satin, over which was a full dress of purple velvet, open in front from the girdle down, the boddice fitting tightly to the bust. Her snowy and rounded shoulders were half hidden, half revealed by a tucker of the costliest lace. On her head she wore the coffure of a maiden of high degree, composed of black and white lace, in the fashion since made immortal by Mary Queen of Scots.

Perceiving the hesitation of her visitor, she smiled encouragingly on him, and said in her softest tones—

"Holy paimer, your blessing," and when he had given it, in scarcely articulate words, she asked. "What news do you bring of Sir Roland?"

The palmer started. "Ha!" he said. "How know you, fair countess, that I came from him?"

The Lady Mabel blushed to find that her eagerness had betrayed her, and, with maiden modesty, wishing to conceal her real thoughts, answered carelessly—

"Oh! it was only because Sir Roland was an old playmate of mine, and the sole person I know in all Palestine. I naturally supposed you brought me news of him."

"You are right, lady," said the palmer, in a sad tone. "Sir Roland was my best friend. Alas! that I should have such sad news to tell."

Again the Lady Mabel was surprised out of her bontrol over herself, and she asked eagerly—

- "Is he alive? Is he here?"
- "Would you care whether he was dead or living?"
- "Oh! speak," she cried, at these ominous words, her face becoming pale as death. "Tell me the worst at once—is he dead?"
- "Lady, he loved you as his life, nay! better than his life; and his last thoughts were of you."
- "Dead—dead," cried the Lady Mabel, wringing her hands, rising up, and looking around wildly. "Oh! miserable me." And with these words she fell in a dead faint to the floor.

The noise of the fall brought assistance immediately. When the servants entered, the aged palmer was found chafing her hands, but he immediately resigned her, and, when, on her reviving, she looked for him, and faintly desired him to repeat his tale, he was gone.

All that night, the Lady Mabel wept. She wept to think of the gallant Sir Roland, dying alone of a fever, on the deserts of Syria, and perhaps now sleeping in unconsecrated ground. She wept also at her own approaching fate. The romantic hope, which had supported her hitherto, was now destroyed; and when she sank exhausted to rest, at daybreak, she almost wished she might never awake.

But this blessing could not be granted. After a broken slumber of an hour, her handmaidens came to attire her. With a breaking heart she submitted herself to their hands, feeling all the while like one being decked for the merifice. In vain they told over to her the long list of gallant knights who intended competing for her hand. Among them were counts, dukes, and even princes; but their titles made no impression to her: she was thinking of Sir Roland; and her tears flowed fast.

When the trumpets sounded without, and the gay cavalcade of the monarch stopped at the cloister door, she went forth, but it was without a smile. The king himself handed her to her palfrey, but the same look of passive suffering remained on her face. In vain her friends tried to cheer her, in vain majesty itself essayed the task, she could not call up a smile, and with difficulty restrained herself from open weeping.

It continued thus when she arrived at the pavilion appointed for her as queen of the tournament. She took no interest in anything. The gay lists, the crowds of spectators, the squires, the heralds, the tents of the combatants, all seemed to her like things beheld in a dream, and not as realities. She sat, with abstracted gaze, looking on vacancy. There was a vision present to her mind that excluded the busy scene before her: it was a vision of a sandy desert under the burning sky of Syria, and of a knight dying, with no one by but his faithful steed, and no water to cool his fevered tongue.

At times indeed she heard the blare of the trumpets; the cry of "largesse, largesse;" and the tramp of charging steeds. At times she saw the challengers darting on horseback from either end of the lists, beheld the shock of meeting, and saw one or both unborsed. But these things were only interludes, as it were, for again the scene faded from before her, and she was once more back in Palestine. At last she was roused from her stupefaction by one of her attendants telling her that the last course was about to be run. Two knights, who had successively overcome every opponent, were now to tilt against each other, and the victor was to be the winner of the prize.

The Lady Mabel groaned audibly. Her fate would now soon be decided. She would have felt little interest in the success of either knight, for both were equally distasteful to her, but for the wishes of all around her, which were loudly expressed in favor of the young Earl of Salisbury, known everywhere as a courteous knight. The other competitor was a stranger from Normandy, where he held a small fief. If there could be any choice between the two, the Lady Mabel felt that her preference would be for her own countryman. What then was her horror when she saw the gentle, but gallant earl hurled from his saddle like a sling from a bow; while the Norman adventurer gallopped triumphantly around the lists.

"By St. George!" exclaimed the monarch, in a whisper, "I would give a fat manor that the earl had conquered; but we must keep our kingly word. Let the herald proclaim the victor's name and titles; and bring him forward, for, in God's name, an unpleasant duty cannot be too soon discharged."

The victor accordingly was led forward, but the Ledy Mabel's agitation was so great, that she could not, as custom required, unlace the helmet of her knight. One of the handmaidens, however, did this for her. Then the herald, in a loud voice, proclaimed the victor.

"In the name of our sovereign liege," he exclaimed,

"I declare the victor of this day's tourney to be Sir Roland Fitzelarence, commonly known as Sir Roland Rouen, from his knight's fee in Normandy."

"Now, by my ancestors," exclaimed the monarch, starting forward at these words, "here is a warrior worthy of a princess, instead of a nameless country knight. Sir Roland Fitzclarence! The best English spear in Palestine! Welcome, welcome home. But ho there, aid for the Lady Mabel, she has fainted, she is dying."

The Lady Mabel had indeed sunk senseless. When the helinet of the victor had been unlaced, she had refused to look upon his face, until the herald mentioned the name of one she thought no more. Then, with a quick cry, she gazed down on the kneeling knight, pushing the hair eagerly from his temples, and scrutinizing every lineament of that deeply embrowned, but still familiar face.

"Roland-Roland," she cried, "you live, thank God!" and sank senseless.

Sorrow sometimes kills; joy never. In less than an hour, the Lady Mabel had sufficiently revived to admit her lover, now her betrothed husband, to her side. Roland soon explained how, in order to ascertain her sentiments, he had disguised himself as a palmer, and feigned news of his own death.

"Do you forgive me, dearest?" he said.

"Yes! I am too bappy to refuse," she answered, with glad tears. "And yet it was cruel—cruel, Roland"

"Nay! sweet, would you have had me to wed one who loved me not? I adored you, too truly, to force you to be mine Had you loved another, I should have declined the tournament."

The Lady Mabel, at this new proof of his affection and delicacy, said nothing, but buried her face in his bosom.

Within a fortnight they were married, the monarch himself giving away the happy bride.

THE FRIEND OF GENIUS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"This was his last, Miss Esther," she said. "and he called it 'The Friend of Genius." She turned away sadly. It was a figure of the Angel of Death.—FRIENDS AND FORTUNE.

THE sculptor bowed before his work; His dark eyes flashed with light, And on his brow, serene and broad, There glowed a radiance bright.

Forgotten was the low brown roof, Its rafters rough and bare! He only saw that angel form— That face so strangely fair.

The half-spread wings, the beck'ning hand,
The deep—the holy eyes,
So shadowy pure, it seemed a breath
Would waft it to the skies.

And how hath my poor hand wrought this? An angel's power is here! Death's shadow hath passed o'er my work, And still he hovers near; I feel his touch upon my brow, And in my hair, his breath; Then, let this last dear work of mine, Be called, "The Angel Death!"

He turned aside—his strength had failed— His lofty hopes were o'er; And sick of heart, he bowed his head; That head was raised no more.

Oh! who can tell the hopes, the fears,
Which racked that once proud frame,
As struggling with his hopeless fate,
He sought to win a name.

All, all in vain! a broken heart
Was offered on the shrine,
Where only gleams the marble tomb,
And creeps the ivy vine.

MY BOY IN HEAVEN.

I COULD not see a drop of dew,
As sheltered in a folding leaf,
It sparkled and away it flew,
But it would harp my bosom-grief;
"Thus from these clasping arms has flown
My boy," I cried, "one brief hour given!"
A voice like his called suftly down—
"That diamoud dew exhaled to Heaven."

I could not mark a ruby ray
Of sunlight linger on my breast,
But I would think my infant lay
Thus, as I hushed him into rest;

My tears would fall to see it fade
And leave me coldly lone at even, '
Though still his seeming accent said—
"That ray but lent is home in Heaven."

I could not watch the tender sky
Outspread her azure to my view,
But I would say, "my darling's eye
Was of that self-same starry blue—
Could I but know he loved me there,
"I would soothe this breast so sorely riven"—
A young sweet voice swept through the air,
"That eye looks down in love from Heaven."
B. L. C.

5#

STAGE-COACH ADVENTURE;

OR, NEVER TRUST TO APPEARANCES.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

HENRY BEDFORD, a young merchant residing in one, of the Western cities, came on to the East, as usual, in the summer of 153-, to purchase his fall and winter supply of goods. A few days after his domestication at the American Hotel, in New York, he observed a young lady in one of the parlors who particularly struck his fancy. On inquiry, he learned that she came from Ohio, and was the daughter of Judge T-, who had gone to Washington on some business with the government, and expected to remain at the capital for a week or ten days. So pleased was Bedford with Miss Cordelia T-that he could not rest until he had managed to obtain an introduction.

The young lady proved even more attractive than Bedford, in his imagination, had pictured her to be, when she first moved before him as a lovely stranger. So much pleased with her was he, that, before he had basked in the light of her sunny countenance an hour, he was decidedly in love; and his evident admiration of the fair young creature made serious inroads upon the tender regions about her heart. What particularly pleased Bedford was the style of the lady. She was not dressed gaudily, nor at all overloaded with ornament; but, still, there was something peculiar, not to say unique and striking, in her mode of dress. Her hair, of which she had a profusion, was as smooth and glossy as brush could make it; and, about her sweet young face, and on her graceful snowy neck, it fell with a voluptuous freedom that was absolutely bewitching. With each movement of her head, these silken curls seemed to catch the smile that ever lit up her face with a beautiful radiance. It is hardly a matter of wonder that Henry Bedford lost his heart.

A few days only could this young man spend with this charming creature. Business called him to Boston, and he had to leave her. Absence invested Cordelia - with new charms, and made him more than ever in love with her. To a fellow townsman and young merchant whom he met in Boston on business, he spoke of Cordelia with all the enthusiasm of a lover, and said that, take her all in all, she was the sweetest girl'it had, so far, been his fortune to meet.

"Did you ever see her father?" inquired the young

- "It has not been my fortune to meet with him."
- "He's a hard old christian."
- "A rough exterior often covers a generous nature." "True."
- "I cannot believe that the father of so lovely a girl can have a bad heart,"

character, and his face does not, in the least, belie the reputation."

- "Well, all I have to say is, that let Judge Twhat he may, he has a charming daughter, and no mistake; and I am going to get away from here just as quickly as it is possible, in order to spend a day or two with her in New York before leaving for the West; and, if I do not lay my heart at her feet before we separate, it will be because I change my mind very much from what it is at present."
 - "You are smitten, sure enough!"
- "And so would you have been if you had met this lovely girl."
- "May be so; though I rather doubt your conclusion. I am not usually won by every pretty face that comes along."
- "Nor I. This, let me tell you, is no mere pretty face. The whole air, manner, and style of the girl, to say nothing of her accomplishments, make up a whole of beauty and grace that charm irresistibly."
- "Of all that I will judge for myself when I meet the young lady in New York, if she is there when I pass through, or at your residence when she becomes Mrs. Bedford."
- "Which, jesting aside, is an event most likely to occur."
- "Ha! ha!" laughed the young friend of Bedford. "You are fairly caught, sure enough! I only hope the meshes may prove strong enough to hold you."

As soon as Bedford could arrange his business in Boston, he went back to New York, eager to meet the young lady who had robbed him of his heart. But the bird had flown. Judge T- had arrived at the American the day after Bedford left New York, and was now, so the young man learned, on his way home to the West, in company with his beautiful daughter. Had it not been that his business made it absolutely necessary for him to remain in New York several days longer, Bedford would have started for Philadelphia by the first line, and made an effort to overtake the lady who had robbed him of his heart; but business was imperative and could not be neglected; and so he had nothing to do but submit, with the best possible grace, to what could not be helped.

It was nearly a week after Judge Tdaughter left New York, before Bedford turned his face homeward. At Baltimore he took his passage for Wheeling. The railroad was then only completed a distance of some sixty miles, and had its terminus at Frederick, where the lines of stages began. The "Oh! As to having a bad heart; I wouldn't say cars started at six o'clock in the evening, and were that. But I doubt if it possesses many kind impulses, drawn by horses. It was about two o'clock in the or gentle feelings. He is known to all as a hard morning when the passengers arrived at Frederick,

where they crowded into coaches and pushed on for Hagerstown, which they reached in time for breakfast. Bedford's travelling companion was the young merchant he had met in Boston.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the first day's ride. Cumberland was reached on the morning of the second day, the travellers not much improved either in their looks or feelings by two nights' loss of rest. After washing the dust from their faces, and cating with no very alarming appetites the breakfast that was prepared for them, they were again packed into the narrow coaches and indulged with an airing among the mountains. By the succeeding night, Bedford felt as if he did not care for anybody or anything. He had put on, when he left Baltimore, a suit of old clothes that were not to be injured either by rubbing or dust, and these had gained nothing in appearance by the journey. One of the elbows of his coat was out; and his pantaloons looked as if they had done service in hod-carrying or some other work equally trying to a pair of inexpressibles. As for his beard, it had not known the presence of a razor for two days, and his hair looked as if it had never been acquainted with a comb. His soiled shirt collar was concealed beneath a rusty black silk handkerchief, that was twisted about his neck more like a rag than a cravat. Take him all in all, he looked the vagabond so completely that his friend could not help jesting with him } on his appearance.

"I declare, Harry!" said the latter, as they left the coach, and entered the bar-room of a tavern where they were to take supper—"you do cut a shocking figure. You're hardly fit for decent company."

"The man's the man for a' that," replied Bedford, laughing. "I'm as good as if I were dressed in a bran span new suit of French broadcloth."

"The beautiful Miss T--- might not think so were she to get a peep at you just now."

"Oh, dear!" And Bedford shrugged his shoulders.
"But, thank fortune! there is no danger of that. She's far beyond these regions."

The ting-a-ling-a-ling of the supper bell at this moment announced the fact that their host of the stage house was ready with his good cheer, and they obeyed the summons without ceremony. By the time the hungry passengers had laid in a sufficient supply of coffee, toast and "chicken fixins," the driver's horn was heard, and they once more contracted their bodies within the riding machine where they were to spend the night, but not in gentle sleep. Two of the passengers were not going farther than Brownsville, and their fellow travellers were congratulating themselves on the relief all would experience when there were but seven instead of nine inside. It was midnight when this point in the journey was reached. After waiting for a change of horses, the seven passengers, who were to continue on as far as Wheeling, spread themselves out in the stage-coach, and gave utterance to sundry expressions of pleasure at the prospect of not being so much crowded as they had been since leaving Frederick. But, alas for the uncertainty of all human anticipations. Just as the drivers of the four coaches that were running on the line were about mounting their boxes, the stage agent announced that

where they crowded into coaches and pushed on for there were two passengers in the house who must go Hagerstown, which they reached in time for break. on.

"No room here!" was instantly heard issuing from each of the coaches.

"There is room somewhere," returned the agent, "for two passengers have stopped in Brownsville."

Just as this was said a man and a woman emerged from the house.

"Go ahead driver! No room in this coach," cried Bedford, in a petulent voice, leaning out of the window. "We're crowded to death now."

And, "go ahead!" "go ahead!" was repeated from each of the four vehicles.

But the agent was not to be outwitted after that fashion. "How many inside here?" he asked, opening a coach-door.

"All full. Nine inside," was answered.

"Three—six—nine. All right here. Go ahead, driver!" The driver's long whip cracked like a pistol in the still night air, and away his horses dashed at full speed.

The next coach, and the next were in like manner examined, and sent on their journey. The last coach was the one in which Bedford was a passenger.

"All full here," said several voices, as the agent came to the door; and the inmates spread themselves out as wide as possible. But the eyes of that functionary could not be deceived; even though it was night.

"Three—five—only seven," he said, in a decided, matter-of-fact voice. "Come! here's room."

Bedford, with two others, occupied the back seat.

"Will one of the gentlemen on the back seat change, and give the lady a place there?" said the agent.

"I shall not move," said Bedford, who sat next the door, and in a voice loud enough to be plainly heard.

The other two men said nothing, but kept their places firmly. The lady was, by this time half way in the coach, but as neither of the occupants of the back seat showed any disposition to abdicate in her favor, she was obliged to content herself on the middle seat, which was, in reality, if she had known it, by far the most comfortable. The man came in after her, grümbling, or, rather, growling in a low, defiant, bull-dog sort of way.

"No room!" he muttered, as he settled himself down on the front seat, and preseed out his elbows against the two passengers who had compelled him to take the place between them—"there's hardly room enough in the world for some people."

The lady did not seem in a more amiable mood than her companion. Particularly was she displeased at the want of courtesy shown in not giving her the back seat, and, in answer to some reference made to it by the agent, before he closed the coach door, she said in a tone distinct enough to be heard, that she presumed they—meaning the occupants of the seat she had expected to obtain—were foreigners, as she had never known Americans to treat a lady with discourtesy or want of attention. Bedford felt challed at this, and he could with difficulty restrain himself from attering some retort involving a rebuke of American

ladies for the selfish and exacting spirit they manifested toward gentlemen on all occasions.

"I wish you a pleasant ride to Wheeling," said the agent, as he closed the door.

"Thank you," returned the lady. "No doubt it will be as pleasant as could be expected under the circumstances."

Particular emphasis was thrown on the last part of the sentence.

"As pleasant as you deserve," grumbled her companion on the front seat. "Wouldn't have been much sorry if the stage had been full of Hottentots or Blackfeet Indians. It'll teach you a lesson on the subject of giving up a good place in a coach for a mere trifle. After waiting two days for a chance to get on, you might put up with a seat on the box and think yourself well off."

"A sick headache is no whim," returned the lady, fretfully.

"Though no killing matter. I've ridden a hundred miles with a broken leg. But women are women all the world over. That's my experience."

"Would you have them men?" inquired the lady, pertly.

"No, Miss Saucebox!" was quickly retorted. "But I'd have them show at least a small portion of reason and fortitude."

This rather free speech hurt the lady's feelings a little. The tone in which it was given clearly enough showed the relation of the parties to be that of father and daughter. An indistinct reply from the latter closed the conversation, for, just at that moment, the baggage of the two passengers having been securely buckled up in the boot, the driver cracked his whip, and the passengers, dissatisfied with themselves and each other, rolled away on their midnight journey.

The lady had her seat immediately in front of Bedford, who felt toward her a strong repugnance. For this there were two reasons; he had failed to treat her with courtesy, and she had, plainly enough, resented his conduct. He was, therefore, dissatisfied with himself and offended with her—causes fully sufficient to produce a feeling of dislike.

"A fine specimen of a lady!" was his mental exclamation, as he sunk back in his seat, drew his cap over his eyes, and prepared to get a little semi-oblivion, if not positive sleep. For a quarter of an hour he could think of nothing but the lady before him; and, most heartily did he wish her at the North Pole, or anywhere else so that she were not in his immediate vicinity. At last his mental impressions became less and less distinct, and he was beginning to have something like pleasant, half waking dreams, when he was aroused by the sweeping of something across his face; which proved to be the barege veil of the lady before him. Said lady's veil had been thrown loosely over the crown of her bonnet; and as the lady had forgotten her troubles in a little doze, and there being nothing to support her head, that member of her body, as the stage made a jolt, had been suddenly jerked backward, and the veil flung into the face of the young merchant.

"Ugh! what's that?" fell from Bedford's lips, as, only half conscious touching the cause of annoyance, he pushed the veil from his face, and without intending

to do so, gave the head and bonnet that had inclined themselves rather nearer than was exactly agreeable, considering who was their owner, something of a rude repulse.

What the lady said in resenting this rough treatment Bedford's ears did not distinguish. Judging from the tone of her voice, he naturally enough concluded that it was nothing very complimentary. Of course, he felt for her a still stronger dislike—for he had acted toward her again in an ungentlemanly manner, and she had resented it.

No farther acts of antagonism occurred during the night. When the gray light of morning began to steal slowly in at the coach windows, it found all the passengers in a state of half conscious, uncomfortable repose. Bedford was crouched down in a corner of the vehicle, with his face upon his bosom, and the lady before him sat with her head thrown so far back that it was almost a wonder that it did not break off with each heavy jerking of the coach, as it dashed down the rough hill side road. To add to the graceful ease of her position, her mouth had fallen open; and, to give an appropriate effect to the whole picture, certain sounds were issuing from her throat and nostrils that did not exactly remind Bedford, whom daylight first aroused, of the warblings of Mrs. Wood, whom he had heard in Somnambula and Cindrella only a week before.

The particular view which the young man first obtained of the face of his fair travelling companion, was not a very flattering one. Whether she was young or old, it was rather difficult to make out. That she was not particularly beautiful, was readily concluded at the first glance. As to her style of person and habilaments, as far as these could be seen, they indicated to the young man a vulgar mind. She had on a nankin riding dress, which looked soiled and disordered. Her bonnet was of straw, and broken in several places, and a faded green veil was drawn over it, apparently as much to conceal defects as to shield the countenance of the owner. Masses of uncombed hair lay about her face in anything but graceful luxuriance. For at least a quarter of an bour the lady did not change her position. Long before that time expired, Bedford had turned his eyes from her with a feeling of disgust, and was observing the bold and romantic scenery which the newly risen sun revealed to his eyes.

While most of the passengers still slept, the driver reined up his horses at the regular changing place, and as the coach stopped, a man put his head in at the window, and called out in a quick voice—

"Breakfast here, gentlemen?"

Upon this announcement there was a general movement inside, and in as short a space of time as it could well be done, the hungry passengers tumbled themselves out, each so intent on stretching his cramped limbs, on reaching the ground, as scarcely to notice his companions in suffering. When Bedford thought of the lady who had come in at Brownsville, and looked up in order to take an unobstructed observation, she was not to be seen, having passed into the house.

Hurried ablutions were performed by the travellers

preparatory to going into the breakfast room. No brushes nor combs being supplied, those who did not possess either of these necessary articles of the toilet, had to leave their hair in the rough, and rough enough was the state in which some heads remained. Among these, that of Bedford was conspicuous. His was not naturally a soft and silky poll—and some recent barbarous operations having brought it down to about the length of a hog's bristles, it presented a somewhat similar appearance with only this difference: While a hog's bristles lie all in one direction, his, to use rather an obscure vulgarism, "stood seven ways for Sunday."

- "Well, you are a beauty!" said Bedford's companion, as the two young men stood in the bar-room awaiting the breakfast bell.
- "What's the matter?" inquired Bedford, affecting surprise.
- "Ha! ha!" laughed the other. "The matter? why you look like the very old boy! Just take a glance at yourself in that glass."
- "No, thank you! I'm afraid that, like a certain mythological notable, I might fall in love with myself."

The sudden ringing of a bell caused both to turn toward the door leading into the passage by which they were to reach the breakfast room. As they were going through the door, the man who had got in at Brownsville went by with the lady on his arm.

- "Are those our travelling companions?" asked the young man, with some earnestness of manner.
 - "Yes. Why do you ask?"
 - "Are you certain?"
- "Oh, yes," replied Bedford. "I shall never forget that bonnet and that hair."
 - "The man is Judge T---!"
 - "Oh, never!"
- "I tell you it so! No one who has seen that nose, mouth and chin can ever forget them."
 - "Judge T----?"
- "Yes; and no mistake! And the lady is, of course, the charming daughter about whom you have had so much to say."

By this time the two young men were in the breakfast room. As they were last to enter they had no choice of seats. Bedford saw but one vacant seat, and that was beside Judge T-, who, with his daughter, now fully recognized, occupied the end of the table. To retreat was of no avail. So he forced himself up to the lady's presence with an effort not unlike that which a soldier makes in marching up to a cannon. She looked at him as he sat down; but it was not wonderful that she did not recognize, in the soiled and disordered fellow before her, who looked more like a vagabond than anything else, the fine young gentleman she had met at the American House in New York, and who had been present to her fancy ever since. When Bedford ventured to lift his eyes to her face, after taking his place at the table, he saw that she did not recollect him, and had he not been apprized of the fact that the individual with whom she was in company was Judge T---, he would hardly have discovered in the slovenly figure and peevish face of the lady, the delightful and faceinating young creature who had wen his heart almost at first sight.

That Judge T— was a "hard old christian," as his friend had said, Bedford was ready enough to admit before leaving the breakfast-table; for, some remark led him into a little controversy with the Judge, whom he found about as rough as a polar bear. As for Cordelia, she made sundry little exhibitions of herself that did not add to the young man's estimation of her character for sweetness and amiability; and when he arose from the table and left the breakfast-rootn, every charm with which his warm imagination had invested her was gone.

"When I fall in love again," said Bedford, to his friend, as they walked out of the bar-room after settling the landlord's bill, "I'll put off the declaration until I can meet the lady in a stage-coach after two days' travel!"

"When both of you will be cured, I fancy, if you prove as amiable and accommodating as you were last night, and cut as fine a figure as you do this morning."

The near approach of Cordelia and her father prevented farther remark on that subject. It was the intention of Bedford to yield his place to the lady; but she did not wait for the courtesy. Pressing forward she clambered into the coach, and took possession of the back seat; and Judge T——getting in after her, coolly appropriated a place by her side. Being the last to approach the door of the vehicle, Bedford found that his only chance was to crowd past the lady, and do penance between her and her father from theace to Wheeling. If any love, by the merest chance remained, it was all gone by the time they reached the banks of the Ohio.

Six months afterward Bedford and Miss T—— met in Cincinnati at a fashionable party. The young lady was as attractive, as beautiful, and as fascinating as before; but her former lover could not forget the stage-coach adventure, nor force himself into any thing beyond a reserved politeness. It happened that the friend of Bedford, who had returned with him from the East, was also present. He had become very well acquainted with Cordelia since that time, having entered into business in the town where she lived, and been a frequent visitor at her father's house. To him she said, a few days after the meeting in Cincinnati—

"How greatly Mr. Bedford is changed. When I saw him, for the first time, last in summer in New York, he was the most attentive, affable, polite young man one could wish to meet; but the other evening he was so cold, distant and reserved, that it fairly chilled me to come near him."

The young man, as the lady said this, thought of the stage-coach adventure, and the ludicrous ideas it created caused him to laugh outright.

- "What are you laughing about?" inquired she.
- "Have you met Bedford since you saw him in New York?"
 - "Not until now."
- "Are you certain?" The young men felt that he could not keep his secret, let the effect of its betrayal be what it might.
- "Oh, yes. He left New York for Boston on business, and I started for home before he returned."

"And, on the way, stopped for a short time at Brownsville."

"What!" The young lady evinced surprise.

"Isn't it so?"

" Yes "

"And resumed your journey one morning about two o'clock."

"How do you know?"

"You see that I do know."

"Were you a passenger at the time?"

"Yes, and so was Bedford."

"Bedford!" The blood mantled to the brow of Cordelia.

"He rode between you and your father from the first stopping place after leaving Brownsville, until you reached Wheeling."

The young lady looked confounded.

"You are only jesting with me," she said, at length, her face brightening.

"No, I'm in earnest."

"Why, the man who rode between us was such a miserable looking wretch, that I couldn't even be civil to him; and, I well remember, that he was at no pains to be civil to me."

"That man was Bedford."

"Impossible!"

"I do assure you that it is so. I was myself along, and knew your father by sight very well."

"Did he know me?"

Not until I pointed out your father, as we were lesson for travellers who are never certain at entering the breakfast room at the tavern on the company into whom they may happen to fall.

morning after leaving the place where you had been detained for a couple of days."

The young lady very naturally became thoughtful, as memory went back to the time that was referred to. An image of herself as she must have appeared in the eyes of Bedford was soon distinctly before her mind; and sundry little facts and incidents appertaining to her entrance into the stage at Brownsville, and the ride to Wheeling, came one after another to her recollection. It was no cause of wonder that the crimson did not fade quickly from her brow. The young man more than half regretted having permitted himself to refer to the subject.

"Don't take it so much to heart," said he, laughing. "I only told you as a good joke."

But it was too severe a joke; and, in spite of all he could do, he failed to bring back her mind into a cheerful tone. The relation, however, had one good effect, it completely extinguished all tender emotions when an image of the handsome and attentive young merchant arose in her thoughts; for the transfor mation to the ragged, uncombed, unshaven, disegreeable, uncourteous stage companion was almost instantaneous.

More than fifteen years have passed since that time. Cordelia T— was married to the friend of Bedford, and is now the mother of half a dozen child en. Bedford is also married, and the two families live in the same town and are intimate. The stage-coach adventure is often referred to as a capital joke, and a good lesson for travellers who are never certain about the company into whom they may happen to fall.

CHANGES OF TIME.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

Passing on a day in Spring,
Through a city's thoroughfare,
Heard I song of maiden ring
Blithely, on the wooing air!

At the window arch she stood, Eyes of soft and sparkling blue, Heart of light and merry mood, Cheek of youth's transparent hue.

Look'd she on the pressing throng Heaving like a sea below, As she trill'd her joyous song Of the days of long ago.

Passing on a Summer day, Strangers round her I descried, From her home, with fond display, Went she forth to be a bride.

Follow'd I the kindly crowd
In a dim cathedral aisle,
Heard her speak her vows aloud,
Heard her vows and saw her smile.

Maiden, may the days be fair As the azure vault above! Thus arose my fervent prayer, As I heard her breathe her love. Passing on an Autumn day,
Zephyrs mournfully did stalk
Through the gusty portal way,
Leaves were falling on the walk.

Ponder'd I, as oft before,
On earth's fleeting joy and pain,
When from out the massive door
Wound a dark and weeping train.

None I question'd! for I knew Well, alas! for whom they pin'd; Was he to affection true? Sadness came upon my mind.

Passing on a Winter day
By that mansion's cheerless sill,
Not a sound stole through the way,
All was cold, and dark, and still.

Where was she of youthful bloom, Singing to herself? oh! where? Walking by a church-yard's gloom, Echo seem'd to answer—there!

Yet not there! within the ground,
Where her monument doth stand,
For her sainted soul bath found
Rest within the better land.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY PAUL CRETTON.

THERE are probably but few men among us (to say ; nothing of the women!) who have not some pleasing recollections of a school-boy passion. For my part, I frankly confess that I am not of that few. With the memory of the time when I used to study nights that I might devote the day, school hours and all, to innocent amusements, such as playing "fox and geese," and "tick-tack-tow," behind the teacher's back, and aliding down hill, snapping the whip, and playing ball during the intermission-with the memory of that happy time, I say, is associated the reminiscence of a boyish lover. I had my Mary, and I was as devoted to her as ever Byron was to his. I was her companion, her servant, and her poet. We went together to get "ground-nuts," to pick up beech-nuts, and to dig sassafras roots in the woods. I used to go for water when she was thirsty, and to hold her bonnet when she wished to crawl through holes in the fence. I was with her continually, whether it was her pleasure to see-saw, to jump the rope, or to wander across the fields.

During the school hours I was not less attentive to my "Mary." I was thinking of her when I should have been thinking of my lessons, and when I should have been writing "copies," I was sending billetsdoux to her across the school-house, or keeping up a tender correspondence with her on slates. Of course, my first attempt at poetry consisted of "Verses to Merv."

The teachers sometimes used to let us go out doors and study during the pleasant weather, either because they believed us when we asserted that we could learn our lessons quicker in the open air, or, what is more probable, because they were anxious to get as many of the noisy ones as possible out of the way. At any rate, they used to permit the girls, two or three in number, to take their books and sit on the grass on one side of the school-house, and the boys to enjoy the same privilege on the other. It is needless to say that the girls and boys had an unaccountable yearning to disobey the teachers, and get together; and that, on such occasions, I was always to be found on the serrong side of the school house, chatting "pretty sentiments" to my Mary.

That I loved my Mary with all the strength and purity of which the young and untaught heart is capable, it is my sincere belief, and I have not a doubt but that she reciprocated my tenderness. But she was fond of mischief, and delighted to torment me with jealousy. This she was well able to do, for I had a rival who was almost as assiduous in his attentions as myself. Fred B—— was a gay, young spark, and I was horribly jealous of him, the more so, when Mary would sometimes leave my society for his.

One night there was a "spelling school." Mary had promised me that she would be at the school-house early, and of course I went to meet her, and enjoy a short season of tenderness before the evening exercises began. But I was destined to suffer some chagrin. Fred B—— was there before me, and when I arrived I found him and Mary on quite too intimate terms to suit my jealous nature.

The candles were lighted. Mary sat on one of the front seats, with a broad table directly before her, and Fred was at the extremity of the table, by which he was prevented from making any very near approaches to the object of our joint attachment.

While the few scholars who had arrived were enjoying themselves exceedingly before the evening exercises commenced, I sat apart, gloomy and sullen, watching with a jealous, angry eye the movements of my rival. At length, to my infinite relief, Fred ran to join the sports of his fellow pupils, and Mary was left alone. She beckoned to me to come and sit with her, but I meant to make her feel my resentment, and much as I wished to speak to her, I scrupulously turned my eyes to another quarter of the house.

Soon the candles were blown out by some mischievous scholars, and the room was involved in total darkness.

"Now," thought I, forgetting my resentment, "now is the time to make up with Mary."

In a moment I was by her side. The table prevented me from approaching too closely, but I whispered her name, and, reaching over, succeeded in getting hold of her hand. I heard a shuffling—I felt that she was removing my hand from the one I held of hers to the other; and then I felt a gentle squeeze. My heart leaped to my throat with pleasurable emotion. I returned the pressure, and was delighted to feel her fair hand squeeze mine with greater ardor than before. I forgot Fred B—— in a moment.

- "Do you love me?" I whispered, passionately.
- "Dearly!" was the reply.
- "Oh! I am but too happy!" I sighed.
- "But you do not love me," I heard, in another whisper.
- "You know I do!" I exclaimed, almost speaking aloud—"you know I do!"

The fair hand which held my own squeezed it harder than ever. I returned the pressure more ardently than before. Indeed, I was about pushing the table aside, that I might approach my Mary more nearly and embrace her, when—a candle was lighted!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a light, ringing voice directly behind me.

I started in surprise—for that was Mary's voice! I looked for her in the seat she had occupied a moment

been squeezing so ardently—that hand, reader, was the hand of my rival!

Like myrelf, he had flown to Mary's side the moment the lights were extinguished; and she had

before, but she was not there; and the hand I had, managed, after placing my hand within that of my rival, to glide out of her seat unobserved. "And thus she had left us, whispering love to each other, and squeezing each other's hand across the table!

WORDS OF CHEER.

Terms not to die unnoticed and unknown. Do but one deed of love and charity; Speak but one word to cheer the comfortless; Bind but one broken heart, or teach but one Poor, wretched, suffering soul of man to look From the dark path around him to the light That gleams from Heaven; and behold! behold! Thou shalt lie down to thine eternal rest, Not in the silence of an unwept grave, But guarded by the angels.

I have seen

As the dark tempest passed in fury by-A rose-bud stricken and bent down to die: Its leaves were withered, and its beauty gone, And there it lay, a crushed and helpless thing Until I raised it to the light again. Go now with me and look upon the flower-Its fragrance fills the air, and men pass by And wonder that the trampled rose should bloom So sweetly in the sunlight.

Thus the heart That bows in its deep bitterness to die, And prays that God may gather it to rest, Shall by a spoken word - a look of love, An humble deed of human sympathy Grow strong again-and in its carnest faith Shall bless a thousand others.

It shall come

And lay its hand upon the sick man's brow, And raise him into life.

It shall steal In the deep midnight to the captive's dream,

And tell him of his mother. The dark grave

Shall know its presence, and the weepers there Depart trumphant.

Every form of wo-All grief and sin and fear and agony Shall see the angel coming near their homes, And gladly go to meet him

Therefore, man. Be strong of heart and faithful to thy trust. The lightest deed, in love and kindness done Shall render thee immortal. Go thou forth With this remembrance, that around thee now Are hearts and homes forsakeu-that to each God sends thee with a blessing-that to all He bids thee bear the halm of Gilead; And so, go onward with abundant joy, Mindful forever of this word of Hope, "The conflict is on earth—the crown in Heaven." A. J. W.

SHE SLEEPETH WELL.

BY CHROMIA.

"Life's fitful fever o'er, she sleepeth well."

"Sits sleepeth well," within Death's cold embrace: For on her tranquil brow no care we trace: And quietly, and calm she'll slumber on, Until, by trumpet called, the "newly born" Awake, and from their humble beds of clay Arise, to usher in God's glorious day. Then too, with gladsome notes, she'll join the throng, To swell our sovereign Lord's triumphal song. But now, "she sleepeth well!"

"She sleepeth well." No more shall voice of love To rapt'rous centasy her spirit move. Those lips are mute, which answering murmur gave, That face so fair shall moulder in the grave: The lute strings of her heart now broken lie, Their liquid strains fled with her parting sigh. Kiss the cold cheek-but shed no bitter tear, The world, for her, was comfortless and dear; And now, "take sleepeth well !"

"She sleepeth well." Her's was poor woman's lot-To be, by some she cherished most-forgot. The storms of life beat heavy on her head, And thorns were in her pathway freely spread; Experience taught a lore of steruest mould, But such as life's dark book doth oft unfold. She drained a mingled cup of joy and grief, And now in dreamless rest has found relief. "She sleepeth well!"

"She sleepeth well." Speed forth, and quickly bring The purest flowers, and buds of reseate Spring : Twine them in garlands fair, and bid them shed Their sweetest perfame round her quiet bed. Now meekly bend the knee, and breathe a prayer, That in her soul's rich blessings ye may share; That cleansed, like her, within the Lamb's dear fount, Your spirits-loosed from earth-may Heavenward mount. "She sleepoth well."

OUR FLOWER GARDEN.-AUGUST.



THE principal flowers in our bouquet for this month are the Columbine, Iris, Rhododendron, and Lady-Slipper; and their poetical meaning is as follows:—

COLUMBINE, I cannot give thee up.
IRIS, I have a message for thee.

RHODODENDRON, Danger.

LADY-SLIPPER, Capricious Beauty.

Our fair readers will thus see that this bouquet is one from a despairing lover, who now implores, now accuses his mistress.

Vol. XVL-6

But little is to be done in the flower-garden this month. The seed-vessels of the roses, rhododendrons, and other flowering shrubs, should be taken off as soon as the flowers have fallen, in order to prevent the ripening of the seeds, which would weaken the plants. If the flowers of all shrubs were removed as soon as the petals have fallen, the plants would not only be strengthened, but in many cases a second crop would be produced. Perennials in pots and elsewhere will require water almost daily. It will

be advantageous to all flowers to take a small trowel or stick and turn up the earth lightly around them.

For HELIOTROPE cuttings, the tips of the young shoots about three inches in length, should be chosen, and these should be taken off immediately below a joint or the base of a leaf bud.

After removing two or three of the lower leaves, plant the cuttings in the pots prepared, about an inch and a half deep, and two inches apart; water them well with a fine hose two or three times, so that every part of the soil may be thoroughly moistened, which may easily be known by the water percolating through the bottom of the pots. If this is not attended to, and the surface soil alone is penetrated by the water, certain failure will be the result.

HYACINTHS, which are to be bloomed in waterglasses, should be placed in them in the last week of August, or the first week of September, after being kept for a few days in slightly damped sand. At first the water should just touch the base of the bulbs, and the glasses should be kept in a dark closet until the roots

have attained the length of an inch. Two drops of spirit of hartshorn may be added to the water in each glass, when the bulbs are first put in, and whenever the water is changed. Dark colored glass is always to be preferred, as the absence of light is natural to all roots. By keeping the glasses in a dark closet until the roots are full an inch long, the hyacinths will not get top-heavy, but the roots being in advance of the leaves, will preserve the plant balanced erect. The bloom will also be finer, as the roots will be in a state to nourish the leaves before these are prematurely advanced. Dr. Lindley recommends a piece of charcoal to be put into each glass, to feed the plant, and prevent putridity in the water.

MIGNONETTE for pot-culture should be sown in August. Cover the seed a fourth of an inch. Thin the seedlings to three in a pot. Water sparingly.

POLYANTHUS, NARCISSUS Or JONQUILS which are to be bloomed in pots, must be kept in light, rich earth during this month, and be placed in a warm room; they will bloom about November.

M. v. s.

AUGUST.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

How sweetly now within the wood, And 'mid the tall old trees All dress'd in Summer garmenture, Comes the refreshing breeze, Lulling the overtasked brain With dream-like ecstacies.

How the heart leaps to hear the brook Go singing on its way, Kissing with cool and balmy touch The sultriness of day, 'Till all the air seems fragrant with The rare delights of May.

Deep, deep within the shady dells
The flowers are sleeping now,
Clouding with leafy canopies
The sunbeams from their brow,
And glistening in their loveliness
Like dew-drops on the bough.

And far away beside some lake,
Upon whose placid breast
At evening's hour a thousand stars
Are pictured in its rest,
My heart would make its quiet home,
And be a Summer guest.

I pine for solitude, and wish
To once again be free,
And drink the boundless freedom in
With unchecked revelry,
'Till soul, and sense, and heart shall thrill
With Nature's poetry.

I long to hear the wild birds sing Beneath my childhood's skies, And feel, how as the heart grows old, We backward turn our eyes To greet each cherished scene that woke Our earliest sympathics.

I dream amid the dust and heat
Of some clear mountain stream,
And fleecy vines that bend to meet
Their image in its beam,
As rustic maids that blush to see
Their mirror'd beauties gleam.

Oh, for the hills! I'm stretching forth My arms to greet them now, And fancy almost brings the breeze Upon my burning brow, As sighing through the pines it seems As sweet as love's first yow.

CHILDREN'S INVOCATION TO MAY.

On! come, beloved May, and make The forcet fresh and green, And let the little violets blow Beside the brooklet's aheen.

Oh! May, I do so want to see Sweet violets on the plain! Come May, dear May, that I with thee May freely roam again.

Oh! would the balmy weather,
And green leaves we might see.
Come, lingering May, we children
So sorely long for thee.

R. H.

RUDOLPH;

OR, THE STAR OF THE VIRGINIA LEGION.

BY J. S. COBB.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 27.

CHAP. V .- THE MARQUIS.

SEVERAL days had elapsed since the occurrences last narrated, during which time all the public stores in Richmond had been safely transported to Albemarle old court-house, which was thought a safer depot.

Cornwallis, meantime, was hastening to Virginia. Passing through North Carolina and southern Virginia without opposition, he succeeded in effecting a junction with Arnold, who, by the death of Gen. Philips, was in command of the British forces. He now determined on vigorous offensive operations. His force was superior in every respect to that under Lafayette, and resolving to bring the marquis to an engagement, he crossed James River at Westover and threatened Richmond. Lafayette did not feel authorized in giving battle, if it could be safely avoided, his object being more directly the preservation of the public stores, of which Greene's army even now was sorely in want. On his lordship's approach, therefore, he abandoned Richmond and moved to the upper country. Cornwallis pursued, but the marquis pushed forward with so much caution and celerity that his lordship desisted, and turned his attention to objects more attainable.

Whilst the British general, intent on possessing himself of the American stores, directed his march against Baron Steuben, who had been sent with a small force to guard the Point of Fork, the marquis, to favor a more convenient junction with the baron in case he had to abandon his position, as was almost certain, had thrown himself across the Rapidan. Steuben with characteristic address managed to remove the stores from the Point of Fork before Tarleton reached the place; but the marquis found himself most unexpectedly in a very serious dilemma, and a battle appeared to be inevitable. His last manœuvre had thrown Cornwallis between him and the stores at Albemarle old court-house, and his lordship immediately took steps to secure his advantage. He directed his march forthwith to that point. Made thus aware of his imprudence, and determined on hazarding every thing before surrendering the grand object for which he had been stationed in Virginia, Lafayette re-crossed the Rapidan, and moved with such celerity that he encamped within a few miles of the British army, whilst yet a day's march from its destination. Apprized of this, and secretly overjoyed at the prospect of bringing the marquis to an engagement, Cornwallis encamped at Elk Island, and advanced his light troops to a position commanding the road by which it was thought the Americans would be forced to pass, if the preservation of the stores was their object.

The situation of the marquis was beyond doubt one of extreme perplexity, if not of hazard. But it was one of those emergencies from which true genius ever rises with an effulgence, which dazzles whilst it astonishes.

After a long and forced march the American army at length had arrived near the banks of the Rivanna; the camp fires were lighted, and the tired troops lay down to rest with no bed but the damp earth, and with no covering but the sky above them. To cross this stream was the essential point; but how to cross it, or even to get to it, without risking a general action at a disadvantage, was the difficulty. Two roads only were known by which to approach. One of these, as already remarked, was commanded by a strong advanced corps of the enemy; while on the other the whole British army lay strongly posted. Cornwallis, certain that "the boy," as he called the marquis, could not now again escape him, consoled himself with the idea that a brilliant opportunity of making up for all past disasters was now within his reach.

Darkness settled upon the American camp, and the gloomy hour accorded well with the forebodings which depressed, but did not terrify the hearts of the devoted patriots crowded within its lines. Seated in his tent, surrounded by his general and confidential officers, Lafayette was eagerly engaged in canvassing the difficulties with which he was threatened.

In the midst of their discussion, the challenge of the sentinel on duty was heard. The password was given in return in a deep and stern voice, and immediately Rudolph stood before the general.

"Rudolph!" exclaimed Berthier, dropping the pen from his hand with which he had been writing.

"Rudolph!" replied Wayne.

"Sacre Dieu!" said Lafayette, "I had thought you were still in Richmond, disabled by your wound."

"No, marquis, I lest Richmond on the same day with the army, and travelled by water a short distance up the river. From thence I was conveyed by easy stages to the house of a friend in Albemarle county, where under the best of nursing I have almost entirely recovered."

"Ah, yes," answered the marquis, smiling, "I think you have a very particular friend who hails from Albemarle, monsieur le capitaine! Morbleu, it is well to have such friends sometimes."

"As for instance," answered Wayne, pleasantly, "when an enemy is in the act of stealing a march on an important post."

"Indeed, you are right, dear general. I shall long remember that girl's heroism; but I had reference

more particularly to our friend's good fortune in a personal view."

"You are very kind, marquis," said Rudolph, with a bow so formal that all perceived the subject was delicate.

"Well, then I will be kind enough to desist. You come on important business, captain?"

"I do, general; and I have risked health and life to make you acquainted with it. Two hours ago I was walking leisurely within the British lines, and held speech with Arnold himself."

"Morbleu, captain, I must be permitted to say that you were in very bad company."

"True, but good sometimes comes out of evil, marquis."

"Well, let us hear; time presses."

"This morning, news reached me that Cornwallis had changed his front, and was marching on Albemarle; at the same time I learned from some travellers that you were on his track, and would most likely come up with him to-night. Knowing that a battle must ensue, I determined on joining the army in time to participate. To do so I was forced, as I thought, to pass through the British lines, but was differently informed by a reliable person, and I came by another route."

Lafayette rubbed his hands with joy.

"Is this other route practicable for the army?" he

"Barely so; but still possible, and is several miles nearer-by it, if we choose, we can turn the enemy and join Steuben."

"That is enough. My friends we must prepare for marching forthwith. You are our good angel, Captain Rudolph."

"A band of pioneers must precede and clear the way," said Rudolph, "or else the progress will be much slower than would be safe or pleasant."

"Then select your men, take all the workmen and proceed," said the marquis, promptly, "I have full confidence in you, and you have full authority."

"But you have not told us how you came to visit the British camp in your journey hither," said Wayne.

"The visit was one of choice, not of necessity. Not doubting but that a battle must ensue, I exchanged clothes with a countryman who was driving a cart laden with provisions, in order to dispose of them to the British. It was my object to procure information which might be useful. Leaving a sum of money with the carter as the pledge for my return and good faith, I mounted the cart, and in this disguise penetrated every portion of the camp."

CHAP. VI.-FANNY.

THE dark clouds and thick fog long concealed the dawn of the following morning. Immediately after sunrise a steady rain set in, notwithstanding which, however, the British forces of either division were drawn out in line of battle, expecting every moment that the guns posted forward would announce the approach of the Americans. Totally unapprized of

be effected, Cornwallis despatched a messenger to Arnold, who commanded the advance, and ordered him to push forward his columns and begin the attack, if the American army showed the least signs of a retreat. Accordingly Arnold, who burned to revenge a recent personal insult offered to him by Lafayette, in refusing to hold communication with him on the ground of his being a traitor, promptly moved on, in the hope to begin the battle. When he had gone two miles, cautiously feeling his way through the dense fog which enveloped the surrounding space, he halted suddenly on observing volumes of smoke curling up from different fires not far off, and mingling with the haze and mist, distinguishable from the same by the deep blue color and rapid evaporation. Here again was another surprise, equally annoying and far more astounding than that which had befallen a few weeks before at Richmond. A close reconnoisance at once disclosed the fact that they were on the ground which had recently been the American encampment-but whither, or in what direction the army had gone, was left to conjecture, for the roads bore no traces of their march.

Thus again completely foiled, Arnold cursed his fate, and gave vent to every extravagance of temper. A messenger was on the instant despatched to Lord Cornwallis, to bear the unwelcome news. His lordship refused to credit the fact so completely was he amazed, and so sure of his prey had he all along been.

At this moment the heavy sound of a cannon jarred the surrounding forests. The sound, coming from a direction so entirely unexpected, discomposed the oldest soldiers present. A minute elapsed, and then another like roar came rolling on the wings of the morning breeze-and another followed-but the sound came no nearer. This unravelled the mystery, and told where the Americans were to be found. Cornwallis at once knew that Lafayette had not only gained his rear by some unknown route, but had effected his contemplated junction with the forces under Baron Steuben. Nothing short of this could explain the firing of minute guns. The Americans were rejoicing over their good fortune, and "the boy" had outwitted, and was now sporting with the veteran.

Toward eight o'clock the rain ceased, and the mist cleared away before the rays of the sun. A scene was now disclosed which dispelled all conjecture, and completed the mortification under which the British general was already fretting. It was perceived that the American army had crossed the Rivanna, and taken a strong position which effectually commanded the road leading from the camp of his lordship to Albemarle old court-house. Having by this means gained the advantages which a few hours before were so decidedly against him, and having been strengthened by a heavy reinforcement of mountain militia, the marquis now in turn defied the efforts of his arrogant and boastful adversary.

Thus again were the stores, gathered for the benefit of the suffering troops of America, saved by the promptness and address of the young French general. Many and sincere were the congratulations exchanged with the marquis on this occasion, and after it was any road by which a movement to his rear could ascertained for certain that the British army had began

their retreat, the people from the country around, thus suddenly relieved from the terrors inspired by so near an approach of the enemy, in whose ranks were both the vindictive Arnold and the relentless Tarleton, poured in by crowds to the American camp to behold and thank their deliverer.

Scarcely had the rear guard of the British army disappeared, before the preparations for pursuit on the part of the Americans were nearly completed. The troops from Pennsylvania under Wayne, supported by the whole strength of Lee's legion of horse, were stationed in the van. Baron Steuben, having under his orders the militia and the artillery, served by veteran regulars, commanded the centre division; whilst the marquis himself with the New Englanders and Virginians, covered by his corps of dragoons under Berthier, brought up the rear. The pursuer now became in turn the pursued, and Lafayette, tired out with defensive operations, and anxious to measure swords with Cornwallis, now that his force would allow him to do so with something like an equality, resolved to commence the offensive with vigor.

The infantry of Wayne's division were already in motion, and the cavalry were seen parading in line. Lafayette and most of his officers had been dining at Beckham Hall, the house of Fanny's sire, a wealthy planter, and member of the assembly. The parlor was still thronged with guests of both sexes. Officers in their variegated uniforms were seen indiscriminately mingled with the gay company. Leaning on the arm of the marquis, and surrounded by many ladies and gentlemen, Fanny no longer seemed the timid and bashful maiden as when alone among strangers in a camp. Her dark eyes beamed with animation, and her fair face was wreathed with smiles as she received the courtly congratulations of the polite Frenchman, or bowed her acknowledgments at some passing compliment from those around. As they moved on in their promenade through the room, they happened to stop near an open window which looked out on the grassy esplanade in front, and from which could be seen in the distance the gleaming muskets and waving plumes of the different corps as they were successively marshalled in line. At the same time, an officer in the uniform of the legion, mounted a horse which had been held in waiting for him at the gate, and bowing low to Fanny, dashed off in a gallop toward the front division of the army. The blood mounted unbidden to her fair cheeks.

"What, have you so soon dismissed your invalid?" asked Lafayette, turning on Fanny and smiling archly.

"Ah, marquis," replied Fanny, blushing, "you who know him so well need not ask that question. He has been wholly ungovernable since the armies have been in this vicinity. He would leave me, the other day, when a battle impended—and now he is off again."

"Are you sure, my fair heroine, that his head has been the only part wounded?"

"I have heard of his being wounded in no other battle," was the tremulous reply.

"No, perhaps not in battle, ma belle aime. There are other and deeper wounds beside those received or given in battle."

"Have you ever received such, marquis?"

"Ah, surely."

"Then I am satisfied with your word, and care not to add my testimony."

"Morbley, but I did not say I had ever given such."

"I will take that for granted, as madame la marquise is absent."

"Yes, but yourself, ma bonne fille!"

"That you must learn from others, marquis," was the arch reply.

"Not others. Say another, and then I will understand."

"Then let it be another. And now, marquis, if we prolong this tete-a-tete some will say I have wounded you, perhaps."

"Eh bien, it may be that you have, Fanny."

"Ah, my dear marquis, I have no further desire to distinguish myself in such a cruel pastime," was the gay response, as they moved on through the company. Despite this air of vivacity, which was indeed her natural temperament, Fanny's heart was far from

being light, and when the marquis left her she soon lost her flow of spirits.

Soon after this the generals and officers took their leave of the company. Lafayette, however, remained a guest at Beckham Hall until morning. In an hour Wayne's division were out of sight. Steuben followed after two hours interval, and by sunset his last columns too had disappeared. The rear division alone remained, as the marquis had signified his intention not to join the march until the next morning. But it was otherwise ordered.

CHAP. VII .- THE BATTLE.

CONTRARY to expectation, Cornwallis had marched only a few miles from his last place of encampment, before he halted for the night. It was then some five hours after Wayne had left that a heavy and continued firing was beard in the direction of his march, and which broke in suddenly upon the slumbers of Lafayette. At the first sound of the guns he sprang hastily from his bed and listened intently. The second discharge readily unfolded to his sagacious mind that an action was going on between his troops and those of the enemy, and quickly dressing himself, he prepared to depart on the instant.

As he was passing down the aisle which led to the staircase, a door opened, and Fanny Beckham, pale and trembling, stepped out into the passage. Her matchless form, enveloped in an embroidered dressing-gown hastily thrown on, was exhibited only to more advantage from this dishabille, so entirely modest, yet so aptly and gracefully negligent. Her full, snow-white neck, partly concealed by the long, raven colored tresses which curled profusely around it; the dark eyes, resplendent with sudden excitement; the pallid face, as the dim light of a taper which she held revealed its expression to the marquis, all combined to heighten her beauty and embellish charms which otherwise were so peculiarly attractive.

"My suspicions then are true," she softly said, as the marquis was about going past. "General Wayne is engaged with the British."

well," was the hurried reply of the impatient, yet polite general.

"Oh! marquis, I beg you to excuse my weakness; but if evil befalls him, may I beg that you will have him sent immediately here?"

"Make yourself easy, my poor girl. I will remember what you say, and will consider my compliance but a poor return for your courageous behavior on a late occasion."

"Oh, I shall consider it more than a return," was the true womanly reply.

"Very well; and now again farewell. I must be off without ceremony."

"God guard and protect you," she exclaimed, as the young marquis hurried on from where she had stopped him.

Mounting his horse, Lafayette was soon in the midst of his wondering soldiers. As he rode up he was met by Berthier and the officers of his staff, who reported that the troops were under arms, and awaited only his orders for setting out. In a few minutes all

Something more than half the distance intervening between Lafayette and the advance had been traversed, when the ground beneath them jarred as if shaken by an earthquake, and then was heard a succession of loud and deafening reports, deeper and more angry-toned than any which had yet fallen on their hearing.

"Ah, those voices are familiar," said the marquis, to one of his aids, who rode by him. "Steuben has reached the field, and is at work with his artillery."

"Then he must have pushed on ahead of his infantry, for they have not had time to march the distance yet."

"That may be, but my ears do not deceive me nevertheless, and I am assured of the fact. I managed and commanded these same guns at Brandywine."

At this time the leading files of the escort drew up, and the word "halt" was passed on from the officer commanding. Lafayette rode forward to ascertain the cause, which was soon explained. A compact body of soldiers, whose line had covered the entire width of the road, were in the act of making an oblique movement to the left, and unrolling its solid columns into double sections, without for a moment confusing the order or gait of the march. The measured tread and noiseless ranks disclosed at once that these were the soldiers of Baron Steuben, who had been trained according to his peculiar discipline.

"Where is the baron?" asked Lafavette, of the commanding officer. "How long since he left you."

"Three hours or more. He started with the guns on the first firing."

"Just like him. I need not urge you to hurry, friend, for you seem already to know the importance of doing so."

"It was the last order of the baron. I shall be there in time to sustain you."

A short while after this Lafayette and his suite came up to the scene of action. He found Wayne hotly

"Yes, Fanny, there can be no doubt of it. Fare- ; the relative positions of the combatants. The action had commenced in a narrow valley between the van of Wayne's division and the rear of the British under General Simcoe, who had come together suddenly and unexpectedly. The advantage had been decidedly with the Americans at the outset, but upon the arrival of Lieut. Col. Tarleton with a strong reinforcement of horse to sustain the British rear, Wayne had been obliged to fall back, and he would most undoubtedly have been overpowered and cut to pieces but for the timely aid of Baron Steuben's artillery. Without waiting for any communication with Gen. Wayne, that skilful officer on reaching the brow of the hill, and seeing the British closely packed in the valley below, unlimbered forthwith, and poured into their dense ranks such a ceaseless shower of grape shot as at once checked their pursuit, and enabled Wayne to recover and deploy in time to sustain the cannonade with his musketry. By this means, unable to sustain such a destructive cross fire, and unaided by a single piece of artillery, the British had been forced to give way in turn; and it was at this stage of the action that Lafayette came upon the field at the head of his dragoons.

> Observing that the British slackened their fire and paused, he ordered Wayne to withdraw his men entirely from the valley and side of the hill, and occupy the summit. Being highly satisfied with the position of Baron Steuben, and having every confidence in his skill and sagacity, he merely despatched an aid-de-camp to apprize that officer of his presence on the field. Before Wayne had completed the disposition thus ordered, Arnold had advanced a piece of artillery and opened a galling fire on the rear columns. Finding that he must inevitably suffer great loss before his men could attain a place less exposed, and that this battery was effectually protected by a slight eminence from the range of Steuben's large guns, Wayne at once adopted the boldest as the safest measure. Three companies of the Virginia legion were drawn out, and ordered to charge, and at all events to carry this battery. The command was given to the dauntless Rudolph.

Fighting under the eye of such renowned leaders as the marquis and his two assistant general officers, and nerved by the recollection of former glories, this gallant band dashed boldly forward to their duty. With Rudolph at their head, they well knew it must be victory or annihilation. As they galloped out within range of the guns, they were swept with a murderous discharge, which brought down many a gallant rider; but they did not falter an instant. The silver star attached to Rudolph's cap appeared to gleam with unnatural brilliancy as he dashed, at the head of the squadron, through the flame and smoke which enveloped them. Before another discharge they had gained the battery and dispersed the gunners, but only to find the dangers of their situation doubly increased, instead of being diminished. Scarcely had they collected after the charge, when Rudolph discovered the whole British army arranged in line of battle, and moving out against him. To retreat was pressed, and engaged on all sides. The light of the impossible. But one course was left. With his demoon enabled him at once to perceive and understand { tachment, which did not exceed three hundred men,

he heroically charged the British right. A heavy cannonade from the opposite side of the hill soon obliged the royal general to draw in his right flank under shelter. But here again he was taken at an overwhelming advantage. Lafayette, reinforced by the arrival of Steuben's infantry, had so disposed his men as to outflank and press the enemy at his weakest point, whilst the heavy artillery swept his centre and left wing. Both Lafayette and Steuben had discovered the feint used by Cornwallis after Rudolph was too far on his way to be re-called, and had acted without preconcert in making these masterly dispositions.

Cornwallis now ordered a retreat. As Lafayette's rear division had not yet come up, he did not deem it prudent to pursue. Both sides claimed the advantage. Lafayette had lost three men where the British lost one, but he had maintained a fight with double his numbers, had forced his enemy to retreat, and had restored the drooping confidence of the army by thus proving that his lordship was not invincible.

But joy and congratulation were turned to sighs and sorrow, when the mangled companies of Rudolph rode into the lines. Of the number who started, one third did not return, and half of the survivors were bleeding with wounds. After Rudolph had made his melancholy report, Lafayette, with streaming eyes and irrepressible admiration, grasped his blood-stained hand, and thanked him in presence of all the officers of the army for his gallant and courageous behavior.

A few days after this conflict, a gay party had assembled at Beckham Hall. Lafayette was there, and Wayne, and Lee, and Hamilton. There too was Rudolph attended by his friend Berthier. The smiles on every face proclaimed a festive scene.

Suddenly the door of a contiguous apartment opened, and Fanny entered attired in virgin white, and attended by several young companions of her own sex. She looked blushingly downward, and her bosom heaved with emotion: never had she, however, appeared more beautiful. Lafayette stepped promptly forward.

"Welcome, ma belle," he said, taking her hand. "I have safely brought back your truant, though he made a charge which would have been fatal to any one but a Paladin like himself. 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' they say, but when beauty and heroism combine, it requires a Roland to be worthy of the prize. Ma foi, for one like me, it is honor enough to give the bride away."

As he spoke, he led the blushing Fanny to the head of the room, where Rudolph, in front of a clergyman in full canonicals, stood ready to receive her. solemn vows were soon pronounced, and Rudolph and our heroine were united forever.

A few days, however, was all that Rudolph could spare to his young wife. The legion had been ordered to the South, and honor and duty compelled him to follow it. His career in Carolina, as in Virginia, was a blaze of glory; and his name is still cherished there as the star of Lee's Legion.

At last peace came on halcyon wings, and Rudolph, released from his command, hastened to clasp his bride. Tradition tells us that, for a few years, they inexorable cruelty, ravished from Rudolph the companion of his love.

Distracted, almost phrenzied with grief, he left his native country, which had become hateful to him on account of his loss, and embarked for the West Indies. The vessel never reached the port of destination, and was supposed to have foundered in a gale, with all on board.

CHAP. VIII .- CONCLUSION.

THE reader must now transport himself across the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and suffer his imagination to land him on the sunny shores of France.

It was the evening of the third of December, 1804. The day previous, Napoleon had been solemnly crowned and consecrated emperor, with the most impressive and gorgeous ceremonies. All Paris was astir, and the grand saloon and reception rooms of the Tuileries were thronged with admiring visitors, and blazed with the array of fashion and splendor. The evening had been designated as the first audience of the newly created marshals, and all, whose station or pretensions could gain them admittance, were assembled, eager with curiosity and burning with enthusiasm.

In the midst of this gay and brilliant throng were seen two gentlemen in the plain dress of citizens, attended by an officer attached to the imperial household, and whose appearance attracted much attention and remark. They were Americans, and this peculiar mark of distinction at once showed the favor with which they were regarded—in some high quarter. Whilst they were thus leisurely passing through the crowd, too much strangers to enter with zest in the amusements of a Parisian assembly of fashion, they were familiarly accosted by an officer, dressed in a splendid uniform, and bearing the insignia of a mareschal of the empire, and who had approached behind

"Gentlemen, Americans, a fair evening to you. Glad to see you have given us the pleasure of your attendance."

"Ah, Marshal Berthier," said the taller of these two strangers. "You do us too much honor, my dear marshal. But we had not thought to see you except in state company, this evening."

"True; I should more appropriately be with my bretheren around the person of the emperor, but being grand huntsman, I claim exclusive privileges, you see, and prefer social gossip with old comrades, to making a stately parade. Come, you must go with me and be presented to the empress, who is in the saloon. The emperor will not make his appearance for a half hour yet, and now is the best opportunity."

"Most willingly; but you must remember, marshal, that we poor republicans have been little used to such august company."

"Ah, mon cher ami, c'est la le diable. We Frenchmen have as yet but twenty-four hours advantage of you."

Josephine, even yet singularly beautiful and captivating, was standing in the centre of the room beneath lived happily together, but that then death, with the full glow of the chandelier, the lights from which

were nearly equalled by the blaze reflected from the circlet of diamonds which bound her fair brow, a coronation present from her imperial husband. She was leaning gracefully on the arm of the Prince of Beneveuto, the then distinguished minister of foreign relations, and completely surrounded by ladies of the chamber and of the new court. She received the Americans with distinguished affability, and complimented the marshal on the high esteem with which he was universally regarded by all of that country visiting France.

The ceremony of presentation being over, the marshal and his friends drew back to make room for others who were eagerly pushing forward, and seated themselves on one of the elegant divans which adorned the magnificent saloon.

"Now messieurs," he said, "we can observe without being observed, for all here are too busy to notice quiet observers. Let me point out and make you acquainted with some of the distingue of our metropolis. You see that man with the long hair, and shining black eye, whose glance looks as though it would go through one?"

"Yes, I have seen him once before elsewhere."

"Ah, truly, at the police-office, incog, doubtless. That is Fouche."

"Indeed! the man whom people say your emperor himself fears."

"Fears-no, us. The emperor is not fond of him, but he understands him too well to dread him. He watches the watcher himself."

"Well, marshal, excuse my ignorance; but what sweet creature is that who has just taken her stand by the empress?"

"Oh, that is Madame Virginie, wife of General Rapp, and only daughter of Mareschal Ney. Why do you ask, mon ami?"

"No reason particularly," sighed the young American, in reply. "She is very beautiful, and reminds me of some one whom I knew years ago."

"Miss Beckham, of Albemarle, for instance," said the marshal, in a tone of affected unconcern.

The young American started, and grasped the arm of his friend with violence.

"What can you mean, marshal?"

But further conversation was here interrupted. A universal movement and a general cessation of talking announced that some important event in the evening's arrangements was about taking place. Our party rose from their seats.

"There is Duroc," said Berthier. "You will now see the emperor."

As he spoke, a set of folding-doors were thrown open, and Napoleon, surrounded by his marshals and chief councillors, entered the saloon. He was no longer encumbered with the gorgeous and costly robes which he had worn during the ceremony of his coronation, but was dressed in the plain and neat uniform of the imperial guard. A low murmur of enthusiasm pervaded the company as he entered, which he gracefully acknowledged; and then advancing without further attempt at ceremony to where the empress was standing, he began an animated conversation with the ladies around her. The marshals, thus deserted, \ head, were never to be forgotten by those who had

dispersed among the company; conversation soon became again general; and the band of the imperial guard, who occupied the music gallery, at a signal from Marshal Besseires began playing a lively and thrilling air especially composed for the occasion.

"You have them all before you now, my dear Hamilton," again said Berthier. "Can you realize that you are surrounded by men whose names terrify all Europe?"

"I can scarcely credit my senses," was the reply. "But tell me-who is that splendidly dressed fellow with the long ringlets and scarlet pantaloons, standing by the Princess Pauline?"

"Do you speak of the bravest man in the French army, as only a splendidly dressed fellow? Why that is Murat?"

"Impossible! he looks as though he was never beyond a Parisian ball-room; and yet nothing stands before him in battle."

"Nothing. That man just in front of us, with the high, retreating forehead and frowning brow, is Davoust. Just by his right you see Marmont, who is engaged talking to my intrepid friend, Marshal Lannes. Beyond them are three men talking with a very handsome woman. They are Junot, Bernadotte and Eugene Beauharnais; the woman is Hortense, the empress' daughter."

"You bewilder me with recounting such a crowd of names so renowned; you forget to mention another equally so, the chief of the staff, Marshal Berthier."

"Ah, you flatter now. But why do you look so pensive?"

"My friend, I was thinking that one was yet wanting to complete this brilliant galaxy. I do not see him-

"Yes, I understand-our old commander, the great marquis; eh, bien, I hope yet one day to see him in our midst."

"Never. He could find no sympathy in France now."

"Well, perhaps you are right."

At this moment Marshal Bessieres was seen approaching with an elegantly dressed and beautiful young woman leaning on his arm. He was laughing merrily at some remark which she had just made. Hamilton fixed his eyes on her, and again caught the arm of his friend, as if holding to it for support. In passing by the young American, the lady blushed perceptibly as she saw his fixed look, and at the same time curtsied gracefully to Berthier.

"Madame Virginie again," said Berthier. "But come, let me point out to you one more of the lions of the evening, and then I must introduce you and our silent friend here to the emperor. Morbleu," he continued, after advancing a few paces, "they are together now. Look until you find the emperor; you will see a man standing by him with his back to us."

Hamilton obeyed, and just then the individual alluded to turned his head, and walked in the direction indicated by the emperor, who had called his attention to another part of the room. The erect figure, the energetic and peculiar gait, the bold and searching eye, and a large scar which disfigured his high foreonce seen the man. The young American nearly sank to the floor.

- "God of Heaven!" he exclaimed, "Captain Rudolph!"
- "Softly, softly, mon omi," whispered Berthier, "that is not Captain Rudolph—you make a small mistake."
- "I cannot be mistaken. All else might be a deception, but that scar I can never forget. Now I see all; that woman you pointed out to me is his daughter—where in Heaven's name is her mother?"
- "Dead, years ago, my friend. And now listen; the person you have called Capt. Rudolph, is Mareschal Ney, the hero of Hohenlinden, and surnamed by the army le plus brave du brave."
- "Impossible! Rudolph was a man never to be forgotten if once seen. The must be the man. Come, my dear friend, explain yourself, or I shall think you jest with me."
- "Diable, I tell you that is not Captain Rudolph. Captain Rudolph was never known in France. His name belongs alone to your history. I have not heard the name before since I left Virginia. He is no more, but all Europe knows Mareschal Ney, and he alone belongs to our history."
 - "And Ney's wife?" said Hamilton, bewildered.
- "Is present; you may see her now with Madame Hortense."
 - "That sprightly young woman! no, that is not her."
- "Ah, you speak of the fair girl who married this Rudolph?"
- "The same; and the mother of the lady I saw not long since."
- "Well, poor creature, she died in giving birth to her daughter."

"And her daughter?"

"Is only known to society as the mareschal's daughter by an early marriage. Frenchmen are always well enough satisfied with the present, and do not inquire much of the past. And now if you should be introduced to the mareschal, leave the past alone, or you will lose his friendship. Remember, Ney does not even know English. He will recognize you, for he often speaks of you to nue, but he will never speak to you in any other character than Marshal Ney."

The young American sought his lodgings, and retiring to his chamber, spent the remainder of the eventful night in reflecting over what he had heard and seen. The whole scene dwelt in his memory for long years afterward, and he could scarce bring himself to decide whether it was real, or whether fancy had framed a vision so dazzling, so extraordinary, and so evanescent.

NOTE.—This story is founded on a tradition, still prevalent in the South, that the celebrated Captain Rudolph, known as the bravest man of Lee's Legion, went to France about the year 1790, entered the army there, and rose subsequently to be Marshal Ney. Many facts corroborate this tradition. It is known that Ney, though able to speak English, always pretended in public that he could not understand that language. It is known also that his son came to America, some years ago, and made inquiries at the scene of Rudolph's earlier career. More than one American is said to have recognized Rudolph in Ney. It is certain that the age and character of the two men were very similar. The identity may, therefore, be considered sufficiently proved, at least for the purposes of romance.

TO

BY MRS. S. R. LONG.

BLOT that leaf from memory's tablet,
Let the waves of Lethe roll
O'er it while a trace remaineth
Of its shadow on my soul.
Let the mirkest gloom of midnight
Veil the bright yet fitful gleam,
Of the lighted torch of memory,
Dancing on life's fitful stream.

Sear that chord whose constant quivering Thrills my ever heaving breast, Then, perhaps, this weary spirit May obtain some soothing rest.
Hush that strain of mellow music Floating ever on my ear,
'Tis the knell of hopes and pleasures,
Joys, and all that once were dear.

Stay!—yet stay a moment!—hush not Every note of that sad song: Let that torch still feebly glimmer, But an hour that dream prolong. See yon aged tree encircled
With the rose and clinging vine,
Leaves and fragrant blossoms mingling
As its mould'ring trunks they twine.

Could you sever what is blasted
From its green and blooming veil;
Leave erect what seems supporting
With its clasp that form so frail?
No! Ah, no! then let their union
Hallowed by that tender tie
Still exist, ere long the tempest
Both shall bid full lowly lie.

Thus the heart, though worn and wasted,
Throbbing faintly, such as mine.
Lets affection's soothing tendrils
With the buds of friendship twine.
Moments of exquisite pleasure!
Still with gloomiest hours blend;
And which bear on golden pinions
Thoughts of sister, and of friend.

2

TAKING OFF A DANDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FAMILY FAILINGS," "THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW," &C. &C.

[The following sketch is so spirited that we violate our usual custom, and insert it, although not by an American author: for it is not in name only that this magazine is a national one.]

Grace Forrester was a beauty, an heiress, and a belle; she was more, she was a wit. Mischief sparkled in her eyes, and wreathed her finely chiseled lips with archly provoking smiles. She was, however, already won by Horace Leigh, although the engagement was a yet a secret. He was a young lawyer every way worthy of her; and this is exalted praise.

All the neighborhood had assembled at Leigh House, for the great ball of the season. The officers of the regiment quartered in —— town were also present; and among these was Major Brandon. To describe his character would be an impossibility, for he had none: but, in a word, he has was a dandy soldier, and a professional lady-killer.

He was about thirty, the only brother of a wealthy baron, and said to be the best waltzer in the regiment; he was exactly the style of person to be admired beyond measure by people in general, and also exactly the style of person Grace Forrester delighted to quiz.

"Very fine girl, new face!" said he, to one of his brother officers.

"Fifty thousand pounder!" was the answer.

"Indeed," said Major Brandon, in an indifferent tone; he was so decidedly not a marrying man that the intelligence had no interest for him, but he admired, and asked to be introduced to her.

Grace Forrester had one weakness very unusual in a lady; she was so very conscious of her fortune that she forgot her face; and to punish the bewitching man of moustaches for having already discovered her attentions as the only heiress in the county, she resolved to affect anything that might make him feel he was wasting on her the attentions that would be so gratefully received by anybody else; her great aim was, in every way that was at all consistent with her own dignity, to disconcert the Adonis of the regiment. At last it struck her, that a stupid simplicity, for which she knew her appearance would not exactly prepare him, would be the most effectual way of amusing herself at his expense.

Grace had a horror of officers, so many of them had proposed to her.

With the first turn of the waltz she discovered that he must pique himself on his dancing; and accordingly declared "that their style was so different she was afraid she could not manage to dance with him, she thought they had better sit down."

"What a lovely bouquet," said Major Brandon, mined to succeed; and when he addressing her when they were seated, in the formula glass he felt certain he would ye with which he always began the conversation with moustache, he felt, must conquer.

his partners, "such perfection of form and color; so like the person who made it."

"You have not seen our gardener, or you would hardly say that," said Grace, without a smile.

And the militaire twirled his moustache in silence; he could not make her out.

"I thought it must have been yourself; both are so beautiful." replied he, after pause.

beautiful," replied he, after a pause.

"Are we?" answered Grace, with great simplicity.

"Love and flowers seem made for one another," hazarded the officer.

"Yes," replied the lady, in a decided tone, "very."

"Very what?" inquired the gentleman.

"Very conveniently for conversation," answered Grace.

"Of course," replied the major, hastily; he thought her as odd as she was handsome, and did not know but that she might take him out of his depth.

"Will you take another turn?"

"Yes, if you will alter your style."

"I fear," said the handsome soldier, curling his lip, that I can hardly do that," for the better, thought he.

"The best partner I ever had was the Prince of Civita Vecchia," said Grace, naming a young Italian of whom she thought he must have heard in town, "he danced quite differently."

And by the mortified air of the admired Major Brandon, she saw she had touched his vanity, for he, as well as herself, was aware that during the year the young foreigner had appeared like a gallopading comet at all the best balls in town, he had been without a rival as a dancer.

To revenge himself, Major Brandon would not ask her where or how she met the young Italian; he doubted not that she was dying to tell him; but it was not so; the end and aim of Grace was gained.

The irresistible man was greatly annoyed; he strongly suspected that the beauty of the day did not admire him; and he determined this should not continue; so veiling his real displeasure, he put all the artillery of his usual looks and speeches into full play, all of which Grace met with a kind of stolid simplicity, which highly amused herself; and Horace, who happening to be standing near her several times, perceived her evident intention of annoying the dandy, smiled with secret satisfaction: at last the major gave up in despair.

His comrades, however, had noticed his ill-success, and, on their return from the ball, gave the lady killer no peace. They quizzed him, indeed, so unmercifully that he resolved, when he next met Grace, to redouble his efforts. He had never yet failed, where he determined to succeed; and when he now looked in the glass he felt certain he would yet conquer. Such a moustache, he felt, must conquer.



He did not have to wait long for an opportunity of meeting Grace again. The next week, there was a ball at Forrester Place; and thither went Major Brandon, with the rest of the officers. Miss Forrester had not forgotten her conceited admirer.

The party had passed off gaily, and dancing had, for some time, been going on, when Grace, as she passed Horace, happening to meet his look, said quietly—

"Attention." and the little soldier-like air, with which she drew herself up, so slightly marked, that he alone could perceive it was "impayable."

She had given him the word of command, and he failed not to obey, greatly amused; as he saw her the next instant take the arm of Major Brandon. Horace could not resist the temptation of standing near her, challenged as he had been, to do so.

- "Your grounds are very lovely, but any place would be a Paradise, with such an Eve," said the bewitching major, giving a peculiarly devoted smile from under his black moustaches.
- "I beg your pardon—what did you say? I am quite deaf with a bad cold," said Grace, giving a look so blank and devoid of meaning, turning up to him such a deaf face, that he was quite deceived.
- "Your grounds are very lovely, but any place would be a Paradise, with such an Eve!" repeated he, in the same low tone, but feeling very foolish.
- "Eh!" said Grace, with her beautiful deaf face, "I really cannot hear; you speak so low!"

If the irresistible man piqued himself on one fascination more than another, it was his whisper; so these words cut him to the heart—if he had one.

The speech was in his opinion much too good to be altogether lost, he had so often found it well received, that for the third time, actually coloring with annoyance, he repeated it, this time so loud that the next couple looked at them, and the major met the sarcastic smile of his friend, Captain Bellasis.

- "I'm glad you think so," answered Grace, at last, a reply of which the major could make nothing.
- "A pity so much beauty should be deaf!" ejaculated the major, very slightly, indeed almost imperceptibly, pressing the hand which he was at that moment holding.
- "Dead!" said Grace, in great apparent surprise, "what beauty is dead? Miss Vandeleur looked rather delicate—is she dead? poor girl?"
- "Oh, no! I am not aware that any one is dead; I think you did not quite understand-"
- "I am so deaf—isn't it dreadful?" answered Grace, giving him a look which demanded his utmost compassion.
- "Nothing could be a defect in you," replied the major—he had a very remarkable way of saying you to all very pretty girls—it generally led them to suppose all sorts of things.
- "Nothing can have any effect on me! You think I am deaf for life!" said Grace.
- "I said," replied the agonized militairs, "I said nothing could be a defect in you."
- "Eh?" said Grace Forrester, "what do you say?" But at that moment Major Brandon danced off—he thought it a most fortunate escape.

And Grace stood there looking demure and quiet beyond her usual demeanor; but she suddenly turned her head, slightly waved her beautiful bright curls by the triumphant movement, and gave such a mischievous look at Horace, that he could not resist a smile which ended in a laugh.

And Major Brandon turned in the dance, saw the eyes of Horace Leigh fixed upon him with a satirical expression, and though he was unconscious why or wherefore, from that hour he hated him.

"If you would but speak louder!" continued Grace, to her fascinating partner, "I can hear other people."

- "There are some things," said the major, giving a smile which showed his white teeth gleaming beautifully from under the jet black moustaches, "some things which can only be spoken in a low voice."
- "Very true," said Grace, "but you need not say those things! at least till I can hear."
- "It is impossible to see you, Miss Forrester, and not to feel---"
 - "It is your turn to dance," interrupted the lady.
- "You were saying something?" inquired she, when he returned, and this question, which he felt convinced she never could have asked if she had understood what he said, perfectly confounded the unlucky militaire, and he stood by the side of the beauty of the room—fairly speechless.
- As he stood there, looking thoroughly disconsolate, the gentleman standing next to him in the quadrille, quietly but steadily looked at him—a flush of great and visible annoyance passed over the major's white but narrow forehead; for the gentleman was Captain Bellasis, and the major saw in his face that a persecution was in store for him; goaded on by this, he determined that coute qui coute Grace should admire him: he attempted again, and in spite of her infirmity, the one of all others most embarrassing to a whispering lover! to make her, if possible, understand those honey speeches he had always found so effective hitherto. "She must be flattered—if she could but hear?"
- "I have been much in town," said Major Brandon,
 "I have been acquainted with all the prettiest women
 of the day; but never did I see one so really beautiful."
- "Never saw one really beautiful!" answered Grace Forrester, "you kave astonished me—what is your style?"
- "You," said the major, quite aloud for him.
- "Eh?" answered she, with her deaf face.

And Major Brandon felt inclined to murder himself or her, or somebody, he was in such a rage. But still he would not give the matter up!

- "The quadrille is nearly over, and I had so much to say!" piteously exclaimed he, to Miss Forrester, with such a look as made words quite superfluous.
- "Say it another time!" said Grace, "I must get partners for the young ladies now," and she left him more annoyed than ever he had been in his life; and half believing that Grace had been quizzing him.

He did not long remain in doubt. The very next day he heard that Horace Leigh and she were engaged; and then he knew that Grace had been taking him off.

The poor unfortunate dandy!

THE WORK TABLE.

CROCHET AND KNITTING.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.

crotchet, with an engraved representation of a Heartsease, knit in Berlin wool.

HEARTSEASE.

Materials.—Split Berlin wool, and knitting-needles No. 20; Cornucopia gauge. Violel Petals.—Cast on \ three stitches with a bright shade of velvet; knit and pearl in alternate rows, making a stitch at the begin- as will look well—in general three or four on each

ning of every row, until you have fourteen or sixteen stitches; then knit and pearl six rows alternately, without increase, and continue in knitted and pearled rows, decreasing one stitch at the beginning of each row, till six or eight stitches alone remain: these cast off in the plain row, taking the two last as one before you turn the last stitch over. Two petals like these are required.

LARGE YELLOW PE-TAL .- Take a bright, though rather deep shade of yellow wool, split; cast on three stitches. knit and pearl in alternate rows, increasing one stitch before and one after the middle stitch in the plain row, till you have fifteen or seventeen stitches; take a higher shade of yellow, and

work six more alternate plain and pearled rows, still (and one in the middle. increasing in the middle, but decreasing one stitch at the beginning of every row; change your wool for a deep violet, and continue to knit in alternate plain and pearled rows, decreasing one stitch at the beginning of each row, till seven stitches only remain; these cast off, taking the two last as one.

Two Smaller Petals.—Exactly like the large one, but increased only to thirteen stitches.

Sew a fine wire round each petal with split wool, tie the five petals together with a bit of green.

Burs.-Take eight or ten lengths of split wool, vellow and violet, place across a piece of wire, fold the whole, twist the ends, turn down the ends of the wool, tie them round the wire, leaving but the length } required for the bud (about a quarter of an inch:) 1 toe.

WE give, this month, directions for knitting and i cover the stem with green wool, split; also the stem of the Heartsease.

LEAVES.-Begin with a shade of green wool, split, as for one of the yellow petals, but you have thirteen stitches; cast off three at the beginning of the two following rows, go on increasing again to thirteen; cast off three at each end, and make thus as many scallops

> side make a very good sized leaf; after the last scallops, decrease one stitch at the beginning of every row, till the leaf comes to a point.

CROCHET.

An Infant's Shoe.-Materials, - Pink and white Berlin wool, half an ounce of each .- With pink make a chain of eight stitches, for the commencement of first row.

1st row .- Pink, plain double crochet.

2nd row .- Pink, ribbed crochet; increase one at each end.

3rd row.-White, without increasing.

4th row .- White; increase one at each end and one in the middle.

5th row. - Pink, increase one in the middle. 6th row .- Pink; increase one at each end

7th row.-Pink, without increasing.

8th row.-White; increase one at each end and one in the middle.

9th row.-White, without increasing.

10th row.-Pink; increase one at each end.

11th row .- Pink; increase one in the middle.

12th row.-Pink; increase one at each end.

13th row.-White, without increasing.

14th row.-White; increase one at each end.

Now join on the pink, and crochet three rows of ten stitches each for the side of the shoe, then two rows of white; repeat these; then three rows of pink and two of white until you have seven stripes of pink and six of white. Crochet this to the other side of the

PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.

CHAPTER VIII.

Overlooking one of those small parks or squares that lies in the heart of our city like tufts of wild flowers in a desert, stands one of those miniature palaces too small for the very wealthy, too beautiful in its appointments for any idea but that of perfect taste which wealth does not always give. A cottage house it was, or rather an exquisite mockery of what one sees named as cottages in the country. The front of a pale stone color, was so ornamented and netted over with the lace-work of iron balconies and window-gratings, that it had all the elegance of a city mansion, with much of the rustic beauty one sees in a rural dwelling. A little court, full of flowers, lay in front, with a miniature fountain throwing up a slender column of water from the centre of a tiny grass-plat, that, in the pure dampness always raining over it, lay like a mass of crushed emeralds hidden among the flowers. The netted iron work that hung around the doors, the windows, and fringed the caves, as it were, with a valance of massive lace, was luxuriously interwoven with creeping plants. Prairie roses, crimson and white, clung around the lower balconies. Ipamaes wove a profusion of their great purple and rosy bells around the upper windows; cypress vines, with their small crimson bells: petunias of every tint; rich passion flowers, and verbenas with their leaves hidden in the tiny balconies, wove and twined themselves with the coarser vines, blossoming each in its turn, and filling the leaves with their gorgeous tints. Crimson and fragrant honeysuckles twined in massive wreaths up to the very roof, where they grew and twined and blossomed in the lattice work, now in masses, now spreading out like an embroidery, and everywhere loading the atmosphere with fragrance. The cool, bell-like dropping of the fountain, that always kept the flowers freeh; the fragrance of half a dozen orange trees, snowy with blossoms and golden with heavy fruit; the gleam of white lilies; the glow of roses, and the graceful sway of a siender labarnum tree, all crowded into one little nook scarcely large enough for the pleasure-grounds of a fairy, were enough to draw general attention to the house, though another and still more beautiful object had never presented itself at the window.

On a moonlight evening, especially when a sort of into the fairy garden to read the name on a silver pearly veil fell upon the little flower nook, an air of plate within the latticed entrance. It was a single quiet beauty impossible to describe rested around this name, and seemed to be foreign; at any rate, it had vor. XVI.—7

dwelling-beauty not the less striking that it was so still, so lost in profound repose, that the house might have been deemed uninhabited but for the gleam of light that occasionally broke through the vines about one or another of the windows. Sometimes it might be seen struggling through the roses around the lower balcony, but far oftener it came in faint gleams from a window in the upper story, and at such times the shadow of a person stooping over a book, or lost in deep thought, might be seen through the muslin curtains. No sashes, flung open in the carelessness of domestic enjoyment, were ever seen in the dwelling; no voices of happy childhood were ever heard to ring through those clustering vines. Sometimes a young female would steal timidly out upon the balconies. and return again like a bird afraid to be detected in the door of its cage. Sometimes an old lady in mourning might be seen passing in and out, as if occupied with some slight household responsibility. This was all the neighborhood ever knew of the cottage or its inmates. The face of the younger female, though always beautiful, was not always the same, but no one knew when one disappeared and another took her place.

The cottage had been built by a private gentleman, and its first occupant was the old lady. She might have been his mother, his tenant, or his housekeeper, no one could decide her exact position. He seldom visited the house. Sometimes during months together he never crossed the threshold. But the old lady was always there, scarcely ever without a young and lovely companion: and what seemed most singular, year after year passed and her mourning garments were never changed.

Servants, the universal channel through which domestic gossip circulates in the basement strata of social life, were never seen in the cottage. An old colored woman came two or three times a week and performed certain household duties, but she spoke only in a foreign language, and probably had been selected for that very reason. Thus all the usual avenues of intelligence were closed around the cottage. True, a colored man came occasionally to prune and trim the little flower nook, but he was never seen to enter the house, and appeared to be profoundly ignorant of its history and its immates. Some of the most curious had ventured far enough into the fairy garden to read the name on a silver plate within the latticed entrance. It was a single name, and seemed to be foreign; at any rate, it had

no familiar sound to those who read it, and whether, it belonged to the owner of the cottage or the old lady still continued a mystery. Thus the cottage remained a tiny palace, more isolated amid the surrounding dwellings than it could have been even buried in the green depths of the country, up to the season when our story commences; then the profound quietude of the place was broken by the appearance of a new inmate. A fair young girl about this time was often noticed early in the morning, and sometimes after dusk hovering about the little fountain, as if enticed there by the scent of the orange trees; still, though her white garments were often seen fluttering amid the shrubbery, which she seemed to haunt with the shy timidity of a wild bird, few persons ever obtained a distinct view of her features.

On the night, and at the very hour when Adeline Leicester and Jacob Strong met beneath the old elm tree in sight of the farm-house which had once sheltered them, two men gently approached this cottage and paused before the gate. This was nothing singular, for it was no unusual thing, when that lovely fountain was tossing its cool shower of water-drops into the air, and the flowers were bathed in the moonlight, for persons to pause in their evening walk and wonder at the gem-like beauty of the place. these two persons seemed about to enter the little gate. One held the latch in his hand, and appeared to hesitate only while he examined the windows of the dwelling. The other younger by far and more enthusiastic, grasped the iron railing with one hand, while he leaned over and inhaled the rich fragrance of the flower-garden with every appearance of exquisite gratification.

"Come," said Leicester, gently opening the gate, "I see a light in the lower rooms—let us go in!"

"What, here? Is it here you are taking me?" cried the youth, in accents of joyful surprise—"how beautiful—how very, very beautiful. It must be some queen of the fairies you are leading me to see!"

"You like the house then?" said Leicester, in his usual calm voice, gently advancing along the walk. "It does look well just now with the moonlight falling through the leaves, but these things become tiresome after awhile!"

"Tiresome!" exclaimed the youth, casting his glance around. "Tiresome!"

"I much doubt," added Leicester, turning as he spoke, and gliding as if unconsciously along the little snow white gravel walk that curved around the fountain—"I much doubt if anything continues to give entire satisfaction, even the efforts of our own mind, the work of our own hands after it is once completed. It is the progress, the love of change, the curiosity to see how this touch will effect the whole, that gives gest to enjoyment in these things. I can fancy the owner of this faultless little place now becoming weary of its prettiness."

"Weary of a place like this—why the angels might think themselves at home in it?"

"They would find out their mistake, I fancy!" As Leicester uttered these words the moonlight lay full upon his face, and the worm like curl of his lip which the light revealed, had something fearfully repulsive

in it. The youth happened to look up at the moment, and a sharp revulsion came over his feelings. For the moment he fell into thought, and when he spoke the change in his spirit was very evident.

"I can imagine nothing that is not pure and good, almost as the angels themselves living here!" he said, half timidly, as if he feared the scoff that might follow his words.

"We shall see," answered Leicester, breaking a cluster of orange flowers from one of the plants. He was about to fasten the fragrant sprig in his button-hole, but some after thought came over him, such as often regulated his most trivial actions, and he gave the branch to his companion. "Put it in your bosom," he said, with a sort of jeering good humor, as one trifles with a child: "who knows but it may win your first conquest."

The youth took the blossoms, but held them carelessly in his hand. There was something in Leicester's tone that wounded his self-love; and without reply he moved from the fountain. They entered the richly latticed park, and Leicester touched the bell knob.

The door was opened by a quiet, pale old lady, who gravely bent her head as she recognized Leicester. After one glance of surprise at his young companion, which certainly had no pleasure blended with it, she led the way into a small parlor.

Nothing could be more exquisitely chaste than that little room. The ceilings and the enameled walls were spotless as crusted snow, and like snow was the light cornice of grape leaves and fruit, that scarcely seemed to touch the ceiling around which they were entwined. No glittering chandelier, no gilded cornices or gorgeous carpets disturbed the pure harmony of this little room; delicate India matting covered the floor; the chairs, divans and couches were of pure white enamel. Curtains of soft, delicate lace, embroidered, as it were, with snow-flakes, draped the sashes. Those at the bay window which opened on the flower-garden, were held apart by two small statues of Parian marble that stood guarding the tiny alcove, half veiled in clouds of transparent lace.

Upon a massive table of pure alabaster, inlaid with softly clouded agate, stood a Grecian vase, in which a lamp was burning, and through its sculpture poured a subdued light that seemed but a more lustrous kindling of the moonbeams that lay around the dwelling.

The youth had not expressed himself amiss: it did seem as if an angel might have mistaken this dwelling, so chaste, so spotlessly cool, for his permanent home. The clouds of Heaven did not seem more free from earthly taint than everything in this dwelling. Robert paused at the threshold, a vague feeling of self-distrust came over him. It seemed as if his presence would soil the mysterious purity of the room. The old lady with her grave face and black garments was so at variance with the place, that the very sight of her moving so noiselessly across the room chilled him to the heart.

Leicester sat down on a divan near the window.

"Tell Florence I am here!" he said, addressing the old lady.

upon his face, and the worm like curl of his lip which \ For a moment the lady hesitated, then without the light revealed, had something fearfully repulsive having anoken a word she went out. Directly there

was a faint rustling sound on the stairs: a quick, light footstep near the door, and with every appearance of eager haste a young girl entered the room. A morning dress of white muslin, edged with a profusion of delicate lace, clad her slender form from head to foot; a tiny cameo of blood red coral fastened the robe at her throat, and this was all the ornament visible upon her person.

She entered the room in breathless haste, her dark eyes sparkling, her cheeks warm with a rich crimson, thus with both hands extended she approached Leicester, but before she reached the divan the consciousness that a stranger was present fell upon her. She paused, her hands fell, and all the beautiful gladness faded on her countenance.

"A young friend of mine," said Leicester, with an indolent wave of the hand toward Robert. "The evening was so fine we have been rambling in the park, and being near dropped in to rest awhile."

The young lady turned with a very slight inclination, and Robert saw the face he had so admired in Leicester's chamber, the beautiful, living original of a picture that still was engraven on his heart. The surprise was overpowering. He could not speak; and Leicester, who loved to study the human heart in its tumults, smiled softly as he marked the change upon his features.

As if overcome by the presence of a stranger, the young lady sat down near the divan which Leicester occupied. The color had left her cheek; and Robert, who was gazing earnestly upon her, thought that he could see tears gathering in her eyes.

"It is a long time since you have been here," she said, in a low voice, bending with a timid air toward Leicester. "I—I—that is, we began to think you had forgotten us."

"No, I have been very busy, that is all!" answered Leicester, carelessly. "I sent once or twice some books and things—did you get them?"

"Yes; thank you very much—but for them I should have been more sad than, than——" She checked herself in obedience to the quick glance that he east upon her; but, spite of herself, the sound of rising tears was in her voice: the poor girl seemed completely broken down with some sudden disappoint:

"And your lessons, Florence, how do you get along with them?"

"I cannot study," answered the girl, shaking her head mournfully. "Indeed I cannot, I am so, so---"."

"Homesick!" said Leicester, quietly interrupting her. "Is that it?"

"Homesick!" repeated the girl, with a faint shudder. "No, I shall never be that!"

"Well—well, you must learn to apply yourself," rejoined Leicester, with an affectation of paternal interest; "we must have a good report of your progress to transmit when your father writes"

Florence turned very white, and, hastily rising, lifted the lace drapery, and concealing herself in the recess behind, seemed to be gazing out upon the flowergarden. A faint sound now and then broke from the recess; and Robert, who keenly watched every movement, fancied that she must be weeping. Leicester arcse, and sauntering to the window, glided behind the lace. A few smothered words were uttered in what Robert thought to be a tone of suppressed reproof, and then he came into the room again, making some careless observation about the beauty of the night. Florence followed directly, and took her old seat with a drooping and downcast air, that filled the youth with vague compassion.

"Now that we are upon this subject," said Leicester, quietly resuming the conversation, "you should, above all things, attend to your drawing, my dear young lady I know it is difficult to obtain really competent masters; but here is my young friend who has practiced much, and has decided genius in the arts, he will be delighted to give you a lesson now and then"

Florence listed her eyes suddenly to the face of the youth. She saw him start and change countenance, as if from some vivid emotion. A faint glow tinged her own cheek, and, as it were, obeying the glance of Leicester's eye, which she felt without seeing, she murmured some gentle words of acknowledgment.

"I shall be most happy," said the poor youth, blushing, and all in a glow of joyous embarrassment—"that is if I thought—if I dreamed that my imperfect know-ledge—that—that any little talent of mine could be of service."

"Of course it will!" said Leicester, quietly interrupting him; "do you not see that Miss Nelson is delighted with the arrangement? I was sure that it must give her pleasure!"

Florence turned her dark eyes on the speaker with a look of gratitude that might have warmed a heart of marble.

"Ah. how kind you are to think of me thus!" she said, in a low tone, that, sweet as it was, sent a painful thrill through the listener. "I was afraid that you had forgotten those things that I desire most."

"It is always the way with very young ladies, they are sure to think a guardian too exacting, or too negligent," said Leicester, with a smile.

Again Florence raised her eyes to his face with a look of vague astonishment; she seemed utterly at a loss to comprehend him, and though a faint smile fluttered on her lip, she seemed ready to burst into tears.

You should have seen Leicester's face as he watched the mutations of that beautiful countenance. It was like that of an epicure who loves to shake his wine, and amuse himself with its rich sparkle long after his appetite is satiated. It seemed as if he were striving to see how near he could drive that young creature to a passion of tears, and yet forbid them flowing.

"Now," he said, turning upon her one of his most brilliant smiles—"now let us have some music. You must not send us away without that, pretty lady; run up and get your guitar."

"It is here," said Florence, starting up with a brightened look. "At least I think so—was it not in this room I played for you last?"

"And have you not used the poor instrument since?" questioned Leicester, as she brought a richly inlaid guitar from the window recess.

"I had no spirits for music," she answered softly, as he bent over the ottoman on which she seated

herself, and with an air of graceful gallantry threw the broad riband over her neck.

"But you have the spirits now," he whispered.

A glance of sudden delight and a vivid blush was her only reply, unless the wild, sweet burst of music that rose from the strings of her guitar might be deemed an answer.

"What will you have?" she said, turning her radiant face toward him, while her small hand glided over the strings after this brilliant prelude. "What shall it be?"

It was a fiendish pleasure, that of torturing a young heart so full of deep emotions; but the pleasures of that man were all fiendish, the cold refinement of his intellect made him cruel. With his mind he tortured the soul over which that mind had gained ascendency. He named the song very gently which that poor young creature was to sing. It was her father's favorite air. The last time she had played it—oh! with what a pang she remembered that time. It sent the color from her lips. Her hand seemed turning to marble on the strings. This was what Leicester expected. He loved to see the hot, passionate flashes of a heart all his own thus frozen by a word from his lip, or a glance of his eye. A moment before she had been radiant with happiness-now she sat before him drooping and pale as a broken lily. That was enough. He would send the fire to her cheek again.

"No, let me think, there was a pretty little air you sometimes gave us on shipboard—do you remember I wrote some lines for it? Let me try and catch the air."

He began to hum over a note or two, as if trying to catch an almost forgotten air, regarding her all the while through his half closed eyes. But even the mention of that song did not quite arouse her; it is easier to give pain than pleasure; easier to dash the cup of joy from a trembling hand than to fill it afterward. She sighed deeply, and sat with her eyes bent upon the floor. That bad man was half offended. He looked upon her continued depression as an evidence of his waning power, and was not content unless the beart-strings of his victim answered to every glowing or icy touch of his own evil spirit.

"Ah, you have forgotten the air, I expected it?" he said, in a tone of thrilling reproach, but so subdued that it only reached the ear for which it was intended, but he had stricken that young heart deep. Even this but partially aroused her. His vicious pride was pained. He leaned back on the divan, and the words of a song sparkling, passionate and tender with love broke from his lips. His voice was superb; his features lighted up; his dark eyes flashed like diamonds beneath the half closed lashes.

You should have seen Florence Leicester then. That voice flowed upon her chilled heart like dew upon a perishing lily, like sunshine upon a rose that the storm has shaken; her drooping form became more erect; her hand began to tremble; her pale lips were softly parted, and grew red as if the warm breath flashing through kindled a richer glow with each short, eager gasp: deeper and deeper those mellow notes penetrated her soul; for the time her very being was given up to the wild delusion that had perverted it.

All the time that his spirit seemed pouring forth its tender memories he was watching the effect, coldly as the physician counts the pulse of his patient. She was very beautiful as the bloom came softly back to her cheek like a smile growing vivid there—it was like watching a flower blossom, or the escape of sunbeams from underneath a summer cloud. He loved a study like this, it gratified his morbid taste, it gave him mental excitement, and what yielded a keener relish was the tribute to his inordinate vanity. A doubt that his hitherto invincible powers of attraction might fall away with the approach of age, began to haunt him about this time, and the thought stimulated his hungry self-love into more intense action. He was testing his own powers in the beautiful agitation of that young creature. The rich vibrations of his voice were still trembling upon the air when the old lady returned to the room. Her manner was still quiet, but her large and very black eyes were brighter than they had been, and her tread, though still, was more firm as she crossed the room. She advanced directly toward Leicester, whose back was partly turned toward ber, and touched his shoulder.

"Edward!"

profound stranger.

Leicester started from his half reclining position and sat upright; the song was hushed the instant that low, but ringing voice fell upon his ear, and, with some slight display of embarrassment, he looked in the old lady's face. Its profound gravity seemed to chill even his audacity.

"Not here, Edward—you know I do not like music!" added the old lady, in her firm, gentle tones. Florence leaned back in her seat and drew a deep breath. It seemed as if she had been disturbed in the sweet bewilderment of some dream; Robert was gazing fixedly upon her, wondering at all he saw. To him she appeared like the birds he had read of fluttering around the jaws of a serpent; spite of himself this delusion would come upon him. Yet he had boundless faith in the honor and goodness of the man on whom her eyes were fixed, and to him she was a

"I did not know—indeed, madam, I thought you liked music!" said Florence, casting the riband from her neck, and addressing the old lady.

"Only when we are alone, then I love to hear you sing and play both, dear child; but Edward—Mr. Leicester's voice. It is that I do not like."

"Not like his voice?" exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes upon him with a look that made Robert press his lips hard together—"not like that—oh, madam?"

"Well—well, madam, you shall not be annoyed by it again," said Leicester, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "I forgot myself, that is all!"

The old lady bent her head and sat down, but her coming cast a restraint upon the little group, and though she attempted to open a conversation with Robert, he was too much pre-occupied for anything more than a few vague replies to that which she said.

From the moment of her entrance Leicester changed his whole demeanor. He joined in the effort she was making to draw the youth out, and that with a degree of quiet gravity that seemed by its respect to win upon her favor. He took no further notice of Florence, and seemed unconscious that she was sitting near watching this change with anxious eyes and drooping spirits.

"I have," said Leicester, after a few common place remarks, "I have just been proposing that the young gentleman should give our pretty guest here some drawing lessons during the season, always under your sanction, madam, of course."

The old lady cast a more searching glance at the youth than she had hitherto bestowed on him, and then bending her eyes upon the floor, she seemed to ponder over the proposal that had been made. After this her keen glance was directed to Leicester, and then she seemed lost in thought again.

"Yes," she said, at length, looking full and hard at Leicester, "it will occupy her—it will be a benefit, perhaps, to both."

Leicester simply bent his head: he conquered even the expression of his face, that the keen eyes bent upon him might not detect the hidden motive which urged this proposal. That there was some motive the old lady well knew, but she resolved to watch closer. His projects were not to be fathomed in a moment. She did not leave the room again, and her presence threw a constraint upon each individual there, which prompted the visitors to depart.

Florence arose as they prepared to go out. Her dark eyes were beseechingly turned upon Leicester. As if with a mute glance she sought to keep him a few minutes longer, though she had no courage to utter the wish. He took her soft, little hand gently in his, held it a moment and went away, followed by Robert and the old lady, who accompanied her guests to the door.

Florence had crept into the window recess, and while her panting breath clouded the glass, gazed wistfully at these two dark shadows as they glided through the flower-garden. She was keenly disappointed; his visit, the one great joy for which she had so waited and watched was over, and how had it passed? With the keen, cold eyes of that old lady upon them-beneath the curious scrutiny of a stranger. Tears of vexation gathered in her eyes; she heard the old lady return, and tried to crush them back with a pressure of the silken lashes, shivering still behind the cloud of lace that her too visible discomposure might not be detected. The old lady entered the room, and, believing it empty, sat down in a large, easy chair. She sighed profoundly, shaded her face with one of the thin, delicate hands that still bore an impress of great beauty. Her eyes were thus shrouded, and, though she did not appear to be weeping, one deep sigh after another heaved the black neckerchief folded over her bosom. As these sighs abated, Florence saw that the old lady was sinking into a reverie so deep, that the young creature fancied she might steal away, unnoticed, to her room. So timidly creeping out from the drapery that in its cloud-like softness fell back without a rustle, she moved noiselessly toward the door. The old lady looked suddenly up, and the startled girl could see that the usual serious composure of her countenance was greatly disturbed.

"Ah, is it you, my dear?" she said, in her usual kindly tones. "I thought you had gone up stairs."

Florence was started by the suddenness of this address and turned back, for there was something in the old lady's look that seemed to desire her stay.

"No," she said, "I was looking out upon—upon the night. It is very lovely!"

"Paradise was more lovely, and yet serpents crept among the flowers, even there!" said the old lady, thoughtfully.

A vivid blush came into Florence's pale cheek.

"I-I do not understand you," she said, in a faltering voice.

"No, I think not—I hope not!" answered the lady, bending her eyes compassionately on the young girl, "come here and sit by me."

Florence sat down upon the light ottoman which the old lady drew near her chair. The blushes a moment before, warm upon her cheeks, had burned themselves out. She felt herself growing calm and sad under the influence of those serious, but kind eyes.

"You love Mr. Leicester!" This was uttered quietly, and rather as an assertion than from any desire for a reply. As she spoke, the old lady pressed her hand upon the coil of raven hair that bound that graceful head, the motion was almost a caress, and it went to the young creature's heart. "Has he ever said that he loved you?"

"Loved me, oh! yes, a thousand times," cried the young creature, her eyes and her cheek kindling again, "else how could you know—how could any one guess how very, very much I think of him?"

"And how do you expect this to end?" questioned the old lady, while a deeper shade settled on her pale brow.

"End!" repeated Florence, and her face was bathed with blushes to the very temples; "I have never really thought of that—he loves me"

"Have you never doubted that?" questioned the old lady, with a faint wave of the head.

"What, his love? I—I—how could any one possibly doubt?"

"And yet to-night—this very evening?"

"No-no, it was only disappointment-regret, the
-the flurry of his sudden visit-not doubt-oh, not
doubt of his love!"

"Has this man—has Leicester ever spoken to you of marriage? Have his professions of love ever taken this form?" persisted the old lady, becoming more and more earnest.

"Of marriage, yes-no-not in words."

"Not in words then?"

"No, I never thought of that before—but what then?"

"Then," said the old lady, impressively—"then he is one shade less of a villain than I had feared!"

"Madam!" exclaimed the young girl, all pallid and gasping with anger and affright.

"My child," said the old lady, taking both those small, trembling hands in hers, "Edward Leicester will never marry you, nor any one."

"How do you know, madam? how can you know? Who are you that tell me this with so much authority?"

\ "I am his mother, poor child. God help me, I am his mother!"

The young girl sat gazing up into that aged face, so pale, so still, that her very quietude was more painful than a burst of passion could have been.

"His mother!" broke from her parted lips. "It is his mother who calls him a villain!"

"Even so," said the old lady, with mournful intensity. "Look up, girl, and see what it costs a mother to say these things of an only son?"

Florence did look up, and when she saw the anguish upon that face usually so calm, her heart filled with tenderness and pity not with standing the tumult already there, and taking the old lady's hands in hers, she bent down and kissed them.

"You are indeed his mother?" she said, with a sort of fond anguish. "To-morrow you will unsay these bitter words—you are only angry with him now—something has gone wrong. You will not repeat such things of him to-morrow—for oh! they have made me wretched."

"I am cruel only that I may be kind!" said the old lady, with mournful earnestness. "And now, dear child, let us talk no more, you are grieved, and I suffer more than you think." With these words, the old lady arose and led her guest from the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

What is life! how oft the question
By the searcher hath been ask'd,
Vague surmise with much suggestion
Hath it task'd:
Thus the skeptic, reaping stubble
For the garner of his lore,
Hath compar'd it to a bubble

And no more:
While the scoffer, who revileth
At the precepts of the word,
With a mien of scorning smileth
When 'tis heard.

What is life? the youthful deeming Answer fitting at a glance, Have bethought it all a dreaming Of romance:

The bright images ideal,
Life endow'd by fancy's charm,
Seem indeed possess'd of real
Hue and form:

For the mind hath golden vision In the sunny days of youth, Thus, to them, the false decision Seems as truth.

What is life? the maiden plighted To her spirit's counterpart, Oft hath seen the fair bud blighted In her heart:

Then the world looks cold and dreary,
Then life wears no pleasant ray,
And she roameth onward weary

And she roameth onward weary With the way:

When her path is made thus lonely, Ah! the years unnotic'd roll, For the past is cherish'd only In her soul.

What is life? the aged bending
With the burden of their years,
Have supposed it an unending
Vale of tears:
Musing sad they dream the shadows
That have veil'd their early light,

Like a cloud upon the meadows
In the night:
And earth's many restless creatures
How they scan them at their strife;
Then a smile plays o'er their features—
"What is life!"

What is life? the tomes of sages
Seeking pinnacle of fame,
Have contended through long ago
On its aim:
Some, with dark and dismal story
Of the eras that have run,
Have obscur'd the noon-day glory
Of its sun:
Others seeing it too brightly
As the moments sped along,
Have consider'd it too lightly
In the song.

What is life? the poet lingers
By the stream he loveth best,
As the eve, with artist fingers,
Paints the West:
And the while the day grows dimmer,
While departs its gaudy dye,
While the stars are seen to glimmer
In the sky,
His euraptur'd spirit stirreth
With the beautiful and the good,
And the aim of life appeareth
As it should.

What is life? it is no gleaming
Of the vagaries of chance,
Nor a visionary dreaming
Of romance:
Yet, though real, view it never
As the miser views his worth,
For the fondest ties must sever
On the earth:
And this life is but the portal
To the bright, eternal skies,
Where the soul, in robe immortal,
Never dies

THE ORPHAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY E. A. ATLEE, M. D.

a banker, who had a reputation for probity and intelligence, and knew of no rival either in Paris or in the departments. This person called himself John Delannoy. His fortune was thought to be immense, for all the business transacted by him during twenty years of his life had been prosperous, and as he was nobly generous, his purse being never closed against the miseries of the virtues, John Delannoy enjoyed altogether an honest contentment.

The crisis which-thanks to the panic either feigned or real, and to the scandalous speculations rashly engaged in, both against destiny and the public liberties -followed the revolution in 1830, and hastened the ruin of a crowd of petty traders: this crisis inflicted a severe blow on the prosperity of M. Delannoy, because the banker had always made it a duty to take into partnership his clerks and operatives whom he judged sufficiently capable; thus there was no temerity on his part in visiting their establishment. But now, in the midst of the general commotion, some of the houses in connection with him were on the verge of stopping payment. The necessity to assist them was a great drawback to the honest banker.

Meanwhile though the tempest was violent, M. Delannoy did not despair, and by force of activity, perseverance and fortitude, he doubtless would have re-instated the house which his intelligence had for twenty years rendered illustrious. Death, however, did not permit him to recover his wasted fortune. In the month of September, 1836, he died suddenly, with the grief of leaving behind him an orphan daughter.

Pauline Delannoy was seventeen years of age-a time of life when for a young lady the support of a father, the tenderness of a mother, are at once delightful and necessary. Alas! Pauline had never known her mother, who died in giving her birth. And now her father was suddenly taken from her.

Whoever saw Pauline could not avoid being impressed with profound pity for the child, who thenceforth betook herself alone to a path of life where the greatest energies are wasted, the noblest hearts have Whoever beheld the maiden in her succumbed. touching paleness, with her blue eyes of sweetness that would penetrate the soul, her mouth smiling even in melancholy, her hair black as ebony, falling smooth and glossy on her fair cheeks, her languishing gait, her frail form, which a breath of wind would seem to break: would involuntarily exclaim-"poor flower! the storm has prostrated thee."

Still under this apparent debility she had a heart firm and resolute. Pauline inherited her father's energy. Seeing herself left alone, she was conscious that if by the disorder and confusion that insolently intruded

In the year 1833 there lived in the Rue Rochechourt \(\) she yielded to grief, her grief would break her down. She, therefore, roused herself and dried up her tears. The first duty imposed on herself was to preserve the name of her father unsullied.

Her resolution was promptly taken. The moveables of M. Delannoy, without being sumptuous, were considerable. But had Pauline no jewels, no cashmires? Had she not a piano, that piano at which she delighted to soothe her anxieties and sorrows, and fan her girlish hopes? The noble girl decided that she would dispose of all these treasures at auction-would pay no regard to riches or finery in dress, and was solicitous only to preserve her father's name, the jewel hitherto so radiant and unsullied.

Very soon came the fatal day!

Pauline did not intend to leave her father's house. Unwilling that her sacrifice should be incomplete, she thought to drink the chalice to the dregs. Therefore a few days afterward, braving the cruel Parisian custom which prohibits females from publicly paying the last duties to those whom they love; she accompanied on foot the paternal coffin to the Champ du Repos; and after religion and friendship had performed their duties, she had the sublime fortitude to remain alone, kneeling at the side of the open grave, mingling her tears with her prayers, until the sexton had finished his heart-rending task; so that she might be the last to bid a tender adieu to him who was no more. She thought it her duty not to desert that roof, fraught with such sacred recollections, lest they should be dissipated, and that they might ever be the silent witnesses of her past happiness.

But she presumed too much on her fortitude—the sainted sufferer! Hardly had the purchasers entered the mansion, hardly was the voice of the crier heard ere unmeasurable grief seized poor Pauline. Her mind wandered, it seemed to her that at the vendue just begun, her most mysterious joys, her purest affections, the kisses which her father had lavished on her, the ravishing words of love that had charmed her infancy, the cherished name of her mother, ever honored with the pious worship of which her heart was the altar; her inmost thoughts, which she spoke to God alone: all-all were brought to auction. It seemed to her that they were selling every drop of her blood, dividing her body, demanding her life; her very soul the infamous purchasers wished to have for their money. Shuddering with shame and despair, she covered her face with her hands to avoid the hideous spectacle which she had supposed herself able to contemplate face to face.

In addition, the rending and deep emotions created

elegance. To see the books spread at random, taken up and thrown down by the hand of indifference; vestments scattered here and there, still warm from the body that they had but lately covered; the moveables heaped one upon the other, in order that curiosity might be conveniently gratified; cupboards half empty, doors wide open, permitting indiscreet gazers to penetrate the depths of those sacred recesses, where love of retirement solaced itself in rapturous leisure. It might be said that robbery, pestilence and fire had been there.

But no. There, where robbery, plague and fire have been, is the grave and silent crowd, engrossed by serious and sad musings. Here, on the contrary was noise and rejoicing, but such as shows itself by scandalous uproar, or explodes in gross jests, and in the pleasantries of a base rabble.

These honest speculators might well enjoy themselves, for they were calculating at sight all the benefits to be realized by their trickery, which custom had made indispensible, and which they suited to every occasion. At times they pretended they were paying the weight in gold for many articles, because they were buying them to be presented to a mother, a sister, a friend. Again they alleged that other articles were but silly trifles, nameless follies, fit only to be committed to the flames, while they were bidding for them to sell again, sure of a good price for their bar-

They did not think of doing wrong, those artless and honest brokers, in depreciating the best they could: to say so would be a grievous affront to their eloquence while piously waiting on the voice of the auctioneer. They were not at all disconcerted when the orphan appeared in the midst of them, and it was in entire innocence that to her face they contributed largely from their well furnished arsenals, witty jokes of all calibres, to banter the superannuated fauteuilthe death-bed of the old gentleman.

Hark! they are come to buy the fautenil, they therefore must depreciate it. In the same manner they will depreciate the ornaments of that family clock, the mahogany of that poetical cradle, the chasings of that antique cup-all quite plain. These honest merchants covet them all, it is, therefore, necessary for them to assume an air of contempt for what they desire. They must needs practice this farce to keep up their trade. I beg the reader not to be irritated in the least, for they are the best disposed men, most amiable neighbors, most admirable guardians of national morals, most virtuous fathers of families. But after all, they have no tenderness of heart, they are vendue brokers.

Now in the midst of this laughing, calculating band, appears a man of grave deportment and melancholy The buyers visage. He comes not as a purchaser. With head have no recollection of his countenance. uncovered and respectfully inclined, he seems to look with a regard full of pity around the mansion late so gay, and adorned with silken tapestry, now become mute as the tomb, and desolate as a ruin. Behold his visage moist with tears, which he attempts not to conceal. Be assured, honest merchants, the man comes ?

themselves, where, but yesterday, reigned order and ; not to take away your prey; he is not a competitor. He stops to make inquiry—what does he ask? Don't be alarmed, honest merchants, he has no wish for your rich effects, no pretension to your booty. What opens his haggard eyes, and calls forth his restless words, is, that all these valuables already belong to you, for you have paid-well paid for them in cash.

As to this man, have no anxiety on his account: he is not of your eminent rank. They are telling him that from the commencement of your sale Pauline has kept herself away, lost in despair and terror; they tell him that the fugitive was seen seeking an asylum in a chamber the most obscure, the narrowest and poorest in the house, which a father had found to be neither cheerful nor large enough, nor even rich enough for her, on whose account he had embellished it.

Soon as this is told the man he rushes forward, and with a hand respectfully timid, knocks at the orphan's door. Doubtless he is a friend, doubtless he knows that there will now be a sort of indescribable sympathy, sweeter and more powerful a thousand times than all the common, false consolations. What think you to see in this common grief, honest merchants? Grief is not an article of sale, as I wish it. Then let this woman and man weep on, and do you continue to buy.

Pauline was seated on a tabouret, in an attitude of deep meditation. She seemed to have turned in upon herself. Her elbows resting on her knees, her head supported by her hand. Alas! how humbled at the feet of adversity! Her tears had ceased to flow, and from her eyes, which were frightfully fixed, there issued a look of flame. Her lips were blanched, the corners of her mouth nervously contracted, sinking with an admirable expression of anger and disdain. Motionless and pale, you might have taken her for an antique statue of grief, not only on account of the sorrow to which she resigned herself without conflict, but because though vanquished she resisted still.

Before the poor maiden the man cast himself on his knees. His exterior was of exquisite simplicity, his figure fine, for intelligence illuminated it with her noble rays. His broad and callous hands attested that his life was one of labor. On his forehead which care had furrowed with premature wrinkles, honesty had impressed her signet, and from his eyes of limpid gray emanated an ingenuous sensibility. You might at once perceive that beneath his broad breast was lodged a generous heart. Ere he spoke he compelled to softness a voice natually rough and strong; while inquietude in some degree deranged his phrases, but in those phrases, confused and without art, there was an honest loyalty.

"Be not alarmed, Mademoiselle Pauline, it is Pierre Champre, a friend, who comes to you that you may not be quite alone in your troubles. They are great, but you must not give way to them. You have acted the good girl, Mademoiselle Pauline. Your father had friends, you must have recourse to them. You don't wish to do so, you don't want to have it said that the daughter of Delannoy, the banker, was afraid, alone by herself, to maintain after her father's death that long-tried reputation for honesty which he so gloriously acquired, and preserved with more care

than his life. This is well. Your father could not do a bad act. But now that you have nobly fulfilled your duty as a daughter, it is time to think of yourself, of the events in reserve for you. I see that you are thinking of them. This makes you so sad, is it not? Now you must not suffer yourself to be cast down; there will be no want of resources. Where your father has sown you may reap. It is a bad step on the pavement of Paris that won't find those who have money, and will be ready to give, I am very sure. How many a one is there at this day at the head of a beautiful shop, who, without your father, would have been nothing but a poor journeyman while he lived-if he could be said to live-day by day sickened with his ten hours work? Myself, for instance, was I worth a centime when your father, taking me by the hand, said, 'Pierre, you are twentyfive years of age, and do you never think of establishing yourself?' 'The thing is here,' I answered, 'to be established I need two things, money and credit, and have neither the one nor the other' 'I offer you both.' 'Mercy,' replied I, with an earnestness that made him smile, 'I can't borrow when I am not sure of being able to pay.' 'Mark well! I don't lend but upon solid mortgage.' 'A mortgage! I have nothing.' 'But the honorable name that you bear; the name of your honest father, Nicolas Champre, who was fifteen years my cashier, and during the fifteen years wished for no change of place, nor increase of salary; because he should not find himself any better off, he said, than to be just as he was, and that in his view his time, activity and intelligence were not worth more than the twelve hundred francs which he earned the first year of his entering my house. It is on the guaranty of this name that I will advance, without fear, the sum that may be needed. You are a carpenter, you know your business, have disposition and intelligence, you ought to prosper. Reckon from this day, I will have an account opened at my bank. Meanwhile go to work.' That was a fine proposition. I accepted it with acknowledgments, went to work, and God and my arms assisted me. I have carpentered a little fortune of a hundred thousand francs, of which you will not refuse, I dare hope, to make such use as you may judge convenient, seeing that they are for you. Now if you are so wicked as to refuse, it will be telling me that in accepting the benefit from your father, I had not acted very honorable. But you are not wicked, so with that sweet little voice of yours you will have to say, 'Pierre, I don't wish to make you unhappy, I accept."

Pierre ceased, bowed, and, with heaving breast, awaited an answer. As Pauline made no reply, he gazed at her, and saw that while he had been speaking she had not changed her attitude. He examined her countenance, late so expressive, now so dull. He feared, but his fear gave him an excess of boldness, of which in circumstances altogether different, he would have been incapable. With his callous hands he took the delicate hands of the desolate one, and making use of the most tender terms that his heart could suggest, he besought, he supplicated her to say one word to him-but one.

through the mind of Pierre, and he exclaimed, "alas! all I have said about myself, and my father, and her father, has been of no avail." Tears inundated his brown visage while he remained on his knees a prey to the utmost despair. But suddenly rising-"those tears," said he, "do they not prove that I am no longer I came to combat with misery, and find a man? insanity. Well! on the faith of a man, I will overcome."

First of all he took pains to assure Pauline of the care and attention that her situation required. Pierre had a mother, a simple, plain woman, in a word, like her son. He wrote to her in haste as follows:

"Mother, she whom I came to see is more unhappy than we could have thought. Leave your affairs and mine, hasten to her, and when you arrive do not leave her an instant. Perhaps you may see me again tonight, perhaps to morrow. During this short space of time be to her what you have always been to me—the best of mothers."

From this moment Pierre, certain of the eagerness with which his mother would fulfil his wishes, thought of nothing but realizing, as promptly as possible, a project of which he had formed the idea, and considering his intelligence and benevolence. I am sure the reader, has guessed his aim: to endeavor to restore Pauline to reason.

But how could he best perform the cure? Should he send for a physician? Alas! insanity is one of those deeply mysterious things in which human science is lost. Insanity-it is the hand of the Creator laid heavily on the creature. When and how the displeasure of God may be appeased, God alone knows. May be aid poor Pierre!

When Pierre left the chamber where the orphan had found refuge, the auction—the occasion of the catastrophe that burst upon the head of Pauline-had closed. Only the purchasers had not yet dispersed. Each was preparing to take away his acquisitions. Pierre went in among them, and said, "when first I came, I thought like all the rest, to take part in the vendue, but not having done so, I wish now to have your concurrence in what I propose. Every one to his trade, yours is not mine. Nevertheless, I request a favor of you, a real service. Many of these moveables that you have been buying, and which are neither better no worse than so many other moveables daily exposed to sale, suit me. Let me have all that I select, and I will give you a premium of fifty per cent. Is this agreed to?"

One of the buyers commenced a homily on the times, the same that M. de la Pelisse invented, if indeed it be not as old as the world, viz: that the times are hard, honest people scarce, taxes very high, and patients very dull.

With a thundering voice Pierre interrupted the orator-"I have no time to lose; I think you have made a long speech, don't you think so yourself? My hearty service to you. I'll put my money into less greedy hands." So saying, he went out, but the vendue brokers, aware that their prey was escaping, regretted that they had not consented.

Pierre's task was, however, not half performed. Pauline remaining mute, a horrible light flashed He knew it, but was not discouraged, for he was one of those brisk and lively spirits, who without losing time in going round an obstacle, attack it in front and carry it by storm. A man of this temper says—"if it be difficult it can be done; if impossible, why let it alone."

Pierre knew that in Paris they make amends for the times by money, and as he did not too closely husband it, he stepped nimbly along. In less than two hours he fixed on the shop of an upholsterer who was master of his busines, and a man of taste, and who provided glasses, curtains, and suits of hangings. As to the other furniture it was under the direction, and by the personal attention of Pierre that they were put in place. I cannot relate with what earnestness and ardor, and with but slight appeal to his recollection, everything was disposed as in former times, so that Mademoiselle Pauline might forget the present, and believe that her past enjoyments had been restored. You would have admired to see him cautiously putting in their places the thousand little things that compose a lady's furniture, and which females alone know how to handle without breaking. With what respectful caution, though his rough hands had never before moved anything but heavy boards, he takes up, so to speak, without touching, the elegant trifles, the capricious chinoiseries, that inattentive brutality would have knocked about with impunity. Behold how he takes between his broad fingers, with the delicacy of a child, the favorite toilet of most slender and frail columns, encrusted with copper, mother-of-pearl and ebony! He forces himself to repress breathing for fear of breaking their structure, which he trembles—Hercules as he is—to see vanish into dust. Is not this a delicious sight!

At length all is complete, everything where it should be, and just in time, for Pauline descends from a carriage, supported by the mother of Pierre Champre. And now the trial commences: we shall now see if Pauline, whom grief had rendered insane, on seeing the sanctity of the paternal home subjected to base profanation; will recover her reason on finding intact and pure all the treasures of her childhood.

Pierre earnestly watched to discover in her fixed envy!

physiognomy some trace of emotion. Alas! Pauline saw without seeing. When spoken to she answered nothing. Pierre took her hand and led her to the piano—she suffered herself to be conducted, but did not notice it, her forehead still pale, her lips blanched as before, her eyes dry and inflamed. With her hands that wandered at random she elicited faint sounds, but the vibrations reached not her heart. All hope seemed now lost: Pierre bent his head with intense apprehension, and wept.

But ere long the countenance of the sufferer assumed a lively flush, her eyes seemed to revive, her bosom heaved, her mouth till now horribly contracted, relaxed itself in a smile of ineffable expression, and she exclaimed—"my father! my father!"

It was when she perceived the gothic fauteral similar to that on which her father had given her his last look, his last blessing, his last kiss; it was this view that restored the happiness that she believed had fled forever.

Her friend, who worn out with despair, had forgotten himself in sleep, now awoke. Gradually she returned to life, gradually her eyes resumed their vision, her hands their touch, her understanding its perception, by degrees she noticed the bed, and all the riches to which she had bid farewell forever. All is remembered, all is comprehended; and in a voice interrupted by tears of joy, an accent stamped with sacred reminiscences, "Pierre," she exclaimed, "I would fain embrace you."

Pierre, intoxicated with happiness, fell on his knees with his hand on his heart, as if to keep the throbbings of affright from bursting his breast; and receive the chaste kiss of the orphan.

Such is the narrative which I gathered, the other day, from the mouth of Pierre Champre himself, now the happy husband of the charming Pauline, who appears to me rather foolishly fond of Pierre. "Happy folly," said she to me, with a smile, "I assure you it is incurable." God keep you, madam, for to be two and yet one, to have two loves blended in one only, ah! this is a happiness which angels themselves might envy!

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOY.

BRIGHT was the gently heaving swell
As it danced the ocean o'er:
And its voice was clear as a silver bell,
As with graceful motion it rose and fell,
And broke on the sandy shore.

Clear and bright did the moonbeams shine
O'er the face of the glimmering deep,
Tinging with diamonds the undulate line
Of the waves as they dashed with gentle chime,
Lulling the winds to sleep.

Mild and pure was the crystal light
Of the starry orbs on high,
As they sparkled like germs on the brow of night,
And sweetly smiled on the ocean bright
From the depths of the dark blue sky.

But ah, what a mournful sight to see
Beside the breaking wave,
While all things else seemed so merry to be,
The moon, the stars, and the dancing sea,
A corse without a grave.

The breezes played in its waving hair
As it lay on that lonely shore;

'T was a youth—his form was passing fair
As he lay in the light of the moonbeams there,
Ne'er to be heard of more.

And far away in a distant land,
Beside the rolling sea,
A mother and sister must waiting stand,
While their tears drop fast on the cold, hard sand
For one whom they ne'er may see. c. c. r.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.



IV.

v.

Fig. 1.—A Watering-place Dress, of plaid India silk—the skirt quite full, with a row of gimp down each side of the front extending around the bottom—a second row is placed on about half a yard above the lower one. Cords and tassels unite the two rows of gimp in front. Corsage high and plain, with a gimp and tassel trimming, to match the skirt. Sleeves rather short, bias, and tight to the elbow, where they open on the back of the arm, showing a full cambric under-sleeve. They are confined by a couple of tassels. A small linen cambric collar. Bonnet of Leghorn trimmed with riband.

FIG. II.—A VERY SMALL BOY'S DRESS of white cambric, richly embroidered on the front of the body and skirt. Long sleeves, and linen gaiters reaching up to the knee.

Fig. 111.—A Lan's Suit, of plaid linen pants, white vest and black summer-cloth jacket, cut very narrow over the front. A light cloth cap—trimmed with a heavy cord and tassel.

Fig. iv.—A Riding Habit, of dark green merino. Corsage open in front, showing a linen chemisette. Louis Quatorze sleeves and straw hat, trimmed with white plumes and riband.

Fig. v.—A Gentleman's Riding Dress of plaid kersymere pantaloons, and green jockey coat.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Travelling Dresses should small bishop sleeve always be made plainly, and of very plain material. is also much worn.

Nothing gives a lady a more dowdy appearance in the cars or steamboat, than a highly trimmed promenade or house dress, or a dusty black silk one, though the latter is highly preferable. The most suitable material to be had at present is the linen lustre. This is mostly in plain colors, and will wash. For convenience, especially to a lady travelling without a female companion, the light corsage open in front is preferable. This summer the body is buttoned instead of hooked up. The skirt should be full and plain, and sleeves tight. Fashion also renders a cape or sacque necessary. The beauty and neatness of a travelling dress is heightened by having gloves and gaiters to match the dress. The latter if made of linen are cool and not expensive.

GAITERS of some kind, however, should always be worn, for white stockings soil too quickly, and black ones color the feet and clothes. A small linen collar and cuffs are the finishing stroke to the dress. The bonnet should also be plainly trimmed, but not with green riband, as it fades so quickly. Never travel without a veil.

No material change has appeared in dresses. Many who think the open front, with a chemisette too warm or troublesome, have the lining cut low in their dresses, with the outside high and plain on the shoulders. The small bishop sleeve finished with a band at the wrist, is also much worn.

EVENING DRESSES are sometimes made with a low barege, and cut square on the neck with a shoulder strap. The sleeves to these dresses are short, and plaited into the strap quite full, and also plaited into a narrow band at the bottom.

A FACE TRIMMING FOR BONNETS at once new and pretty, is a wreath of rose-buds, or other small flowers extending all around the inside of the bonnet, fuller of course on the cheeks and narrowing toward the top.

Bags of worked muslin, of lace lined with colored silks, and of riband are much worn.

There are no new materials for dresses. The pret-

or tissues, of plain colors embroidered in floss silk. Some of them have plain skirts, closely studded with these silky leaves, and others have only the flounces, (which are mostly two or three deep ones) richly embroidered. These barege dresses should be worn, not over a white slip or lining, but over one of the same color as the ground of the dress. This very much heightens the effect of the coloring.

The India foulards still preserve the old uniformity of pattern, being a small white spot or sprig on a colored ground. Of the Lyons foulards, those most preferred are glace, and have very small checked patterns.

HINTS FOR EQUESTRIANS .- NO. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HORSEMANSHIP."

SHYING.—Another evil practice is shying. Should the horse become alarmed at any object, and instead of approaching or passing it, turn about, the rider should manage him in the manner recommended where the horse turns through restiffness. He should then be soothed and encouraged, rather than urged by correction, to approach or pass the object that alarms him. To attempt to force him up to it would be ridiculous and dangerous.

If the horse swerve from an object, and try to pass it at a brisk gait, it is useless to force him toward it; for if the rider be successful in bringing his head on one side, his croupe will be turned outward, and his legs work in an opposite direction. This resistance will increase proportionally to the exertions made by the rider. A horse, in this manner, may fly from imaginary into real danger, for he cannot see where he is going, nor what he may run against. Pulling in the rein, therefore, on the side from which the horse shies, is improper; it should rather be slackened, and the horse's head turned away from the object which terrifies him. By this mode a triple advantage is gained: in the first place, the horse's attention is diverted to other things; secondly, the dreaded object loses half its terrors when he finds no intention manifested by the rider to force him nearer to it; and, lastly, he is enabled to see and avoid any danger in front, or on the other side of him.

A horse may be encouraged to go up to an object that alarms him; and if the rider succeed in making him approach it, a beneficial effect will be produced; the horse will discover that his fears were groundless, and be less likely to start again from any similar cause.

After the first impulse of terror has subsided, the horse, if he be properly managed, will even manifest an inclination to approach and examine the object that alarmed him; but while he is doing this, the nothing had rider must be on her guard, for the least movement or timidity on her part, the rustling of a leaf, or the passing of a shadow, will probably frighten him again, and cause him to start more violently than before.

After this, it will be exceedingly difficult to bring him up to the object.

Should the first trial to correct this evil prove unsuccessful, the attempt should be repeated. The second attempt, however, should not be made until the horse's fears have subsided, and his confidence returned. A horse that is rather shy, may, in many cases, be prevented from starting, by the rider turning his head a little away from those objects which she knows, by experience, are likely to alarm him.

STUMBLING.—Stumbling is not only unpleasant, but dangerous. To ride a horse that is apt to trip is like dwelling in a ruin; we cannot be comfortable if we feel that we are unsafe; and, certainly, there is no safety on the back of a stumbling horse.

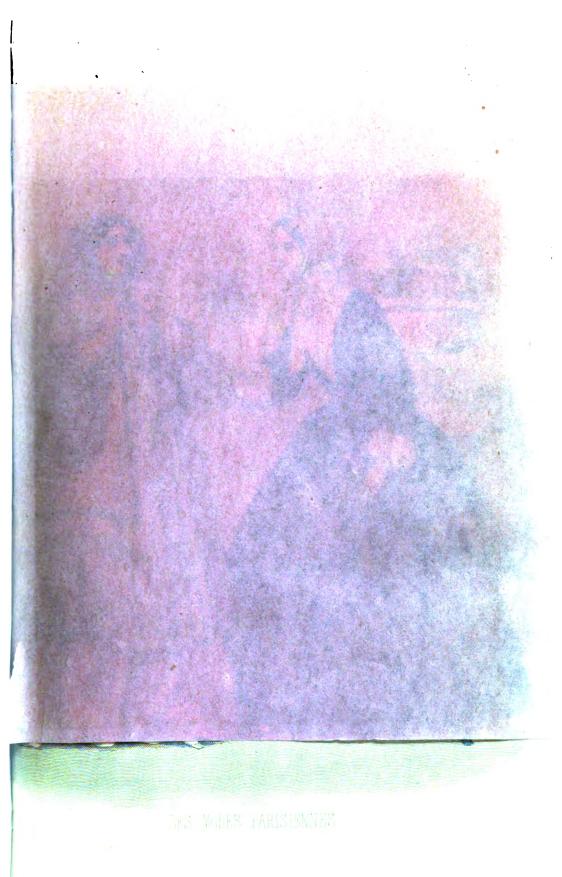
The best advice we can offer is never to ride a horse after he is discovered to be a stumbler, although the best horse in the world may occasionally make a false step, and even break his knees. When a horse trips, his head should be raised and supported by elevating the bridle-hand, and the lady should instantly throw herself back so as to relieve his shoulders of her weight. It is useless to whip a horse after stumbling, (as it is also after shying) for it is clear that he would not run the risk of breaking his knees, or his nose, if he could help it. If a horse be constantly punished for stumbling, the moment he has recovered himself from a false step, he will start forward, flurried and disunited, in fear of the whip, and not only put the rider to inconvenience, but run the risk of a repetition of his mishap before he regains his self-possession.

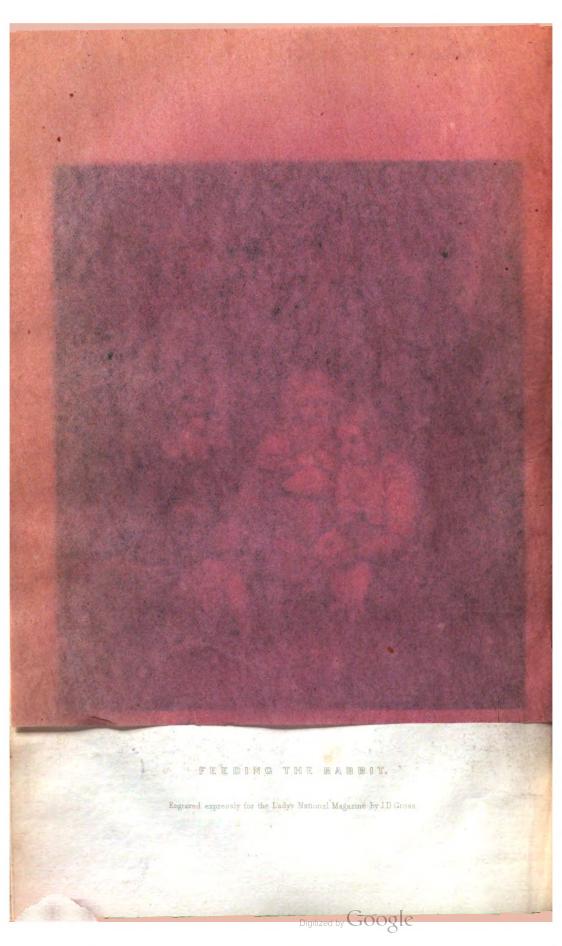
It being the general practice (and a very bad practice, too,) for riders to correct horses for stumbling, we may discover an habitual from an occasional stumbler, by this circumstance, namely—when a horse that is tolerably safe, makes a false step, he is slightly animated for a moment or two only, or goes on as if nothing had happened; but if he be an old offender, he will remember the punishment he has repeatedly received immediately after a stumble, and dash furiously forward, expecting the usual accompaniament to his minortume.

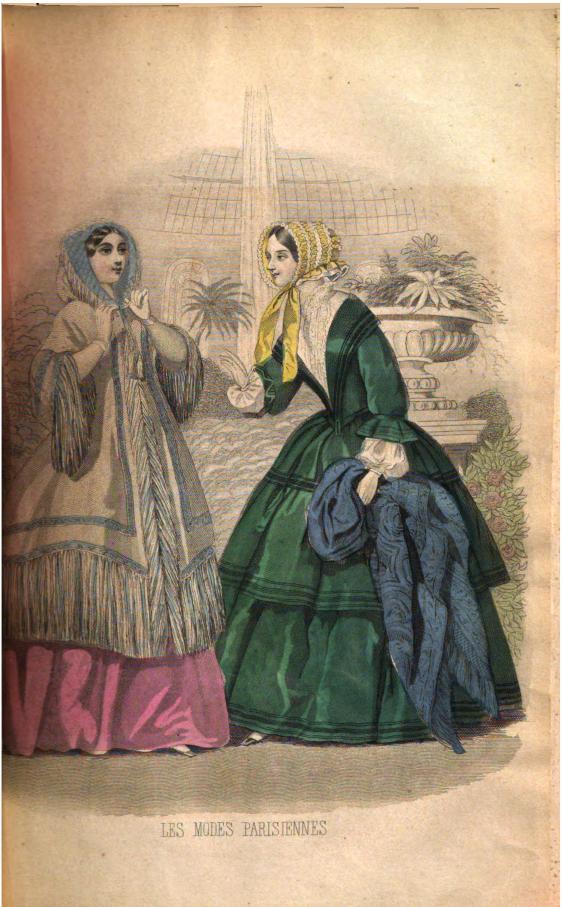
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.









Digitized by Google

MEN FOUNDATIONS
THOSE FOUNDATIONS

gi 3-1 Ostaci

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1849.

No. 3.

MARRYING FOR MONEY vs. LOVE.

THERE was luxury in that noble library. The light fell with a mellowed radiance through the crimson hangings, on long rows of richly bound volumes; the glowing carpet yielded like moss to the lightest tread; lounges, sofas and rocking-chairs, with their soft cushions and quaint carvings invited to dreamy repose; the brilliant chandelier hung over a table strewn with rare prints and costly magazines; marble busts and pure vases shed an elegance and beauty over all; while the breath of summer flowers floated in through the large windows that opened to the floor on the Ionic portico. But it was the human heatig beneath the fretted ceiling; the human voices, mingling together in the air of that summer eve, which gave to the apartment its living interest.

"It is useless to talk of it, father," said Henry Stafford, at length. "It would be but solemn mockery for me to swear in God's name to love and cherish Florence Herbert, when I do not love her and never can!"

"Love—fie! I ask for a reason, young man, why you will not marry the lady I recommend?"

"I have said she is a cold, heartless, unprincipled woman of fashion, and more, a ——"

"----, witty, accomplished, graceful, beautiful heiress! I wonder what your highness expects in a wife."

Henry saw that his reasons would weigh nothing with such a judge, and he only replied—"I expect in myself honesty. The marriage vow breathed to Miss Herbert would be a wilful, deliberate lie; and, father, I will not lie!"

"Oh, Harry," retorted the colonel, in a low, bland tone, shrugging his shoulders slightly as he spoke—"don't say lie! it's decidedly vulgar; and beside, none but footmen and chambermaids ever lie! But what fine-spun principles and inconvenient, Heavenly morals you have been cultivating. All romance, Harry, I shouldn't wonder if you'd tell me next that your angel mother was whispering in your ear."

The colonel laughed, a low, sneering laugh, while he drew his dressing-gown around him, and slid his foot into the slipper that had fallen beneath the embroidered footstool. "Now be cool, my dear boy," he continued, "there's nothing in the world like self-possession, and how often I've told you it's not polite to get in a passion, do try and remember! So you won't marry Miss Herbert; you'll think better of it in an hour."

There was a soft, gliding step, a smooth opening of the door—"you must make up your mind before you leave this room, Harry," said the colonel, looking back, "either to marry Miss Herbert, aye, her money if you choose, or leave the house forever. When you have decided, please let me know; I may have something unpleasant to tell you." The door closed smoothly as it had opened, and Henry, glad to be alone again, sunk back on the sofa, and shading out the light with his cold hand, lay motionless as a statue and thought and felt. The door opened again, and a servant entered, bearing a note on a small, silver waiter. He tore it open impatiently and read—

"Noble, generous Stafford, what shall I say? I feel grateful, deeply grateful, that you think me worthy of such sacrifice, but I love you too well to permit it. You shall not be homeless and penniless for my sake. There are many more worthy of your love than I who would cherish it with pride; seek them and be happy. You have my prayers for your happiness, and my friendship until death. Before you shall receive this I shall have left home on a journey, and it will be useless to seek me. We shall never meet again. Forever, farewell my friend. Agnes Elderon."

Pale and gasping with emotion—"oh, Agnes, Agnes!" he groaned, "this blow from you. Cold, cold, as an iceberg! You know I will not sell my soul for money, and I did not talk of sacrifics. Oh, God! is there no truthfulness on earth?"

Another hour rolled by, while the sun went down, and the whip-poor-will's note came sadly through the twilight. At length he started up, and with a haughty curl of his lip tore the note into a hundred fragments. "True, I shall not be Col. Stafford's heir," he exclaimed, proudly, "but I am a man—why should I be homeless and penniless?" and with a step which rang out even on that mosey carpet, he passed from the room, leaving there no living presence but the

slanting moonbeam falling in a long stream of silver light over the path his foot had pressed.

He went at once to his father's apartment, and announced his determination. The colonel heard him without apparent surprise; quietly laid down his book, tapped his gold snuff-box for a moment, and, then bowing, gracefully expressed his regrets with the same blandness of tone and manner with which he always spoke. "I am afraid I shall miss you, Harry, most sadly; but I will not interfere with your arrangements," he said.

"Thank you, sir," said the young man, with an effort at composure, "but you spoke, I believe, of something unpleasant which you had to say to me. I am ready to listen if you please."

"Why yes! If you had decided to stay I should have been spared the disagreeable task; but as it is shall have to give the reasons why I expected such unconditional obedience;" and he went on in his low, silvery tone, unheeding that his listener grew paler and paler as if the life-blood were congealing at his heart.

"Not your son!" exclaimed the young man, in tone of energy and despair; "whose am I then? and what is my name?"

"Well, your name is De Guyon; your father was a Frenchman, descended, I believe, from an old family; and your mother, his wife was——"

"Thank God-she was his wife then!"

"Was an Italian," continued the colonel, unheeding the interruption, "and you were so pretty and sprightly, a forlorn, timid, little orphan, that Mrs. Stafford insisted on fetching you home from Italy and adopting you as our son; and as it was our bridal tour of course I could not object. She claimed you rather as hers, or I might have made a man of you; for you come of a good, gentle stock—French and Italian."

"And she was not my mother then!" said the youth, sadly, but with a half feeling of joy swelling up from his heart-depths on finding that not a drop of Colonel Stafford's blood flowed in his veins. He had always felt with regret that instinctive antipathy toward his supposed father, which open, generous natures cherish toward hypocrisy and relfishness; while the colonel, considering the son's impulsive warmth and frankness of disposition as insufferably vulgar, and perhaps feeling his upright integrity and stern truthfulness rather a silent reproach, had gradually cherished a coolness toward him which greatly diminished natural regret at the proposed separation.

With punctilious honor he returned to young De Guyon the double miniature of his parents, and a small locket containing their hair, with a slender gold chain attached; his mother's wedding ring and a purse containing several hundred louis d'ors in gold. The young man stood for a moment with a throbbing heart and a request trembling on his lips; he would fait have craved Mrs. Stafford's miniature also, but he knew that request would be a vain one, and bowing, he withdrew in sllence.

Four years afterward, on the anniversary of that memorable day, De Guyon sat alone in his elegant studio in Paris. The setting sun bathed the Madonna on his easel in a flood of glory, but he heeded it not;

for, resting his head on his hand, he was thinking of the past. Almost the whole of the last four years he had spent in Italy, perfecting himself in the profession he had chosen, and during that time he had discovered his mother's family in a noble Italian house;" and that of his father in the proprietors of a fine, old estate in the south of France; but his mother had been cast off by her relatives after her clandestine marriage, and he would not present himself to either as a nameless adventurer, dependant on their bounty. He would first acquire fame and fortune, and then-then, how often there would come visions of loving hearts, welcoming the lonely orphan to a home. He did not despair either, for he was rapidly acquiring both fortune and fame, and so was happy. But this summer evening his thoughts were with the far-away past-had he been missed in the circle where he had been so courted as the son of the rich, aristocratic widower? Miss Herbert, so young and beautiful, and yet, as he had thought, so heartless and cold; had she been aware of his father's desire, and his own positive refusal to comply with it? Her haughty spirit would ill brook such an indignity. She could never have known his reasons at least, for the colonel was too politic to reveal them, and he had mentioned them to no other, but one-ah, where was she? Had he wronged her -Agnes?

There was a knock at the door, and a tall, haughty-looking young man bowing politely, with a winning smile, apologized for his intrusion during hours not allotted to visitants; but he was compelled to leave town soon, and was anxious to have a portrait taken before he left, from the miniature which he held. Could Monsieur De Guyon oblige him? De Guyon opened the gold case, and started as if stung by a serpent. The stranger bent a searching glance on him for a moment, while a half smile played around his mouth, and then, after a few more inquiries, departed.

The door had scarcely closed, when the artist bent again with a sudden impulse over the miniature, showering burning, passionate kisses on the cold, silent glass. "Oh, Agnes! Agnes!" he murmured, "I must have wronged thee!—there is no hypocrisy in that noble, beautiful face—there could not be coldness or deception there! Oh, I needed no copy," he added, after a pause, "from my own heart I could paint thee, my own, my beautiful!"

When the stranger appeared again the picture was nearly completed. De Guyon had worked at it hour after hour with strangely mingled and conflicting feelings. At one time, swayed by old recollections with their first gushing forth of tenderness; at another, reasoning coolly and calmly, until doubt and distrust grew almost to certainty; and again, coupling that meaning smile of his visitant with wonder how the miniature came into his possession, till disgust had well-nigh grown the strongest feeling.

"You have made a perfect likeness," said the young man, after gazing attentively at the picture, "more true to the original in its expression than the miniature itself;" while De Guyon felt that his distrust had unconsciously a little colored his canvass.

"I don't think the expression so lofty and ingenuous," he replied, with seeming carelessness, "and you will scarce thank me for that, for the lady is certainly fascinatingly beautiful!"

"Yes, the most bewitching and apparently noblehearted coquette you ever saw. When you know her, however, you will see that your portrait is more truly like than your model."

"You know her then, I suppose," remarked the artist, with a tolerably steady voice, applying his pencil to the picture as he spoke, "you have already pronounced."

"Yes, as many before me have known her," was the slightly bitter reply. "As yet, I am a favored suitor, but intend stealing a march on her before my day of proscription comes; and so shall return the miniature and abscond to morrow, keeping the portrait for a monitor 'to point a moral,' you understand, or as a study for all future physiognomists." He spoke lightly, but still there was a slight tremor in his voice, and his fine lip, though curled in scorn, grew a thought less rich in color.

And she was there! Agnes, his Agnes, was there — was in Paris—and yet the hand which held that brush was steady; and while the features, once so wildly worshipped, grew and brightened under his pencil, De Guyon felt a half loathing rising in his bosom, which he scarce cared to check. One dream of romance was gone forever.

The visitant was just leaving the apartment when two others entered. A gentleman, rather elderly, with a mild expression of countenance, and easy, dignified manner, supported on his arm a young lady, clad in deep mourning. "I have brought my niece to you, Monsieur De Guyon," said the old gentleman, gaily, "in the hope that you can at least keep her face for me, since she persists in taking her bodily presence away. I wonder how young ladies can carry their nerves across the sea so coolly. I got mine over here, but ma mere, I shall never get them back."

The young artist replied pleasantly, while the lady threw back her veil, and then, though the face was sadder than it once was, and yet, if possible, more beautiful, he recognized it at once. She too started and grew pale at the sound of his voice, but he saw that his name and foreign appearance at first bewildered, and then seemingly convinced her of her error, and he refrained from betraying his own recognition.

"You are fatigued, dear, with coming up these horrid long stairs," said the uncle, kindly, "we will go home now and rest! You will be ready for my niece to sit to-morrow evening, sir?" De Guyon bowed, and they withdrew.

It was in vain that he strove that morning to give

the finishing touches to his favorite Madonna; his hand trembled, and that wild, sad face and subdued, graceful manner haunted him. Had he wronged her?

Day after day the question recurred with stronger and stronger doubts; and each day as he read the face of his young companion, and transferred the lineaments to his speaking canvass, his heart beat quicker till, when his eye met hers, the color deepened on his cheek, and—why was the glance of each so quickly withdrawn?

"Oh," said the young lady, one evening, "how much that eye-brow is like my mother's! If you could indeed paint her, my dear, dear mother," and the tears trickled fast through her white fingers, and fell, drop by drop, on her mourning dress.

"It is like; but your mother's eye-brows were rather heavier and less arched," answered the artist, gently, "and her eye was lighter than yours, Miss Herbert."

He started even as he spoke, for it had been inadvertently that he had, for the first time, by word or look knowingly betrayed that he had ever known her, or had ever himself been aught other than then; and now she too blushed from neck to brow, and sat timid and trembling like a child before him, with her small hands clasped tightly over her heart, as if to still its throbbings.

He gently drew one of those hands in his. "Florence, dear Florence," he whispered, "will you not let me love you now, heart and soul?"

She looked up at last, smiling through her tears. "Yes! Henry, if you will," she breathed in her sweet, low voice, and this time Henry saw no reason to object.

The good uncle thought his Flory improved very fast since she had got to taking so much more exercise; and next he thought it passing strange that the young artist should run away from his luxurious studio, and such magnificent patronage, and take his nerves across the sea too in the very next ship; but his genius was somewhat enlightened when he received an American paper with a marked paragraph.

Married, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, October 18th, by the Right Rev. Dr. ———, Mr. Henry De Guyon, adopted son and heir of the late Colonel W. Stafford, to Miss Florence, only daughter of E. S. Herbert, Esq.—said paper being also accompanied with a long letter, signed, your most grateful and dutiful nephew,

HENRY L. DE GUYON.

"La, sure!" said the simple-hearted old man, "who could have guessed?"

"Yes, I will be ready for them."

GREATNESS AND GOODNESS.

WHAT is it to be great?

'Tis but a little thing!

To win renown,
To build thyself an honored name, or make
Thyself the scourge and terror of the world,
Is but a little thing, that may not stay
To bless thy age.

'Tis but a little thing

To win the fickle world's applause to wrong,
And make it yield the crown unto the knave!
Ay, to be great is but a little thing!
But 'tis a great thing to be truly good;
It is a task in which if thou succeed
Thou shalt be more rewarded than with riches,
And far more honored than with royal robe,
Or kingly crown and scepter!

**P. B. 6

Digitized by Google

AND PRISONS. PALACES

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78.

CHAPTER IX.

Amid all the varieties of architecture-Grecian, Gothic, Swiss, Chinese, and even Egyptian, to be met with on Long Island, there yet may be found some genuine old farm house, with barns instead of carriage houses, and cow stables in the place of pony stables. To these old houses are still attached the generous garden hedged in with its picket fence, and teeming with vegetables, the front yards full of old fashioned shrubbery, with thick grass half a century old mossing it over. These things, primitive and full of the olden times, are not yet all crowded out of sight by sloping lawns, gravel walks, and newly acclimated flowers. If they do not so vividly appeal to the taste, those, who have hearts, sometimes feel them softened by these relics of the past, to warmer and sweeter feelings than mere fancy ever aroused.

In one of these old houses, a low roofed, unpretending dwelling, exhibiting unmistakeable evidence of what had once been white paint on the edges of its clap-boards, and crowned by a huge stone chimney, whose generous throat seemed half choked up with swallow's nests, might have been found some of the personages of our story.

I have said it was autumn-but a generous, balmy autumn, that seemed to cajol and flatter the summer into keeping it company close up to the Christmas time. True, the gorgeous tints of a late Indian summer lay richly among the trees, but still some patches of bright green were still left, defying the season, and putting aside, from day to day, the red and golden veil which the frost was constantly endeavoring to cast over them.

In front of the old house stood two maples-noble trees, such as have had no time to root themselves around your modern colleges. These maples, symmetrical as a pair of huge pine cones, rose against the house a perfect cloud of gorgeous foliage. One red as blood, and with a dash of the most vivid green still keeping its hold down the centre of each leaf-the other golden all over, as if its roots were nourished in the metallic soil of California, and its leaves dusted by the winds that drift up gold in the valley of Sacramento-blended and wove these ripe leaves together, now throwing out a wave of red, now a mass of gold, and here a tinge of green in superb confusion.

All around, under these maples, the grass was littered with a fantastic carpet of leaves, showered old lilac bushes. They fluttered down to the rose thickets, and lay in patches of torn crimson and crumpled gold among the house-licks and mosses on the roof.

In and out, through this shower of ripe leaves, fluttered the swallows. In and out, along the heavy branches, darted a pair of striped squirrels, who owned a nest in a hollow of the oldest and most stately tree. In and out, through the long, low kitchen, the parlor, the pantries, and the milk-room, went and come our old friend, the comely buckster woman of Fulton Market. The house was hers. That great square garden sloping down from the back door was hers. How comfortable and harvest-like it lay dropping down toward the South, divided into sections, crowded with parsnips, beets, onions, potatoes, raspberry thickets, and strawberry patches, in short, running over with the luxuries of the stock in trade that had furnished her market stall during the year. The season was late. The frost had been there nipping, biting and pinching up the noble growth of vegetables that was to supply Mrs. Gray's stall. Half the great white onions lay above ground, with their silvery coats exposed. The beet beds were of a deep blackish crimson; and the cucumber vines had yielded up their last delicate fruits. All her neighbors had gathered in their crops days ago, but the good lady only laughed and chuckled over the example thus offered for her imitation. The New England barn, accustomed to the sharp east winds of Maine, cared nothing for the petty frosts that only made the leaves of her beet and parsnip beds gorgeous white, while the precious bulbs lay softly bedded in the soil. No matter what others did, she never gathered her garden crop till Thanksgiving. That was her harvest time, her great yearly jubilee-the season when her accounts were reckoned up-her barns and cellars running over with the wealth of her little farm. Christmas, New Year, the Fourth of July, in short, all the holidays of the year were crowded into one with Mrs. Gray. During the whole twelve months, she commemorated Thanksgiving only. The reader must not, for a moment, suppose that the Thanksgiving Mrs. Gray loved to honor, was the miserable counterfeit of a holiday proclaimed by the governor of New York. No! Mrs. Gray scorned this poor attempt at imitation. It made her double chin quiver only to think of it. If ever a look of contempt crept into those benevolent eyes, it was when people would try to convince her down from the branches. They hung around the huge \ that any governor, out of New England, could enter

into the spirit of a regular down East Thanksgiving; or, that any woman, south of old Connecticut, could be educated into the culinary mysteries of a mince pie. Her faith was boundless, her benevolence great, but in these things Mrs. Gray could not force herself to believe.

You should have seen the old lady as Thanksgiving week/drew near-the governor's day-that solemnly proclaimed by the governor of Maine. Mrs. Gray heeded no other. That week, the woman of a neighboring stall took charge of Mrs. Gray's business. The costomers were served by a strange hand; the brightness of her comely face was confined to her own roof tree. She gave thanks to God for the bounties of the earth, heartily, earnestly, but it was her pleasure to render these thanks after the fashion of her ancestors. You should have seen her then, surrounded by raisins, black currants, pumpkin sauce, peeled apples, sugar boxes, and plates of golden butter, her plump hand pearly with flour dust, the whole kitchen redolent with ginger, allspice and cloves. You should have seen her grating orange peel and nutmegs, her snow white cap just from the laundress, and the soft grav hair underneath, tucked hurriedly back of the ear on one side, where it had threatened to be in the way.

You should have seen her in that large splint bottomed rocking-chair, with a wooden bowl in her capacious lap, and a sharp chopping knife in her right hand, with what a soft, easy motion the chopping knife fell! with what a quiet and smiling air the dear old lady would take up a quantity of the powdered beef on the flat of her knife, and observe as it showered softly down to the tray again, that "meat chopped too fine for mince pies was sure poison." Then the laugh—the quiet, mellow chuckle with which she regarded the astonished look of the Irish girl, who could not understand the mystery of this ancient saying.

Yes, you should have seen Mrs. Gray at this very time, in order to appreciate fully the perfections of an old-fashioned, New England housewife. They are departing from the land. Railroads and steamboats are sweeping them away. In a little time, providing this humble tale is not first sent to oblivion, this very description will have the dignity of an antique subject. Women who cook their own dinners and take care of the work hands, are getting to be legendery even now.

The day came at last, bland as the smile of a warm heart, a breath of summer seemed whispering with the over-ripe leaves. The sunshine was of that warm golden yellow that belongs to the autumn. A few fall flowers glowed in the front yard, richly tinted dahlias, marigolds, chrisanthums, and china asters, with the richest and most velvety amaranths, still kept their bloom, for those huge old maples sheltered them like a tent, and flowers always blossomed later in that house than elsewhere. No wonder! Inside and out, all was pleasant and genial. The fall flowers seemed to thrive upon Mrs. Gray's smiles. The rosy countenance as she overlooked them, seemed to warm up their leaves like a sunbeam. Everything grew and brightened about her. Everything combined to make this particular Thanksgiving one to be remembered.

Now, all was in fine progress, nothing had gone wrong, not even the awkward Irish girl, for she had only to see that the potatoes were in readiness, and for that department she was exquisitely qualified. Mrs. Gray had done wonders that morning. The dinner was in a most hopeful state of preparation. The grist, red cased, imperious looking turkey, that had strutted away his brief life in the barn-yard, was now snugly bestowed in the oven-Mrs. Gray had not yet degenerated down to a cooking-stove-his heavy coat of feathers scattered to the wind. His head, that arrogant, crimson head, that had so often awed the whole poultry yard, lay all unheeded in the dust, close by the horse block. There he sat, the poor denuded monarch-turned up in a dripping pan, sunning himself brown in the kitchen oven. Never, in all his pomp, had that bosom been so warmed and distended -yet the huge turkey had been the sole gormound in his time. A rich thymey odor broke through every pore of his body; streams of luscious gravy dripped down his sides, filling the oven with an unctious stream that penetrated a crevice of the door, and made the poor Irish girl cross herself devoutly; she felt her spirit so yearning after the good things of earth, and never having seen Thanksgiving set down in the calendar, was shy of surrendering her heart to a holiday that had no saint to patronize it.

No wonder, the odor that stole so insidiously to her nostrils was appetising. The turkey had plenty of companionship in the oven. A noble chicken pie flanked his dripping pan on the right; a delicate sucking pig was drawn up to the left wing; in the rear towered a mountain of roast beef, while the mouth of the oven was choked up with a generous Indian pudding. It was an ovenful worthy of New England, worthy of the day.

The hours were creeping when guests might be expected. Mrs. Gray, who had been invisible a short time after filling the oven, appeared in the little parlor perfectly redolent with good humor and a fresh toilet. A cap of the most delicate material, to which white satin ribands gave a silvery brightness, cast a transparent brightness over her bland and pleasant features. A dress of black silk, heavy and ample in the skirt, rustled around her portly figure as she walked. Folds of the finest muslin lay upon her bosom, in chaste contrast with the black dress, and just revealing a string of gold beads which had reposed for years beneath the caressing protection of her double chia.

Mrs. Gray was ready for company, and tried her best to remain with proper dignity in the great rocking chair that she had drawn to a window commanding a long stretch of the road; but every few moments she would start up, bustle across the room, and charge Kitty, the Irish girl, to be careful and watch the oven, to keep a sharp eye on the sauce-pans in the fire-place, and, above all, to have the mince pies within the range of the fire, that they might receive a gradual and gentle warmth by the time they were wanted. Then she would return to the room, arrange the branches of asparagus that hung laden with red berries over the looking glass, or dust the spotless table with her handkerchief, just to keep hereelf busy, as she said. At last she heard the distant sound of a

wagon, turning down the cross road toward the house, She knew the tramp of her own old market horse even at that distance, and seated herself by the window ready to receive the guests she expected, with becoming dignity.

The little one horse wagon came down the road with a sort of dash quite honorable to the occasion. Mrs. Gray's hired man was beginning to enter into the spirit of a holiday; and the old horse himself made everything rattle again, he was so eager to reach home, the moment it hove in sight.

The wagon drew up by the door yard gate with a flourish worthy of the third avenue. The hired man sprang out, and with some show of awkward gallantry, lifted a young girl in a pretty pink calico and a cottage bonnet, down from the front seat. Mrs. Gray could maintain her position no longer; for the young girl glanced that way with a look so eloquent, a smile so bright, that it warmed the dear old lady's heart like a flash of fire in the winter time. She started up, hastily shook loose the folds of her dress, and went out, rustling all the way like a tree in autumn.

"You are welcome, dear, welcome as green peas in June, or radishes in March," she cried, seizing the little gloved hand held toward her, and kissing the Heavenly young face.

The girl turned with a bright look the brighter beams—tears stood in her eyes, and making a graceful little wave of the hand toward an aged man who was tenderly helping a female from the wagon, seemed about to speak.

"I understand, dear, I know all about it! the good old people—grandpa and grandma, of course. How could I help knowing them?" Mrs. Gray went up to the old people as she spoke with a bland welcome in every feature of her face.

"Know them, of course I do!" she said, enfolding the old gentleman's hand with her plump fingers. "I—I—gracious goodness, now, it really does seem as if I had seen that face somewhere!" she added, hesitating, and with her eyes fixed doubtingly on the stranger, as if she were calling up some vague remembrance, "strange, now isn't it? but he looks natural as life."

The old man turned a warming glance toward his wife, and then answered, with a grave smile, "that, at any rate, Mrs. Gray could never be a stranger to them, she who had done so much——"

She interrupted him with one of her mellow laughs. Thanks for a kind act always made the good woman feel awkward, and she blushed like a girl. "No, no, but somehow I can't give it up: this isn't the first time we have seen each other!"

"I hope that it will not be the last!" said old Mrs. Warren, coming gently forward to her husband's assistance. "Julia has seen you so often, and talked of you so much—no wonder we seem like old acquaintances. I always thought Julia looked very much like her grandfather!"

"Yes, I reckon it must be that," answered Mrs. Gray, evidently but half giving up her preposession. "Her face is'nt one to leave the mind: I dreamed about it the first night after she came into the market poor thing—poor thing!"

Mrs. Gray repeated the last words with great tenderness, for Julia Warren had crept close to her, and taking one of her hands, softly lifted it to her lips.

"Come, come, let us go in," cried the good woman, gently withdrawing her hand, with which she patted Julia on the shoulder. "There, there, pick your grandmother a handful of china asters. I believe the frost left them just for you."

Julia was about to obey the welcome command, but her glance happened to fall on the face of her grandfather, and she hesitated. There was something troubled in his look, an expression of anxiety that struck her as remarkable.

"Grandpa, what is the matter? you look pale!" she said, in a low voice, for with delicate tact, she saw he wished to escape observation.

"Nothing, child, nothing," he answered hurriedly, but with kindness. "Do not mind me."

Julia cast one more anxious look into his face, and then stooped to the flowers. The old gentleman followed Mrs. Gray and his wife into the house.

"A sweet, pretty creature, isn't she?" said Mrs. Gray, watching Julia from the parlor window, after she had put aside Mrs. Warren's things, "and handsome as a picture! Just watch her now as she turns her face this way."

"Ah, you are kind to praise her," said Mrs. Warren, with a gentle smile, "you know how much it pleases us."

Mrs. Gray laughed, and shook her head. "I know how much it pleases me, and that's all I think about it," she answered, and the two warm, noble-hearted women stood together, watching Julia as she gathered and arranged her humble bouquet.

The child did indeed look very lovely in her pink dress-only a shilling calico, but fresh and beaming for all that. You never saw anything more interesting in your life, for the long ringlets of her bair swept from underneath her bonnet, with its delicate rosecolored tinge; and the ride had given her cheek a bloom fresh as an almond flower when it first opens; still she was a slender, fragile, little creature, and you saw that the rude winds of life had swept too early over her. Feeling and intellect had prematurely developed in her nature. In her face-in her smile-in her eyes, with their beautiful curling lashes, there was something painfully spiritual. Within the last few months, this expression had grown upon her wonderfully, her loveliness was of a kind to make you thoughtful, sometimes even sad. Mrs. Gray felt all this without understanding it, and her heart yearned strongly toward the child.

"It's a truth," she said, addressing the grandmother, "I feel almost as if she were my own daughter, and yet I never had a child, and didn't use to care for other people's children much. I really believe that some day I shall up and give her these. It's come into my mind more than once, I can tell you—and yet they were my mother's, and her mother's before that." Here Mrs. Gray ran her fingers along the gold beads on her neck. "It's strange, but I always want to be giving her something."

"You are always giving her something," said Mrs. Warren, gratefully.



- "No, no, nothing to speak of."
- "That pretty dress and the bonnet—are they nothing?"
- "And who told you that?—who told you they came from me?"
- "We have not so many friends that there could be much doubt," answered Mrs. Warren, with a gentle sigh. "Julia was sure of it from the first; and the other things!" continued the old lady, in a low voice, glancing at her own neat dress, "who else would have thought of them?"

All truly generous persons shrink from spoken thanks. The gratitude expressed by looks and actions may give pleasure, but there is something too material in words, they display all the refinement of a benevolent action. Good Mrs. Gray felt this the more sensitively, because her own words had seemed to challenge the thanks of her guest. The color came into her smooth cheek, and she began to arrange the folds of her dress with both hands, exhibiting a defolds of her dress with both hands, exhibiting a delighting her eyes again they fell upon a young man coming down the cross road on foot, with an eager and buoyant step.

"There he comes, I thought he would not be long on the way," she cried, while a flash of goodness radiated her face. "Its my nephew, you see him there, Mrs. Warren—no, the maple branch is in the way! Here he is again—now look! a noble fellow, ian't he?"

Mrs. Warren looked, and was indeed struck by the free air and superior appearance of the youth. He had evidently walked some distance, for a light over sacque hung across his arm, and his face was flushed with exercise. Seeing his aunt, the boy waved his hand; his lips parted in a joyous smile, and he hastened his pace almost to a run.

Mrs. Gray's little brown eyes glistened, but she could not turn them from the youth, even while addressing her guest.

"Ian't he handsome?—not like your girl, but handsome for a boy," she exclaimed, with fond enthu siasm, "and good—you have no idea, ma'am, how good he is. There, that is just like him, the wild creature!" she continued, as the youth laid one hand upon the door yard fence and vaulted over, "right into my flower-beds, trampling over the grass there—did you ever?"

"Couldn't help it, Aunt Sarah," shouted the youth, with a careless laugh, "I'm in a hurry to get home, and the gate is too far off. Three kisses for every flower I tramp down—will that do? Ha, what little lady is this?"

The last exclamation was drawn forth by Julia Warren, who had seated herself at the root of the largest maple, and with her lap full of flowers, was arranging them into bouquets. On hearing Robert's voice she looked up with a glance of pleasant surprise, and a smile broke over her lips. There was something so rosy and joyous in his face, and in the tones of his voice, that it rippled through her heart as if a bird had just broken into song overhead. The youth looked upon her for a moment with his bright, gleeful eyes, then, throwing off his hat and sweeping

back the damp chesnut curls from his forehead, he sat down by her side, and cast a glance full of laughing defiance at his relative.

"Come out here and get the kisses, Aunt Sarah, I have made up my mind to stay among the flowers!"

Mrs. Gray laughed at the young rogue's impudence, as she called it, and came out to meet him.

"Now this is too bad," exclaimed the youth, starting up; "don't box my ears, aunt, and besides paying the kisses, I will embrace you dutifully—upon my life I will—that is if my arms are long enough," and with every appearance of honest affection the youth cast one arm around the portly person of his aunt, and pressed a warm kiss on her cheek.

"You are welcome home, Robert, always welcome; and I wish you a happy Thanksgiving with my whole heart. Julia dear, this is my nephew, Mr. Robert Otis. His mother and I were sisters—only sisters; there were three of us in all, two daughters and a son. He is the only child among us, that is the reason I spoil him so."

Julia, who had just recovered from the blush that had crimsoned her cheek at his first approach, came forward and gave her hand to the youth with a timid and gentle grace, that seemed too composed for her years.

"And Miss Julia Warren, who is she, dear aunt?" questioned the youth, in a half whisper, as the girl moved toward the house, holding the loose flowers to her bosom with one hand.

"The dearest and best little girl that ever lived, Robert: that is all I know about her!" was the earnest reply.

"And enough, who wants to know more of any one," returned the youth; "and yet Mr. Leicester would say that something else is wanting before we invite strangers to eat Thanksgiving dinners with us. He would say that all this is imprudent."

"Mr. Leicester is very wise, I dare say, and I am. but a simple old woman, Robert; but somehow that which seems right for me to do always turns out for the best."

"Because what seems right to the good always is best, my darling old aunt. I only wanted to prove how prudent and wise a city life has made me."

"Prudent and wise—don't set up for the character, Bob. These things never did run in our family, and never will. Just content yourself with being good and as happy as you can!"

All at once Robert became grave. Some serious thought seemed pressing upon his mind.

"I always was happy when you were my only adviser," he said, looking in her face with a thoughtful sort of gloom.

"Now don't, Robert, don't joke with your old aunt. One would think by your looks that there was something in it. I'm sure it would break my heart to think you unhappy in earnest!"

"I know it would!" answered the affectionate youth, casting aside his momentary depression. "Just box my ears for teasing you, and let us go in—I must help the little girl tie up her flowers."

Mrs. Gray seemed about to press the conversation a little more earnestly; but that moment the Irish girl

came through the front door with an expression of solemn import in her face. She whispered in a flustered manner to her mistress, and the words "spoilt entirely," reached Robert's ear.

Away went the aunt all in a state of excitement to the kitchen. The nephew watched her depart, and then turning thoughtfully back, began to pace up and down the footpath leading from the front door to the gate. The first wild flash of spirits consequent on a return home had left him, and from that time the joyousness of his look grew dim. He was gay only by starts, and at times fell into thought that seemed unnatural to his youth, and his usual merry spirit.

Whatever mischief had happened in the kitchen, the dinner turned out magnificently. The turkey came upon the table a perfect miracle of cookery. The pig absolutely looked more beautiful than life, crouching in his bed of parsley, with his head up, and holding an apple daintly between his jaws. The chickenpie, pinched around the edge into a perfect embroidery by the two plump thumbs of Mrs. Gray, and then finished off by an elaborate border done in key work, would have charmed the most fastidious artist. You have no idea, reader mine, how beautifully colors may be blended on a dinner-table, unless you have seen just the kind of feast to which Mrs. Gray invited her guests. The rich brown of the meats; the snow white bread; the fresh, golden butter; the cranberry sauce, with its bright, ruby tinge. Plates of pies, arranged after a most tempting fashion; golden custard; the deep red tart; the brown mince, and tawny orange color of the pumpkin, filled in alternate wedges, and radiating from the centre of each plate like a star. Water sparkling from the well; the currant wine so brilliantly red-all this, with the sheeted snow of the table-cloth; the gleam of crystal; that old armed-chair at the head of the table, with its soft crimson cushions. I tell you again, reader, it was a Thanksgiving dinner worthy to be remembered. That poor family from the miserable basement in New York did remember it for many a weary day after. Mrs. Gray remembered it, for she had given delicious pleasure to those old people. She had, for that one day at least, lifted them from their toil and depression. Besides, the good woman had other cause to remember the day, and that before she closed her eyes in sleep.

Robert too. In his heart there lingered a remembrance of this dinner long after such things are usually forgotten. And Julia! she was but a child, and like a child should have enjoyed her little feast, but even with her it was an epoch, a mile-stone in the path of her life—a mile-stone wreathed with blossoms, to which in after days she loved to wander back in her imagination, as Pilgrims journey to visit a shrine.

When old Mr. Warren took the great crimson easy chair at the head of the table, and folding his hands earnestly and solemnly, asked a blessing on the food, Mrs. Gray could not forbear stealing another, and more searching glance at his face. She could not be mistaken, somewhere those features had met her eye before: it might be years ago, she could not fix the time or place, but she had seen that forehead, and heard the voice before, of that she become certain.

I will not dwell upon that dinner. The warm, almost too warm hospitality! No wine was wanted to keep up the general cheerfulness; the sparkle of champaigne; the dash of crystal; the gush of song were all unnecessary there.

Everything was fresh, earnest, and full of pure enjoyment; even old Mr. Warren smiled happily more than once; and as for Robert, he was perfectly brilliant during the whole meal, saying the drollest things to his aunt, and making Julia laugh every other minute with his sparkling nonsense.

There was one thing that, for a moment, cast a shadow upon the general hilarity. By the great, easy chair occupied by Mr. Warren, stood an empty seat, a plate, knife and glass was before it; but when Mr. Warren asked if any other guest was expected, a profound sigh rose from the recesses of Mrs. Gray's bosom, and she answered sadly that one guest was always expected on Thanksgiving day, but he never came. All the company saw that this was a painful subject, and no more questions were asked; but after dinner, when Robert and Julia were under the old maples, he told her in a low voice that this seat was always kept standing for an uncle of his-Mrs. Gray's only brother-who left home when a youth, and had been a wanderer ever since. For him this empty seat was ever kept. Mrs. Gray, with all her good common sense, had a dash of romance buried deep somewhere in her capacious bosom. It was an oldfashioned, hearty sort of romance, giving depth and vigor to her affections: people might smile at it, but what then? It beautified, and gave wholesome refinement to a character which required something of this kind to tone down its energies, and soften even its best impulses.

Thanksgiving, in New England, is a holiday of the hearthstone, a yearly Sabbath, where friends that are scattered meet with a punctuality that seems almost religious. It is a season of little, pleasant surprises, unexpected friends often drop in to partake of the festival. It was not a very singular idea considering all these things, that good Mrs. Gray should have cherished a fancy as each of these festive holidays came round, that her long absent brother might return to claim his seat at her table. They were orphans—and her home was all that he could claim in his native land. She did hope—and there was something almost of religious faith in the idea—that some day her only brother would surprise them with his presence.

And now the day was over, the landmark of another year had been planted, her guests had departed, and Mrs Gray sat down in her little parlor alone. There was something melancholy in the solitude to which she was left. Every footfall of the old market horse as he bore away those she had made so happy, seemed to trample out a sweet hope from her heart. There stood the chair—empty, empty, empty—her brother, her only brother, would he never come again? As these thoughts stole through her mind, Mrs. Gray folded her arms, and leaning back in the old armedchair that had been her father's, wept, but so gently that one sitting by her would hardly have been aware of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR FLOWER GARDEN .-- SEPTEMBER.



month, are the Rose, Sweet-Pea, Snap-Dragon, Lu- { pine, Larkspur, and Campanula, and their signification as follows:

Rose,

Thou hast stolen my affections.

SWEET-PEA, Must you go? SNAP-DRAGON, Presumption. LUPINE, Indignation. LARKSPUR, Levity, Inconstancy.

CAMPANULA, Gratitude.

In the flower-garden, the annual plants which have done flowering should be pulled up and thrown away, { little protection from wet and frost, to stand the winter as nothing can have a more wretched appearance in our borders, where its large, glossy leaves, and

THE principal flowers in our bouquet, for this ¿than long, dry, leafless stems, and the bed from which they have been removed should be raked smooth. Some of the more tender kinds of greenhouse plants should now be housed, such as geraniums, oranges and lemons, myrtles, &c. Air should be given freely to plants returned to the house, though they require much less water than for the last few months. Verbena's to be raised from cuttings should be taken from laterals not in bloom.

CALLA.-This beautiful plant, though most commonly grown in pots, is sufficiently hardy, with a noble white flower, with its golden spadix in the centre, render it very interesting. It may be propagated by taking up the roots in August or September, and separating the offsets, planting them in small pots, with a rather sandy, light soil. If the pots are taken within doors in winter, plenty of light and air must be given, but not much water, of which it cannot have too much during the heat of summer.

Honeysuckle Seed if sowed in autumn in a bed of common mould an inch deep, many of the plants will probably rise in spring; but a greater part of them are apt to remain till the second spring before they appear.

MARIGOLD SEED should be sown in this month. The soil most suited to them is one that is light, dry, and

poor. In rich ground they grow larger and more luxuriant, but lose much of their flavor and quality. The situation cannot be too open and exposed.

NARCISSUS.—The best general season for planting these bulbs is in auturan, from about the beginning or middle of September until November: they will flower considerably stronger, as well as furnish a greater increase of offsets than those planted later, or not till spring; if, however, some roots are retained out of ground until February, they will succeed those of the autumnal planting in flowering.

PETUNIA cuttings should be made in this month, and be placed in a very warm situation for three or four weeks.

M. v. s.

THE RAINBOW IN MY DREAM.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

I watch'd, I watch'd in silent sorrow, O'er my lovely infant child, With apprehension for the morrow, 'Till my heart throbb'd deep and wild.

The lamps of Heaven thrice shone and faded, Still I watch'd, with auxious eye, My life's lone star, soon to be shaded, Veil'd in splendor of the day.

Closing my weary eyes in praying
God to raise my drooping flower,
I slept, and dream'd that we were straying
Where the storm-clouds darkly lower.

Above us hoarsely peal'd the thunder, The firm rocks were rent in twain, As swift the light'ning fierce asunder Drove the clouds surcharged with rain.

Wild with alarm I nearer, nearer To my bosom drew my son; Oh, in the hour of danger, dearer Was that little helpless one. To a shelt'ring grove I hastened
'Till the tempest should pass by,
And my spirit, sorely chastened,
Yearned to see a fairer sky.

While my heart with fear was sickening
At the swift approaching ill,
And the dangers round were thickening—
A shower descended cool and still.

Above my path a lovely rainbow
Arch'd the Heaven once gloomy, wild—
My precious babe wore a new life-glow;
Glancing up he faintly smiled.

Ah, then, methought, it is a blessing,
Th' evil I had so much fear'd;
And joyfully my child caressing,
My sad heart was sweetly cheer'd.

A soft "mama" disturbed my dreaming— Loving eyes look'd into mine— Oh, God, I thank thee—'t is not seeming, This new life's thy gift divine.

MY OLD HOME.

My old home! my dear old home!
With the sunshine gleaming around it,
With its waving trees, and whispering breeze,
All gay as the day I found it:
How my gladsome heart doth thrill again
When ought of it is spoken:
'Tis a charmed spot, and its rosy dreams
On earth shall ne'er be broken.

My old home! my dear old home!

How the memories round it thicken;
How its joys upstart, round my swelling heart,
And bid its pulses quicken,
As we hie away to the pleasant time,
When naught of sorrow found us,
When love's joyous song swell'd high each heart,
Ás in its rosy paths they found us.

My old home! my dear old home!
A shadow now is o'er it;
A darker ray, rests there to-day,
Than ever before hung o'er it;
A father's voice, and a mother's smile
No longer charm or cheer us,
They have pass'd from our dear old home—
Yet their image lives still near us.

My old home! my dear old home! Tho' many a year has spoken Of change and death—Time's mouldering breath— Yet my love is still unbroken.

As warm as aye it barns to-day, As burn it shall forever:

And naught but death, and the tombs chill breath

My heart from "old home" shall sever. P. A. J.

THE MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. ANN ELIZA BURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

In the autumn of 18—, a large congregation was assembled at a celebrated camp-ground in the southern part of Mississippi. It was the morning of the Sabbath, and fair Italy herself never saw a lovelier day than that which dawned on this beautiful southern clime.

Nature just gave indication of a design to doff her rich green attire, and array herself in the more gorgeous robes of an American autumn. But she still hesitated, as if half reluctant to change the mantle which had hung around her in such graceful folds through the sultry summer. The camp-ground itself presented a highly interesting scene. It was a square, enclosed on three sides with large and commodious tents, shaded by the smaller growth of forest trees which had been left for that purpose. On the remaining side was a neat railing, with gates for the admission of the throng which was now pouring in from all quarters of the country. As the morning services were just closing, the greater number repaired to the various tents around, to while way an hour in chatting with their friends; while the more devout seated themselves under the arbor.

Among this number were Mrs. Lewis and her daughter. Mrs. Lewis' excellent and esteemed husband had fallen a victim to bilious fever the preceding summer, and the charge of a numerous family, of which Helen was the eldest, had devolved on her. Although she possessed a fortune amply sufficient to secure to her the comforts and luxuries of life, to which she had been accustomed; and a large circle of friends to whom she was warmly attached; she felt that in losing the companionship of her husband, she had lost her highest happiness; and in her deep affliction, her heart involuntarily turned to Him who had promised to be the friend and solace of the widow; and the protector of the fatherless children. She and Helen had attached themselves to the church, and both exhibited much of the zeal, humility and charity which characterized their Master while he sojourned in this "vale of tears."

After the customary intermission the trumpet called the congregation to their seats; the elder taking their way silently and reverently to the benches around the altar; while the younger and more fashionable part of the audience chose positions more remote from the sacred desk. When all was still, their well-beloved pastor arose and fervently prayed not only for himself and his congregation; but for the young missionary who had consecrated himself and his all to the laborious but holy work, which is now calling so many zealous and benevolent Christians to foreign and benighted lands. He retired, and the missionary, Charles

Vol. XVI.-9

Ashton, stood before them. He was tall, perfectly proportioned, and exceedingly graceful. His broad, high brow and thoughtful but penetrating eye bespoke intellect of the highest order. In strong, impassioned language he preached the "unsearchable riches of Christ, and himself the servant of all men for Christ's sake," and thrillingly portrayed the miseries, degradation, and spiritual destitution of the benighted, but interesting people of India, with whom he had resolved to live and die; esteeming himself happy if he should be permitted to point them to the light that had arisen to dispel the moral darkness of the world.

His eloquence stirred the hearts of that vast assembly to their very depths; and when he appealed to their Christian love and benevolence in behalf of the perishing heathen, they came forward as one man, and hundreds of dollars were contributed to the philanthropic enterprise. He continued with them till the close of their meeting, winning by his appearance of fervent zeal and disinterested affection, the esteem and love of all with whom he associated. When they were about to retire to their respective homes, Mrs. Lewis warmly solicited Mr. Ashton to accompany her, and spend a few days in recruiting his exhausted strength after the labors of the week.

Without hesitation he accepted her invitation, and found himself that evening pleasantly situated in Mrs. Lewis' hospitable mansion, surrounded by her interesting young family. Swiftly flew by the "winged Days, and even weeks rolled away; and still Charles Ashton lingered. Could it be that Helen was the magnet that thus attracted him from his important duties, and delayed the execution of the holy work to which he had devoted himself? Well worthy was Helen Lewis of the highest, holiest love that the most gifted could bestow. She possessed numerous personal attractions; a mind highly cultivated; and the graceful, winning manner that indicated the true politeness that dwells in a pure and benevolent heart. But still he lingered: and at length he spoke of love. Nor did his wonted eloquence fail him on this theme, unaccustomed to it as he was. But ah! he had a strong advocate in Helen's own breast; nor did he leave her till he had won her confession, that to be the partner of his toils and wanderings in a heathen land would afford her far more happiness than home, and the society of the beloved home-circle.

Mrs. Lewis was perfectly aghast when informed of this arrangement; such a consummation had not been foreseen by her; and long and bitterly did she oppose it. But when she saw her opposition would be unavailing, she sorrowfully assented to her daughter's union with a stranger, of whom she knew nothing, except what he said of himself. True, he bore with him letters of introduction and commendation from

Digitized by Google

persons of high standing in society: but she did not a

Not so, however, with Helen. The strong confidence she had in Mr. Ashton could not be shaken for a moment by her mother's fears or suspicions. She loved him with a devotion bordering on idolatry. Ay! she idolized him as woman may not idolize any save her God, without sooner or later meeting with a fearful retribution. They were married: and Helen, with many painful emotions, bade adieu to the home and friends of her youth, with scarcely a hope of meeting with them again this side of eternity. Mr. Ashton, accompanied by Helen, pursued his journey toward New Orleans: frequently staying a few days with the most eminent churches; pleading boldly and successfully in behalf of the cause in which he had engaged; and receiving thankfully the poor widow's mite, as well as the rich man's donation.

He sojourned several weeks in New Orleans to solicit the aid of the benevolent there; and then proceeded by sea to Charleston; from thence he was to sail for the scene of his labors in the East. Five months had now elapsed since Helen had joined her fate with Charles Ashton's; and as pleasantly as a "mid-summer's dream" had the hours sped away. No thought of regret for the step she had taken had entered her mind. Her husband was all the world to her. And in the enjoyment of his society she seemed to have forgotten that in the world she left behind her, her mother's heart was bleeding with anguish at the loss of a daughter, in whom were centered her fondest earthly hopes. Mrs. Lewis, in her frequent letters to Helen, never adverted to her desolate situation, choosing rather to bear her grief and disappointment in silence, than to mar her daughter's happiness by intimating the cause.

Mr. Ashton and Helen, on their arrival in Charleston, repaired to one of the most fashionable hotels in the city, where he proposed remaining for several days, to make some necessary arrangements previous to his final departure from the United States. The morning after their arrival Helen arose pale, sad and dispirited. She had spent a wretched night in that transition state between sleeping and waking, which left her scarcely able to tell whether her visions were real or imaginary. She thought she was in the dear home of her infancy, prattling in childish innocence and glee to that beloved mother, when suddenly a stranger of angelic presence bade her follow him to the eminence before them and look into the future. She obeyed. Her pointed her to her path through life. She was enraptured with the prospect; all was as bright and beautiful as fairy land. Peace, hope, happiness smiled on her, and bade her pursue the way before her. Suddenly she was alone; a wretched outcast; unsheltered, unprotected, and without a ray of light to illumine the midnight darkness of the future. Trembling and affrighted, she stretched out her hands for aid; and became conscious of her situation; and endeavored to compose herself, and seek again that rest in sleep, which had hitherto been denied her. Anon, she was in a strange land preparing for her nuptials. Strangers stood around her; and as they essayed to congratulate her, words of condolence unwittingly

fell from their lips: and as she turned to accompany her beloved Charles to the altar, he fell into her arms a blood-stained corpse. Has the spirit the power of liberating itself from the body when all its organs are locked in sleep, and wandering into the future as well as the past? Does it bring us distorted visions of coming events as warnings? Or, does it only threaten and alarm, to avenge its confinement by reason during waking hours? Mr. Ashton sought by every means in his power to soothe Helen's agitation; representing to her the groundlessness of her fears.

"Have I ever given you cause, dear Helen, to doubt my affections?" said he.

"Nay, Charles, that indeed would be a trial which would banish my imaginary trouble at once," replied Helen.

"Perhaps then," returned he, playfully, "I would be doing you a favor by withdrawing my heart from you, and giving you a real cause of distress—inasmuch as trial in part are more easily borne than those of fancy?"

"Rather more easily said than done, I flatter myself, Charley dear," rejoined Helen, with her wonted viva-

"Well, be that as it may, I am happy to see you smile once more," returned he. "Be yourself, dear wife, and give your sad fancies to the wind. I must now leave you for a few hours to attend to necessary business. You must amuse yourself as best you can in my absence, and when I return let me find you in your usual cheerful mood." He then remarked to Helen that it was necessary for him to give to Mr. Wilson (the agent of the Mississippi Board, under whose auspices he was acting) an account of his receipts and disbursements; and receiving his final order from the board through him. Secreting the funds in his possession about his person, and bidding Helen a "good-bye dearest," he left the house.

Helen was occupied all the morning in preparing for their embarkation; but despite her efforts to regain her accustomed serenity, she was gloomy and oppressed.

At length the dinner hour arrived; but Mr. Ashton came not with it. The afternoon hours sluggishly passed away; and still he came not. Helen sat up late, listening anxiously to every footfall in the long passage; but no one entered her apartment. She retired-but not to sleep. When morning dawned, she sought her host and made known to him her uneasiness. He immediately despatched a note to Mr. Wilson, inquiring if Mr. Ashton was there. That gentleman replied, "that he had not seen Mr. Ashton, and was not aware of his being in the city," and when visited by Helen and her host, (who had a kindly heart, and did everything in his power to alleviate her distress) he stated, "that he had received some communication from the Missionary Board respecting Mr. Ashton, and had expected him; but that no such person had visited him." Helen was now fearfully agitated. Her husband's pale and bleeding corpse as she beheld it in her dream, was constantly before her; and she expressed a conviction that he had been secretly murdered. Every scheme that love could devise to discover the lost one was put into operation, but without success. No tidings of him ever reached, never again behold her beloved home, the scene of the heart-broken wife. The strong sympathies, proffered aid, and kind attentions of the warm-hearted Southern strangers by whom she was surrounded, brought no relief.

Her sorrows were beyond the reach of consolation. She felt as though she had been standing on the very pinnacle of happiness, and had been suddenly cast forth into a sea of trouble; the petty obstacles thrown against her by the wave of affliction were unfelt, unheeded. She was struggling for existence. Mrs. Lewis had been immediately informed of Mr. Ashton's mysterious disappearance; and without a moment's delay she and her eldest son Edward hastened to Charleston. She found her daughter in a very alarming situation; and many weeks elapsed ere it was decided whether she would arise to a life of suffering, or descend to the tomb of the "blest early dead." The former was her lot, and so soon as she became convalescent they bade adieu to the hospitable citizens of Charleston, and returned to their home in Mississippi. Helen's health slowly improved during the journey; but when she reached home, the scene of her former happiness—the happiness that had passed away never to return, she sunk into a state of listless apathy, from which the voice of duty and affection strove in vain to arouse her. Shortly after their return Mrs. Lewis received a letter from Mr. Wilson, conveying the information that a body had been found in the river, a few miles below the city, bearing on it the marks of violence; and as far as they could determine it answered the description given of Mr. Ashton; that the remains had been interred, and that it was the general impression that it was the person of Mr. Ashton, who had been robbed and murdered. Helen's former suspicions were now confirmed, and her lacerated heart bled afresh at the dark and terrible fate of her idolized husband. She now seemed to live in the world as though she were not of it, looking forward with ardent desire to the hour when death, the friend of the distressed, should give freedom to the spirit to rejoin its companion in that bright land where no shadow falls on the heart; where no painful parting destroy the light of life. Mr. Wilson again wrote to Mrs. Lewis, communicating the startling intelligence that Mr. Ashton, the "Missionary," had arrived in Charleston; that he bore with him indisputable proofs of his commission; that he had been travelling by order of the society of which he was a member through the South, collecting funds for the mission; and that his person in no particular resembled that of her son-in-law. This information Mrs. Lewis chose to conceal from Helen, well knowing that the spirit already crushed to the earth by a weight of sorrow, could not survive the horrible truth. Through the succeeding winter Helen's health failed gradually but surely; and when the flowers sprang up in the footsteps of spring, the invalid was scarcely able to go forth to enjoy the genial influences of that sweetest season of the year. With a view of diverting Helen's mind from its sorrows, Mrs. Lewis projected a visit to a distant relative, who resided in the western part of Louisiana.

Helen, with a mournful presentiment that she should?

her infantile joys and youthful trials, reluctantly departed on her journey, accompanied by her mother and Edward.

CHAPTER II.

On a bright, beautiful day in October, a party met at the St. Charles, in New Orleans. Each heart beat with rapture, each countenance was radiant with happiness as the hand of friendship was extended, as the kiss of affection was given and returned. It was the re-union of a happy family after a long separation. Oh! who has not felt that there are moments of rapturous delight, that more than repay the heart for the anxious solicitude experienced during the long and weary absence of loved and valued friends? Such are the moments when the eye first falls on the familiar form; when the lip and the heart first give the warm greeting. Such moments seldom come. Perhaps it is well. Else the already earth-bound soul would forget to seek its happiness, where alone it is lasting. Such moments Mr. St. Leger's family now enjoyed; without a regret for the past; without a care for the future. Mr. St. Leger was a French gentleman, who at an early age became an orphan, with but the wreck of a princely fortune which had been dissipated by his father's extravagance. Without a profession, and without the means of living in the style to which he had been accustomed, he found himself in no very enviable situation.

Choosing rather to renounce his beloved France and become independent, than to lead a life of idleness and half dependance on his wealthier relatives, he collected the remnants of his father's estate, and emigrated to America, the home of the stranger, and the asylum of the oppressed. He settled in Louisiana, and purchasing a plantation, he commenced business for himself, and soon had the gratification of finding his affairs in a very prosperous condition. He shortly after married an American lady of wealth and respectability; and having conformed as much as possible to the manners and custom of the people with whom he lived, he soon become a man of considerable influence in his neighborhood-beloved and respected by all who knew him. He had but one child, the little Julia, who was the plaything and idol of the household. But his eldest brother dying in France, left to him the guardianship of his only son, a child of six years old, which was joyfully received into his family. And Mrs. St. Leger as well as himself in a very short time seemed to have forgotten that the little Henri was not their own. The children were brought up together; and were educated at home by a master every way competent to the task. They associated together as brother and sister; though aware of the relationship that existed between them, Julia was well satisfied to be considered a sister; but Henri was unwilling to accord her that title, why he scarcely knew himself; but as the youth verged toward manhood, he became conscious that his affection for his cousin was not of a paternal cast; and was compelled to acknowledge to himself, that he would vastly prefer standing in a dearer relation to her than that of brother.

597626

When Henri attained his majority, important business called his uncle to France. He determined to take Julia with him, that she might see something of the world, and acquire that polish which he thought could he acquired nowhere outside Paris. Henri was exceedingly anxious to accompany them; but Mr. St. Leger delegated to him the care of his business and family during his absence, and he remained at home. But the longest period of time will at length glide away; and so did that of Mr. St. Leger's sojourn in a foreign land. Mrs. St. Leger and her nephew repaired to New Orleans to meet them; they were not disappointed. Mr. St. Leger and Julia arrived the succeeding day. Happy which was the meeting between the members of this long sundered family. Many were the questions asked and answered; and many incidents were related by the travellers, which they had considered too trivial to write, but which now formed interesting themes of conversation. Henri had considered his cousin perfect when she left him, a beautiful, sprightly girl of seventeen. But he perceived at once the pleasing change wrought by a year's residence in the gayest capital of Europe. The laughing, blushing girl was transformed into the easy, affable and self-possessed woman, equal to every occasion which might present itself. Her exquisite figure was tastefully adorned in the most fashionable costume of the day; and with her dark glossy hair flowing in natural ringlets around that sweet face; her large, expressive eyes shaded by long, silken fringe; and her pearly teeth that would show themselves in spite of the rosy lips, completed a picture which Henri thought far surpassed the most beautiful creations of the painter's fancy.

"But, Henri," exclaimed Julia, "you do not say anything about your paragon, Dr. Percy; has he lest Bellevue?"

"Oh! no. He is our nearest neighbor, and a fre-

quent visitor." "Indeed! I shall have the pleasure of seeing him

then, I suppose?" asked she. "Of course," replied Henri. "But how does it happen that you are so interested about my 'paragon,' as you call him?"

"Dr. Percy is indebted to my Cousin Henri for the curiosity I feel about him. I do not confess the interest?" replied Julia, laughing. "I scarcely received a letter from you, when I was in Paris, that did not set forth Dr. Percy's matchless perfections."

"Why, really, Julia!" exclaimed Henri, "I do not recollect that I eulogized my friend so highly and so often; but I do admire him, and esteem him very highly, for I think he possesses many of the qualities that adorn humanity."

"But," inquired Julia, "how does it come to pass that one so highly gifted, so richly endowed, secludes himself in the obscure village of Bellevue? One would think he would seek the highways of the world as his stage of action."

"He seems to have played his part on the highways of the world, and now seeks for rest in its by-ways, replied Henri. "Although not quite thirty, he has amassed a considerable fortune by the practice of his

seeks the rest and retirement of a country life in the vicinity of our obscure village, as you are pleased to term it."

"Don't be offended, cousin, it is obscure; but I do not mean to disparage the place of my nativity by saying so; and I am sure I am quite obliged to your inimitable friend for honoring it with his presence, as he will be quite an addition to our little social circle," replied Julia.

Henri did not feel altogether so easy after this calloquy. He at once saw the probability of his "inimitable friend" becoming a rival. But he silenced his fears by the reflection that he had a long and intimate acquaintance with his cousin, as well as the influence of her parents in his favor.

On the ensuing morning our little party set out for Bellevue, which they reached in due time; and were welcomed to their stately mansion by the numerous slaves, with warm expressions of thankfulness and joy. Every heart was brimful of happiness as they met around the well-filled board that evening; and the pleasures of home received their just meed of praise from each member of the circle.

Through the ensuing week Julia's whole time was occupied in receiving and entertaining her old acquaintances, who called to express their gratification at her return. Dr. Percy also paid his devoirs to the Julia was in one of her gayest admired heiress. moods, and found the intelligent, refined and lively doctor a congenial spirit; conversation flowed in the most agreeable channel, without an effort on the part of either.

Dr. Percy, in addition to a very handsome person, and bland and courtly manners, possessed a thorough knowledge of human nature, with a happy adaptation of himself to all its changes. He entered into Julia's arrangements for the amusements of the coming winter with a zest that evinced his devotion to pleasure, as well as to herself. And whether the diversion was riding, dancing, music, or conversation, he was the life of the party in general, and the partner of Julia in particular. He very soon became a constant visitor at Mr. St. Leger's; and to all but Henri his presence was ever welcome. Mr. St. Leger was highly pleased with his frank, gentlemanly bearing, and surprised that one so young as Dr. Percy appeared to be, had acquired such proficiency in science and literature. He was one of those rare geniuses who seem to have an immediate perception of every subject brought before them, and who only touch it to have it more lurid than it was before. To Mrs. St. Leger he was a most agreeable companion, and a ready co-adjutor in all her plans for the improvement of her grounds and garden; and imparted to her more information concerning her flowers and shrubbery than Linnacus himself could have done. Although no one seemed to enjoy Dr. Percy's society more than Julia, she was never heard to express her opinion about him; she never mentioned his name unless obliged to do so; but yet a close observer would have guessed her sentiments by her very slightly heightened color and downcast glance as his name was announced; by the pleased attention she gave to the low, sweet tones o profession in some of our Western cities; and now his voice as he made his graceful salutation.

Notwithstanding Henri had been so completely won by Dr. Percy's pleasing address, and his qualities that "adorned humanity" on his first acquaintance with him; his esteem for him had considerably abated on a closer intimacy. He had known for some time that the doctor was a favored rival; and had watched his conduct, and scanned his motives with a scrutinizing eye that had detected many flaws in his character, which would have been unnoticed by a less interested observer.

Although Henri had made known to Julia his long cherished hopes with regard to herself; and had been deliberately rejected, he was unwilling to see her trust her happiness to the keeping of one, who, he believed, loved self too supremely to make the slightest sacrifice for her sake. He resolved to make an effort to prevent it, and accordingly sought his cousin, and made known to her his fears respecting Dr. Percy.

"What reason have you, Cousin Henri, for believing Dr. Percy selfish?" inquired Julia.

"My reason is, Julia," replied Henri, "that he lives for himself, and for his own enjoyment. He has wealth, talents, influence. Does he dispense any portion of his wealth for the benefit of the poor or afflicted? Does he employ his talents for any useful purpose? Is the weight of his influence thrown into the scale of virtue and religion?"

"Why, certainly," rejoined she, with considerable animation, "it is not thrown into the scale of vice. Dr. Percy is a moral man. Can you convict him of vicious practices?"

"I cannot," said he, "but you well know, Julia, that you have heard him covertly assail the doctrines of Christianity; and I have heard him openly ridicule its most solemn ordinances. I believe he is at heart an infidel; and if his morality has no stronger basis than his own interest, or the approbation of the world, it will not withstand temptation, nor bear the weight of affliction, It will fall, and my dear cousin's happiness will be buried in its ruins."

"Why, upon my word, coz, you talk like a parson; when do you expect to go into orders?" replied Julia, a little sarcastically.

"But seriously," pursued she, "I think you look altogether on the dark side of the picture. I fear no such terrible wreck of my happiness as you portray." And with an intimation that she did not wish to hear anything more on that subject, she left Henri, saying, "that it was time to dress for the party," which she was to attend that evening.

She went: and was the gayest of the gay. And in the enjoyment of the pleasant society; the dance she loved so well; and the exhilirating music, every trace of Henri's warning was obliterated from her mind. Again the early foliage was thrown out to the balmy breeze; again the earth was carpeted with her rich green verdure, besprinkled with the fragrant young flowers, those delicate tokens of our Creator's benevolence. Henri, always an admirer of nature, more than ever enjoyed these beauties as he wandered through his uncle's domain, perhaps for the last time. He had resolved to absent himself, at least until his feelings should in some degree recover from the wounds inflicted on them. Mr. St. Leger, not aware

of Henri's severe disappointment, insisted on his being present at Julia's approaching nuptials; but he could not be persuaded to remain; and bidding them an affectionate farewell, he sought the busy haunts of men for the purpose of engaging in some useful pursuit. He firmly believed that a reckoning would eventually come, in which he must account for the stewardship entrusted to him; and that his trials and disappointments, be they what they might, would not be received as an excuse for the non-performance of the duties assigned him.

On the last day of May, Bellevue was all commotion. Active preparations seemed to be making in every quarter for some important event. That event was the marriage of Dr. Percy and Julia St. Leger. Everybody, that was anybody at all, had received an invitation to the wedding; and everybody that was invited was preparing to attend. The oldest inhabitant was unable to recollect any similar event that had interested every one so greatly; and so extensive and magnificent were the preparations for this affair, that it promised to mark an era in the chronicles of Bellevue. Dr. Percy on this auspicious day was more bland, more urbane, if possible, than ever. He was highly elated with his success, and considered himself fortune's first favorite. At Mr. St. Leger's mansion all was bustle, all excitement until the arrangements were completed-when Mrs. St. Leger repaired to her splendidly furnished rooms to receive her expected guests. Carriage after carriage rolled up the spacious avenue, deposited its happy occupants, and retired to make room for a fresh arrival.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Lewis travelled but slowly for a few days in consequence of Helen's ill health. But as they journeyed on, there was a visible improvement in both body and mind. She gradually evinced more interest in the country through which she passed; was more easily drawn into conversation with the various persons she encountered in her route; and recovered a portion of her long-lost relish for the beauties of nature. Mr. Ashton's name had not been mentioned since their departure from home; and as if by common consent, no allusion was made to any circumstance that would remind Helen of her unfortunate situation.

By the last day of May they had made considerable progress in their journey; and Mrs. Lewis remarked, "that if Helen thought she could bear it, they would henceforth proceed more rapidly than they had done." She looked at Helen, expecting a reply, and found her weeping bitterly; but apparently struggling to suppress her emotion.

"What is the matter, my dear child, are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Lewis, with all the mother's anxious concern in her voice and countenance.

"Oh! mother," said she, "do you not recollect that this is the last day of May? This day, one year ago, Mr. Ashton left me in Charleston. Dear mother, you never can know what I suffer from this terrible suspense. Could I know certainly what his fate was I could be more resigned, but this incertitude is harder to bear than the darkest reality." Mrs. Lewis though:

She administered all the consolation in her power to her distressed daughter, and strove to divert her thoughts from the channel into which they were flowing; she partially succeeded, and by the afternoon had the satisfaction of seeing her agitation comparatively calmed. As the shadows of evening were deepening around them, the driver stopped his horses and said he thought he had taken the wrong road, as he was going too much to the North for their route. Mrs. Lewis directed him to proceed, as it was then too late to turn back, and ordered him to call at the next house, for she perceived Helen was too much fatigued to go any further that night. He presently turned into the avenue leading to Mr. St. Leger's. Mrs. Lewis surmised from the appearances around her, that a large company was assembling, and hesitated about remaining, knowing that the mirth and gaiety of a large party would be distasteful to Helen, who declared she should prefer travelling five miles further, to spending the night amid so much confusion. Mr. St. Leger had noticed from a window near which he was sitting in conversation with some of his friends, the arrival of a travelling carriage, and immediately went out. Edward briefly related to him their situation, and inquired the distance to the first house. But the hospitable old gentleman would have no excuse, would take no denial; pleasantly saying, "that he permitted no one to leave his house after sundown at any time; and on this occasion especially he could not think of such a thing, for," continued he, "my only daughter is to be married this evening, and I wish your young companions to rejoice with usthough we are strangers at present, we must not continue so." Mrs Lewis replied, "that her daughter was too much fatigued and indisposed to enjoy any thing but repose." Mr. St. Leger readily promised to have a room prepared for her remote from the noise, as soon as she had supped with the bridal party. For like a true Southerner he conceived that he had but half discharged the duties of hospitality if his guests had not partaken of the bounties of his table.

The travellers alighted, and were received by Mrs. St. Leger with as hearty a welcome as if they had been friends of many years standing. After having attired themselves suitably for the occasion, they were ushered by their attentive hostess into a splendid saloon now rapidly filling with guests. As Helen made her way to a seat she was an object of general ? attention. Her dignified but graceful carriage, her { face so sweetly sad, and the melancholy, but gentle

differently, but she expressed no opinion on the sub-, interest in the heart of all who beheld her. Ere long the venerable minister took his stand in the centre of the room, and the crowd receded and left a space for the nuptial party. As they entered the apartment and placed themselves before the man of God; Helen, with unwonted energy rose from her seat, and forced her way through the throng till she came just before them; and with a heart-piercing shriek sunk to the floor pale and lifeless. Dr. Percy uttered a horrid imprecation; staggered forward; reeled, and fell with a torrent of blood gushing from his lips.

The confusion and astonishment that prevailed, as Mrs. Lewis simply stated her daughter's connection with Dr. Percy as Charles Ashton, the Missionary, defies description. Dr. Percy or Charles Ashton (for none ever knew his true name) was borne to a chamber, where everything was done for his relief that medical skill could devise; but his malady was beyond the reach of medicine. The cup of his iniquities was full: and that holy God, whose name he had so often hypocritically proclaimed, had summoned him to his bar to receive a just retribution. He spoke no word; he revealed not his motives of action; he expressed no regret, no fear, no hope; and ere the morning dawned he was numbered with the dead. The means resorted to for Helen's resuscitation were successful, but life was slowly ebbing away. She lingered on the confines of time, as if to prove to those around her that the trials of life could only destroy the mortality. The immortal spirit exulted at the prospect of its speedy liberation, and gazed with ecstatic delight at the unfading crown held forth by Him, who perfects the soul through suffering. Though still imprisoned by its house of clay, it seemed to hold converse with ministering angels, and receive a portion of their angelic sweetness by the communion. At length the welcome release came. She died as only the Christian can die-triumphing in the faith that lays hold of the promise, He that believeth on me, though he were dead; yet shall he live. The lessons the stricken Julia had learned in Helen's chamber had a most salutary influence on her heart and life. "Earthly toys" could not satisfy the cravings of her wounded spirit. She sought and obtained the "pearl of great price;" and was henceforth a minister to the poor, the afflicted, the distressed wherever she found them. No sacrifice was too great for the happiness of others. No labor of love was too difficult. Her patience was unwearied in instructing the ignorant and erring, and in pointing them to "wisdom's paths," to the pleasantness of which she could abundantly testify; for in them she expression of her large, dark eye, created for her an had found a peace which was not of the world.

LINES.

THOUGHTS gather round us like the hyacinth bells, That ring soft chimes along the moonlit hall, When names that bear the poet's witching spells Low on the night winds fall.

Thoughts that like wild birds spring, That bear our spirits to far realms away, To see the gold harps and the folded wings Where our own angels play;

For we all have our angels. I have heard A Pilgrim bending under many years Aver his guardian was a bright-haired child, Who dried his boyhood's tears.

E. 11.

SHADOWED PICTURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Telford, in a fretful voice, speaking to a boy about having done his ringing work so gently, in the voice ten years old, who had balanced a chair on one of of his wife, and he felt it. But he said nothing. His its legs, and was twirling it around to the imminent | feelings were chafed, but he kept silence, for he feared danger of the baby, who was sitting on the floor. "Here?" and she caught hold of him with no light grip-"just march out of the room-and try and amuse yourself somewhere else!" Suiting the action to the word, she thrust him out of the door in no very gentle manner.

A storm, even if it comes up suddenly, does not subside instantly into silence and bright sunshine. It mutters, and sobs, and sighs itself away. So it was with Mrs. Telford.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, as she went back to the seat she had left-" was there ever such a boy? I am worried out of all patience with him."

Mr. Telford sat reading in the room. He did not lift his eyes from the book that was in his hand; nor appear to heed what was passing. But every word his wife had uttered was not only heard but felt.

"I wish you would do something with that boy!" said Mrs. Telford, provoked at her husband's apparent indifference. "There is no living in the house with him."

Mr. Telford did not look up nor reply, and his wife was about proceeding, when over tumbled the baby, and bump went its tender head upon the hard floor.

"Mercy!" uttered the mother, catching up the child that screamed lustily.

Mr. Telford shut his book, and, tossing it upon the shelf, came and stood by the side of his wife, and examined the baby's head to see the extent of damage. It was of no great account. Being satisfied of this, he resumed his book, without having given utterance to a single word. This silence was perceived by Mrs. Telfordas a kind of rebuke, and it tended to fret rather than calm her feelings. As the baby ceased crying, she began murmuring-

"Why don't that girl come up and get the baby? I'm sure she's been long enough gone to eat three dinners. But, that's just the way with them! They get together down there in the dining-room, and gossip away an hour at each meal time. I wish you'd ring that bell, Mr. Telford."

In giving the last sentence, there was no improvement in the amiability of the lady's tone of voice.

The husband, slowly, and with a certain dignity of manner, went to the bell-rope and gave it a light pull. A few minutes passed, but the summons was not an-

"I'll make her hear!" said Mrs. Telford, impatiently, rising hurriedly, and giving the rope two or \ three heavy jerks that caused the ringing of the bell to be distinctly heard even in the chamber where ! feel particularly anxious to hear.

to disturb his wife's temper beyond its present excited state.

The emphatic ring of the lady brought Polly, the nurse, from the dining-room in a hurry.

"It takes you a long time to get through your meals," said Mrs. Telford, as Polly came into the room. "Here; take the baby."

Mr. Telford moved restlessly in his chair. For about a minute a hammering sound had been heard over head. This the lady now perceived.

"That Tom's at some mischief! I know it just as well as that I'm alive! Go up stairs, Polly, and see what he is doing."

Not very amiably soid.

Polly went off slowly, her manner showing that she did not relish being hectored for no other purpose than to gratify the lady's ill-humor. The hammering soon after ceased, but neither Tom nor Polly made their appearance.

"I'd just like to know what that boy's been doing!" said Mrs. Telford, who was nursing her unhappy state of mind. "I sent Polly to learn what he was about, but, of course, I shall see no more of her. I never saw such creatures!"

Still the husband maintained a rigid silence.

"Polly!" cried Mrs. Telford, going to the door a little while afterward. "Polly!"

The girl answered from above.

"What did I send you up stairs for?"

"To see what Tom was doing," replied Polly, appearing on the landing just above her incensed mistress.

"Then why didn't you come down and let me know?"

"He stopped when I went up."

"Stopped what?"

"Hammering."

"What was he hammering?"

"He was beating on the floor, ma'am."

"I know he was, but what with?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and then replied-

"With the towel stand."

"Is it possible! That delicate little mahogany towel stand! And its broken all to pieces, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am. It isn't hurt a great deal."

"How much is it hurt?"

"Its only bruised a little, and one foot knocked off."

"Goodness alive! Now isn't that too much? You Tom!"

Tom, though he heard distinctly enough, did not

Digitized by Google

- "You Tom! I say!" screamed the angry mother. Tom!"
 - "Ma'am," came a feeble voice from above.
 - "Come along down here!"

Tom obeyed the summons, but with no great alacrity.

"Didn't you know better than to break up that towel stand, you little villain?" said Mrs. Telford, seizing hold of Tom with a grip that made him cringe.

"I didn't break it up, mother," replied the boy.

"Polly, here, says you did."

"I only said he broke off one of the feet," answered Polly, to this.

"Its just the same. What good is it after the feet are broken off, I would like to know?"

A box along side of Tom's ear closed all controversy on the subject, and sent him bawling away to the garret, where he was told to go, and not show himself again till dark.

Without speaking a word, Mr. Telford got up, and putting on his hat left the house. It was an idle afternoon with him, and he had intended staying home to enjoy the society of his wife. But her fretfulness and want of self-control drove him out. He did not go to a tavern, for he had no fondness for the society of persons who usually congregate in such places; but he walked about until he was tired, and then stepped into a public library, where he sat and read until sun down

He did not find his wife in any better spirits when he returned home. Her brows were knit and her lips closely compressed. One glance sufficed for Mr. Telford. He suppressed a sigh as he took a chair and lifted one of his children upon his knee. The little thing was fretting when he came in; but a light came into her sweet face as she saw her father, and she nestled her head down upon his bosom with undisguised satisfaction. There had been no sunshine around her for hours, and her young heart had become disturbed amid the clouds and storms. partake to a certain extent of the spirit of those with whom we associate. So it was with little Helen. Her mother's fretful temper had effected her. too became peevish, restless and dissatisfied. quarrelled with her brother, rummaged her mother's work-table drawers, and did sundry other things, the consequences of which were visited upon her in more than one case, during the afternoon, in punishment. At the time her father appeared, she was exhausted by the conflicts she had endured, both within and without, and sprang to him with a feeling of relief and a sense of safety. All this was a sad experience for a child, and one, the memory of which could never be wholly effaced; for the mind, more easily affected by injuries than the body, retains impressions far longer. This fact few understand or think about.

"Where's Tom?" asked Mr. Telford, addressing Helen, but, before she had time to reply, his wife said—

"I've sent him off to bed. The child has seemed possessed all day, and has almost worried the life out of me."

Mr. Telford did not inquire as to the particular to what you are doing."

crime of which Tom had been guilty, for that would only lead his wife to say a good deal on the subject of the child's faults, and his ears were eager for more pleasant sounds. So he kept silence.

When supper was announced, all but unlucky Tom repaired to the dining-room. Somehow or other, a scolding, fretful mistress, usually has careless and neglectful servants. Whether this peculiar temper makes them so, or whether they are sent as a judgment, we will not take it upon ourselves to say. We simply make the observation. With such domestics Mrs. Telford was blessed. The family drew around the table, and Mr. Telford was in the act of helping one of the children, when his wife exclaimed—

"Here it is again!" And the table-bell was jingled vigorously. "No tea-spoons as usual!" greeted the ears of the domestic who answered the summons. "Now don't let me have to speak about this again!" The spoons were brought, and the servant retired; but she had scarcely closed the door ere the bell was rung again.

"Just look at that sugar-bowl!" said Mrs. Telford, exhibiting the vessel she mentioned. It was empty.

"I declare! You do try my patience beyond every thing by your carelessness."

The girl took the sugar-bowl with no very amiable gesture, and in her own time supplied the deficiency. "You'd have better staid all night!" said Mrs. Tel-

ford, when the sugar-bowl at length appeared.
"I came as quick as I could," was replied, in an

"I came as quick as I could," was replied, in an insulting tone.

At this, the lady fired up and gave utterance to a pretty sharp rebuke; which the domestic received with sundry mutterings of discontent, and then withdrew.

"Its downright wilfulness!" said Mrs. Telford; "and if she don't take care I'll start her off about her business."

The tea was now served around, and Mr. Telford, after helping the children had helped himself, and was about lifting his cup to his lips, when his wife exclaimed—

"There! Just see what you are about! Look at that table-cloth now! I've a great mind to send you away without another mouthful."

Mr. Telford re-placed his cup in his sauger, without having tasted its contents, and turned to see the cause of this new ebullition. Helen, in trying to pour her tea into her saucer, had spilled a part of it upon the table-cloth; it was a simple accident. The child felt this, and the injustice of the harsh rebuke. She had been in a bad state of mind all day, owing, mainly, to the re-action upon herself of her mother's unhappy feelings. But on the appearance of her father, a better and tenderer state had come. She felt softened and subdued. It was upon this better state that the unkind words of her mother fell, and they came with a jar that would not have been experienced under other circumstances. The poor child was deeply hurt. Tears came instantly to her eyes, and were soon falling over her face.

"You needn't set up a cry about it!" said the mother, in a harsh voice. "Another time look better to what you are doing."



Helen turned her wet eyes, with an appealing look, to her father's face, and then quietly slipping down from her chair, left the room.

An angry feeling smote across the bosom of Mr. Telford. He loved Helen with more than a common tenderness; and this, perhaps, because she manifested more love for him than any one of his children. Words of sharp rebuke arose to his lips, but, with a strong effort, he repressed them. His wife was not always in this temper. She was not well, and pain had weakened her nerves and made her fretful. These reflections kept him silent. But his sympathies went after Helen so strongly, that he started from the table and followed her from the room.

"Indeed, pa," sobbed the child, as he overtook her in the passage, and, lifting her in his arms, kissed her tenderly—"I didn't mean to do it. My hand slipped."

"I know you didn't, love; but never mind. Don't cry." And he drew her head down upon his breast, and carried her over to the chamber where she usually slept.

"You didn't finish your supper," said the father, as he sat down, still holding the child in his arms.

"I don't want anything to eat," replied Helen.

Mr. Telford kissed ber, and said-

"You must try and be a good girl, and not do any thing to make your mother unbappy."

"I do try," answered the child, who had grown calm. "But I'm naughty sometimes. I won't be naughty any more. But mamma scolds me so much. Katy Lane's mother never scolds her. When I was at Mrs. Lane's yesterday, Katy let her cup fall on the floor and it broke all to pieces. But her mother didn't scold a bit. She said she was sorry, and that Katy must be more careful."

There was an auditor to this conversation unperceived by either of the parties engaged in it. The sudden withdrawal of her husband from the supper table startled Mrs. Telford. Her mind was thrown into a whirl of excitement. She felt the act as one of stern rebuke. Scarcely had Mr. Telford retired when she arose from the table. Quickly following, she came to the door of the chamber where her husband had gone, just as little Helen said—"mamma scolds me so much," and heard distinctly the whole sentence that followed.

"But you know, Helen," replied the father, "that your mother doesn't feel well."

"Does scolding make her better?" asked the child, in a changed and curious voice.

This was rather a difficult question to answer under the circumstances.

"No, I don't suppose it does," replied Mr. Telford, with some reluctance in his voice.

"Then why does she scold so much?"

"Because you worry her so, dear."

"No I don't. Mrs. Lane doesn't scold Katy; and she's sick sometimes. Her head ached yesterday, but she didn't scold a bit. I wish mamma wouldn't scold so? Wont you tell her not to scold, papa?"

"Let's talk about something else, dear," said Mr. Telford. "Wouldn't you like to go to Fairmount to-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh, yes! Can I go?" eagerly responded the child.

- "Yes. You shall go?"
- "And can Tom and Hetty go too?"

" Yes."

"Can't Tom have some supper?" asked the child. "Mamma sent him up to bed, and he didn't do nothing but fall back over a chair."

"I'm afraid Tom hasn't been a good boy."

"Oh, yes he has."

"If he'd been good mamma wouldn't have sent him to bed."

"He only fell over a chair; and he hurt his head, too. And mamma said he was a little villain, and boxed his ears and sent him up to bed."

All this Mr. Telford heard, and with sobered feelings. It was true, just what the child alledged. Tom in his restlessness had climbed upon the back of a chair, and, losing his balance, had fallen over at the feet of his mother, who, having already lost all patience, on the impulse of the moment boxed his ears and sent him off to bed, muttering to herself as he left the room—

"I hope I'll have a little peace now!"

Poor Mrs. Telford! She had not felt well all day. Her nerves were in an excitable condition, and vibrated at the slightest touch. This state had been increased through want of any attempt at self-government, and the summoning of kind and considerate feelings to her aid. Every little thing was felt as an annoyance. The weight of a feather proved a burden. Thus it went on, all around re-acting upon her excitable feelings, until a condition of things arrived such as we have seen. For a brief season, a more unhappy family could hardly have been found in the city.

As the last remark of Helen about Tom fell on the mother's ears, her true maternal sympathies came back. She waited to hear no more, but went quickly up to the room to which the child had been banished. She found him lying on his bed fast asleep, and now for the first time became aware that in falling he had cut the side of his face, which was covered with blood that had oozed from the wound. The cut was of no consequence, really, but the sight of the blood filled the heart of the mother with wild alarm. Rushing down stairs, she entered the chamber where her husband still held Helen in his arms, and exclaimed, with a wild look—

"Oh, Mr. Telford! Come up stairs, quick!"
"What's the matter?" eagerly inquired the husband.

"Oh! come, quick! quick!"

Mr. Telford followed his wife with a failing heart. Her manner filled him with a vague but terrible fear, which was in no wise allayed by the first glance obtained of Tom's bloody face. He was not long, however, in discovering that the child was in a pleasant sleep, and that the injury he had sustained was little more than a scratch. Tom soon awoke, and after his face was washed, looked about as well as ever, and, judging from the way in which he eat his supper, had sustained no serious injury.

As to what passed between the husband and wife when they found themselves alone, after that eventful day, we acknowledge a total ignorance. We do not



know whether even the slightest allusion was made, that Mrs. Telford never scoided as much afterward, to the occurrences we have detailed; but we do know greatly to the relief and comfort of her family.

THE WRONGED ONE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Hx believed her true, and day by day His home grew happier as each ray Of hope would brighten up the hours, As sunlight on the Summer flowers, And point him to the coming years Where not a single cloud appears.

She was his world—no other name Had mingled in his dreams of fame, Had lured him on through toil and strife To struggle for a world-wide life, And place his name upon that page, To guard and guide each after age.

She was his world—each wish and thought Some radiance from her sway had caught, And gave it back as on the stream Each star is set with richer gleam, And trembling too as in its waye The lily stoops its bell to laye.

She saw how fondly he had kept,
How deeply in his heart had slept
Each token that her voice or smile
Had pour'd upon his path the while;
But still she charmed him to the brink
Where he might gaze, but must not drink.

She saw it all, and turned aside
When love was flowing as the tide:
When every life-drop in his breast
Had welcom'd her a daily guest,
As dearly prized as those that come
At evening round the hearth at home.

She turned aside, and soon forgot, Amid the pleasures of her lot, All thoughts of him, who, from afar, Still look'd to her as some bright star, That for a moment threw its beams Upon the mid-night of his dreams.

She turned aside, and song and dance Soon wrapt her in their wildering trance; And flattery's voice fell on her ear With tones too dangerously dear; And yielding to the Syron's strain, She thought not of another's pain.

He marked the change, but still no word From him was ever breath'd or heard; No token, that the world could see, Bespoke his spirit's agony— Or told how was his sky o'ercast With bitter memories of the past.

None knew how o'er his darkest night Her smile had threw a morning light; How every brook, and flower, and tree Was haunted with her memory; Or how her lightest word could thrill A bosom now so faint and chill. None knew it all save she who now Had placed the mark upon his brow; But still he mingled with the crowd— The high, the gifted, and the proud; But deep within his lonely heart, Conceal'd, he bore the poison'd dart.

And now alike was praise or blame, The poet's or the statesman's name; All he had hoped or wished for here— All that had beautified each year, Had perished like the autumn leaf, With life as beautiful and brief.

The world knew not how cold and drear Upon his check the unbidden tear Would linger when no one was nigh To mark his grief, or hear his sigh—Or how his thoughts, despite his will, Would worship at that altar still.

Years, years have past, but to his home No other image e'er could come; No voice but that, that memory heard As tuneful as the morning bird, Could charm him from his dreams away, Or make him with the present stay.

Back 'mid the scenes of early youth, Sweet days of innocence and truth— Back to those times when by her side He gaz'd upon the flower-deck'd tide, And thought the world an Eden spot, Free from a single stain or spot.

Forever back each thought would tend, And with her memory wildly blend, Would conjure up from all around, From every cherished form or sound, Some token of the faultless one Who rules his buried heart alone.

Thus sank each hope and wish away,
As fades the golden light of day;
And evening's shades with quiet power
Came down upon the closing hour,
As calm and pure and tranquilly
As zephyrs on a Summer sea.

But ever from his lips there came
The murmurs of her cherished name,
And fragments of her girlish song
Lived in his memory bright and strong,
Linked with the flowers, and skies, and streams
That made his boyhood's earliest dreams.

Farewell—the willow branches wave
Above that world-forgotten grave;
And in the sunny days of Spring
The happy wild birds come and sing—
Songs, that are telling soft and clear,
A heart wrong'd wanderer's sleeping here.

THE MOORISH MAIDEN.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

ALL was gaiety and gladness in Valencia, "the beautiful." The arrival of Margaret of Austria, and the festivities consequent upon her marriage with His Most Catholic Majesty, Philip III., king of Spain and the Indies, then recently celebrated, had occasioned scenes of mirth and joyfulness rarely witnessed in that fair city. Day after day the rejoicings were kept up with unabated splendor. One pageant followed in rapid succession after another. There were magnificent fetes and costly tertulias; balls, at which historical quadrilles were danced, in ancient and picturesque costumes; tournaments, with rich and valuable prizes for the victors; and theatrical entertainments unequalled for the brilliancy of their decorations. The joyous echoes of To Doum resounded from the cathedral. The palace of the viceroy was vocal with songs and merriment. The dwellings of the nobles were illuminated nightly, and hung with festoons of flags and flowers, intermingled with paintings and transparencies. Everything was presented that could captivate the eye, or please the taste, or gratify the imagination. The proudest cavaliers and the most beautiful dames of the province, vied with the gay retinue of lords and ladies who had accompanied the monarch from Madrid, in evincing their loyalty and attachment to their august sovereign and his high-born bride. And yet, notwithstanding this gorgeous display was protracted for so many days, none seemed to tire of it, or to lose the zest with which they had enjoyed the ceremonies; none indeed, unless it were the parties themselves, in whose honor they were instituted.

Philip was as morose and gloomy in disposition, as he was weak and imbecile in character; and he was already congratulating himself on the approaching fulfilment of his vow, to spend nine days immediately following the first week of his marriage, at St. Jago de Compostello, in the performance of certain religious rites. Governed entirely by his ministers and favorites, they were unwilling to suffer the influence they had exerted to be wielded by others, and sought by every means in their power to wean him from the young queen. This was no difficult task. He had no affection in his heart, and evinced little, and that but rarely, in his speech or conduct. Margaret, on the contrary, though not famed for her personal charms, was attractive in her manners, frank, and generous hearted. None could have loved more tenderly or devotedly than she, had her lot been cast in another and a different sphere; but she felt, almost at the moment of her nuptials, how painful and how bitter was the sacrifice.

"To that sad king-craft, which, in marriage vows, Linking two hearts, unknowing each of each, Perverts the ordinance of God, and makes The holiest tie a mockery and a curse!"

The pealing tones of the curfew-bell had harely died away, on the evening of the third day after the royal marriage, when a young cavalier, in a violet colored suit all glittering with gold and silver, with a plumed hat and sword, and the bright cross and riband of a Knight of Alcantara sparkling on his bosom. issued from the palace of the viceroy, and strolled leisurely along in the direction of the Alameda, the public promenade of Valencia. The streets were filled with the noisy and active populace, seemingly determined to outdo their superiors in sport and festivity. From underneath many a balcony there came the witching sounds of the viol and the flute, while bouquets of flowers, quivering in the night air, as they fell from the fair hands extended through half opened jalousies, rewarded the gallantry and devotion of the serenaders. Occasionally rude oaths and execrations were mingled with the music and laughter; but the general hilarity was disturbed only for the moment. The cases were crowded with customers; some playing earnestly at cassino; others forgetting their usual taciturnity over their coffee or white wine; and others still contenting themselves with long, fragrant cigars. Upon the square was a group of blithe gallants and maidens, dancing around a company of Bohemians, to the harsh notes of the guitar, and the jingling rattle of the tambourine; and here and there sat a poor priest or beggar, munching his frugal meal of bread and onions, and silently surveying the scene. The cavalier soon found himself in the midst of the crowd of well-pleased spectators, and paused to observe the movements of the dancers. As he did so, however, the sound of contending voices reached his ear, and, on raising his eyes, he discovered at a few yards distance, a file of civic halberdiers, with their polished axes gleaming in the light from the colored lamps suspended among the trees surrounding two females, whose forms were quite concealed under their close drawn veils and mantillas. The sergeant was speaking harshly and angrily, while one of the women, whose lovely features, beaming with purity and innocence, were partially revealed as he rudely thrust her veil aside, replied in a soft, sweet voice, modulated in tones of entreaty and supplication.

The hand of the soldier had not returned to his side, ere a blow felled him to the earth, and the young cavalier of whom we have spoken, sprang into the circle, with his sword flashing furiously around his head.

"Out upon ye!" cried he. "Out upon ye, knaves! Have ye wives and daughters, and would ye shame your manhood by doing harm to weak, defenceless maidens?"

"They are but Ishmaelitish women!" said two or three of the halberdiers roughly, at the same time advancing as if to seize them; but they hesitated ration on his breast, and then added more respectfully and with a deprecating air-" we must do our duty."

"Back, back, on your lives!" shouted the cavalier, rushing before them. "By St. Jago! he shall need ghostly shrift right soon who dares to lay his hand upon them!"

"But the edict, senor-the edict!" said the sergeant, who had recovered from the blow, and now approached somewhat ruefully, as he observed the cavalier, whom he recognized at once to be the noble Marquis de Montalba, nephew of the viceroy, and first gentleman of honor in attendance upon the queen.

"The edict, varlet? What dost thou speak of?" said the knight.

"The edict of our late king, Philip II., Heaven bless his memory," replied the sergeant, crossing himself; "by which all Moorish women are forbidden to appear veiled, under heavy penalty. have they violated; and we but seek to convey them to the Gefatura, where they shall have full justice done them."

"Nay," said the younger of the two females. "Nay, noble cavalier! I and my poor maiden, Zitta, are innocent of all intentional offence. We had but tired us in the costume of the country, unwitting that the law forbade the use of raiment worn by Spanish ladies."

"So much the worse!" interrupted the sergeant. "Doubtless they have attended in this disguise some unlawful assemblage, where the ceremonies of our blessed church have been reviled and ridiculed."

The eves of the maiden were filled with tears as she turned to the cavalier, and mildly but firmly said,

"The man doth not speak truth, senor. Our errand hath been to visit the wife of one of my father's craftsmen, who is in sore peril, and bring her a few simples to relieve her sickness "

"Why then did'st thou seek to escape us?" questioned the sergeant.

"Indeed, we did not," she replied, "save that we thought the men were rude and ungentle. But if there be fine or penalty, and thou wilt attend us to the house of my father, Abon Hassan, the Moor, as thou would'st term him, it shall be satisfied. We would not be exposed to public indignity."

"Nor shall you, gentle maiden," said the cavalier. "I will protect, both thee and thine attendant, from all further outrage."

"But, senor," said the sergeant, determined not to lose his prisoners; "but shall the laws be thus openly disregarded?"

"Be that my care, fellow! and not thine. Thou knowest me, dost thou not?" inquired the cavalier.

"The noble Marquis de Montalba!" said the sergeant, touching his cap.

"The same!" replied the knight. "I will be responsible to the corregidor for this act; or, stay," he added, "if you choosest to report it, thou canst say the women were rescued from thee by stranger cavaliers, who used force against thee."

"But, senor," interposed the maiden, who was quick to see how loth he was to have his name coupled with this transgression of the laws, which

slightly when they caught sight of the brilliant deco-) she well knew were strict, and often executed with much severity. "But, senor, I would not that thou should'st incur rebuke or censure for fault of mine. Let them lead the way-we will go with them-for so it needs must be."

> "Then should I be all unworthy of my knighthood!" said the cavalier, promptly. "It shall not be -nay, speak not of it," he added, as she placed her hand lightly on his arm, and was about to repeat her words. "Here, sergeant," he continued, placing in the soldier's hand a purse well-lined with ducats, at sight of which his eyes sparkled gladly, and his reverence for the laws most wonderfully abated. "Here, sergeant; thee and thy comrades may soon forget this night's adventure in some good wine from Alicant."

> It is unnecessary to say that the consciences of the halberdiers were but poorly fortified against the temptation; and after exchanging a few sentences with his companions in a low tone, the sergeant signified to the damsels that they were free to go, and that the wishes of the cavalier should be properly respected. Then thanking the knight for his bounty, he ordered his men to shoulder their halberts, and away they filed in an opposite direction.

CHAPTER II.

As the shadows of the retiring soldiers were lengthening rapidly in the distance, the Moorish maiden sank at the feet of the cavalier, while he strove in vain to stay her, and murmured forth her thanks amid her falling tears.

"Now may the God of thy fathers bless thee, senor. for this deed! If thou valuest in aught the prayers of such as we, they shall be thine, forever!"

"Rise! maiden, rise!" said the cavalier, though his utterance was half choked, and his heart throbbed wildly. "It doth not beseem thee thus to kneel to me."

The damsel obeyed, but as she rose she added, with some hesitation, notwithstanding her remarks were nothing strange considering how frequently the proudest Spanish knights were compelled to apply to their Moorish acquaintances for pecuniary assistance.

"Perchance, noble Christian! though I would fain hope not, thou mayest need credit, as other gallant cavaliers full often do. If so, my father, I feel sure, will be rejoiced to serve thee."

"Should I have need I will apply to him," said he; "though I have now enough, and more than doth suffice me."

"Forgive me, senor," she replied, timidly, "if 1 have wounded thy manly pride."

"No more, sweet maiden," answered he, more tenderly; "say no more. Thou wilt now suffer me to accompany thee homeward, lest, who knows, other knaves might be loitering in the streets, and would molest thee?"

The maiden protested earnestly that she feared not to proceed alone, but she trembled as she assured him of her courage, and so he added gallantly-

"It were not just to refuse me this poor boon; for well I know thou would 'st not fear me."

"No, senor, no!" she said. "My fear was for, not

of thee. But since thou wilt have it so, I should do wrong to deny so slight a favor, and that to one so kind and gracious."

Thus speaking, the maiden placed her hand gently within the arm of the cavalier, and pursued her walk at his side, while her attendant followed them at a short distance, out of hearing, but within their sight.

The dwelling of Abon Ali Hassan, the father of the young maiden whom the cavalier had rescued, was situated in a remote quarter of the city. The streets through which they passed, too, were narrow and tortuous. The way was difficult and uneven, and many circumstances combined to impede their pro-At first they moved with quick and rapid gress. steps; but after a while they lingered more slowly, either from fatigue, or, it may be, from the fear that the time would come too soon for parting. We know not why it is; but so experience doth prove it-there is a secret sympathy soon formed betwixt those who

"A strange intelligence, Alike mysterious and intense."

It need not be supposed that the Spanish knight had lost his heart beyond recall so speedily. Oh, no! But then the singular position in which he was placed was not illy adapted to awaken new and strange emotions in his bosom. The heartlessness and frivolity of the court had long since wearied him. There was gaiety, and mirth, and splendor to satiety; there was seeming joy and gladness; but all was hollow, vain and fleeting. None knew this more sensibly than he: and thus it was he saw so much to attract and interest him in the unpretending simplicity, the truthfulness and innocence of the gentle Haida. He spoke not to her of love-he talked of everything but that. He would not wrong himself so much as thus to take advantage of her confidence. He was not one to use such language lightly, or woo for pastime merely as others often wooed. He employed no words of tenderness, even whatever may have been the feelings that struggled in his breast, for he would not cause her to fear or tremble. Still he felt himself irresistibly drawn toward her, and fancied how blissful life would be to him in such companionship. Like one, who, tired of the hum and bustle of the crowded mart, rejoices in some country scene, in the babbling of the water-fall, the sighing cadence of the evening breeze, and the glorious notes of nature's anthem, pealing through the cloistered aisles of the wild, free woods, and delights to linger there and listen; thus was he harmed with the freshness and purity of the maiden who leaned upon his arm.

As for her, she listened eagerly to every word. She admired the richness of his full, mellow voice. His language was polished and graceful, but it did not alarm her; for the sentiments he uttered were guileless and pure. She felt much indebted to him; he had saved her from public shame and ridicule; yet she said not much; though when she did address him it was in mild and winning accents. Love requires not long to mature in a sunny clime; but like the tinder, a single spark may light it into a quenchable blaze. She did not dream that she was in love. There were unwonted fancies, mere glimpes of thought constantly hast thy fears, and I would not presume too much. Vol. XVI.-10

obtruding themselves into her mind; but she did not dare to encourage them, nor would she suffer her imagination to dwell for any length of time on what, if considered seriously, might have presented dark and fearful forebodings of the future. But, like a child among the flowers, her fancy roamed hither and thither, plucking everything bright and cheerful, and marking not what was either unattractive or hateful; and yet, unconsciously to her, every instant served but to increase her danger, and rivet more firmly the fetters that would enchain her heart. She thought of the cavalier only as her preserver, and not as the Christian whom her faith had taught her to despise. She did not consider how unwelcome he might be as a friend, and much more as a lover, to her kindred.

Ali Hassan, the father of the maiden, boasted among his brethren of his descent from the Abencerrages, the proud lords of the Alhambra. He had resided in the Alpujarras during a portion of the previous reign, and took part at first in the unfortunate rebellion. But he soon saw the utter hopelessness of resisting those who were determined to spoil and harrass them; and so collecting his effects, or rather what had been spared to him, he retired quietly with his daughter to the city of Valencia, but a short time prior to the dreadful massacre that terminated the outbreak. Here he engaged in the cultivation and manufacture of silk, and added to his wealth so much in a few years, that he was now counted the wealthiest Moor in the whole province. His residence presented little to distinguish it in its external appearance from those by which it was surrounded. A paved court, separated from the street by a stone wall surmounted with short iron palisades, and broken only by the row of palm trees that hung over the walk, appeared in front of the house, which was a low-roofed building of granite, with projecting balconies, and a tower or turret over the porch. In the rear was a large garden abounding with oranges, figs, and dates. Creeping vines and roses were trailed gracefully over trellises of lattice work. The pretty flowers of the pomegranite were mingled with blushing japonicas, and the pale pink blossoms of the almond tree; while the odor of sweetscented plants filled the atmosphere with perfume. In the garden wall was a small gate of solid oak, which afforded ingress to the inmates of the house after sunset, when the principal entrance was closed for the night; and it was here the Moorish maiden paused to converse a brief moment with her protector, while her attendant advanced into the garden. But suddenly recollecting that her absence might be noted, she turned as if to leave him, when he said, with far more earnestness than he had showed before-

"And wilt thou not say I may meet thee soon again? Surely thou canst not deny me this!"

"I cannot pledge thee, senor, in anything," she replied. "My father would be angered much at a light act or deed, nor would I approve it."

"Foul evil chance to me, sweet Haida!" said the cavalier, "should I ask thee in aught to err."

"I said not that," returned the maiden.

"No, thou did'st not," replied he, "but thou still

Should I find means to see and speak to thee, thou . wilt not fly from me?"

"Perhaps I may not!" she answered, hastily.

"And thou wilt also think of me in kindness?" he added.

"I cannot be surety for my thoughts," she said, playfully, while entering the garden; but as she closed the gate something fell upon the outstretched hand of the cavalier, which he soon discovered to be an almond blossom, the symbol of love and hope.

It was well that the maiden tarried no longer, for she met her father as she approached the house advancing toward her, and a heavy frown was on his brow as he said-

"Daughter! why did'st thou linger at the gate?"

"I did not, father," she replied, "save it were to thank the Christian knight who had protected us from danger." She then recounted briefly the circumstances of her rescue; but the countenance of the Moor was inflamed with rage, and as she concluded he exclaimed passionately-

"By Allah! this is too much! Why, oh, why, must we submit in silence to this gross and rank injustice?"

"But," added he, after a pause, "who was this knight that shielded thee-most like for some base purpose?"

"Thou dost wrong him, father," said the maiden. "There was a light in his eye that spoke of high and honorable thoughts, but nothing evil or unworthy."

"Thinkest thou he cared for thee but for his pleasure, foolish girl?" replied the father, harshly.

"Aye, do 1!" she returned; "for he spoke kindly and gently to me, and not as one who sought to cover base designs. Still he may, and no doubt he will, think it deep shame to waste another thought on a poor damself of our faith." The last sentence was added by the maiden not because it was in her heart; but she had seen the rising anger of her father's cheek, and wished to stay it if she could. She did not utter it without a sigh, however, though he marked it not, but left her with his command that she should not hold converse with the cavalier again. Her hands were raised beseechingly as she listened to him, but she suffered them to fall without reply, for fear he might think she evinced too deep an interest in the Christian knight.

CHAPTER III.

Though surrounded by many prying eyes, and exposed to the strict surveillance of the Moor, whose daughter he had rescued, the marquis was enabled, in despite of all, to meet his "fair infidel," as he often called her in a playful mood, on two occasions subsequent to that we have related, and previous to the departure of the queen, his mistress, from Valencia. Once he saw her at the abode of the poor kinsman, who was most grateful to the lovely Haida for her kind care and attention in sickness and distress; and once he scaled the garden wall, and in an arbor whose dense foliage screened them entirely from view, he found the blushing maiden waiting anxiously to welcome him. The king had already set out for Gallicia,

the queen. The lovers, therefore, for so in truth we could not hesitate to call them, had much to say to one another; and they spent hours there in that quiet trysting-place-hours were they, too, all bright and joyous, and without alloy. The cavalier spoke of the deep passion she had inspired in his heart, and supplicated her in tones of earnest and moving eloquence to smile upon his suit. It was impossible, she thought, to resist such urgent prayers and entreaties; and when he assured her how unhappy he must be on her refusal, she felt inclined at once to speak the word he prayed for; but ere she did so she reflected on the bitter grief her father and her friends must know when they were told that she had plighted her hand and heart to one whom they regarded as a stranger to their creed and race. She trembled sadly as she thought of this, and wept. The cavalier gently soothed her and wiped away her tears; and then she told him what had pained her.

The cavalier was silent for a moment; but then he spoke solemnly and seriously of the holy truths of his religion. The maiden listened intently, though in silence. Had anything beside offered to swerve her from the faith in which she had been reared, she would have resisted to the death, and gloried in the sacrifice; but her countenance gradually brightened and she wept no longer. She said not that she would become a Christian; yet the thought was in her heart, and she promised even to receive and read the volume of Scripture stories he told her he would send for her perusal. When the time came for parting, the cavalier again talked of love. She did not tremble as she had done before, but she turned toward him and gazed long and earnestly into his eyes as he addressed her. For an instant her mind dwelt upon the feelings his own kinsmen might experience; and she asked herself whether they would not despise him for stooping to such low alliance, and hate her for that she had wedded him? but she could not doubt his honor and his truth, and he was all in all to her. And so she yielded not with unmaidenly forwardness, but slowly and hesitatingly, until at length those vows were uttered that linked her young heart to his forever.

It was not quite six months after the royal nuptials that the daughter of Ali Hassan was seated in her chamber, in the early evening, deeply engaged in thinking of the cavalier whom she loved with such devoted and intense affection, and heeding little the sweet Moorish elegies and ballads sang so plaintively by the youthful and pretty Zitta. Her form was partly enveloped in the graceful folds of a rich cachemire shawl, and her limbs were extended on the cushions that rose invitingly around her. Her figure was tall and slender, like that of a sylph. The oriental cast of her features was plainly to be discovered, and a slight shade of olive tinged her cheek; but her face was animated and expressive, and there were streaks of the purest white, intermingled with the blushing hues of the carnation and the rose. Her eyes were soft and black, like those of the gazelle, "half languor and half fire." Her eye-brows were delicately penciled, and the nails of her tapering fingers colored faintly with Harem water. The shining tresses of her and the following day was fixed for the departure of bark hair were almost concealed in the silk netting that contained the coil, and the turban of finest lawn, embroidered with crimson and gold, that encircled her head. Her tunic, which closely fitted the upper part of her person, was of purple velvet, with loose hanging sleeves lined with orange silk. Precious stones glistened on her white neck and arms, and her waist was girt by a zone of pure gold, with a clasp composed of a turquoise set in brilliants. Her feet were very small, and looked most tempting in her red morocco buskins tightly laced at the ankle.

The apartment was not large, but richly decorated with every convenience and luxury. A soft glow pervaded the atmosphere. There were branches of crystal and silver, tables of polished ebony and rose wood, Venitian mirrors imbedded in the walls, and porcelain vases on pedestals of jasper, filled with the brightest and most fragrant flowers. The tapestry was of white damask, of an antique pattern, bordered and tasseled with gold. Over the marble fire-piece, the ceiling was ornamented with the mosaic work of the lapis-lazuli in a gilt frame, similar to that in the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcasar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Grenada.

The maiden sighed more than once as she kept her seat; and when her attendant presented a salver with coffee and conserves, she put it aside, saying quickly though not unkindly-

"No, Zitta, I will not taste them. It is time he were here," she added-"quite time!"

"He will come, lady," replied the damsel. "Oh, be sure he will!"

"I hope no evil hath befallen him-for I doubt him not!" said she.

The maiden spoke truly. She had no doubts; but full and perfect, and entire confidence was hers-that confidence without which love scarcely survives its early growth-and many a time, in the sad hours of his absence, had she known

> "How like a blessed medicine it can steal The pang of an impatient heart away.

"The letter I received but yester-eve," said the Moorish maiden, continuing to address her serving woman, "informed me that he would come within the hour after the night had fallen, and that he had matters of much moment to communicate to me."

"It must be then that he would speak to thy father," answered Zitta; "and demand thee of him in marriage."

"I would not suffer him to do so, when he came hither, not many moons ago, on pretence of visiting his uncle, the viceroy, to entreat me to that end," said the mistress; "and I fear even now to give him my consent, for-but hark!-hark!" She listened for a moment without drawing breath or moving muscle. The sound of pebbles rattling against the casement was distinctly heard. With a bound she started from her seat, her face glowing and sparkling with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, while her lips quivered and her fingers trembled from the excitement-

"Quick! Zitta, quick!—give me the ladder!"

The silken cords were soon placed in her hands, and she passed behind the curtains of the balcony. There was a breathless silence, and then there was

When the maiden re-appeared, the arm of her Christian lover was around her waist, and her hand was fast locked in his. But the room was now untenanted by others. Zitta was devotedly attached to her mistress, and she remembered the kindness of the Spanish knight in gratitude; so, like a good and faithful handmaid, she had retired to keep watch without, and prevent those who might be unwelcome from intruding upon the lovers' privacy.

The cavalier and maiden enjoyed this meeting much, and so swiftly did the time glide by, that when the hour of midnight was sounded from the cathedral tower, the words he came to say were still unspoken. But then he bethought him of his errand, and as he kissed her cheek, he said-

"Dear Haida? How I have lingered here when I had so much to say to thee!"

The marquis then went on to tell the maiden that he had received information which left no room for doubt, that an edict was already prepared, and only waited the royal signature, imposing heavier penalties upon her Moorish brethren, and condemning them to perpetual banishment.

"But," she replied, as he concluded, "am I not a Christian?"

"True, my beloved," said he, "thou art so in heart; and I bless thee that thou hast yielded to my prayer. But thou hast never been baptized, and in the fury of the moment thou mightest be forced away ere I should have time to secure permission for thee and thy kindred to remain."

"It might be thus-it might be thus!" she repeated. "But how would'st thou avoid this danger?"

"Thou must be wedded to me," he replied; "and that speedily. Once mine by the solemn rites which all will honor and respect, they cannot harm thee, Haida!"

The announcement was not unexpected to the maiden, though she hesitated somewhat in her reply. It was not long, for she had proved him well, in her own heart at least, and she soon placed her hands confidingly in his, saying in a firm, free tone the while she blushed-

"Do with me as thou wilt! I am thine, Fernandothine forever! I have read in the dear book thou gavest me of that sweet Jewish lady, who forsook her kindred to follow those she loved. Even so I say to thee; 'whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God!""

The cavalier thanked her most tenderly for this confidence, and pledged himself anew to seek her happiness in everything through life. He then told her of his plans; which were, that he should speak to her father on the morrow, and urge him for his consent; but if he refused, that then she should escape to him in some disguise, for he would not leave Valencia until she was placed in safety. Ere he had ceased speaking to her, a low tap was heard against the wainscotting, and Zitta entered the apartment in haste.

CHAPTER IV.

"Away, senor cavalier, away!" said Zitta, anxheard the smothered sound of low tones and kisses. iously. "Thy father has returned, lady, and would speak to thee in the banquetting room; I fear that he ther cheek. But she quailed not, nor blanched is angry, for he seems much disturbed." that known that the hour must sometime come

The cavalier would have tarried to protect the maiden whom he loved, but she bade him depart without solicitude for her, as nought of ill could happen under her own father's roof. She saw him descend in safety from the balcony, and then proceeded to obey the summons brought by her attendant.

Ali Hassan was seated on an elevated ottoman, beneath the dais at one extremity of the banquetting hall of his mansion. Turkey carpets covered the floor; Arabian designs were sculptured on the frieze and wainscotting; and piles of cushions, most refreshing to the wearied limbs, surrounded the apartment. The maiden thought not of these things, as the tapestry that concealed the door by which she entered fell back to its place, and she approached her father.

"Daughter!" said he, in tones both harsh and unpleasant. "Daughter! how is that I find thee thus attired at so late an hour?"

"The night was fair, my father!" she replied, with some timidity; "and the hours passed swiftly by unheeded!"

"Thou dost deceive me, girl!" he answered, fiercely.
"Thinkest thou I have not heard of this soft dalliance with the Christian cavalier?"

"But he spoke honorably to me and fair!" interrupted the daughter.

"Aye! he woos thee for his leman, and thou see'st it not! Perdition seize him!" said the Moor.

"Father!" replied the maiden, proudly, "thou should'st not shame the memory of her who hore me by this thought! No, no!" she added, earnestly, "he would sooner die than wrong me, and he did propose to seek thee soon and ask my hand in marriage."

"And did'st thou not spurn the caitiff for his base proposal? Did he think thus to obtain the gold he covets?" said the father.

"Not so," she said; "not so, my father. He hath gold in plenty, nor would he prize me less were I all undowered."

"By the beard of the prophet! thou shalt not be his!" he exclaimed. "Thou art indeed ready to answer for the stranger!"

"In everything that is just, and true, and honorable I may answer for him, father!" said the maiden.

"But thou would'st not shame thy father's hearth, thy kindred, and thy race?" said he. "Thou wilt not wed the stranger! His creed is not thine own—and thou could'st not abandon the faith in which thou wert born?"

The maiden trembled, for she knew that terrible was the punishment often inflicted by the Moorish parent, whose child had forsaken the precepts of the Koran; but a holy light beamed upon her countenance when she replied with a majesty and dignity that almost awed him—

"I have done it! father."

"What?-thou hast not ---?" he interrupted.

"I am a Christian!" she said.

The eyes of the Moor glared wildly as he started toward his daughter, and his fingers convulsively clenched the jeweled poinard in his girdle. His hand rested on her shoulder, and she felt his hot breath on

her cheek. But she quailed not, nor blanched. She had known that the hour must sometime come, and she had nerved her heart to meet it. Her eyes, therefore, were raised to his, tearful, yet unappalled; but as he gazed upon her he saw lineaments before him which he had once, had always loved. His hand loosed its hold, and as he smote his brow the hot tears gushed down his furrowed cheeks. He did not speak, but tottered to his seat and fell upon it with a groan that made her shudder. In an instant the maiden knelt at his feet, and covered the hands so lately raised in anger with her kisses.

"Still, father, still, I am not the less thy child!" she said. "Oh! bless me now in this as thou hast blessed me oft in other days!"

Her entreaties were protracted and earnest, but he gave no sign that he relented. She then spoke of the danger to be feared, and how the knight she loved had hopes to shield from harm her kindred and herself; still he answered nothing, but raised his head, and she saw his face was clouded with a fierce and settled gloom. At length he broke the silence by saying hoarsely, while he motioned to her with his hand—

"Retire to thy chamber, maiden! To-morrow, at dawn, thou shalt go with me to my country-house near Paterna. From thence, ere many days be past, we shall cross beyond the sea. Thou wilt do well to be prepared!"

The maiden would have lingered and again entreated him, but the tone in which he addressed her gave no hope that she could move him; and she heard him mutter to himself—

"The Christian shall not wed her! Let Allah witness—he shall not!"

She turned to leave the apartment instantly; but as she went forth she murmured through her firmly compressed lips—"he shall!" On entering her chamber, she hastily drew a slip of parchment from the escritoir, and after writing a few lines upon it, called to her attendant—

"Zitta," said she, as the damsel approached: "Zitta, dost thou love me?"

The woman looked strangely upon her mistress, for her tones were harsh and stern. The scene she had just passed through had made her daring and resolute. The inquiry was again repeated ere the damsel could reply—

"Oh, lady!-could'st thou doubt me?"

"No, Zitta, no!" said she, "but I may test thy love for more than thou could'st wish."

"Thou can'st not, lady," replied the other. "Only trust me—all I have, my life and all, are thine. Thou hast ever been good and kind to me, and I will not fail thee—never!"

"Zitta!" said the mistress. "I no longer trust in Allah—nay, tremble not, for I am firm—I would embrace the Christian's faith! My father seeks to press me more than I can bear. Thou will seek the cavalier, thou knowest, with this billet. We must go hence to-night!"

"To-night, dear lady!" exclaimed the damsel. "It is sudden—but I will cling to thee in everything—and be a Christian too, if all are like to him thou speakest of!"

Zitta was soon appareled and departed on her mission, while the maiden busied herself in preparations for the journey they would be forced to take. She was anxious—oh, how anxious! A thousand tender associations were nestling in her heart—a thousand bright hopes that she had cherished in by-gone days came unbidden into her mind. But she was determined and unyielding—nothing could have moved her. She knew that she was innocent of aught of evil; that she loved one worthy of her gentleness and truth; and that when the hour came she would go forth firmly.

Prompt to execute his determination, when the blushes of the morning first tinged the Eastern sky, the Moor arose from his couch and ordered his daughter to be summoned. The servant who executed the command returned shortly with the tidings that his young mistress was not to be found, though he had made diligent search.

"What says the boy?" exclaimed his master, angrily. "Go seek her again—I will tear thee limb from limb if thou dost not find her!"

The boy retired as he was bidden, but soon came back, and though he trembled sadly, said—
"My lord!—I have sought her through the house,

"My lord!—I have sought her through the house, { the ch and in the garden. Her woman Zitta, too, is absent." } and die The anger of the Moor quite maddened him, and to die.

his curses and imprecations were deep and bitter as his rage was vented on everything around him. Menials were despatched in every direction to search for the maidens, with orders to bring them back by force wherever they might be found. The servants would most willingly have performed what was required of them had it been possible; but when they learned, in answer to their inquiries, that their young mistress and the damsel Zitta had departed for Madrid, under the protection of the Christian knight, who they well knew would never yield her but with life, they wisely thought it were not best to follow, for it was cruel death to the infidel who dared to raise his hand against a Spanish cavalier; and thus thinking, they returned to their master with the information they had gained.

In a few weeks the gentle and the lovely Haida was received into the bosom of the church, and pressed to the heart of the gallant and devoted cavalier as his willing bride. The edict he had feared was soon after published; but the Moor, Ali Hassan, was exempted from its penalty. He subsequently forgot his anger, and blessed his daughter and her husband; and in later years he smiled most kindly on the children, who pleased him with their caresses, and did not fail to remember them when he lay down to die.

TO L --- C ---.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

On! thou art fair and beautiful
As childhood's sunny dream,
When not a cloud comes o'er to mar
The quiet of its stream!
And like a happy bird thou art
In Spring's young rosy hours,
When the music of its voice is heard
Only amid the flowers.

I have look'd into the rose's heart,
Where beauty loves to dwell;
But, oh! it had no charms for me,
No wild and potent spell,
Like that thine eye's soft loveliness,
When down they look'd in mine,
And seem'd to read the spirit's thoughts
That in my breast enshrine.

Then wak'd to joy my dreaming heart,
Like buds in early Spring,
When first the sunshine breathing warm,
Upon their bosoms fling!
I knew not that the canker worm
Of ill would come and blight
These joys and dreams, these feelings, hopes,
That gave this sunny light

Unto my heart! but, trusting still,
My footsteps wander'd ou,
When disappointment came, and lo!
E'en all my hopes had flown!
10#

Then came upon my soul a chill, Cold damp was on my brow; So terrible that moment, e'en I wear its likeness now.

But, why should I speak now to thee,
Of lonely hours swept by,
Or chronicle e'en here the blight
Of sorrow, tear, or sigh?
This should not be the coloring
Of my lute's first song to thee;
I would not dim the ruby's glow,
Or fetter the wild bird free.

For earth! it hath enough of ill
First by our nature lent,
To make the trusting heart grow sad,
And pine with discontent!
I'll speak no more of sorrowing words,
They shall not chill my lip;
For I'd not give, instead of wine,
A cup of gall to sip.

Then fare-thee-well! I know that thou A paragon of worth,
Wilt prove to many a heart that good
Is not exiled from earth!
And in thee may the sorrowing,
A temple refuge find—
Thy gentle words light up again
The lost and clouded mind.

THE YOUNG WIFE;

OR, THE HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

MR. FREDERICK STANLEY lived a life of celibacy until he reached his six-and-twentieth year. Then, having become tired of a life of dissipation, such as bachelors are liable to indulge in, he resolved to marry.

Making choice of a beautiful and worthy girl, whom he devotedly loved, he offered her his hand, and was accepted. The marriage ceremony took place, and the honeymoon passed as delightfully as the fondest lovers could desire.

Thus, my readers will observe, my story commences where stories usually end: that is to say, with marriage. But the days of romance, and of lover's trials, had not altogether passed, as is usually the case; an ordeal of affection and fidelity awaited the fond bride and her devoted husband.

Two months after the marriage, on account of Catharine's feeble health, it was decided by her friends, that she should pass a few weeks in the country. It was a hard blow for Fred; she had become dearer to him than ever, and he could not bear the idea of parting with her for a day. Yet reason prevailed, and his young wife left the city.

The village of A—— was chosen as the place of Catharine's abode, it being a somewhat fashionable place of resort, and the residence of some of her friends. Fred accompanied her thither, and left her with a heavy, lonely heart, to return to his urgent business in the city.

The four weeks the newly married pair were destined to spend apart, were weeks of anxiety and loneliness to Frederick. He felt assured of his wife's affections, but he knew she had a woman's nature, and that she would command the admiration of all. He did not mean to be jealous, but he could not help it. He thought Catharine would forget him; that she would learn to favor others. It might be ungenerous in him to doubt her thus, and foolish too, but such reflections would arise in spite of his better reason.

At the end of the four weeks, leaving his business to take care of itself, Fred hastened to meet his wife in A—, and to conduct her home. He travelled incessantly, and soon arrived within sight of the village. Burning to embrace his wife after so long a separation, he flew to the house of the friend where she was tarrying.

He rang at the door and inquired of the servant if Mrs. Stanley was in. With an indescribable sinking of the heart, he learned that she was absent on an excursion. He felt vexed, grieved, almost angry. Catharine must have expected him, and she was gone!

To divert his mind from the gloomy reflections the event gave rise to, Fred hastened to the nearest hotel.

In the sitting room he met a gentleman whom he had a faint recollection of having seen before; but he would not have spoken with him, had not the other advanced and extended his hand with a smile of recognition.

Then it struck Frederick that the stranger was one of his old associates, and a sharer in the dissipations of his bachelor days. He could not remember his name, but he recollected he had been, in times gone by, a rather wild young man, and had had the reputation of being something of a libertine.

"Ah! how are you?" said the bachelor. "Little did I expect to meet you here! What's the news? When did you arrive?"

Frederick answered these questions civilly, and accepted his friend's invitation to take a glass of wine with him in his own apartment.

"You can't imagine how happy I am to see you!" exclaimed the bachelor, filling Frederick's glass a second time. "Drink to the joys of celibacy—to the freedom of single-blessedness! You are the same chap, I see."

"Yes—pretty much," stammered Fred, thinking all the time how he had changed.

"And you've come out here for a society—to try a change of society, I suppose? Well, a fellow soon gets tired of seeing the same ladies every day; we must have a society."

Fred nodded, and sipped his wine.

"By the way," pursued his bachelor acquaintance, "I've had the good fortune to get into the good graces of a most beautiful lady."

"Ah!"

"Yes:—at least I flatter myself that she is not indifferent to me. Yet, should she prove a little cold, I shall have the consolation of knowing that she has a decided preference for me over her silly husband."

"Her husband!" echoed Frederick, beginning to feel interested.

"Certainly—her husband!" repeated the other, smoothing his beard complacently; "for you must know she is married."

"To whom?" interrupted Frederick, eagerly—"what is her husband's name."

"Stanley, I believe—but what the deuce makes you stare so, and look so fierce? Ah! I see! you know Mrs. Stanley; you have a passion for her; you are jealous! ha! ha!"

"Not a bit of it, 'pon my word!" exclaimed Fred, commanding himself, though he could scarce help groaning in despair. "Ha! ha!" and he drank off another glass of wine. "To think of my being jealous! True, I know Mrs. Stanley."

you know her husband? He is not with her now, having a good share of confidence in her fidelity. Ha! ha! He didn't reflect, I guess, that she's a woman, or he wouldn't be so silly as to trust her out of his sight."

"'Twas silly in him, I must confess," muttered Fred. "I think I've met him occasionally. But what progress do you make with his wife?"

Fred managed to get off this question with a considerable degree of coolness, although he was burning up with jealous impatience. I leave the reader to imagine his nervous anxiety, as his companion went on to relate his adventures and his success. It seemed that the bachelor had met Catharine frequently, and had succeeded in cultivating her acquaintance to a degree which filled poor Frederick with alarm.

"I am glad to make a confident of you," said the bachelor in conclusion, "for I may need your assistance. You see, I'm dead in love with the woman, and I may be tempted to run away with her, if her silly husband comes to take her away from me too soon. In case of emergency, I can reckon on you, 1 suppose?"

"Certainly! ha! ha! oh, yes-of course, ha! ha!" said Frederick, "I am your man-to assist you to run away with my own wife," he added, in a tone to himself. "Heaven help me, I shall die-ha! ha! you are one of 'em-glad to see you so spirited. Here's success to you."

And Fred poured another glass of wine down his throat.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed the bachelor, warmly. "You are a good fellow, 'pon my word. By the way, your name has slipped my mind-

"Jackson-call me Jackson," said Frederick speaking the first name that came into his head.

"Ah, yes, Jackson-I remember," exclaimed the bachelor. "Here's to your health, Mr. Jackson."

"Thank you—but I must ask you the same question you put to me. Your name."

"Sparkle-Ned Sparkle; accept of my card. Do me the favor to call on me here occasionally. You'll always find Ned happy to see you; he's proud of the acquaintance of Mr. Jackson. Good day, sir, if you must go. Good day-but don't try to rival me in the affections of my dear Mrs. Stanley."

"Oh, no," said Fred, smiling, "Mrs. Stanley shan't suffer from me. She's your's, Ned; and I am your man. Good day."

With a heart bursting with grief, jealousy and anger, the young husband staggered from the hotel, and once more hastened to see his wife.

He was told that she had returned, and that she would see him shortly in the parlor.

Fred sat down to wait for her, and bowed his throbbing head upon his hands. Had his love been less strong, his reason would have been more firm, and he would have been less jealous; but as it was, his heart was almost bursting.

As soon as she was aware of his arrival, Catharine flew to meet her husband. For a moment, as he held her to his heart, he forgot that she might be unfaithful to him, and that his arrival might be unwelcome. Seay to you in private."

"By the way," interrupted his bachelor friend, "do (Soon, however, his doubts returned, and unclasping the fair arms that encircled his neck, and removing the downy cheek that was pillowed against his own, he said-

> "Are you glad to see me, Catharine? Tell me, truly."

> "Oh, am I not?" exclaimed the young wife, in accents which seemed to come up from her very heart. "Dear Frederick, this is the happiest day of my life."

> Once more the doubting husband embraced her in tenderness. If she truly loved him, he was the happiest man alive; if not, the very deception was delicious.

> Fred determined to say nothing to Catharine of Mr. Sparkle, but to let events take their course, hoping soon to be satisfied with regard to his wife's fidelity, without giving her a suspicion of his jealous doubts.

> An hour after, Fred had occasion to leave the house. Near the door he met Mr. Ned Sparkle, who was going in.

> "Ah, my dear Mr. Jackson," began Ned, "I see you've been to call on the wife of your silly acquaintance, Stanley."

"Just a friendly call."

"Of course-nothing more-ha! ha!"

"Upon my honor," stammered Fred.

"Pshaw, I believe you," exclaimed Sparkle, laughing. "Jackson ain't the man to turn traitor toward his friend Ned. But how is the lady? Did she say anything about me?"

" Oh, no."

"Just so: I knew she wouldn't. These young wives are cautious about committing themselves. Ha! ha! She wouldn't mention my name, I warrant you. But I'm going to call on her, you see—so, an revoir. By the way, let me see you at my place this afternoon."

"Thank you. I'll call around. Success to you. We'll talk over the matter after dinner."

"Yes, Jackson, we will, and as you are to be my confident and helper, you shall know all. We'll have a fine time, hauling the lady's silly husband over the coals."

"Ha! ha! he! he!" laughed Stanley, nervously, and with a prodigious effort. "You are 'one of 'em, Ned, and no mistake. Ha! ha!"

And thus they parted: and Fred spent the next half hour in a state of suspense and jealousy, which the thought that Ned Sparkle was at the same time having a pleasant interview with Catharine, was by no means calculated to relieve.

When Stanley returned, he found his wife alone. Mr. Sparkle was gone.

In the presence of his wife, who seemed so happy upon seeing him again, Fred almost forgot that he had doubted her for a moment. He thought it impossible that so fair and pure a creature as she seemed in his eyes, could have so much as a sprinkling of deceit in her nature.

After dinner, Stanley called on Mr. Sparkle at his

"Ah, Jackson, how are you?" said Ned, shoving him a chair. "Glad to see you-got a few words to

- "Eh? What is it?"
- "A mystery which you must explain. Let there be no concealment between friends. It seems to me you've been cracking a joke at my expense; but I can forgive it if you will confess."
- "A joke? No!" exclaimed Fred, fearing Sparkle had discovered the relation he bore to Catharine. "What do you mean?"
- "Nothing, my dear Mr. Jackson," replied Ned, smiling blandly-"absolutely nothing-only, the truth is, I am consumedly jealous of you."
 - "Of me?"
 - "Just so. Of you, Mr. Jackson."
 - "Explain, sir, if you please."
- "Oh, certainly. Have the goodness to help yourself to a glass from that bottle of excellent port, as I do. As I was saying, I am jealous of you. You see, as I was going to call on our dear friend, Mrs. Stanley, I met you coming out of the house."
 - "True."
 - "And you had seen her?"
 - "Yes."
- "As I supposed. You saw her; you conversed with her; you talked love-
 - "No, 'pon my honor!"
 - "Indeed?"
 - "It's a fact!"
- "Then I can't see what should induce her to say she hadn't seen you. You had but just left her, and she declared you hadn't been there. Mr. Jackson, will you have the goodness to take another glass of wine, and then to explain this mystery?"
- "A woman's caprice—coquetry," stammered Fred. "Perhaps," replied Mr. Sparkle, smiling as cordially as ever, "but I have my opinion. Why, sir,

she actually said she didn't know you."

- "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Stanley; "I see you mistake. It's a rich joke. Mrs. Stanley knows me as Albert Fitzwilliams—a name I gave myself when I made her acquaintance, for the romance of the thing -and you spoke of me to her as Mr. Jackson. Of course, she wouldn't know who you meant. Believe me, my dear Ned-(shove the bottle this way, if you please,) you have no cause to be jealous of me-not the least."
- "Well, I do believe you now," said Sparkle, taking a long breath. "But I have another cause of uneasiness; a very serious cause."
 - "No!"
- "But I have. You see, our lady's husband has returned for her-
- "Is it possible?" exclaimed Fred. "Why, she never mentioned the thing to me!"
- "But she told me he had come. If that is a fact, itnow becomes a matter of vital importance to know what to do. I believe I shall propose an elopement."
- "Excellent! She loves you devotedly, I suppose, and would forsake all for you?"
- "There's no doubt about that," said Mr. Sparkle, with a self-satisfied smile. "I'm sure she detests her husband."
 - "Ah! did she tell you so?"
- "Why, not exactly. On the contrary, she spoke

- through it all. She only wanted to make me jealous, and bring my love to a focus. I understand these women, Jackson."
- "So you do; and the wife of my silly acquaintance Stanley is probably among the number of those you have made your particular study-eh?"
- "Yes, and I read her like a book. If her dolt of a husband could read himself as well, he would never have trusted her out of his sight. He'd be surprised if he knew how she laughs at his stupidity-I'm sure he would."
- "Ha! ha! vou are right, Ned!" laughed Stanley. "But let me give you a word of advice. Your lady's husband, you say, is here. If he should mistrust your intimacy with her, he would probably carry her away before your plans are matured. Therefore, if you have not a complete understanding of the affair with Mrs. Stanley, I would advise you to arrange matters to that effect at once."
- "Thank you, Jackson," replied Sparkle, grasping his guest by the hand. "I'll do as much for you some time-for I consider your assistance in this affair as very important. I'm to call on Mrs. Stanley at ten in the morning, when, as sure as my name is Sparkle, I shall succeed in my designs."

Once more the gay bachelor and the wretched husband parted.

During the remainder of that day, Fred was the most miserable man in the world. Doubts of his wife's fidelity were beginning to become rooted in his mind, and he could not drive them away. He could have borne poverty, privations, sickness, eyen death itself better than the loss of that treasure, which was dearer to him than all the world beside-Catharine's undivided love.

Yet he resolved to conceal from her his suspicions until they were more fully confirmed; and he had strength of mind and force of character sufficient to enable him to dissemble.

At ten on the following morning, Mr. Ned Sparkle made his contemplated visit to Mrs. Stanley. I have not space to describe the interview, which lasted but little more than a quarter of an hour, and resulted rather unfavorably to the plans of the enterprising

Scarcely had Sparkle reached his hotel, when he was agreeably surprised at the unceremonious entrance of Mr. Jackson, as he called him, into his apartments.

- "Well, you've seen her, I suppose?" said the young husband.
 - "Certainly."
 - "And you made a declaration of passion?"
- "Well," said Ned, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "I must confess I did."
 - "And she was very much surprised-
 - "Eh? What makes you think so?"
- "Why it's perfectly natural," replied Fred, gaily. "She never suspected anything but feelings of friendship on your part, and, when you spoke of love it roused indignation."
- "By Heavens!" exclaimed Fred, pettishly, "you are a man of wonderful powers of penetration. You as if she was delighted at his arrival. But I see have guessed the circumstances of the case exactly.

Our lady was surprised, and indignant at first; but when I pressed my suit——"

"When you pressed your suit," interrupted Stanley, smiling, "she became alarmed. She ordered you to leave the house; she threatened to inform her husband, who, she said, would crush such a miserable villain as you beneath his heel; and then finally threw open the door, exclaiming—'that either she or you must leave the room.'"

As Stanley spoke, Mr. Ned Sparkle, forgetting the air of cool and careless indifference he had assumed, sprang to his feet, and stood glaring at Frederick till he had finished speaking.

"Well, Mr. Jackson!" he exclaimed, angrily, "have the goodness to tell me how you learned all this? It can't be guess-work."

"Ha! ha! you haven't imagined then?" replied Fred, gaily, "that I might be concealed in the neat little closet."

"By Heavens!" muttered the enraged Ned, "this is too much. You are a traitor—a spy. You are the paramour of Mrs. Stanley!"

"I beg your pardon for the contradiction," returned Fred, coolly, "but I must inform you that I am not the lady's paramour."

"In her closet, and not her paramour!" aneered Sparkle. "Pray, what are you then?"

"Simply her husband," replied Stanley.

"Her husband!" echoed Ned, starting back as if dazzled by a new light that was bursting upon his mental and moral vision—"her husband!" he repeated, in confusion—"impossible."

"Have the condescension to believe me," said Stanley, still perfectly cool. "I am the lady's husband, and more than that, I am her protector. You have insulted her as well as myself, and as a man of honor I feel compelled to punish you as you deserve. Have the goodness to bear with me a moment, while I do myself the pleasure to cowhide you."

And before Mr. Ned Sparkle, who was not naturally dull of comprehension, could understand what Mr. Fred Stanley was about, Mr. Fred Stanley had produced a small leather whip, commonly called a rawhide, from under his coat, and seized him, Mr. Ned Sparkle, by the collar.

"Oh! Mr. Jackson—I protest," stammered the terrified bachelor.

"You can call me Jackson now," said Fred, with a smile, "but after I have cowhided you, you will do me the favor to call me by my right name, Stanley."

So saying, the offended husband commenced applying his rawhide to the shoulders of Mr. Sparkle, and punished him as much as, in his cool judgment, he thought he deserved.

Before Ned thought of making any resistance, it was too late to dream of such a thing.

Stanley was gone; and the disappointed bachelor, after giving way to his resentment and rage in a few harmless, fashionable oaths, concluded to pursue the affair no further, except to apply some healing ointment to his smarting shoulders. An hour afterward he gave orders to have his luggage conveyed as secretly as possible to the cars, resolved to leave town that very day.

Meanwhile Frederick and his beautiful wife, having given their resentment for the insult time to evaporate, were enjoying themselves exceedingly at the wretched libertine's expense. Everything was explained, and they were happy as two children.

Stanley no longer doubted the singleness and devotion of Catharine's heart. Unknown to her he had witnessed her interview with Sparkle, and become so firmly convinced of her love, fidelity and honor, that he never after had the slightest inclination to be jealous.

The happy couple returned to town, and from that time they were justly cited by their acquaintances as living examples of the three great principles which should animate us all—"friendship, love and truth."

TO A YOUNG MAIDEN.

MYELE crowns, young maiden, twine, While thy Spring permitteth: Dance while yet the power is thine: Dancing-time soon flitteth.

Sooner than the morning goes
Will thy graces vanish;
Then another younger rose
Thee from sight will banish.

View thy glass, while to thee yet Praises it revealeth: Soon thou wilt that friend forget Which no truth concealeth,

While round thee are hovering Youths with passion flaming, Maiden, to thy music sing, Wield thy tambour-framing.

Soon a master but remains Of the slave who simpers: Rocks a crib for music's strains, And an infant whimpers.

Sport with dreams of poesy, Pluck its flowers decaying; As a boy let love still be, With him freely playing.

Soon with breast-like faded leaf, As a wife thou'lt waken— Wake to sorrow and to grief— Mourn thy crown forsaken.

True, with roses briar-stocked, Hymen's bed is laden: Worse it were, morose and mocked, To grow gray—a maiden.

While life blooms, each moment now
To use well endeavor:
Thy sweet youth again wilt thou
Gain no more forever.

W. L. s.



THE WORK TABLE.

ORNAMENTING, KNITTING, &c.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.

boxes, work-tables, fire-screens, &c., may be painted in imitation of ivory, inlaid with ebony, by the following means:-Let your table be made of an elegant form, but merely of common white wood or deal, prepared as below:-

COMPOSITION FOR THE SURFACE OF WOOD -Steep one ounce of glue in a pint of cold water all night; throw off the water in the morning. Take six ounces of the finest white lead, in powder; mix it by degrees, in a mortar, with about half a pint of cold water, till it is perfectly smooth, and then place it, along with the glue, in a clean pan. Add half a pint more water; set it on the fire, stirring constantly till it boils. Let it boil three minutes; take it off and pour it into a stone jar, and continue to stir it occasionally till cold. When cold, but before it congeals, take a clean paint brush and paint your table with the composition. When it is dry, rub it over with sandpaper, to make it smooth; then give it another coat of the white composition, repeating the rubbing with sandpaper as before. Repeat this same process five or six times, until you obtain a smooth, equal white surface. When that is accomplished, dissolve the fourth of an ounce of isinglass in a quarter of a pint of water; when cold, but liquid, give the table a coat with a clean brush, and do not use the sandpaper after doing so.

To Ornament the Box.-Lay a sheet of black tracing-paper on the table, with the black side downward; then place a pattern above it, with the right side uppermost; place a weight here and there, to prevent it slipping; then trace over the outline with a rather blunt stiletto. On removing the paper you will find the outline of the pattern transferred to the surface of the wood. Trace over the outline, and shade, in lines, with a fine camel's hair pencil dipped in Newman's lampblack; fill in with the same.

VARNISH.—Place four ounces of rectified spirit of wine in a wide-mouthed bottle; add one ounce of gum sandarac, a quarter of an ounce of gum mastic, and a drachm of camphor, all in powder. Put a stopper in the bottle, set it near a fire, and shake it occasionally. When all the gums are dissolved, add one ounce of oil of turpentine; then strain through muslin into another clean, dry, wide mouthed bottle. Let it stand a day or two before using.

Mode of Varnishing.—Take a large, new varnish brush, dip it into the bottle, and then cover over all your table with it. When perfectly dry, give it an; other coat, and so on till it has had six coats; let it remain untouched for two days; rub it smooth with half in width.

ORNAMENTAL TABLE.—Beautiful cabinets, work-, sandpaper; then give it two more coats of varnish. and repeat the rubbing, being careful to wait between each coat till the last is dry, and not to rub with sandpaper sooner than two days after varnishing, and never give more than two coats of varnish in a dayone in the morning, another at night. When you think it looks clear and sufficiently thick, give it another coat without using the sandpaper after it; let it stand four days: then rub it all over with hair-powder and olive-oil.

> WATCH HOOK. - Materials. - Three-thread fleecy scarlet and white, also white Berlin wool .- With the white wool make a chain of four stitches, unite the ends, and increase in every other stitch until you have twenty. This round will be large enough for the hook. Having wound your fleecy, cut a piece of card about an inch in depth, and wind the white twelve times round; cut it from the ball, and slip the ring (for such it will resemble) from off the card. Having made some dozen loops or rings, work them to the foundation of double crochet in the following manner:-Take a loop in your left hand, hold it at the back of your work, and, in passing your hook through to make the double crochet stitch, you must necessarily draw the wool through the loop of fleecy; when your stitch is finished the loop will be secure. Work three rows of white loops, three of scarlet, and again three of white. The foundation is to be worked in the following manner, with one loop to each stitch:-Having worked the round to the number of twenty stitches, continue to increase one every third stitch until you have forty-two; increase one every fourth stitch until you have fifty-two; increase one every sixth stitch until you have sixty-one; increase one every seventh stitch until you have seventy; increase one every ninth stitch until you have seventy-four. Now cut all the loops and shear the edges, sloping particularly near the hook, where it must be very shallow; sew in the hook, and cover a round piece of card with silk, which tack to the back, and add a loop and bow of scarlet satin ribbon.

> KNITTING .- COVER FOR SOFA .- Materials .- Ranoworth's thread No. 30, shaded amber Berlin wool, and mesh No. 8.-Commence with one hundred loops, and continue netting until the size desired is obtained. Work the pattern in darning stitch, with amber wool or knitting cotton, and net a fringe round the whole with the shaded wool, using a mesh an inch and a



FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.





No. III.

Fig. 1.—An Opera Dress of pink satin. The skirt is full and plain, corsage low, and very short sleeves. An opera cloak of white cashmere, made in the sacque form, to which is attached a hood. It is lined with violet colored silk, quilted, and trimmed with two rows of violet colored velvet riband, and white and violet colored silk fringe.

Fig. 11.-A Walking Dress of dark green silk. The skirt has two flounces upon it, each of which are trimmed with three rows of silk braid, the middle row being wider than the other two; a heading of the same description finishes the upper flounce. Corsage half high on the shoulders and back, but opening very low in front-the revers which fall over are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves demi-long, and confined below the elbow by a band and deep ruffle. Very full under sleeves of white cambric. A chemisette and standing collar embroidered with the richest needle-work. Drawn bonnet of straw colored silk and blond. An embroidered mantalette of dark purple

FIG. III.—HEAD-DRESS, SIDE VIEW.—This elegant head-dress, which is one of the most marked novelties of the present season, is alike suited to the opera and to evening parties. The effect is that of the pointed cap shown in the portraits of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. It is so peculiarly becoming that it cannot fail to secure general approval. The mode of its execution may be thus briefly described:-The hair is parted back very nearly to the roots in the centre of the forehead, and turned back in rolled curls at each side. The cap is composed of a square piece of lace, one corner of which, fastened in the centre of the forehead, forms the Mary Stuart point. Two other angles are fastened closely down at each side

No. IV.

where the lace is slightly drawn to fit the head. The back hair is divided in two parts, plaited and fastened closely at the back of the head, a few loops descending at each side under the cap.

FIG. IV -HEAD-DRESS, FRONT VIEW .- Representing the effect of the front view of the Mary Queen of Scots head-dress above described.

GENERAL REMARKS .- It is much too early for heavy materials yet, but a few magnificent silks have made their appearance. Some new patterns of rich brocades are among the prettiest. There is but little variation in the style of cutting dresses. Sleeves have low corsages, with berthes of the same material edged with quilling or ribbon, or with silk fringe of the various colors on the pattern of the dress. Others made of thin material have the corsage made en infant, with a slight fulness at the waist, and the neck finished with two or three casings—the latter style has a beautiful simplicity about it, that must make it much adopted.

For a high-necked corsage, those open low in front like that of figure No. 2 in our fashion plate are universally worn. Some vary this mode by having the corsage finished with pointed lappets, and fastened half way up the front with buttons. Many of the corsages, which are high in the neck, are cut with a This is remarkably becoming to a point behind. slender figure, but it is important that the skirt should be plaited in very full. The newest skirt trimming is silk fringe. This is placed on at intervals, the width of the fringe between each row, till nearly the whole skirt is covered. The effect of this trimming on silk is very beautiful. Bunch tucks and bunch flowers are also much worn. The former are generally graduated: for instance, here are five tucks, then of the head. The fourth corner hangs at the back, a space of a quarter of a yard, then four tucks, another space, then three tucks, &c. The flowers are not specified by the fashionable fantasie of the day. Ledies generally graduated, but put on in threes. There who wear curls should have their wreaths fixed very have been some successful endeavors in London to far back on the head. When the wreath is mounted revive hoops and long waists—of course we mean with pendent branches, the latter should be interhoops and waists in moderation, and not Elizabethian mingled with the curls. The tufts of flowers on each side of the head are worn very full. The most fash-

THE BONNETS are as yet unaltered, as it is too early for fall ones. Here and there may be seen a straw trimmed with a wide, dark brocade riband simply passed around the crown, with a face trimming of velvet loops, but in consequence of the warm weather few have as yet laid aside their summer bonnets.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Among the newest head-dresses we may mention one of a very simple and becoming character. It is composed of a long barbe of tulle illusion, hemmed at the edge. This is lightly twisted in the manner of a turban round the hair at the back of the head, the ends falling as lappets. On each side tufts of wild flowers. These barbes may be of figured blonde or of lace.

In full dress for young ladies, the prevailing orna- very large hearments for the hair are flowers, mounted either in pins, a l'Italier wreaths or bouquets. Fruit intermingled with flowers of the coiffure.

who wear curls should have their wreaths fixed very far back on the head. When the wreath is mounted with pendent branches, the latter should be intermingled with the curls. The tufts of flowers on each side of the head are worn very full. The most fashionable and becoming style of cap, suited to evening or demi-full dress, is the fanchon, in form nearly resembling a half-handkerchief. These caps may be made of black or white lace, or of blonde. They require no making up, but a good deal of their effect depends on the manner of fixing them on the head. Another elegant and simple head-dress, suited to the opera or evening parties, consists of bows of black velvet ribbon. This sort of coiffure was much in favor among the Italian ladies of the sixteenth century, and is frequently seen in old portraits of that time. The bows should be large, and worn at the back part of the head, rather low down, being fixed with Italian pins. The pins may be of gold, with very large heads; but the large pearl double-headed pins, a l'Italienne, are most appropriate to the style

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM .- A SONG.

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

Round me come a group of maidens,
Mischief dancing in their eyes,
Singing: "We have watched thy glances,
We have heard thy plaining sighs;
Well we know the little maiden
Who hath caused thy drooping grief.
Lover boy! go plead thy passion;
Seek, and quickly find relief:
For we know, we know she loves thee!
All her blushes serve to tell
That the little maiden loves thee,
That she loves thee passing well!"

Thou hast feared she loved another;
Feared she might thy wooing slight.
She, all conscious, would not meet thee—
Trembling over in thy sight;
But we'll teach thee manly boldness,
Thou shalt woo her, lover boy!
And we'll tell this little damsel
She must be no longer coy:
For we know, we know she loves thee!
All her blushes serve to tell
That the little maiden loves thee,
That she loves thee passing we'l!

Now the merry-hearted maidens
Laughing, lead me to her side;
Now they tell how I have loved her,
Tell her she shall be my bride:
Hoping now my vows are spoken:
Now her guileless love confest,
While the girls all shout in gladness,
"See our happy task is blest:
For we know, we know she loves thee!
All her blushes serve to tell
That the little maiden loves thee,
That she loves thee passing well!"

All is gone! I have been dreaming,
For I am a boy no more!
Why was not this vision real
Ere my brighter days were o'er?
For my heart for love was longing—
Still is longing though in vain,
And I'll ne'er forget the vision,
Ne'er forget the sweet refrain:
"For we know, we know she loves thee!
All her blushes serve to tell
That the little maiden loves thee,
That she loves thee passing well!"

FEEDING THE RABBIT.

BY H. R. DOWNING.

How eagerly they gather round To feed their little pet. In after years, these pleasant hours They'll think of with regret.

Oh! youth, how very small a thing
Will fill thy heart with joy.
How often in our manhood's grief
We've wished ourselves a boy.





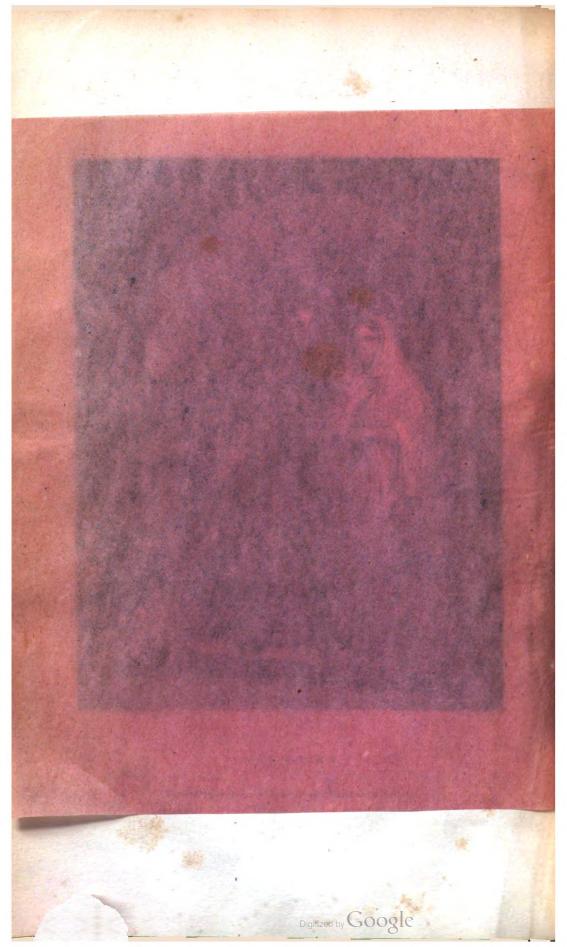


THE WEEK.

Control of a series of the Lates Marine, Marine as both there.



ES MODES PARTSTRANTS







PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1849

PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94.

CHAPTER X.

Miss Landon says in one of her exquisite novels that the history of a book—the feelings, sufferings and experience of its author would, if truly revealed, be often more touching, more romantic, and full of interest than the book itself-alas, alas, how true this is with me. How mournful would be the history of these pages could I write of that solemn, under current of grief that has swept through my heart while each word has fallen, as it were; mechanically from my pen. I have written in a dream, my mind has been at work while my soul dwelt wholly with another. Between every sentence fear, and grief, and keen anxiety have broken up, known only to myself, leaving no imprint on the page which my heart was tracing. My brother, my noble, young brother, so good, so strong, so full of hopeful life. How many times have I said to my heart as each chapter was commenced, will he live to see the end? By his bed-side I have written-with every sentence I have turned to see if he slept, or was in pain. We had began to count his life by months then, and as each period of mental toil came round, the wing of approaching death fell more darkly over my page, and over my heart. Reader, do you know how we may live and suffer while the business of life goes regularly on, giving no token of the tears that are silently shed?

Here, here! between this chapter and the last he died. The flowers we laid upon his coffin are scarcely withered; the vibrations of the passing bell have but just swept through the beautiful valley where we laid him down to sleep. While I am yet standing bewildered and grief-stricken in "the valley and shadow of death," for we followed that loved one even to the brink of eternity, rendering him up to God when we might go no further, even there comes this cry from the outer world, "write-write!"

must not be broken off in the middle. Here, in the desolate room where he was an object of so much care, I must gather up the tangled thread of my story. There is nothing to interrupt me now-no faint moan, no gentle and patient call for water or for fruit. The couch is empty-the room silent; nothing is here to interrupt thought save the swell of my own heartthe flow of my own tears.

And she sat waiting for her brother, that kind-hearted old huckster-woman, waiting for him on that Thanksgiving night, with the beautiful faith which will not yield-up its hope even when everything that can reasonably inspire hope has passed away.

The hired-man had escorted the Irish girl on a visit to some "cousin from her own country;" and Robert was acting as charioteer to the Warren family. Thus it happened that Mrs. Gray was left entirely alone in the old farm-house.

The twilight deepened, but the good woman, lost in profound memories, sat gazing in the fire, unconscious of the gathering darkness: even her housewife thrift was forgotten, and she sat quiet and unconscious for the time. There stood the table, still loaded with the Thanksgiving supper-nothing had been removedfor Mrs. Gray had no idea of more than one grand course at her festive-board. Pies, puddings, beef, fowl, everything came on at once a perfect deluge of hospitality, and thus everything remained a feast in ruins. When her guests went away, the good lady, partly from fatigue, partly from the rush of thick, coming memories, forgot that the table was to be cleared. The lonesome stillness suited her frame of mind, and thus she sat, motionless and sorrowful, brooding amid the vestiges of her Thanksgiving supper.

She was aroused from this unusual state of abstraction by a slight noise among the dishes, and supposing that the sleek, old house-cat had broken bounds for once, she stamped her foot upon the hearth too gently And I must write—my work like his young life \(\) for much effect, and brushing the tears from her eyes, uttered a faint "get out," as if that hospitable heart smote her for attempting to deprive the cat of a reasonable share in the feast.

Still the noise continued, and added to it was the faint creaking of a chair. She looked around, eagerly arose from her seat, and stood up motionless, with her eyes bent on the table. A man sat in the vacant chair-not the hired-man-for his life he dared not have touched that seat. The apartment was full of shadows, but through them all Mrs. Gray could detect something in the outline of that tall figure that made her heart beat fast. The face turned toward her was somewhat pale, and even through the gloom she felt the flash of two dark eyes riveted upon her.

Mrs. Gray had no thought of robbers-what highwayman could be fancied bold enough to seat himself in that chair? She had no fear of any kind, still her stout limbs began to shake, and when she moved toward the table it was with a wavering step. As she came opposite her brother's chair the intruder leaned forward, threw his arms half across the table and bent his face toward her. That moment the hickory fire flashed up, she rushed close to the table, seized both the large hands stretched toward her, and cried out-"Jacob, brother Jacob—is that you?"

"Well, Sarah, I reckon it isn't anybody else!" said Jacob Strong, holding his sister's hand with a firm grip, though she was trying to shake his over the table with all her might. "You didn't expectme, I suppose?"

It would not do; with all his eccentricity the warm, rude love in Jacob Strong's heart would force its way out. His voice broke; he suddenly planted his elbows on the table, and covering his face with both hands, sobbed aloud.

"Jacob, brother Jacob, don't!" cried Mrs. Gray, coming round the table, her buxom face glistening with tears. "I'm/sure it seems as if I should never Teel like crying again. Why, Jacob, is it you? can't seem to have a realizing sense of it yet."

Jacob arose, opened his large arms, and gathered the stout form of Mrs. Gray to his bosom as if she had been a child.

"Sarah, it is the same rough heart, with a great deal of love in it yet. Does not that seem real?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, in a soft, deep whisper, "yes, Jacob, now it seems real, but I want to cry more than ever. It seems as if I couldn't stop! I always kind of expected it, but now that you are here, it seems as if I had got you right back from Heaven."

Jacob Strong held his sister still closer to his bosom, and putting up his hand he attempted to smooth her hair with a sort of awkward caress, probably an old habit of his boyhood, but his hand fell upon the mushin and ribands of her cap, and the touch smote him like a reproach. "Oh, Sarah," he said, in a broken voice, "you have grown old. Have I been away so many years?"

"Never mind that now," answered Mrs. Gray, whose kindly heart was moved by the sigh that seemed lifting her from the bosom of her brother. "I have had trouble, and, sure enough, I have grown

Jacob tightened his embrace a moment, and then released his sister.

"Get a light, Sarah, let us look at each other."

Mrs. Gray took a brass candlestick from the mantel-piece and kindled a light. Her face was paler than usual and bathed with tears as she turned it toward Jacob. For a time the two gazed on each other with a look of intense interest, an expression of regretful sadness settled on their features, and, without a word, Mrs. Gray set down the light.

"Is it age, Sarah, or trouble that has turned your hair so grey?" said Jacob, a moment after when both were seated at the hearth. He paused, a choking sensation came in his throat, and then he added with an effort, "have I helped do it, was it mourning because I went off and never wrote?"

"No, no, do not think that," was the kind reply, "I always knew that there must be some good reason for it, I always expected that you would come back and that we should grow old together."

"Then it was not trouble about me?"

"Nothing of the kind, I knew that you would never do anything really wrong, something in my heart always told me that you were alive and about some good work, what, I could not tell, but though I longed to see you, and wondered often where you were, I was just as sure that all would end right, and that you would come back safe as if an angel from Heaven had told me so !"

"Yet I was doing wrong all the time, Sarah," answered Jacob, smitten to the heart by the honest sisterly faith betrayed in Mrs. Gray's speech. "It was cruel to leave you-cruel not to write. But it appeared to me as if I had some excuse. You were settled in life-and so much older. It did not seem as if you could care so much for me with a husband to think of. Besides, you and Eunice were so much nearer the same age. I was a boy, you know, and could not realize that two full grown married women really could be my sisters."

"You knew when poor Eunice died?" answered Mrs. Gray. "You heard, no doubt, that she was buried by her husband not three months after the fever took him off: and about the baby."

"No, no, I never heard, I was too full of other things. I did not even know that your husband was gone, till a man up yonder, called you the Widow Gray, when I inquired if you lived here. The last news I heard was years ago, when your husband left home and settled here on the Island."

"He died that very year," answered Mrs. Gray, with a gentle fall of the voice, "I have been alone ever since-all but little Robert."

"Little Robert, have you a child, then, Sarah, I did not know that !"

"No, it wasn't my child, poor Eunice left a boy behind her. The dearest, sweetest little fellow, I wish you could have seen him when he first come here, not three months old, so feeble and helpless—in his mother's sickness he hadn't been tended as children ought to be, and he was the palest, thinnest little creature. I wasn't much used to babies, but somehow God teaches us a way when we have the willold, but it seems to me as if I was never so happy." and no creature ever prayed for assistance as I did.



Sometimes when the little thing fell to sleep, moaning in my arms, it sounded as if it must wake up with its mother in Heaven, but good nursing and new milk, warm from the cow, soon brought out roses and dimples. He grew, I never did see a child grow like him, and so good-natured."

"But now? where is the boy now?" questioned?

"He was here this forenoon, almost a man grown. You have been away so long, Jacob. He was here and ate his Thanksgiving dinner. A perfect gentleman, too, I declare I was almost ashamed to kiss him, he's grown so."

"Then you have brought him up on the place?"

"No, Jacob, we never had a gentleman in our family that I ever heard on, so I determined to make one of Robert."

"And how did you go to work?" questioned Jacob, with a grim smile, "I've tried it myself, but we're a tough family to mould over, I never could do more than make a tolerably honest man out of my share of the old stock."

"Oh, Robert was naturally gifted," answered Mrs. Gray, with great complacency.

"He did not get it from our side of the house that's certain," muttered Jacob, "the very gates on the old farm always swung awkwardly."

"But his father, he was an 'Otis,' you know. Robert looks a good deal like his father, and took to his learning just as naturally as he did to the new milk, he was born a gentleman. I remember Mr. Leicester said those very words the first time he come here."

Jacob gave a faint start, and half clenching his hand, said, only half letting out his breath-" who, who?"

"Mr. Leicester, the best friend Robert ever had. He used to come over here to board sometimes for weeks together, for there was deer in the woods then, and fish in the ponds, enough to keep a sportsman busy at least four months in the year. He took a great interest in Robert from the first, and taught him almost everything-no school could have made Robert what he is."

"And this man has had the teaching of my sister's child," muttered Jacob, shading his face with one hand. "Everywhere everywhere, he trails himself in my path."

Mrs. Gray looked at her brother very earnestly, you are tired!" she said.

"No I was listening. So this man, this Mr. Leicester, you like him then? he has been good to you?"

Mrs. Gray hesitated and bent her eyes upon the fire. "Good-yes he has been good to us, and as for liking him I ought to. I know how ungrateful it is, but somehow, Jacob, I'll own it to you, I never did like Mr. Leicester with my whole heart, I'm ashamed to look you in the face and say this, but its the truth, perhaps it was his education, or something."

"No, Sarah, it was your heart, your own upright heart, that stirred within you. I have felt it a thousand times, struggled against it, been ashamed of it, but an honest heart is always right. When it shrinks most of all writing. Hours and hours he would spend

and grows cold at the approach of a stranger, depend on it, that stranger is to be avoided. Never grieve or blush for this heart warning. It is only the honest who feel it. Vile things do not tremble as they touch each other."

"Why, Jacob, Jacob, you do not mean to say that it was right for me to dislike Mr. Leicester, to dread his coming, to feel sometimes as if I wanted to snatch Robert from his side and run off with him, I'm sure it has been a great trouble to me, and I've prayed and prayed not to be so ungrateful-now you speak as if it was right all the time-but you dont't know all; you will blame me as I blame myself after I tell you it was through Mr. Leicester that Robert got his situation with one of the richest and greatest merchants in New York, and that he was paid a salary from the first, though hundreds and hundreds of rich men's sons would have jumped at the place without pay; now, Jacob, I'm sure you'll think me wrong."

"Wrong," repeated Jacob, with emphasis, "but no matter now; the time has gone by when it would do good to talk all this over. But tell me, Sarah, what were the studies he seemed most earnest that Robert should understand? What books did they read together, what was the general tone of discourse?"

"I'm sure it's impossible for me to tell, they read all sorts of books, there on the swing shelf you will find most of them."

Jacob arose, and taking up a light examined the books pointed out to him, while his sister stood by, gazing alternately upon his face and the volumes, as if some new and vague fear had all at once possessed her.

There was nothing in the volumes which Jacob beheld to excite apprehension even in the most rigid moralist. Some of the books were elementary, the rest purely classical, a few were in French, but they bore no taint of the loose morals or vicious philosophy which has rendered the modern literature of France as contemptible, if that could be, as her national politics.

Jacob drew a deep breath, and re-placing the light on the mantel-piece, sat down. His feelings and suspicions were not in the least changed, but the inspection of those books had baffled him. Mrs. Gray sat watching him with great anxiety.

"There is nothing wrong in the books, is there?" she said, at length.

"No!" was the absent reply.

"You could tell, I suppose, for it seemed as if you were reading. It is foreign language, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And you can read it?"

"Yes!"

"But how, where did you get so much learning?" Jacob did not hear her. He was lost in profound thought, striving to search out some clue which would reveal the motives of that evil man for the interest he had taken in Robert Otia.

"And these were all my nephew studied?" he said, at length, still pondering upon what had been told him.

"No, not all. Those were the books, but then Mr. Leicester thought more of music and drawing, but over that. Every kind of writing, not coarse hand and fine hand as you and I learned to write—but every thing was given him to copy. Old letters, names!—I remember he practiced one whole month writing over different names from a great pile of letters that Mr. Leicester brought for copies."

"Ha!" ejaculated Jacob Strong, now keenly interested, "so he was taught to copy these names?"

"Yes, and he did it so beautifully, sometimes you could not have known one from the other. The more exactly alike he made them, the more Mr. Leicester was pleased. I used to tell Robert to beat the copy if he could, and some of the names were crabbed enough, but Mr. Leicester said that wasn't the object."

"No, it wasn't the object," muttered Jacob, and now his eyes flashed, for he had obtained the clue.

"One week, I remember," persisted Mrs. Gray, whe wrote and wrote, and all the time on one name I fairly got tired of the sight of it, and Robert too; but Mr. Leicester said that he would never be a clerk without perfect penmanship."

"And this one name, what was it?" inquired Jacob, with keen interest.

Mrs. Gray opened a stand-drawer, and took out a copy-book filled with loose scraps of paper.

Jacob examined the book and the scraps of paper separately and together. Mrs Gray was wrong when she said it was a single name only. In the book, and on loose fragments were notes of hand, evidently imitated from some genuine original, with checks on various city banks, apparently drawn at random, and merely as a practice in penmanship: but one bank was more frequently mentioned than the others, and this fact Jacob treasured in his mind.

"This name," he said, touching a signature to one of these papers—"whose is it?"

"Why it is the merchant that Robert is with," answered Mrs. Gray. "That is the one he wrote over so often."

"I thought so!" said Jacob, drily, and laying the copy-book down, he seemed to cast it from his mind.

Mrs. Gray had become unfamiliar with the features of her relative, or she would have seen that deep and stern feelings were busy within him, but now she only thought him anxious and tired out with the excitement of returning home after so many years of absence.

They sat together on the hearth, more silent than seemed natural to persons thus united, when a footstep upon the crisp leaves brought a glow to Mrs. Gray's cheek.

"I thought there was a sound of wheels," she said, eagerly. "It is Robert come back from the ferry!—how he will be surprised!"

"Not now!" said Jacob Strong. "I would rather not see him to-night—do not tell him that I am here!"

"But he will stay all night!" pleaded Mrs. Gray, whose kind heart was overflowing with the hope of presenting the youth to his uncle without delay.

"So much the better: I can see something of him without being known. Where does that door lead?"

"To a spare bed-room!"

"His bed-room?"

"No. Robert will sleep up stairs in his own chamber—he always does."

"Very well, I will take that room: say nothing of my return. When he is in bed I will come out again."

"Dear me how strange all this is—how can I keep still?—how can I help telling him?" murmured the good woman, half following Jacob into the dark bedroom, "I never kept a secret in my life. He will certainly find me out."

"Hush!" said Jacob, in an emphatic whisper, from the bed-room: "I will lay down upon the bed: leave the door partly open: now take your seat again where the light will fall on you both. Go—go!"

Mrs. Gray took her seat again, looking very awkward and conscious-stricken; Robert came in flushed with his ride. It was a sharp autumnal evening, a brilliant color lay in his cheeks, and the rich hair was blown about his forehead. He flung off his sacque, and cast it down with the heavy whip he carried in one hand.

"Well, aunt, I am back again—that old horse, like wine I have tasted, grows stronger and brighter as he gets old."

"But where is he?—the hired-man went away at dark," said Mrs. Gray, anxious for the comfort of her horse.

"Never mind him. I put the blessed poney up myself. You should have heard the old fellow whinney as I gave out his oats. He knew me again."

"Of course he did. I should like see anything on the place forget you, Robert, it wouldn't stay here long, I give my word for it."

"Oh, aunt, I would not have even a horse or dog sent from the old place for a much greater sin—I know what it is?"

"But you never were sent off, Robert."

"No, aunt, but I went. Instead of superintending the place, and taking the labor from your shoulders, who have no one else to depend on—I must set up for a gentleman—see city life, aunt—I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had never left you!"

"Why, Robert—why do you wish this? or if you really are homesick, why not come back again?"

"Come back again, aunt!" said the youth, with sudden and bitter earnestness. "Is there any coming back in this life? When we are changed and places are changed, always ourselves most, how can a return to one spot be called coming back?"

"But I am not changed—the place is just as it was," pleaded the kind aunt.

"But I am changed, aunt—I can throw myself by your side, and lay my head upon your lap as if I were a petted child still, but it would not be natural—we could not force ourselves into believing it natural."

"How strangely you talk, Robert, to me you are a child yet."

"But to myself I am not a child, I have thought, felt—yes, even now I have suffered only as men think, feel and suffer. Oh, aunt, if I had never lived with any one but you how much better it would have been."

The youth had cast himself on the hearth by his aunt, and rested his beautiful head upon her knee.



Tears, those warm, bright tears that youth alone can (crazy, but then I really would not mind it scarcely shed, filled his eyes without impairing their bright-2000

The old lady pressed her hand upon his hair, and looked lovingly into those brimming eyes. "And this comes of being a gentleman!" she whispered, shaking her head with a gentle motion.

The youth gave a faint shudder, and, turning his head so that his eyes were buried in the folds of her dress, sobbed aloud.

"Why, Robert, Robert, what is this?-what trouble is upon you?"

"None, aunt—nothing. I am only in a fit of the blues just now. It makes me homesick to see you all alone here, that is all!" answered the youth, lifting his face, and shaking back the curls from his forehead, while he attempted one of his old careless smiles, but vainly enough.

The old lady was distressed. "Is it money, Robert; have you been extravagant? The salary is a very handsome one: but if you have wanted more clothes, or anything, I wouldn't mind giving you twenty or thirty dollars. There now, will that do?"

Blessed old woman, she did not understand the half sad, half comic smile that curled those young lips, and thinking, in her innocence, that she had dived to the heart of his mystery, her own face beamed with satisfaction.

"That is it, I see through it all now; come, how much shall it be, twenty, thirty, forty? It's extravagant, I know, but this day of all other's, I feel as if it would do me good to give somebody everything I have in the world; there, nephew, there, two tensthree fives-a three, and, and-yes, I have it-here is a two. Now brighten up, and next time don't be afraid to come and tell me: only, Robert, remember the fate of the prodigal son, the husks, the tearsnot that I wouldn't kill the petted calf-not that I wouldn't forgive you, Bob, I couldn't help it, but it would break my heart. If I was to be called on for the sacrifice, I couldn't eat a morsel of the animal, I'm sure. So you won't be extravagant and spend the hard earnings of your old aunt, at any rate till after I'm dead, Robert."

The good woman had worked herself up to a state of almost ludicrous sorrow with the future her fancy was coloring. Her hands shook as she drew an old black pocket-book from some mysterious place in the folds of her dress, and counting out the bank-notes as they were ennumerated, crowded them into Robert's hand. The youth had altered very strangely while she was speaking His face was pale and red in alternate flashes; his lips quivered, and with a convulsive movement he pressed his eyelids down, thus crushing back the tears that swelled against them. Mrs. Gray attempted to press the bank-notes upon him, but his hand was cold, and his fingers refused to clasp the money. Drawing back with a faint struggle, he said-"no, no, aunt, I do not want it! Indeed it would do me no good!"

"Do you no good? What! is it not money that you want?" cried the kind woman. "Nonsense, nonsense, Robert, here take it-take it. I wouldn't mind ten dollars more—it does seem as if I was?

at all !"

Robert was more composed now. The hot flushes had left his face very pale, and with a look of firm resolve upon it.

"No, aunt," he said, gently putting back the money, "I will not take it. The salary I receive ought to be enough for my support, and it shall; besides, I tell you but the simple truth, that money would do me no good whatever."

The old lady took up the crushed notes, smoothed them across her knee with both hands over and over in a puzzled and dissatisfied way.

"What is it that you are worried about, if money will not answer?" she said, at length.

"Nothing, aunt-why should you think it?" He spoke slowly and in a wavering voice at first, then with a sort of reckless impetuosity he broke into a laugh. It was not his old gleeful laugh, and Mrs. Gray only looked startled by it.

"There now, put up the old pocket-book, and give me a hearty night kiss," he said, hurriedly, "I shall be off in the morning before you are up."

"Good night, Robert," said Mrs. Gray, with a meek and disappointed air. "That kiss is the first one that ever fell heavily on your old aunt's heart. You are keeping something back from me."

"No, aunt, no!" The words were uttered faintly, and Mrs. Gray felt that the ardor of truth was not there. For a moment both were silent; Robert had lighted a candle and stood on the hearth looking hard into the blaze, he turned his eyes slowly upon his aunt. She sat with one hand upon the pocket-book, gazing into the fire. There was anxiety and doubt in her features. Robert sighed heavily.

"Good night, aunt."

"Good night."

She listened to each slow footstep as her nephew went up the stairs. When his chamber-door closed, she buckled the strap around her pocket-book, and dropped it with a deep sigh into its repository among her voluminous skirts.

"I cannot understand it," she murmured-"I cannot make out what ails him!"

All at once she remembered the presence of her brother, and her face brightened. "Jacob will know what it means. Jacob, Jacob!"

Mrs. Gray uttered the name of her brother in a whisper, but it brought him forth at once.

"Well, Jacob, you have seen him-you have heard him talk. Isn't be something worth loving?"

"He is worth loving and worth serving too," answered Jacob. "Sarah, I did not think anything on earth could make my heart beat as the sight of that boy did."

"He is in trouble, you see that, Jacob, and would not take money! What can it mean?"

"I saw all-heard all. His nature is noble-his will strong-have no fear. He needs a firmer hand than yours, my good Sarah, I will take care of him."

"I did not give a hint about you."

"That was right. It is best that he should know nothing about me, at least for the present."

"But I should so like to tell him!" said Mrs. Gray.

- "And you shall in time, but not yet. I must know more and see more first."
- "Well, you ought to know best," answered the sister, in a tone of gentle submission. "I'm sure he quite bewilders me!"
- "Now," said Jacob, seating himself, "let us leave the boy to his rest. I wish to talk with you about old times—about the people down East."
- "It is a long time since I was in Maine, Jacob, I've almost forgotten all about the folks."
- "But there was one family that you will remember.
 Old Mr. Wilcox's, I am anxious to hear about him."
 There was something constrained and unnetural in

There was something constrained and unnatural in Jacob's manner, he had evidently forced himself to appear calm when every word was sharpened with keen anxiety.

Mrs. Gray shook her head, Jacob's heart fell as he saw the motion. "Nothing, can you tell me nothing?" he said, with an expression of deep anguish. "Oh, Sarah, try, try! you do not know how much happiness a word from you would bring!"

"If I could but speak it," said Mrs. Gray, "how glad I should be. Mr. Wilcox sold out and left Maine about the time we moved on to the Island, where he went, or why he went no one ever heard. It was a very strange thing, everybody thought so at the time!"

Jacob uttered a faint groan, her words had taken the last hope from his heart. "And this is all you know, Sarah?"

"It is all anybody knows of old Mr. Wilcox or his family. There was a daughter, she left home first. Let me think, that was just before you left the old gentleman; nobody ever heard of her either. What is the matter, are you going away, Jacob?"

"Yes, I will talk over these things another time. Good night, Sarah. I will just throw myself on the bed till day-break."

"But you are not going away then?"

"Yes! but you will see me often, I shall stay near you, in the city perhaps."

"Why not here? I have enough for us both, and we two are all that is left, almost. It seems hard that you should leave me so soon."

"Not now, Sarah, by and by we will settle down and grow old together, but the time has not come yet."

"I forgot to ask, are you married, Jacob?"

"Married!" answered Jacob Strong, and a grim, hard smile crept over his lips. "No, I was never married. Good night, Sarah."

"There, now I suppose I've been inquisitive, and worried him," thought Mrs. Gray, as the bed-room

door closed upon her brother. "What a Thanksgiving it has been! who would have thought this morning that he would sleep under my roof to-night! and Robert close by, without knowing a word of it. Well, faith is a beautiful thing after all—I was certain that he would come back alive, and sure enough he has!"

Thus Mrs. Gray ruminated, unconscious of the lapse of time, till a sense of fatigue crept over her. Still she was keenly wakeful, for, unused to excitement of any kind, the agitation crowded upon her that day forbade all inclination to sleep. There was a large moreen couch in the room, and as the night wore on, she lay down upon it, still thoughtful and oppressed with the weight of her overwrought feelings. Thus she lay till the candle burned out, and there was no light in the room, save that which came from a bed of embers and the rays of a waning moon, half exhausted in the maple boughs against the windows.

A sleepy sensation was at length conquering the strong excitement that had kept her so long watchful, when she was aroused by the soft tread of a foot upon the stairs. Quietly, and with frequent pauses it came downward, the door opened and Mrs. Gray saw her nephew, in his night clothes and barefooted glide across the room. He went directly to an old-fashioned work-stand near the bed-room door, and opened one of the drawers. Then followed a faint rustle of papers, and he stole back again, softly and thief-like, with something in his hand.

It was strange that Mrs. Gray did not speak, but some unaccountable feeling kept her silent, and after she heard him cautiously enter his room again, the reflection that there was nothing but his own little property in the stand tranquilized her. "He wanted something from the drawer, and so come down softly that I might not be disturbed," she thought. "But then his face, what made that pale, as he stood for a moment by the window? The moonbeam, it was the pearly whiteness of the moonbeams. Who ever looked otherwise standing in the autumn moonlight?" Thus the kind lady re-assured herself, and with these gentle thoughts in her mind she fell asleep.

Mrs. Gray awoke early in the morning, and softly entered the spare bed-room. It was empty. No vestige of her brother's visit remained. Like a ghost he came, like a ghost he had departed. She went up stairs; the nephew was gone. Sometime during that day she happened to think of his visit to the workstand. The old copy-book was missing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON A BABE'S RECOVERY.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Hg lives, he breathes—thank God,
The grave hath lost its prey!
The hopeless night has past,
Welcome the glorious day!

Oh! may he live, as earth
Were but a step to Heaven!
Then will it be a boon,
His precious life, thus given!



ORIGIN AND DESTINY.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

Among those who aspired to the hand of Laura; Woodville, was a young man named Percival, whose father, a poor, day laborer, had, by self-denial through many years, succeeded in giving him an education beyond what was usually acquired at that time by those in the lower walks of life. When sixteen years of age, an attorney of some eminence, who perceived in the lad more than ordinary ability, took him into his office, and raised him to the profession of law. At the time of which we write, Percival, who was twenty-five years old, had already obtained some reputation at the bar, having conducted, to a successful issue, several very important cases.

Mr. Woodville, to the hand of whose daughter, as has just been said, Percival aspired, was a merchant in rather reduced circumstances; but connected with certain old families more distinguished for aristocratic pride than virtues. This connexion was the more valued in consequence of the loss of wealth through disasters in trade, and the inability to keep up those external appearances which dazzle the multitude and extort a homage that is grateful to weak minds.

Laura, a beautiful and highly accomplished girl, was a favorite in all circles; and there were many among the wealthy and fashionable who, for her personal attractions alone, were ready to approach and offer the homage of a sincere affection. Among these was a young man named Allison, whose family had, in the eyes of Mr. Woodville, everything to render a marriage connexion desirable. But Laura never encouraged his advances in the least; for she felt for him a strong internal repulsion. He was wealthy, accomplished, attractive in person, and connected, both on his father's and mother's side, with some of the oldest, and, so called, "best families" in the state. These, however, were not, in her eyes, attractions sufficiently strong to induce her to overlook qualities of the heart. Already, in her contact with the world, had she been made to feel its hollowness, and its selfish cruelty. For something more than mere fashionable blandishments had her heart began to yearn. She felt that a true and virtuous friend was a treasure beyond all price.

While this state of mind was in progress, Laura met Henry Percival. A mutual regard was soon developed, which increased until it became a deep and sincere affection. In the meantime Allison, confident from his position, became bolder in his advances; and as a preliminary step, gave Mr. Woodville an intimation of his views. The old merchant heard him gladly, and yielded a full consent to the prosecution of his suit. But perceiving what was in the mind of the young man, Laura shrunk from him, and met all his advances with a chilling reserve that was not for an instant to be misunderstood. In the meantime, establishments? A mere day laborer?"

Percival daily gained favor in her eyes, and was at length emboldened to declare what was in his heart. With ill-concealed pleasure, Laura referred the young man to her father. As to the issue of the reference, she had well grounded fears.

The day that followed this declaration, was one of anxious suspense to Laura. She was alone, late in the afternoon, when her father came into the room where she was sitting. She saw instantly what was in his mind. There was a cloud on his face, and she knew that he had repulsed her lover.

"Laura," said he, gravely, as he sat down by her side-"I was exceedingly surprised and pained to-day to receive, from a young, upstart attorney, of whose family no one has ever heard, an offer for your hand, made, as was affirmed, with your consent. Surely this affirmation was not true!"

A deep crimson flushed the face of Laura; her eyes fell to the floor; and she exhibited signs of strong agi-

"You may not be aware," continued Mr. Woodville, "that Mr. Allison has also been to me with a similar application."

"Mr. Allison!" The eyes of Laura were raised quickly from the floor; and her manner exhibited the repugnance she felt. "I can never look upon Mr. Allison as more than a friend," said she, calmly.

"Laura! Has it indeed come to this?" said Mr. Woodville, really disturbed. "Will you disgrace yourself and family by a union with a vulgar upstart from the lower ranks, when an alliance so distinguished as this one is offered. Who is Percival? Where is he from? What is his origin?"

"I regard rather his destiny than his origin," replied the daughter, "for that concerns me far more nearly than the other. I shall have to tread the way my husband goes; not the way he has come. The past is past. In the future lies my happiness or misery."

"Are you beside yourself?" exclaimed the father, losing his self-command before the rational calmness of his child.

"No, father," replied Laura; "not beside myself. In the principles that govern Mr. Allison, I have no confidence; and it is a man's principles that determine the path he is to tread in life. On the other hand, I have the fullest confidence in those of Mr. Percival, and know where they will lead him. This is a matter in which I cannot look back to see from whence the person has come; everything depends on a knowledge as to where he is going."

"Do you know," said Mr. Woodville, not giving the words of his child the smallest consideration, "that the father of this fellow Percival was a day laborer in one of old Mr. Allison's manufacturing

"I have heard as much. Was he not an honest and honorable man?"

"Madness, girl!" ejaculated Mr. Woodville, at this question, still further losing his self-control. "Do you think that I am going to see my child, who has the blood of the P--'s, and R-'s, and W--'s in her veins, mingle it with the vile blood of a common laborer? You have been much in error if, for a moment, you have indulged the idle dream. I positively forbid all intercourse with this Percival. Do not disobey me, or the consequences to yourself will be of the saddest kind."

As her father ceased speaking, Laura arose, weeping, and left the room.

A deep calm succeeded to this sudden storm that had fallen from a summer sky. But it was a calm indicative of a heavier and more devastating storm. Laura communicated to Percival the fact of her painful interview with her father, and at the same time gave him to understand that no change in his views was to be expected; and that to seek to effect a change would only be to place himself in the way of repulse and insult. Both of these the young man had already received.

A few months later, and, fully avowing her purpose, Laura left the house of her parents and became the wife of Percival. A step like this is never taken without suffering. Sometimes it is wisely, but oftener unwisely taken; but never without pain. In this case the pain on both sides was severe. Mr. Woodville loved his daughter tenderly; and she felt for her father a more than common attachment. But he was a proud and selfish man. The marriage of Laura not only disappointed and mortified him, but made him angry beyond all reason and self-control. In the bitterness of his feelings he vowed never to look upon nor forgive her. It was all in vain, therefore, that his daughter sought a reconciliation. She met only a stern repulse.

Years went by, and it remained the same. Many times during that long period did Laura approach her old home; but only to be repulsed. At last, she was startled and afflicted with the sad news of her mother's death. In the sudden anguish of her feelings she hurried to her father's house. As she stood with others who had gathered around, gazing upon the lifeless form of her dead parent, she became aware that the living one had entered the room, and, to all appearance, unconscious of her presence, was standing by her side. A tremor went through her frame. She felt faint and ready to drop to the floor. In this season of deep affliction might he not forgive the past? Hope sprung up within her. In the presence of the dead he could not throw her off. She laid her hand gently on his. He turned. Her tearful eyes were lifted to his face. A moment of thrilling suspense! Pride and anger conquered again. Without a sign of recognition, he turned away and left the chamber of death.

Bracing herself up with an intense struggle, Laura pressed her lips to the cold brow of her mother, and then allently retired.

During the time that intervened from his marriage

, rising in the confidence, respect and esteem of the community; and was acquiring wealth through means of a large practice at the bar. As a husband he had proved most kind and affectionate. As a man he was the very soul of honor. All who knew him held him in the highest regard.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Woodville fell into a gloomy state of mind. His business, which had been declining for years, was becoming less and less profitable; and, to increase his trouble, he found himself progressing toward embarrassment if not bankruptcy. The man whom of all others he had wished to see the husband of his daughter, married a beautiful heiress, and was living in a style of great elegance He met the brilliant bride occasionally, and always with an unpleasant feeling. One day, while walking with a gentleman, they passed Allison, when his companion said-

"If that man doesn't break his wife's heart within five years, I shall think she has few of woman's best and holiest feelings."

"Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Woodville, evincing much surprise.

"In the first place," replied the friend, "a man with bad principles is not the one to make a right minded woman happy. And, in the second place, a man who regards neither virtue nor decency in his conduct, is the one to make her life wretched."

"But is Allison such a man?"

"He is, to my certain knowledge. I knew him when a boy. We were schoolmates. He then gave evidence of more than ordinary natural depravity; and from the training he has received, that depravity has been encouraged to grow. Since he became a man I have had many opportunities for observing him closely; and I speak deliberately when I say that I hold him in exceedingly low estimation. I am personally cognizant of acts that stamp him as possessing neither honor nor, as I said before, decency; and a very long time will not, probably, elapse, before he will betray all this to the world. Men like him, indulge in evil passions and selfish designs, until they lose even common prudence."

"You astonish me," said Mr. Woodville. "I cannot credit your words. He belongs to one of our best families."

"So called. But, judged by a true standard, I should say one of our worst families."

"Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Woodville, evincing still more surprise.

"The virtues of an individual," replied the gentleman, "make his standard of worth. The same is true of families. Decayed wood, covered with shining gold, is not so valuable as sound and polished oak Nor is a family, raised by wealth or any external gilding, into a high social position, if not possessed of virtue, half so worthy of confidence and esteem, as one of less pretension but endowed with honorable principles. The father of Mr. Allison, it is well known, was a gentleman only in a Chesterfieldian sense. A more hollow-hearted man never existed. And the son is like the father; only more depraved."

Mr. Woodville was profoundly astonished. All this up to this period, Mr. Percival had been gradually he might have known from personal observation, had not his eyes been so dazzled with the external brilliance of the persons condemned, as to disqualify them for looking deeper, and perceiving the real character of what was beneath the brilliant gilding. He was astonished, though not entirely convinced. It did not seem possible that any one in the elevated position of Mr. Allison could be so base as was affirmed.

A few months later and Mr. Woodville was surprised at the announcement that the wife of Allison had separated herself from him, and returned to her father's house. Various causes were assigned for this act, the most prominent of which was infidelity. Soon after an application for a divorce was laid before the legislature, with such proofs of ill-treatment and shocking depravity of conduct, as procured an instant release from the marriage contract.

By this time the proud, angry father was beginning to see that he had, probably, committed an error. An emotion of thankfulness that his child was not the wife of Allison rose spontaneously in his breast; but he did not permit it to come into his deliberate thoughts, nor take the form of an uttered sentiment Steadily the change in his outward circumstances progressed. He was growing old, and losing the ability to do business on an equality with the younger and more eager merchants around him, who were gradually drawing off his oldest and best customers. Disappointed, lonely, anxious and depressed in spirits, the conviction that he had committed a great mistake was daily forcing itself more and more upon the mind of Mr. Woodville. When evening came, and he returned to his silent, almost deserted dwelling, his loneliness would deepen into sadness; and then like an unbidden, but not entirely unwelcome guest, the image of Laura would come before his imagination, and her low and tender voice would sound in his ears. But pride and resentment were still in his heart; and after gazing on the pensive, loving face of his child for a time, he would seek to expel the vision. She had degraded herself in marriage. Who or what was her husband? A low, vulgar fellow, raised a little above the common herd? Such and only such did he esteem him; and, whenever he thought of him, his resentment toward Laura came back in full force.

Thus it went on, until twelve years from the time of Laura's marriage had passed away, and in that long period the father had seen her face but once, and then it was in the presence of the dead. Fre quently in the first years of that time had she sought a reconciliation; but, repulsed on each occasion, she had ceased to make approaches. As to her husband, so entirely did Mr. Woodville reject him, that he cast out of his mind his very likeness, and, not meeting him, ceased actually to remember his features, so that if he had encountered him in the street he would not have known him. He could, and had said, therefore, when asked about Percival, that he "didn't know him." Of his rising reputation and social standing he knew but little; for his very name being an offence, he rejected it on the first utterance, and pushed aside rather than looked at any information regarding him

At last the external affairs of Mr. Woodville became

desperate. His business actually died out, so that the expense of conducting it being more than the proceeds, he closed up his mercantile history, and retired on a meagre property, scarcely sufficient to meet his wants. But scarcely had this change taken place when a claim on the only piece of real estate which he held, was made on the allegation of a defective title. On consulting a lawyer he was alarmed to find that the claim had a plausible basis, and that the chances were against him. When the case was brought up Mr. Woodville appeared in court, and with trembling anxiety watched the progress of the trial. The claim was apparently a fair one; and yet not really just. On the side of the prosecution was a subtle, ingenious and eloquent lawyer, in whose hands his own counsel was little more than a child, and he saw with despair that all the chances were against him. The loss of this remnant of property would leave him utterly destitute. After a vigorous argument on the one side, and a feeble rejoinder on the other, the case was about being submitted when a new advocate appeared on the side of the defence. He was unknown to Mr. Woodville. On rising in court there was a profound silence. He began by observing that he had something to say in the case ere it closed, and as he had studied it carefully and weighed with due deliberation all the evidence which had appeared, he was satisfied that he could show cause why the prosecution should not obtain a favorable decision.

In surprise Mr. Woodville bent forward to listen. The lawyer was tall in person; dignified in manner, and spoke with a peculiar musical intonation and eloquent flow of language that marked him as possessing both talents and education of a high order. In a few minutes he was perfectly absorbed in his argument. It was clear and strong in every part; and tore into very tatters the subtle claim of reasoning presented by the opposing counsel. For an hour be occupied the attention of the court. On closing his speech he immediately retired. The decision was in Mr. Woodville's favor.

"Who is that?" be asked, turning to a gentleman who sat beside him, as the strange advocate left the floor.

The man looked at him in surprise.

"Not know him?" said he.

Mr. Woodville shook his head.

"His name is Percival."

Mr. Woodville turned his face partly away to conceal the sudden flush that went over it. After the decision in his favor had been given, and he had returned home, wondering at what had just occurred, he sat musing alone, when there came a light tapping as from the hand of a child at his door. Opening it, he found a boy there not over five or six years of age, with golden hair falling over his shoulders, and bright blue eyes raised to his own.

"Grandpa," said the child, looking earnestly into his face.

For a moment the old man stood and trembled. Then stooping down, he took the child in his arms, and hugged him with a sudden emotion to his heart, while the long scaled fountain of his feelings gushed

forth again, and tears came forth from beneath the ; high estimation in which he was held by all in the lids that were tightly shut to repress them.

"Father!" The eyes were quickly unclosed. There was now another present.

"My child!" came trembling from his lips, and Laura flung herself upon his bosom.

How changed to the eyes of Mr. Woodville was all after this. When he met Mr. Percival he was even

community, he was still further affected with wonder.

In less than a year after this reconciliation, Mr. Percival was chosen to a high office in the state; and within that time Mr. Allison was detected in a criminal conspiracy to defraud, and left the common wealth to escape punishment.

So much for origin and destiny. Laura was right; more surprised than in the court room at his manly it concerns a maiden far more to know whither her dignity of character, his refinement and enlarged in- } lover is going than whence he came; for she has to telligence. And when he went abroad and perceived { journey with him in the former and not the latter what he had never before allowed himself to see, the { way.

TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND,

TO MRS. E. LA DUE, ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT SON.

BY ISABEELA JOYCE.

BEREAVED one! from thy sunny home and hearth A light has fled, a lovely form been taken, Brief was its stay on this cold, dreary earth; For fairer worlds it has our orb forsaken.

While bending sadly o'er thy babe's low tomb, Think of a Saviour's promise kindly given! To Him, their friend, let little children come, For they, blessed ones, are the true heirs of Heaven.

Oh! blest and happiest! thus to pass away Like thee in childhood's brightly op'ning years, Ere sorrow dimm'd thy life's bright dawning ray, Or hope's bewitching song was hushed in tears.

Calm is thy loved one's rest, in his low bed No sorrow clouds that clear and settled brow, Undoomed life's dark and thorny paths to tread, Its cares and griefs will ne'er disturb thee now. Thy infant's sunny smile, its bursts of glee, That fell like murmur'd music on thine ear; Sweet as the earliest Spring-bird's melody, Those lovely tones no more thy heart will cheer.

The bud that opened in thy happy bower, Transplanted to a fairer, gentler clime, Shall quickly bloom a bright perennial flower, Unmov'd by the cold blighting touch of time.

Yes, to his home on high, the Holiest One Hath early call'd thy sweet and sinless child To join the radiant band before his throne, Earth's chosen ones, the pure, the undefiled.

And thou lone mother; for whose wounded heart Earth has no balm, no place of rest for thee; Oh! cheer thee when thy brightest joys depart, For with thy treasure soon thy heart will be.

WILL NOT FORGET YOU, DEAREST.

SONG IN ABSENCE.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

I WILL not forget you, dearest, It was a needless word. But a pulse far down in my lonely heart That kindly thought has stirred; I will not forget you ever, But speak it not to-night When the moon, our moon, of olden time, Looks down with her silver light.

I will not forget you, dearest, Cold clouds sweep o'er my brow, But far beneath, in my deep, warm heart Is hidden our early vow;

I will not forget you ever, But fond, and long, and deep, Your thought will be when I glide away To the pleasant land of sleep.

I will not forget you, dearest. I will not forget our child, The rising star that with holy light Upon our hearts has smiled; I will not forget you ever, But oh! the thought is vain, When a kind word comes from far-away To light up my heart again.

OUR FLOWER GARDEN.-OCTOBER.



The principal flowers in our bouquet for October are the Fuchsia, Carnation, Monks-hood, Petunia, Coreopsis, Verbena and Scabious, and their language is as follows:

FUCHSIA, Taste.

CARNATION, Disdain.

Monks-Hood, Oh! what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

PETUNIA, Lasting worth.
COREOPSIS, Love at first sight.
Vol. XVI.—12

VERBENA, Sensibility.
Scabious, Unfortunate attachment.

In this month, Roses that are already in the ground should have very rotten manure or thoroughly decayed leaves laid over their roots, on the surface of the ground. Every fifth or sixth year roses should be taken up and their roots shortened, after which they should be re-planted in fresh and very rich soil.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUSES, and several other bulbous and tuberous-rooted plants grown in the open

ground, should be planted at this season, the hyacinths, again in the same soil; but the ground should be aland tulips being planted in the beds prepared for them beds prepared for

All the greenhouse plants should now be taken into the houses, and those plants which have done flowering should have as little water as possible, so as to prevent them from drooping; while on the other hand, the chrysanthemums, and other plants which have not yet flowered, should have a great deal of water at this season, to assist them in perfecting their buds.

CROCUSES.—The most eligible aspect or situation until the autumnal rains set in, is a moderately shady, yet unsheltered one, permitting them to receive all the influence of the weather, except such heavy showers as would wash bare the seeds. As soon, however, as the autumnal rains commence, remove to a warm aspect; and protect them from all excessive rains, frosts, and snows, by occasional shelter, allowing them, nevertheless, the benefit of the full air at other times; but more especially after the seminal leaf, for they have but one, (being monocotyledonous plants) appears above the surface of the earth.

This occurs sometimes about the end of the year; but oftener in earliest spring. After this it is essential that they should have complete exposure to the air, even in frosty weather, screening them, however, occasionally with loose straw from other injurious effects of frosts. In this manner may the young crocuses be treated until the sun acquires sufficient power to dry the earth, or as to require daily watering.

Dahlias should never be pruned until the bloom buds show, and then but few branches should be cut out, and only such as are growing across others. The buds should be thinned, for it is by these that the strength of the plant gets exhausted. By removing all that are too near one to be bloomed, and all those that show imperfections enough to prevent them being useful, much strength will be gained by the future flowers. So, also, by pulling off the blooms themselves, the moment they are past perfection, instead of letting them seed.

THE HYACINTH requires a fresh, well drained, sandy soil, free from lump or stones, and not mixed with any vegetable matter. The hyacinth must never be planted

again in the same soil; but the ground should be allowed to rest for at least two or three years, or should be cultivated with greens during that time; it should also be well mixed again, before planting, with some old cow-dung, especially if the soil is light or sandy, as hyacinths are very foud of that manure.

MOISTURE is one of the most destructive agents against which the amateur has to guard, great care should be taken to protect hyacinths from it, by selecting the most elevated spot in his garden. For forcing in the beginning of October let a few bulbs be placed in pots and glasses; the single sorts are best for early forcing, which, if required, could be flowered at Christmas; others are planted at the end of October, and another lot about the middle of November. In eight or ten weeks they will generally be found in a fit state to be removed to the greenhouse or cold pit; from thence the most forward are taken to a house in which the temperature is kept from sixty to sixty five degrees, and placed about eighteen maches from the glass. If any show indication of expanding their flowers before the stem is of sufficient length above the bulb, a piece of brown paper of the desired length of the stem, is wrapped around the pot, and then placed in a cucumber frame, with the temperature from seventy to seventy-five degrees. In the latter end of December, or early in January, they rise six or eight inches in about ten days; if later in the season, they advance quicker. When fully expanded, the plants are taken to a house where the temperature is sixty degrees, and finally to the greenhouse. The same practice is adopted when hyacinths are grown in glasses, first placing them in a dark room to encourage the protrusion of roots, with a change of water once a week, until they are removed into the frame, or forcing-house, when a fresh supply must be given every day.

"Hyacinths," says Dr. Lindley, "after having been forced, are three years before they recover themselves. After they have done flowering both in pots and glasses, they should be planted out in the open ground in a bed properly prepared, taking care not to injure the leaves but removing the flower stalk."

M. V. S.

LA NOUVELLE VOISINE.

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

ALTHOUGH I have not seen thy face, Proud girl! I know thee well!
For once I heard thy thrilling voice, Is music wildly swell.
And as the song came on the wind That lingered in its flight,
It seemed that blessed spirits sang The glory of the night!

Thy voice was hushed—I thought they flew
To seek their home above:
I prayed that they would sing again,
And sing alone of love;

Another song more softly came—
It seemed they heard the prayer!
And answered, from their home in Heaven,
'T was thus love whispered there!

I hear the crowd in rapture tell
How beautiful thou art;
I heed them not, for I have heard
The throbbings of thy heart!
And were thy beauty bright as dreams
Of fancy e'er have been,
The form of earth could only mock
The soul that breathes within!



THE TERMAGANT;

OR, MR. CANDERS' LAST FISHING EXCURSION.

BY MISS ELLA RODMAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely day toward the first of June, and everything around looked as charming as possible, save the countenances of the two perplexed individuals whose sayings and doings are about to be brought forward in this public manner. The house was large and handsome, situated near one of the parks; you looked from the window on the soft, green turf and waving trees, among which played the gentle wind of early summer, heard the singing of birds, the glad shouts of happy childhood, and then turning your eyes on the piles of brick and stone, marveled to find yourself still in the city. Did you ever, during a voyage of discoveries in out-of-theway places, pause before some old-fashioned looking corner house, whose side windows, in the form of a lozenge, were thickly draped with vines of the trumpet-creeper that almost concealed the brick walls, and dream all sorts of queer, wild dreams, in which old visions of childhood and memories of the past came thronging up and mingled themselves with pleasant fancies, that only had their rise in your own fertile imagination? There is something delightful in one of those old houses, when the crevices of the white pavement are filled up with grass, and on each side of the front door rises a mound with a handsome white urn in the centre, and little forget-me-nots, Who cares pansies, and verbenas blooming around. whether it is stylish or not? It has far more of a home look than one of those brown stone dungeons that grace the upper part of the city, where the very blinds are made to exclude the air breathed by the canaille from contaminating the refined atmosphere within, and the projecting entrance seems to be frowning one into good behavior.

Poor Mrs. Canders! how delighted she would have been to meet with such congenial sentiments. Nothing roused her ire so much as the "march of mind" in the present day; she clung to the past with a most tenacious grasp, and though the substance vanished rapidly, she managed to retain a few of the fragments. The outside of the house has already been described; and within everything was rich, expensive and comfortable withal-having that air of being used, which is now-a-days so rarely seen. A heavy sideboard, with carved legs, occupied one side of the room, and on it stood two massive silver pitchers, whose polished surface reflected every passing ray-while through the partly open door beneath came bright glimpses of the same burnished metal. The chairs were large, awkward and cumbrous; bearing under { think otherwise niable marks of age and wear, for they had actually

descended in a straight line from Mrs. Canders' greatgrandmother, and offered a strong contrast to the very new-looking, old fashioned chairs, which now a days seem to rain down from the clouds in such abundance-chairs that one might fancy the ghosts of past generations bending over in vain to discover well known marks and symptoms of decay, forming part and parcel of those recognized as theirs. There were pretty little work-tables and curious-looking boxes scattered about, there was a large glass frame filled with wax work, which the old lady had made while at school; and the peaches and watermelons looked quite natural enough to justify-no, not to justify exactly, but in some degree to account for the atrocious juvenile attempt of Master Charles, the demure-looking young gentleman there-an attempt of which the poor peach bears the marks to this day. In one corner hung a large piece of embroidery framed, the colors of which were now somewhat faded-very natural, as one might suppose on glancing at the bottom, whereon was worked: "Eleanor Wigram, aged ten years," said Eleanor Wigram being none other than the identical old lady before us.

Mrs. Canders looks very dignified and comfortable, seated on the sofa with one of the little work-tables drawn up before her, for her sight is as good as ever, and she does not approve of idleness; but her eyes are now fixed on a handsome, gentlemanly-looking young man, who sits opposite, and appears embarrassed by his mother's protracted scrutiny—if one may judge by the interest which he takes in tracing the figure of the carpet with his cane. Neither had spoken for sometime; there was scarcely a sound to be heard save the low, humming kind of noise which tells of the great city around.

At length Mrs. Canders addressed her son, saying: "so, then, he appointed you, Charles, to break this wise resolution to me?"

But I have quite forgotten to state that Mrs. Canders was a widow of wealth and standing, in whose two sons, Charles and Herman, were centered all her hopes and ambition. Both had arrived at the years of discretion, and so far had conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, that is, they dreamed not of a separate existence from that of their mother—she took the lead, and they followed; but now Herman had exhibited symptoms which at first almost made her doubt his sanity—in a word, he was about to take himself a wife. This fact Charles had just communicated, by particular request, as a piece of voluntary information on his part, but his mother seemed to think otherwise.

Mrs. Canders though was a very reasonable woman

for one who had such unlimited command of wealth, and after a moment's reflection she added—

"This is rather unexpected, to be sure, as I have not thought about the matter, still I am very willing he should marry if this proposed connection appears desirable-if the object is worthy of his choice-a suitable companion for his mother in point of family and education." Mrs Canders sometimes loved to hear herself talk, therefore she went on; "money, of course, would be no object with a Canders; Herman, though not a very wealthy man, has enough to support both in the style to which he has been accustomed; and yet this very consideration it is which renders me fearful of his being taken in-(Herman is easily influenced) married for his money—therefore it is desi rable that the lady should be equal in point of fortune. Beauty is a thing which often causes people to commit very foolish acts-many a proud family has been mortified and humbled by some mis-alliance, the work of a pretty, vulgar face. (I hope Herman's choice is not of this description.) Yet he is easily dazzled, and your plain people are very apt to be cunning, making up with art for what nature has denied them-and I should be very sorry to have a fright of this description introduced into the family; therefore I hope that she is at least interesting in appearance, even pretty, for the Canders are all handsome. Good temper, of course, is an essential requisite, (I always hated your vixens) she should be quiet, lady-like, and refined, well-educated and accomplished, and I do not know that there is anything else I particularly care about. I am not hard to please, and with these qualifications I think Herman might be happy."

Mrs. Canders was very much given to preaching little sermons, either with or without a text as the case might happen; and Charles, on such occasions, always waited quietly and respectfully until she had concluded. In the present instance he merely replied—"Kate Serlton is the young lady who has taken possession of his heart"

"Kate Serlton." almost screamed his mother, "that young termagant! You may well say taken possession," she added, "it is quite characteristic of all that I have heard of her. She has always ruled the family at home, and being tired, I suppose, of the same field of action, has unfortunately selected Herman as the victim of her domineering disposition. I should think, Charles," she continued, "that you were much better calculated for a wife of this description than Herman. I wonder that she did not take possession of your heart."

"Me, my dear mother!" rejoined Charles, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "I really must beg to be excused. Miss Seriton would probably be as much opposed to such an arrangement as myself."

"You do not like her then?" asked his mother, with a quick, inquiring glance, "this promises well for our future happiness in the connection."

"You misunderstand me, mother," replied Charles, unwilling to prejudice her against his brother's chosen bride, "a person is not to be blamed for not wishing his sister-in-law elect his own wife, instead of his brother's. Besides, I am in no hurry to marry at present."

"I consider Kate Serlton no match whatever for Herman," proceeded Mrs. Canders, "she is a totally different person from what I should recommend. For years I have heard of her as a reigning belle, therefore she will be flighty, careless, extravagant, and everything save what is desirable in a wife. I never liked large families, either, and you can almost count the Serltons by the dozens. And then she is such a complete termagant that poor Herman will have a very unhappy time of it. In this case he has not acted wisely. She will not have a cent, and looks too saucy to be even pretty—what could have attracted him?"

"She is no great favorite of mine," observed Charles, "for I prefer a more timid, retiring manner, and would much rather that Herman had never seen her; still she is very much admired for her spirit and beauty—her family is unexceptionable; and you mentioned, mother, that you did not value money in connection of this kind. (He must have forgotten or misunderstood her saving clause.) His choice is by no means as objectionable as it might have been. Shall I tell him of your consent?"

"Consent!" repeated Mrs. Canders, while her eyes sparkled, and she looked as though very much inclined to refuse; but then in a more gentle tone she added-"I must see Herman first, and have a talk with him." She gathered up her work, and in passing from the room, observed-"you perceive, Charles, that this connection is by no means agreeable to me; when I have ever thought of a daughter-in-law at all, I pictured one who would be to me as an own daughter-one whom I could love without feeling any restraint; but as to this Miss Serlton, I know that we can never agree. Still, I shall talk with Herman, and if I find that his affections are unalterably fixed, I will not place obstacles in his way. I shall still have one son left-and upon you, Charles, I depend to maintain the honor of the family. Pray keep clear of the other Miss Serltons."

His mother was gone, and Charles turned to the window and gazed out upon the park a half smile on his lips as he repeated to himself, "honor of the family," and as to the other Miss Serltons, he was hardly aware of their existence. Oh! if Kate could have but heard them-if she could but have imagined that there had actually been a conference as to whether she should be admitted into the family! She, the daughter of the Hon. Walter Wouldn't it have been a scene! Serlton! afternoon Charles Canders heard the sound of voices for a long time in the front parlor; and when Herman finally made his appearance, his face wore an expression of rapture as he answered his brother's inquiring look with a nod and smile. He seized his hat, slammed the front door, and bent his steps toward the residence of Mr. Serlton. Mrs. Canders had done violence to her own feelings, the first time in the whole scope of her recollections, and took tea in her own apartment. Charles Canders had a solitary walk in the park, where he thought of violets, low cottages with sloping roofs, "and the honor of the family."

Kate, of course, had not the least suspicion of the manner in which her merits, or rather demerits, had

been discussed by her mother and brother-in-law elect, and received her lover with the satisfied air of one who imagines that she is rather condescending than otherwise. She always did imagine so in any transaction whatever. Poor Herman, in the exuberance of his joy at having, after long urging, gained his mother's consent, almost divulged to his high-spirited lady-love the difficulty he had experienced in obtaining that consent. A quick, angry light flashed from the beautiful eyes, the graceful figure was proudly drawn up, and with the air of an empress she told him to explain himself. A somewhat embarrassed apology followed, in which Herman endeavored to set forth his mother's dread of parting with her son, and her first fear of a separate establishment. Kate bit her lip and made no reply, but firmly resolved that a separate establishment she would have after a very short visit to the family mansion

Mrs. Canders, having concluded to make the best of what could not be helped, called upon her future daughter-in law in all the glory of rich lace and fine "Probably a visit of investigation," thought Kate, so with an amiable determination that the old lady should see the worst, she managed to display all her little brothers and sisters, (whose inexhaustible numbers filled Mrs. Canders with silent horror) talked large, with head thrown back, and eyes breathing a spirit of defiance-apparently quite indifferent whether her visitor staid or went.

"I wish you joy of your termagant, Herman," said Mrs. Canders, dropping as she spoke some sugar into the cream-pot, "I called there to-day, and looked in vain for the model of sweetness you described her. I saw only a bold, saucy-looking creature, who appeared angry with me for calling-I shall not trouble her again."

"You do not know Kate as well as I do, mother," replied the lover, with a smile that appeared to express a doubt of her clear-sightedness, "she always seems cold and proud to strangers, it is her way-but I am quite willing to risk these vixenish propensities of which you speak."

"Her way!" repeated Mrs. Canders, "I suppose if she turned you out of doors some stormy night, you would call it her way, as it probably will be."

Charles laughed outright, and Herman was compelled to smile at his mother's excited manner; but Mrs Canders now let the subject drop, as though disdaining to pursue it further. The manner in which the wedding was to be conducted met with no less condemnation. The old lady had distinct visions of a wedding as weddings were in her time; when all the friends and relatives assembled at the house of the bride's father to witness the ceremony, after which the happy couple did not run away as though they were ashamed of what they had done, but enjoyed the amusements with as much zeal as any.

"Do not ratter to me the word fashionable as an excuse," said Mrs. Canders, when Herman divulged their intention of proceeding from the church to the house, to receive calls of congratulation, after which they were to depart in the afternoon boat on their wedding trip. "For fashionable read stinginess,"

and expense of a wedding. Thank Heaven! things were rather different in my day."

Remonstrance, however, was of no use-the reins in this instance were not in his own hands; and in considerable terror for "the honor of the family," Mrs. Canders found herself seated in a front pew of the lofty church, awaiting the entrance of the bridal party. A buz of admiration caused her to turn hastily around, and the three bridesmaids advanced gracefully up the aisle, followed by the Hon. Walter Serlton, on whose arm leaned his daughter, with a timid, besitating manner, that rendered her beauty still more beautiful. Very much in the style of a person doing penance by himself for some sin or other, the bridegroom followed close behind. A sweet, clear voice, that trembled slightly, repeated the words, "I, Catharine, take thee, Herman, for my wedded husband," and Mrs. Canders felt that her son had passed into other hands.

CHAPTER II.

THE summer was passed at different wateringplaces, and in the autumn Mr. and Mrs Herman Canders returned to spend a few weeks with the mother of the former. Before the visit was out, however, Mrs. Canders, senior, was quite as anxious for a separate establishment as Mrs. Canders, junior, and a pleasant house was taken in a fashionable part of the city. Kate had no patience with her motherin-law's old-fashioned ways, and preferred moreover a residence where her own sway would be undisputed-Mrs Canders being determined not to concede one inch of ground.

People all wondered why she had married Herman Canders. He was not particularly intellectual, nor fascinating in conversation, was far inferior to his brother in personal appearance, and though engaged in profitable business, possessed but a moderate private fortune. He was gentlemanly, pleasant-tempered, and devotedly attached to her; yet all were surprised that Kate Serlton, the beauty, the wit, and (shall I say it) the vixen, should like Herman Canders well enough to marry him. He was nothing in particular, while she everywhere shone resplendent-but there is no accounting for fancies.

Mrs. Canders had watched anxiously to discover signs of undue submission on the part of her son, but she could perceive nothing to justify such a supposition. Far from appearing to have the slightest intention of domineering over her husband, Mrs. Herman Canders invariably made him the first object of consideration; consulted all his whims, his likes, and dislikes, and actually on one occasion sent back a new Paris bonnet, which all acknowledged to be the most becoming thing she had ever put on her head, merely because Herman did not like feathers. Surely if this was not being a pattern wife, there is no such thing in existence. She seemed to exert herself to be eminently disagreeable to her husband's relations, and reserved all her sweetness for him, to show him how different she was from what they represented her. With Charles she scarcely put on the appearance of continued his mother, "it is only to save the trouble ! friendship; having misunderstood some words which

happened to reach her ear, she became impressed; with the conviction that he had been averse to his brother's marriage, and punished him accordingly with cutting looks and rude speeches-which, however, made very little impression on the culprit, he having speedily concluded that his mother had not been far wrong in her estimation of Miss Serlton.

Kate had gone to housekeeping, and quite rejoiced in her unlimited sway. She was the very quintessence of pride; proud of her family, proud of her husband, proud of herself; she was the Hon Walter Serlton's daughter, Herman Canders' wife: who would dare to hint of a superior? even an equal? She had a glorious time of it all to herself; hitherto she had not had the whole house under her control, but now every corner, crack and crevice belonged to her especial supervision. The least appearance of rebellion on the part of her subjects, the servants, the slightest disposition to differ from her commands was to be frowned down instantly; they should see that she could and would rule the kitchen as well as the parlor. "I am determined," said she, one day, stamping her foot as she turned a withering glance upon the cook, a goodnatured Irish woman, rather disposed to have her own way, "I am determined to be mistress in my own house!"

"Sure, ma'am, and who hinders ye?" was the reply. Kate had ruled paramount at home, and when she announced her intention of having none but herself grown up for the present, Lucy at eighteen went quietly to school with apparently no thought beyond her school books and practising. There was five years' difference in their ages, and a world of difference in their disposition; Lucy, plain, retiring and silent-yet with a quiet, expressive smile that seemed to say she could come forth if she would; and Kate, lively, blustering, and very much disposed to show her pretty face and accomplishments to the best advantage.

As soon as Kate found herself settled in a house of her own, to the surprise of the whole family, she selected the quiet, unobtrusive Lucy for a companion; who, glad of the change from a home where the step-mother now began to exercise her long-dormant authority, complied with her sister's invitation. Mrs. Canders was but little pleased with this arrangement, and tried to persuade Herman that he was being encroached upon by his wife's relations; but he had grown quite accustomed to Lucy, and would have missed her very much. Mrs. Canders refrained from after allusion to the subject, but she kept a strict watch upon Charles' motions, and read him long lectures on the similarity of dispositions in sisters, while she sought to impress upon him that every female of the name of Serlton must inevitably be a vixen.

Several years passed, and things remained pretty much the same. There were no children to divert her affections-no curly-headed, rosy-lipped fairy bad ever whispered the name "mother;" and Kate, while bestowing due care and attention on herself, admitted at the same time in her own mind that Herman was a sort of prodigy, a wonder, which she was particularly fortunate in possessing as her own private pro-

own quiet way, was not particularly demonstrative; there was very little sentiment in his composition, and as he seemed disposed to make no fuss, Kate understood the whole business of showing to the world by outward signs the great regard they entertained for each other. Her phrases were profusely sprinkled with "my love," and "Herman dear"-his periods of absence were commented upon, wondered at, and sighed over-till Herman began to feel very much like a man who was committing a crime every time he walked out; and every act or movement of her own was regulated by any opinion or incautious word that chanced to fall from the lips of her oracle.

During their summer jaunts to fashionable watering-places, poor Kate suffered the worst torments of jealousy. Not once imagining that others could consider her husband less charming and irresistible than she regarded him, she felt annoyed at the slightest attention, even the common forms of politeness exchanged with other ladies. She did not like him to either smoke, fish, or do anything without her.

With a crimsoned brow, Herman Canders, order to prevent a scene, often deprived himself of the most harmless amusements, and remained in patient attendance upon his exacting wife. His mother had presented to his mind the dismal prospect of a hen pecked husband-had warmed him that he would sink into a perfect cipher in his own house-but she had not prepared him for a position whose very elevation was a source of continual torment to him. perpetual surveillance was kept upon his motions in consequence of his being an object of prior importance. Kate's tyranny to others marked them as inferiors-toward him it was the result of overweening care and watchfulness; but he felt it not the less. His actions were fast losing their independence; he felt cramped, confined and dissatisfied.

Lucy, meanwhile, was the confidant of all her sister's grievances. Every cause of suspicion, every feeling of uneasiness was detailed at length; and though she often smiled, and sometimes even laughed at Kate's absurd jealousy, yet, as she performed the part of a good listener, she proved a comforting resource-a necessary antidote for all the doubts, jealousies and fears with which Kate daily tormented herself. Lucy never repaid confidence with confidence, she had no secrets of her own to confide; moving on in her own quiet way, unannoyed by the imaginary troubles of others. Kate had told her that she should not marry a poor man, and that she would probably never marry a rich one of equal birth and education; and not being at all sure that she cared to marry either the one or the other, she was quite contented to leave her future prospects in the hands of fate and her sister.

Charles Canders now and then made them a social visit. Kate's quick penetration had very soon discovered that the sentiments with which he viewed her conduct were not exactly those of admiration. He seemed on all occasions to prefer the quiet, lady-like conversation of Lucy-had a great deal to say to Herman, and apparently troubled himself very little whether his visits were agreeable to her or not. Ac. perty. His affection, though strong and deep in his toally made a cipher in her own house! The indig-

nant spirit rushed up in full force, and yet completely foiled by his gentlemanly manner and air of calm indifference, she was compelled to keep her anger within due bounds until freed from his obnoxious presence, she once more found herself tete-a-tete with Lucy. She was evidently the object of his pursuit, and when Kate marked the apparent pleasure they took in each other's society, she resolved to say nothing about it to Lucy until he had actually proposed, and then there would be the triumph of refusing him. Of course Lucy, like a dutiful sister, would be influenced by her representations, and not marry a man who was so repugnant to her.

Herman had lately been seized with a sort of fishing mania. A copy of Izaak Walton was found upon his dressing-bureau, and a complete fishing-rod occupied one corner of the apartment. Charles always had a habit of taking sudden journeys into the country on fishing and shooting expeditions, from which he generally returned in not quite as good spirits as he went. Herman now sometimes accompanied him; not venturing, however, to prolong his stay beyond a single day, and came back, alas! minus the fish and birds of which he had given such wonderful accounts before his departure. From a child he had always been unfortunate in such excursions; generally losing his basket, and whatever conveniences he carried with him, and leaving the fish quietly going to sleep at the bottom of the river. Now, however, he determined to catch fish scientifically; it was a passion which had lately sprung to life to supply to him some object of absorbing interest; but Kate had received so many instructions to have quantities of cooking utensils in readiness, for which there was never any sort of use on his return, that she now paid no sort of re gard to them.

"You cannot expect," said Charles, "to do such wonders in a single day; why not come with me and spend a week in the country? I know of a very pleasant farm-house, near which there is a good trout stream, where you can fish every day. That would be far more satisfactory than these short, rambling journeys."

Herman's countenance expressed the greatest pleasure at this proposal; he wondered that he had never thought of it before; but in a moment he added almost sorrowfully-"Kate could not part with me for a week."

His brother smiled as he adjusted his fishing-line, and then with a manner half jesting, but which Herman well understood, observed-

"You cannot intend it of course, Herman, but some how or other you do not succeed in conveying to my mind very high ideas of domestic felicity, since you require leave of absence from your wife for a week's fishing. I particularly wished you to accompany me, because I have a separate motive from the fishinga secret which I shall not divulge until we get there. But do not breathe a word of this to Kate, or any one."

Herman Canders entered his dressing-room with a very resolute step, and proceeded to fill a carpet-bag with articles for his journey. The pretty boudoir beyond had just been arranged for summer; Kate, the

and altered until not a wrinkle was to be seen in the cool-looking straw-matting-not a fold out of place in the gauze-like curtains; and there she now sat, the presiding genius of the apartment, her graceful figure buried in a luxurious reading-chair, while in one hand she held an ivory paper-cutter, in the other the last new volume of James. Extraordinary preparations seemed to be going on in the adjoining room; boots and shoes flew here and there, drawers opened and shut, and buttons were bursting off by the wholesale. An impatient "deuce take it!" reached her ears, and raising her head, Kate beheld her liege lord and master very red in the face, while he knelt beside a carpetbag and tried to force in just twice as many articles as it would conveniently hold. "Why, Herman dear, what is the matter? Where are you going?"

"Oh, are you there, Kate?" he rejoined, "I have been wishing to speak to you. I am going into the country for a week, on a fishing excursion, and

The book was hastily closed, the paper-cutter brandished threateningly, and eyes and lips foretold a storm as she ejaculated-"going on a fishing excursion, Mr. Canders! and for a week!"

"Just so, my dear; only think of the trout I shall bring home!"

But Kate wouldn't think of the trout or anything else; she looked particularly solemn and surprised as, in a tone that might have become an officer of the holy inquisition, she asked-"what am I to think of this, Herman?"

"Think?" said he, rather puzzled, "why, think that I am very sorry to leave you, Kate, and very glad to have such an opportunity of signalizing myself. A week, you know, soon passes; and Charles insists on my accompanying him."

"So, then, this is a proposal of Charles?" observed Kate, with a curling lip; " of course, a brother's wishes should have more weight than a wife's But answer me truly," she continued, a jealous flash lighting up her eye, "is this your only motive for going? Does Charles only want to teach you the mysteries of angling, or is there something else behind the scene? Answer me! for I must and will know, Herman!"

He wished from the bottom of his heart that his brother had not been so communicative, and scarcely knew how to frame a reply. He could not say it was all, because it was not all-Charles had told him so particularly, and he felt angry with himself for getting into such a scrape."

Kate had somewhat of a leaning toward high tragedy; and standing before him with the proud look of an injured wife, she continued-

"I do not ask, I demand of you some explanation of this very curious proceeding. Do not think, Mr. Canders, to find in me a weak-minded, submissive wife-I am not one to be outraged with impunity!"

"Kate! Kate! this is positively ridiculous!" remonstrated her husband, "you are fancying the most absurd things, because I happen to leave home for a week-the whole of which time is to be spent at a lonely farm-house, where I shall hardly see a human being. Do be a little more rational. My mother could very spirit of neatness, having fuesed and fidgetted, a scarcely comprehend such a scene as this," he added.

"You had better explain it to her, Mr. Canders," retorted Kate; "tell her what a shameful wife you have, and perhaps she will, out of pity, invite you to remain at home altogether. It would be a very wise arrangement."

Kate sunk down into the easy-chair and burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Canders surveyed his carpetbag. "Kate," said he, at length, when her sobs had somewhat ceased.

"Now," thought she, "he is going to stay at home." "Kate, could you not assist me a little with this packing? I am such a bungler at it."

Kate always put up things in the neatest manner, and the smallest possible space. Meekly and submissively she rose from her seat and began to adjust the clothes. Yes! she would be quiet and uncomplaining-not a single sigh should burst from her wounded heart; but could he meet her eyes unmoved? Could be be insensible to that look of tender reproach? Could be really go after all? Mr Canders could and did. A hearty kiss was pressed upon her cheek, and in as gay a tone as if the arrangement had met with her entire approval, Herman bid her "good bye."

All that afternoon Kate was quite meek and humble spirited, but it did not last long. As she lay awake in her solitary room that night, the old feeling began to come back. The more she reflected the more she wondered at her husband's temerity, and her own silly submission "How dared he put such an insult upon her! Was she, a Serlton, to remain quietly at home, watching and longing for his return, when her husband had actually abandoned her, gone off on a pleasure jaunt, she could scarcely tell whither? She would not put up with it!-she had been too tame in the whole proceeding; and on the morrow she was resolved to set forth in search of the truant-discover him, perhaps, in the very act of whispering to another those honeyed words which belonged especially to her-tax him with his conduct-and abandon him forever!" Kate's mind was a particularly energetic one, and after concocting this admirable plan, she went quietly to sleep, and dreamed that Herman and Lucy had run away together.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Kate appeared at the breakfasttable with an air which, to Lucy's practised eye, bespoke a determination of considerable importance. It was quite a marvel how she contrived to throw her head so far back without endangering the neck, and the wounded pride of all the Serltons was flashing in

"Lucy," said Mrs. Canders, suddenly, "I am going on a short journey this morning-do you wish to accompany me?"

"Going on a journey?" repeated Lucy, quite puzzled by this sudden whim, and the tone in which she spoke, "where to, when, how, and for what?" she added, gaily.

"I am going after Herman," was the reply.

" After Herman!" ejaculated Lucy, more and more surprised-" why, what has happened, sister?"

do not know, but I go to prevent, if possible, what may happen. There is something very mysterious in a gentleman's leaving his wife for a whole week on the pretence of fishing-especially Herman, who bardly ever caught a fish in his life."

"It does not appear at all mysterious to me," said Lucy, quietly, "I should think-"

"I will tell you what you think," interrupted Kate, "you think that such a paragon as Charles Canders could not do wrong, and Herman must, therefore, be quite safe in his company. Such, however, are not my sentiments; and as to remaining at home it is what I will not do. A wife's place is with her husband, and I am determined to follow them, and thoroughly investigate this fishing business."

"Do listen to reason, sister?" pleaded Lucy, "notwithstanding your jealousy, Herman loves you better than anything else in the world, therefore you need give yourself no more alarm about this fishing jaunt -which to me appears perfectly natural and proper. Besides, what will they think of you following them in this curious manner? Do be advised, and stay at home."

"What they think, or you think, or any one thinks, is quite immaterial to me," was the reply. "Go I shall and will, and if you do not choose to accompany me, you can stay at home '

The heightened color, the hasty exit, and the slamming of the breakfast-room door, were in the old, well-remembered spirit of Kate Serlton; and as Lucy stood feeding her birds her mouth would settle into a smile in anticipation of the ridiculous scene before them. It appeared to her that of all people in the world, Herman, with his quiet ways, was the least calculated to excite jealousy, and yet Kate scarcely dared trust him a moment out of her sight.

Lucy sauntered leisurely up stairs; and there, before her dressing glass, stood her sister, ready equipped for a journey. "Come," said she, "there is no time to lose."

"But where are we going?" inquired Lucy. "Do you know the route they have taken?"

"Perfectly well," replied Kate, "of that I have taken good care that Herman should inform me. Four or five hours at most will convey us there, and I shall start immediately."

"But could you not conjure up some pretext for the journey?" urged Lucy. "Pretend to be seized with a fi-hing mania yourself-or take Herman an overcoat; that might do very well, as his health has lately been delicate-and then you can pass on somewhere else-anything but to let him think that you came with the deliberate intention of prying into his actions.

"I shall do no such thing!" rejoined her sister. "I will descend to none of these subterfuges. My intention shall be open as the day—I am sufficiently uphe!d by a conscious sense of right"

Kate's tone and manner were really grand; she had in fancy elevated herself far above the common herd, and Lucy began to cough most vigorously as she concluded. Now and then something broke forth which sounded very much like a laugh; but rising to put on her bonnet, she observed-

"Remember that I have nothing to do with the "What has happened." replied Kate, solemnly, "I affair—you must bear the whole blame "

Kste's pretty lip curled scornfully at the word "blame," and she pulled the bell to expedite the carriage. It was soon at the door; but Lucy, on glancing at the heavy clouds that lay piled in dark masses, prognosticated a storm, and advised the post-ponement of their journey.

"A little rain shall hardly turn me from my purpose," said Kate, resolutely, "and if it pour a perfect flood, I am determined not to go back."

Lucy found herself driving off with feelings of mingled perplexity and amusement. It certainly looked very much like an adventure, and on the whole was rather piquant and original. She wished to see what Herman was doing, how he would look, and what he would say when Kate should appear thus suddenly before him in all the majesty of injured innocence.

The carriage rolled on-houses became more and more rare-and after a tedious ride of several hours, they approached a little sort of village, of which the tall house formed the most prominent feature. The day had been dull and cloudy, and a fine, drizzling rain was now falling, which did not, however, seem to damp Kate's energy in the least. Putting her head from the carriage-window, as they stopped to pay the usual tribute, she questioned the toll-man about the two gentlemen who passed on the day preceding, and inquired if he could tell her where they had stopped. It was quite an event for the toll man. The day before his eyes had been refreshed with the sight of two gentlemen, whose appearance was very different from the masculine humanities he was accustomed to, and now a carriage, with two ladies evidently in full pursuit, had stopped at his very door. Lucy kept in a corner and tried not to appear amused. The man pointed to a sloping brown cottage just visible at some distance, and then directing their attention to a mill which had ceased to go, he told them that they would probably find the gentlemen there, engaged in fishing. He drove on until within distinct view of the pre mises, when Kate proposed walking as the road had become rather steep. The two alighted; and the tollman having watched them until their figures were lost to view, turned to the wondering faces that had gathered around to witness so rare a spectacle, and gave it as his opinion that "one of the gentleman was the lady's husband, who had run away from her to be at peace-she looked rather fiery-and that she had come to bring him back on short notice."

The novelty and absurdity of their proceedings struck Lucy more and more forcibly as they approached the mill, on one side of which flowed a clear, limpid stream, to which the trout were particularly partial. She suddenly stopped, and with a glance of amused surprise, drew Kate forward to her own point of view, at the same time enjoining perfect silence.

The picture was one which a Cruikshank might have immortalized. The door of the mill was partly open, and through the aperture, peeping eagerly forward, was distinctly visible an uncouth figure, which at first they could scarcely recognize as Herman. The day being damp, and his own health not very strong, he had protected himself against the weather

in habiliments more remarkable for warmth than beauty. A shaggy-looking overcoat, probably borrowed from the farmer, encased his person-a great, flopping felt hat was tied down with a red silk handkerchief-and boots and gloves were on a most liberal scale. In one hand he held his fishing-line, the other end of which was in the water to decoy some weak-minded trout-and his whole face resplendent with delight and anticipation, he stood half-screening himself behind the door watching for a bite. You could see that his whole soul was in his employment -it was plainly written on every feature of his face; and no one could, for a moment, suppose that any other thought had entered his mind since his arrival within fishing distance. Charles Canders evidently considered the picture too good to be lost; for while his unconscious brother stood waiting for the expected jerk, he was actively employed in sketching an outline of his figure, with the old mill and surrounding appliances. His talent for drawing was here displayed to great advantage, for the representation was life-like.

Kate saw it all in a moment; she had a keen perception of the ridiculous, and her own preposterous suspicions now stood before her mind in a very ludicrous point of view. She glanced at the curious figure, which bore considerable resemblance to a great, shaggy bear, and felt her cheeks glow and tingle as she thought of the foolish position in which she had placed herself. With all her pride, however, she possessed that frankness which is the usual accompaniment of a high spirit; and resolving on this occasion to be most magnanimous in the acknowledgment of her fault, she suddenly appeared before her husband, exclaiming—"Herman, dear Herman, forgive me!"

Too much absorbed in his occupation to be even astonished, the object of this pathetic adjuration merely dropped his fishing-line with an expression of disappointment, saying—"there' I have lost it!"

Kate, however, now threw herself into his arms as she murmured—"but you have won your wife, dear Herman."

Herman, now thoroughly awoke to the unexpected circumstance of her presence, appeared, however, to consider her a twice-won treasure, and exclaimed in the greatest surprise—"why, Kate! what under the sun brought you here? I should as soon have expected to see—"

His wife interrupted him with the words—"ob, say that you forgive me, Herman!"

"What for?" inquired her husband, with the greatest simplicity.

"True enough," thought Kate, "what can I tell him?" Her countenance was the very picture of confusion; Charles Canders appeared to enjoy the scene amazingly; and Lucy, do what she would, could not keep her face straight. Herman was extremely puzzled; he could scarcely comprehend it all; until at length, as he reviewed the scene of yesterday, he began to be more enlightened.

Her auditors evidently expected some explanation, and at length Kate stammered forth—"I thought—I was afraid—you did not deny, Herman, that you had

thing was on your mind, and preferred anything to suspense."

"He had another motive," said Charles, "a secret of mine, I wished to tell him; he knew not what it was though till he came hither, and I now give him permission to inform you of the whole-or perhaps Lucy will; she looks as if she knew."

Lucy smiled and blushed; Kate glanced from one to the other, and thinking that perhaps she had been as hasty in her prejudices as her suspicions, she resolved to blot them all out together, and turning to Charles with an air of kind condescension, she replied-"I understand now what you mean-indeed, I had seen it before, but, I am sorry to say, with very different feelings. I intend, Charles," she continued, "that we shall be better friends; this double connection will bring us more closely together, and I now quite approve of Lucy's choice. Why did you not tell me before, Lu?"

Kate almost expected words of gratitude for her magnanimity-at least to see countenances of quiet delight; but to her great surprise, Lucy had broken forth into peals of laughter that would not be suppressed-Herman listened with an amused smileand Charles appeared quite perplexed at the turn which things had taken.

"Kate," whispered her husband, "you jump too quickly at your conclusions," at the same time informing her that Charles certainly meditated changing his condition, but Lucy was not the cause of this intention. Poor Kate! she was beginning to find that everything did not depend on her own will and sanction.

The whole party entered the little parlor of the brown farm-house except Charles, who soon appeared with a very pretty, timid-looking girl, whom he presented to them as his future bride. Kate's eyes dwelt with a sort of fascination on the sweet, blushing face, while she mentally compared its expression with her own.

been struck with the sweet, blooming face of the her husband.

another motive besides the fishing-I saw that some- ; pretty Julia, and on closer acquaintance admired her lovely disposition and native refinement still more; but he knew that his mother, with all her pride of family, would never listen to his marriage with the daughter of a plain, country farmer, and he dreaded to hear a refusal. At length, however, he laid the case before her, and it was at first just as he had expected. He could not persuade her to view the subject with any sort of calmness; but after a while, as her indignation a little wore off, she began to reflect upon the pleasant companionship of a daughter; Kate would never be anything to her-and her curiosity somewhat excited by Charles' glowing description, she concluded to go on a voyage of investigation. She went, she saw, and Julia conquered. The innocent face pleased her-it reminded her of the daughter she had lost-the lady-like deportment banished all thoughts of a mis-alliance-and the sweet, timid manners quite won her heart. She went back, spent sometime in consideration, and with a last sigh for "the honor of the family," gave her consent to the union. Charles took his bride home to the old-fashioned mansion, of which she soon became the joy and sunshine; and Mrs. Canders has never yet regretted the marriage.

Herman quite lost his passion for fishing, being completely discouraged by his numerous failures; and Kate had the sketch framed which represented him on his last excursion—the picture often serving to dispel any lingering jealousy by bringing the whole scene before her, though she never quite forgave Lucy for being in possession of Charles Canders' troublesome secret. Quite a friendship sprung up between her and her gentle sister-in-law, which materially softened ber rather overbearing disposition. Old Mrs Canders, too, regarded her with more satisfaction, though Julia was evidently the favorite. Lucy, to the great surprise of her sister, soon after married eligibly even in Kate's estimation; and Mrs. Canders a second time watched for the signs of hen-peckery, but was again disappointed-for Lucy did not even follow Charles Canders, during his country rambles, had { her sister's mode of tyranny by making an idol of

TO IOLA.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

On! had we met in earlier hours, 'Mid life's bright morning dreams, When time went by like Summer showers, Or shadows on the streams; Oh! had we met when both were young, Ere yet deceit and wrong had flung Their taint on life's young beams, I had not been what I am now, The mark of Cain upon my brow.

Oh! had we met when heart to heart Could breathe hope's sweetest word. When first the sunbeam and the dart Had love's deep fountain stirred; When safe within each guileless breast Truth's angel made its constant nest, Like Eden's happy bird, We might have dream'd such visions then As we may never dream again.

But we have met as those who meet Upon the ocean's swell: One moment they a lov'd one greet, The next they say-farewell; And thus midway in life we see Some bright star in our destiny, Some home wherein to dwell, It comes too late-one moment more, And all is rayless as before.



CLARABEL ELBRIDGE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. C. H. ROWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a stately mansion located in the suburbs of a quiet-like village, near the sea-coast of Maine, whose imposing white front, and square portico with its Corinthian pillars, and carved ornaments, bespoke both the wealth and taste of the possessor; while the beautiful lawn, and well arranged gardens, plainly indicated that no expense was spared to adorn the gardens, and add to the beauty of the scenery. Mr. Elbridge, the wealthy proprietor, was an Englishman, and a few years before had brought his beautiful wife and lovely daughter from the halls of his forefathers, to reside in the then almost unbroken wilds of the new world. Attracted by the picturesque scenery and advantageous site, he had purchased the farm where his present dwelling was located, and in less than two years had the satisfaction of seeing an edifice completed, which, it less magnificent and costly, was by far more elegant and convenient than the one which he had deserted upon the fair shores of sunny England. He had every comfort his heart could desire, and was blessed with the society of one of the most lovely women, whose strong affection for him had been so well tested by her cheerful adoption of the Scriptural language, "whither thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

Mr. Elbridge had passed seven years watching the developments of the physical and mental powers of the sweet Clarabel, who at the commencement of our sketch was just bursting from the confines of girlhood, into the full blaze of beauty and feminine loveliness which so early characterized her mother; an only child, she was cherished with a love which savored of devotion, but at times there would hover around her heart a vague sense of loveliness, and it was joyful tidings to her when the arrival of a cousin from Virginia announced a new member to the family group; and as the young man pressed the lily-white fingers of her dainty little hand within his own, he thought it would be an easy task indeed to love the gentle creature who for years had been his affianced bride; for to him had been confided the purpose of his visit to Maine, while Clarabel, in all the gushing joy of ber young heart, little thought that her warm affections had been bartered away unknown to herself; and as she gazed upon the athletic figure and handsome face of John Champe, she felt that his companionship was indeed an acquisition to the unbroken tenor of her life, and in less than six months her heart had trained itself to throb in unison with that of the noble youth who was ever at her side; and her eye would instinctively burn to catch the approving glance of her

parents watched the first budding of this love, which had been to them the long-wished for consummation of many hopes.

But war sounded its clarion voice through the land. and the horrid clang of arms were heard calling loudly upon the sons of America to arouse from their lethargy and slumbers, and shake off the shackles which had so long bound them captives to a tyrant's will: and therè were aching hearts, and tearful eyes, as wives gazed for, perhaps, the last time upon the faces of their husbands, and bade them go and fight for their firesides and altars; and mothers pressed their sons to their hearts, and prayed God to bless them; and sisters watched the footsteps of their brothers for the last time as they turned from the thresholds of love, to tread amid scenes of carnage and death; and lovers pressed the ashy lips of their betrothed, and with throbbing breasts tore themselves apart. It was a fearful time, and one that tried the iron nerves of that hardy band who showed a cordial response to the trumpet voice of him who proclaimed "liberty or death." Mr. Elbridge watched the conflicting powers with silent interest, and forebore espousing the cause of either; but not so the impulsive heart of his nephew: his spirit waxed exceeding impatient of restraint, and at length he made known to his uncle his design to join the colonists in their struggle for freedom.

"And so you will leave us, John? You will quit our retreat and go and mingle with the hosts that are rushing in mad fury to death?"

"You cannot picture these scenes more vividly than I have fancied them; but my honor-more, my country, calls me to join the brave band in the rescue."

"Go then if duty calls, but remember in your uncle you will always find a protector and friend, God bless you my brave boy-and bring you safe back again."

It was with a saddened heart that the young man sought his cousin; it was only one short week before that he had breathed into her ear the vows of love, and now so soon to tear himself away from all his heart held dear, it was cruel, but the stern voice of his country demanded the sacrifice, and so he made it. He opened the door of the parlor, where he found Clarabel in anxious waiting for his coming. How beautiful she was, with the folds of her muslin robe falling round her like a transparent cloud, and one tiny foot encased in its satin slipper creeping from beneath the broad hem upon the soft carpet! She was dreaming of her cousin, and could hardly realize the depth of her own happiness, that he so good, so brave, should have loved her. For notwithstanding companion. It was with silent pleasure that her her glorious beauty, love had made her humble, and

exalted the object of her affection far above all other human creatures.

As his well known step sounded upon the stair she sprang forward to meet him, but a sweet timidity held her back, and she stood in the centre of that spacious parlor, blushing in all the witching loveliness of womanhood.

Champe's fine, manly face was flushed with the happiness of meeting, but there was a look of sadness about his eyes, flashing as they were, that caused the maiden's heart to bound against the little hand that pressed it—her cousin led her to a seat upon the crimson covered sofa, and pressed his lips to her brow.

"Dearest, I have sad news for you, you know that the arms of invaders have clashed upon our soil, and that some of America's best blood has been shed for freedom."

"And you!" said the fair girl, clasping the hand which held hers—"are you?"

"Yes, sweet one, I am going to join Washington's army to-morrow morning."

"This is unkind, John! What necessity is there of leaving us now? Surely you are not obliged——"

"Clarabel, indeed I am obliged to go: every truehearted American is obliged by all that he holds dear to go forth and fight; now is the time for action."

"And you are going to leave me now, when happiness had but just dawned upon us?"

The beautiful creature hid her face upon his shoulder, while her face was bathed in tears. The young man circled her fragile form with his arm, and pressing his hand caressingly on her cheek, drew her face down to his bosom.

"Think, dearest Clara, this is not right, and you will yourself condemn it when you are calm; did I shrink from my duty you would not love me; you are too noble."

"I would sacrifice anything but yourself, dear one, but you rush on to certain death."

"Not so, gentle cousin, the chances of war are I well know perilous, but I may return again, then think, dear girl, of the joy to find you unchanged and true to your vow."

"Do you—can you doubt me? Oh! say not that, anything else."

"No, my own, I do not doubt your truth," and he held her to his heart a moment in silence, his bosom heaved beneath the pressure of her cheek: it was a sore trial for him to bid farewell to the sweet creature who had become so necessary to his very life.

Hour after hour sped away, and the gray light of morning began to glimmer through the muslin curtains, ere John Champe pressed the last burning kiss of love upon the tear-stained cheek of his fair and beautiful cousin, and with impetuous haste he arranged his wardrobe, and ere the bright sun had burst forth he was mounted upon his well tried courser, and wending his way toward Boston. The saddened faces who assembled around the breakfast-table that morning at Eibridge Hall, told full plainly of the fears which rankled in every breast, for the absent one had won the love of all by his noble-heartedness and brave integrity.

CHAPTER II.

Months had rolled away since the young soldier had departed, when one evening a servant brought news that General Arnold, with a large force, was encamping at the village. Mr. Elbridge, with the courtesy belonging to a gentleman, immediately called for his carriage, and drove to the quarters of the officer, and with much sincerity and truth offered him the hospitalities of his home during his stay: which proposal was gratefully received by Arnold. Hitherto Arnold had distinguished himself in the battle field by his unrivalled bravery, and in resolute courage was unsurpassed by even Washington himself: and the fame of Benedict Arnold had penetrated wherever the voice of freedom had rung: while forcing his march through the wilderness of Maine he had passed through trials and hardships; and the luxurious ease with which his stay at his present quarters was characterized, opened a new era in his life, which was hitherto unknown. Arnold possessed a heart as well as eyes for beauty; and the rare loveliness of Clarabel Elbridge did not fall unheeded upon his view; he had heard of her engagement with Champe, and his soul was not then so blackened with sin, that he could wilfully plan and execute the ruin of that fair flower; but as days and weeks rolled by, and each succeeding hour discovered some new trait of loveliness in the beautiful creature; the tempter took possession of his soul, and he breathed into her heart the first seeds of sorrow; it was with a timid fear that Clara listened to his burning vows of constancy and adoration, so unlike the noble, respectful love of her cousin, but their was a witchery in his glance, a fascination in his words, and so she listened till her heart was won from its allegiance to Champe, and with all the wildness of passionate love she bowed her heart to the shrine of the traitorous officer. Her parents little dreamed that they were nourishing in their household a serpent who should pierce their souls with the bitterest anguish and sorrow.

"He never loved any one before," murmured Clarabel to herself, as she sat at her window in the soft moonlight of a June evening, while the balmy air stole through the leaves of the sweet jassamine that clustered around the casement—"strange that amid all the great and beautiful women with whom he has associated, I alone should be the one to win his affection; I am so happy—so very happy," and she clasped her hands together in the very intensity of her love and affection.

A moment more and Arnold was by her side, and his head was bent toward her. The earnest melody of his voice, the pleading attitude, all—all conspired to captivate the heart.

"Will you not speak to me, Clarabel? Will not the fervor of my passion find some answer in your breast? Such love as mine can live but once in the heart—say then, fair lady, oh, say that you love me and I shall be blessed."

"I do—I do love as none other can," and the fair girl was pressed to his bosom, while her brow was covered with warm, passionate kisses.

A light footfall was heard upon the carpet, and the

dark, flashing eye of John Champe rested upon the lovers, not in anger, but in deep, deep anguish and grief.

"John, my dear cousin, can you forgive me? I could not help-"

The young soldier made a strong effort to compose himself, and with a grave dignity extended his hand to the fair creature, and drawing her toward him, impressed a kiss upon her burning cheek, and while he stilled the tumultuous beatings of his own heart, he soothed her—"Clarabel, I will be to you a brother, and if no other love than that of a sister is reserved for me, I will be contented."

"Oh, John, it was not that I loved you less, but I loved him more; and with so different an affection; I know it is wrong, but I would not that it were otherwise, my kind and noble cousin."

"Oh! Clara, dearest, can I give you up: wes, I must, and the racrifice must be made: but since this thing has been revealed to me I feel alone in this world," and his voice sounded mournfully sad as it fell upon the still night air, "I wish to contribute to your happiness, my cousin, and will teach my heart to keep still, but it is a sore, a grievous trial."

"You will forgive me, John?"

"Have I anything else in this world to love but you, Clarabel?" replied the young man, forcing back the choking grief that rose in his throat, and pressing her hand to his heart, "and if, Clarabel, you find that his love should prove a treacherous thing, then remember the honest heart of John Champe still remains true."

"You wrong him, John! Benedict Arnold's love false! Think not so light of him, he is like yourself, brave and true. The thought would tear my heart in twain."

"Banish it then, and God grant you may always find him as your confiding heart now believes, but you see he has long since left us, and shall we not join your father in the library, whither, doubtless, Major Arnold has gone? wipe the tear-drops from your eyes, and forget that you have ever been troubled by this love of mine; I have but an hour or two to tarry, and then hie me back to the camp; to seek in the turmoil and confusion to hide all less important considerations, and now God bless you, sweet one, and make you happy," and drawing her hand within his own, they wended their way to the library, from whence the voice of Arnold was issuing in tones of mirthful glee, while Mr. Elbridge was apparently a gratified listener.

"How very happy we have been here," said the young man, sorrowfully, a low sob was his only response, and he reproached himself for thus giving way to his bitter disappointment.

In a few days Elbridge Hall was deserted by its visitor, and the pale cheek of Clarabel waxed still paler, as week after week passed away and no tidings came from Arnold. He had promised (and oh! how trustingly she relied upon his vow) that she should never be absent from his thoughts, but as weeks rolled into months, and not one kind word of remembrance came, her crushed spirit was bowed to the earth, and in very bitterness of heart she wept, such tears as none but the stricken can shed.

Vol. XVI.-13

CHAPTER III.

"No, I will not believe it, never—never could Benedict Arnold break his faith! it is false," and the once fair girl trembled in every joint as she lay upon the sofa in her apartment. The beautiful, bright autumn flowers shed a rich perfume throughout the chamber, and the scarlet leaves lay scattered upon the carpet, but there was sorrow in the heart of the gentle Clarabel, and as she buried her face in the velvet cushions, a low groan would burst from her lips. "I will see for myself, and if it indeed be true has the is wedded to another save me, my curse shall follow him like a blight through life—all else I will sacrifice to revenge."

That night the gentle, stricken creature left her father's mansion, and accompanied by one faithful servant traversed the wilds of New England, nor stayed her course till the spires of New York burst upon her view, then for the first time did she comprehend fully her situation—but was not he there?—and with renewed ardor she pressed on.

Little did Arnold think as he gazed upon the form of his beautiful bride, that other eyes than his were viewing her, and that deep, burning thoughts of vengeance were lit up like an unquenchable fire in the breast of her whom he had so fearfully wronged. An altered woman was Clarabel Elbridge—the light of love was extinguished in her heart, and it was a frightful thing to witness the devastation a few short months had wrought in her.

Late one evening John Champe received a line from the hand of his cousin, requesting an interview the ensuing morning. He knew that the gentle creature was in sorrow, and all the smothered love of his breast burst forth again. Tardily did the time roll by till the appointed hour arrived, and as he paced the confines of his tent, his untamed spirit almost cursed the cruel portion it was the lot of Clarabel to quaff.

"What would you, my cousin?" said the soldier, as he drew her to his side in the plain, unfurnished apartment which she occupied, and seated upon a rude couch, folded her to his heart.

"Revenge! John Champe, revenge, deep as the wrong he has done me, and lasting as his life."

"Clarabel, it cannot be, he is far above us, and we cannot reach him."

"I will reach his heart—Benedict Arnold shall not go unpunished—will you help me?"

"I cannot forfeit my duty to my country, for even the love I once bore to you, anything that I can do consistent with my honor, shall be done. But Arnold is one of the staffs of our army."

"I know it—and I know he is a base, treacherous villain—oh! John, pity me; help me, I will be revenged, or I shall die—by the love you once bore for me—I crave this boon."

"Listen to me; when I last saw you I vowed to crush the love I felt in my heart, and devote my life to my country—anything I can do for you, consistent with my allegiance to her, shall be done."

"But Arnold!" and the whole face of the sorrowing girl grew more ashy as she compressed her lips to choke back the grief which struggled in her heart.



"He must suffer the reproaches of a galling conscience for the present, but. Clarabel, retribution will come; remember there is One who hath said—'vengeance is mine, I will repay'—but I must leave you now, duty calls me away, but, dearest, I will be a brother to you, and guard you with a watchful eye." When left alone, Clarabel sat for sometime motionless, absorbed in a deep reverie, from which she was aroused by a light tap at the door, supposing it to be her servant she bid him enter, and was almost startled by the entrance of a gentleman dressed in black, and whose piercing eyes rested upon her face with a look of peculiar meaning—bowing low.

"Miss Elbridge, I believe."

She replied in the affirmative. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" and she rose from her seat in all the native dignity of her proud youth. Drawing a chair toward her, he seated himself.

"I would speak with you upon a subject of deep interest to us both-may I crave your attention? Bowing an assent, she resumed her seat-"I was in an adjoining apartment during your interview with the person who just left you, and unwittingly overheard the conversation which passed between you, and lady, believe me, it lies not nearer your heart than it does my own. I once had a sister, fair as yourself, and we were left alone in this earth-all in all to each other; she met Benedict Arnold, and her doom was sealed-she now sleeps in the cold tomb-and I live to avenge her ruin," the deep-set eyes of the stranger kindled with a strange light, and his lip quivered as he proceeded-"I have him now in my power-he knows me not as the brother of Janet Lawson, else he would fear me; but with a little more time he is mine," and Lawson clutched the arm of Clarabel as with the claw of an hungry eagle, and a strange smile played upon his face. A bright flush suffused the cheek of his hearer, and she gazed upon the face of her visitor with deep interest.

"Tell me how-and can I assist you?"

"Perhaps so, lady," and then in a husky voice he told her of the prodigal expenses of Arnold, and how from time to time he had lent him money to maintain his extravagant style of living; and then he told her of his marriage with the beautiful heiress, and how her fortune was squandered away, and then he spoke in a whisper of the trust placed in the hands of Arnold by the government; and I am his confident and friend—yes, I will ruin him, I must have my money; and he must defraud the government in order to obtain it for me; I have infused the poison into his mind, and it is working there slowly but sure; my vengeance is sure: see here, lady—see the amount due to me, all to be paid within one short week."

"What is this?" said Clarabel, as she took up a paper unsealed, but directed to Sir Henry Clinton— "what is this? sure this is not a money affair," and she turned her eye upon the face of her visitor with a penetrating look, as if to read his soul.

"This is the writing of Arnold, and must have come into my possession accidentally. He was arranging some papers when I entered his library, and this must have been mislaid; very strange, what he should have to write to the head of the British army."

"Would it be right to examine? Would it be honorable, Mr. Lawson?"

"He should have nothing to say that a true American may not know, and if otherwise it might be well to understand it—for a man that has so little principle in his breast as has Arnold, would I very much fear never hesitate to prove a traitor to his country."

Opening the paper, he perused it till the big drops of sweat stood upon his forehead, starting from his seat he rushed toward the door, but the quick hand of Miss Elbridge detained him.

"Stay me not—he is entering into a negotiation with Sir Henry Clinton—he will barter his country's peace for gold, I must away to Washington to communicate the news."

"But stop, our revenge is not complete—let him go on, we have a clue by which we can ensnare him; think, were it not better to return this paper and await awhile longer the time for retribution—we can now merely crush him."

"True, lady, and your plan is the wiser; he mistrusts me not, and I can return the paper to him, and by so doing, perhaps, take a stand to come still more into his confidence; but lady we trust this to none other than ourselves, but now I will hasten to the mansion of General Arnold."

CHAPTER IV.

THE fortress of West Point, located upon the Hudson, sixty miles from New York, was one of great importance to the Americans, and also a strong hold greatly coveted by Sir Henry Clinton, who had vainly sought to take possession, this fortress was now in the command of Arnold, who had earnestly solicited the station from Washington, and the letter which so opportunely fell into the hands of Clarabel and Lawson. was the draft of an overture tendered by the traitor commandant to the British officer, offering for a large sum of money, and the office of brigadier general in the king's army, to give up this place, so that by a sudden surprise it might fall into the hands of the enemy. The sagacious mind of Lawson suggested to itself the idea that if Arnold knew the paper were in his possession the plan might be differently arranged, and, therefore, baffle his designs. He, therefore, designed some plausible excuse, and while in the study of the general carefully deposited the paper unobserved, and then returned to his apartment in the hotel. It was with deep anxiety that Clarabel awaited the termination of the week, previous to the liquidation of the debt due to Lawson; and at times there was a relenting of the heart toward him who had once called forth all the gushing tenderness of her heart, but then the wrong was so premeditated-she could not forgive. Champe had called once, and only once during the interval, for his cousin was so sadly changed that he almost shuddered when he gazed upon her wan face; and now he had gone with the regiment under command of Major Lee, to Tappan, a location upon the river Hudson. Thus left alone a strange sympathy drew her toward Lawson; a strange coincidence in their fates, and the destiny of Arnold seemed to bind them together with a strong cord of friendship. When

the creditor had repaired to the abode of his victim, it was with an impatient spirit that Clarabel awaited his return: and when she heard his footfall upon the stair, she rushed eagerly to the door to meet him.

Staggering almost beneath the weight he bore, he entered the apartment, and dashing the bag of gold upon the table, turned with an exulting glance to his companion—

"There is his ruin—there is the chain by which I will drag the villain down to perpetual infamy."

"And has he been so base?—yet I doubt it not—for he seeks to barter his country for gold."

"And now, Miss Elbridge, I must away, no time is to be lost; Washington must learn of this embezzlement, and it must be discovered before the negotiation with Clinton is ended: as regards the letter, to-night is the one appointed for the rendezvous: I cannot be there, much as I might wish it—for this affair of the government funds I must disclose."

"I will go in your stead, with Edward I am safe he is trusty."

"But will your servant abide our time?"

"Fear him not-but speed you to head-quarters."

That night a light boat glided up the river containing two individuals; the delicate form of one was wrapped in a coarse cloak, while the respectful deference paid by the other showed full plainly that he considered the lady as a superior.

"Edward, how far have we come?"

"Five miles-for yonder is the stone house."

Lightly sprang his companion from the boat, and with quick steps ascended the bank; for the space of two hours her companion awaited her return, when the light tread again reached his ear.

"All right," she whispered, as she took her seat, and after a moment's pause turned to her companion. "Edward, would you toil all night for the sake of your country?"

"In good faith would I, madam—but what do you mean?"

"Simply this, some villainous traitor is scheming to deliver up his trust to the British, and to-morrow night I must be near West Point."

"I will put you there, madam, if you will only bestow upon me one of your merry smiles, such as used to gladden my heart before Mister Champe went away from home."

"Ah, Edward, I was happy then; a sad heart is now all that I have left."

"Well, well, madam, you know best, but it seems to me you would be far happier at Elbridge Hall than you are skylarking about here; I hope you will not think me out of place."

"No, Edward, no; but I cannot go back yet—a little time longer and I will go home."

The last rays of the setting sun had sank behind the horizon, when a figure, wrapped in a buff overcoat, emerged from the thick brushwood which skirted the margin of the river, and with quick tread gained the covert of a little hut which stood about a quarter of a mile from the beach, passing lightly to the back-side, the form was concealed by the luxuriant vines which crept over the rude logs, and clung with twining tendrils to the very roof: the heavy dew dampened the

bright locks of hair which clustered around the fair temples of the pale face, while a flash of light almost unearthly beamed from beneath the trembling eyelids. Scarce was this favorable position attained when the tramp of horses' feet was heard before the door, and in a moment afterward a light was struck in the inner room, revealing to the view of the trembling listener two men, both wearing the uniform of officers, but while the vounger of the twain was arrayed in the regimentals of his majesty's army, the other bespoke an officer of the American camp. As the strong light beamed upon his form, the pale face that was peering through the crevice of the logs grew bright, and the hands of Clarabel Elbridge clasped with a tighter grasp the rough vines to support her frame. Long and fearful was the conference held by those two men, and eagerly did her ear drink in every word that dropped from the lips of each. All personal considerations were swallowed up in the magnitude of the crime developing itself to her. Love was forever fled from her breast, and hatred too, for she felt that Benedict Arnold was beneath all such emotions. She pitied his weakness, his cupidity, but she felt that a great duty was incumbent upon her, and with a free heart and strong resolve she left her retreat ere the gray light of morning broke over the river, and accompanied by the faithful Edward, sought the camp of Washington. The sun was shining brightly before the light boat touched the shore at Tappan. In answer to the challenge of the sentinel, Clarabel demanded to be taken to General Washington. The soldier hesitated for a moment, and then led the way to his tent. Brief was the conference, and the mild brow of the nation's hero was clouded with sorrow as he lent an attentive ear to the deep laid plan of treason, which would, if carried out, most inevitably have wrapped America in gloom, dark and fearful. "God protects us from traitors! but, lady, you are sure you heard aright?"

"Not one syllable fell unheeded from their lips; and General Arnold bartered his truth for gold."

"What were the special terms of the contract—I would be positive?"

"The sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, and the commission of brigadier general in the army."

"Lady, a nation's thanks attend you for this deed, and I will not forget—but what new disturbance, it seems as if legions were in array against us—a British spy—bring him," and the cheek of Clarabel blanched, as in the prisoner she recognized the confederate of Arnold. Habited in the rude dress of a countryman, and under the assumed name of Anderson, her piercing eye saw the face of Major Andre, and with one whisper to Washington she left the tent. Her course was now for New York, for she little desired to hold communion with any one. New thoughts had sprang up in her breast within a few hours, and she longed for solitude, so absorbed was she that she heeded not the approach of a young soldier until his hand was laid upon her arm—

"Clarabel, what do you here?"

"John, my cousin, oh, my cousin," and the teardrops rolled from her eyelids, they were the first she had shed for months, and they fell like rain upon the parched, desert strand. In a few words she told her errand to the commander-in-chief, and turning her eye upon Champe, she said-"am I not now avenged?the red spot of shame shall burn forever upon his brow-could I wish, or ask for more?"-her cousin paused a moment-

"Clarabel, were you the instigator of this?-or was it his own voluntary act?"

"John Champe, I have exchanged no words with him for over a year, but I watched him closely; it was his own voluntary act, prompted by the desire of wealth."

"Ay, my sweet cousin, he has defaulted the government to a heavy amount, only two days have elapsed since this was made known to Washington. Heaven forbid anything else."

"Andre is taken prisoner, but Arnold has escaped, I regret deeply this issue, I would rather the guilty were punished; but the treasonable documents will be found concealed about the person of the British prisoner, it were better that they were secured.

CHAPTER V.

Upon the morning of the twenty-third of September, Major Lee was summoned to repair to head-quarters. "I have sent for you," said Washington, "in the expectation that you have some one in your corps who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward will confer great obligations upon me personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost, he must proceed, if possible, to-night. I intend to seize Arnold and save Andre." After a moment's deliberation Champe was sent for by Lee, and the plan proposed. This was for him to desert-to escape to New York-to appear friendly to the enemy -to watch Arnold, and when opportunity should present, with the assistance of some one whom he could trust, to seize him and conduct him to an appointed place upon the river, where boats should be in readiness to bear them away. Champe listened to the plan attentively, but with the spirit of a man of honor and integrity, replied-

"It was not danger that deterred him from instantly accepting the proposal, but the ignominy of desertion, and the hypocrisy of enlisting with the enemy."

To these objections Major Lee replied-"that it was in obedience to the call of the commander, and it would so be understood eventually; and to bring such a man as Arnold to justice, loaded as he was with sin, and to save Andre-so young, so well-beloved, and to achieve so much good in the cause of his country," was sufficient to overrule his objections.

The thought of Clarabel, too, perhaps might have swayed him in the decision, but he accepted the service. At eleven at night he took his cloak, valise, and orderly book, drew his horse from the picket, mounted and trusted himself to the care of God. His escape was detected ere half an hour had elapsed, and a hot chase ensued. Lee, with deep regret, was obliged to deliver the order for his capture, "bring him alive, if possible, but if not, shoot him down."

rain began to fall soon after he started, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse; his shoes being in common with those of the horses of the army, made of a peculiar form, and having a private mark, which left its impress upon the soft mud. The pursuing party started but a few minutes past twelve, so that Champe had but a little more than an half hour's start. During the night the dragoons were obliged frequently to stop to examine the road, but upon the break of day the impression of the horse's shoes were so apparent that they pressed on with more rapidity. Some miles above Bergen, while ascending a hill, Champe was descried but little more than half a mile distant. Fortunately he saw his pursuers the same moment, and plunging his spurs into his horse's flanks, dashed on with a faint hope of escape. Swift was his flight, and swift was the pursuit. The pursuing party were within a few hundred yards, when Champe threw himself from his horse, plunged into the river, and called loudly upon some British galleys at no great distance for help. A boat was instantly despatched to his relief, and a fire commenced upon his pursuers. The overtasked soldier was taken on board, and soon after sent to New York, with a letter from the captain of the galley, stating in full an account of the pursuit, part of which he had witnessed.

The pursuers, having recovered his horse and cloak, returned to the camp the next day. The agony of Major Lee was for a while dreadful, lest the courageous, noble John Champe had fallen, but the truth soon relieved his fears, and he repaired to Washington to communicate to him the success of their plan thus far.

Soon after the arrival of the deserter in New York, he was sent to Sir Henry Clinton, who received him kindly, but detained him more than an hour in asking questions, to answer some of which required all the ingenuity the young soldier could command, in order to avoid giving cause for suspicion. He succeeded, and Sir Henry presented him with a couple of guineas, and recommended him to repair to Arnold, who was wishing to obtain American recruits. He did so, and was courteously received by the traitor. He soon found means to communicate to Lee his adventures. but his plan to take Arnold before the execution of the talented Andre proved fallacious. That unfortunate young man was publicly executed as a spy, and paid the full expiation of his crime by his life. He was deeply lamented by both friend and foe, but by the usages of nations he was justly punished. A letter which he addressed to Washington before his death, so roused his sympathies, that had he been the only party concerned he would have set the noble youth free. But the interests of this country were at stake, and the severity of justice demanded that private and personal feeling should be sacrificed. Champe had enlisted into Arnold's army, and was waiting only a fit time to capture him, and deliver him up to Washington, but several times he was defeated, and so he gave up the project in despair; for Arnold had removed his quarters to another portion of the town, and his soldiers were deposited on board a fleet of transports, from which Champe found no means of escape Most unfortunately for Champe, a heavy shower of till they were landed upon the shores of Virginia, after the junction of the army with that of Lord Cornwallis at Petersburgh, he found means to concert an escape, and safely joined the American army after it had passed the Congaree River. His arrival excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased when they saw the cordial reception given him by Lee; but the whole plan was soon disclosed, and the blot of desertion forever wiped from the name of John Champe, who would sooner have died than to have his name bear a stain.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING the stay of John Champe in New York, he very frequently spent an hour in the society of his cousin, and he found that the affection she once cherished for him was not effaced by the burning passion which had fell like a blight upon her young heart. She could now despise as fervently the man whom she had trusted, and the ordeal she had passed only served to purify her affections from the dross of passion, and each succeeding day tended to render her more dear to the heart of her cousin.

Lawson had left the town soon after the consummation of his revenge, gloating over the ruin he had wrought, and fully satisfied that now his gentle sister was avenged. It was with a feeling of relief that Clarabel saw him depart; for after the foul disgrace was fixed lastingly upon the character of Benedict Arnold, she could not bear to see one who had been so deeply concerned therein.

With her cousin she passed many tranquil hours, and it was with deep, heartfelt joy that she again heard him breathe forth the story of his love.

"Can you take me again to your bosom when you know so well that—"?

"Say not a word of the past, Clarabel, dearest, but let us live in the present, my own."

"Such as I am I give myself to thee, dear cousin," her head sank upon his breast in the blessed consciousness of unspeakable peace.

"My beautiful, my own," murmured her cousin, as he pressed her still closer to his heart, and impressed a fervent kiss upon her cheek, where the rose again bloomed in beauty.

"John this is so kind to thus bind up the bleeding spirit."

"Forgive and ye shall be forgiven, you know, dearest, is the injunction of One who overrules the armies of earth."

Soon after Champe's departure with Arnold for Virginia, Clarabel returned to Elbridge Hall under the escort of the faithful Edward, who had kept a regular correspondence with her father. It was a cordial reception which greeted her return-and as she pillowed her head upon her mother's knee that evening, she recounted the various vicissitudes through which she had passed, her father would wipe the tears from his eyes, and thank Heaven that his dear one was brought safe home at last. Soon after her lover joined the army, he was summoned to meet Gen. Washington, who most munificently anticipated every desire of the young man, and presented him with a discharge from further service; lest he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the hands of the enemy, when, if recognized, he would surely be put to death for the part he had taken. Borne upon the wings of love, he hastened to Maine, and was soon after irrevocably bound as a protector to his gentle cousin, who cheerfully uttered the vow which united her heart to his { forever.

THE LOVER'S ADIEU.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

I go—for thou hast broke the spell;
The golden chain that lay so gently round my heart
Link by link is broken—farewell—
Yet tears, like dew on withered flowers, as I depart,

Yet tears, like dew on withered flowers, as I depart, Will all unbidden start.

I go—but ever near thy side
My soul would fondly linger; thou hast bid me turn
Away; and as a youthful bride

Weeps as she leaves her own bright home, my heart chords yearn,

And sighs my bosom burn.

I go—to mingle in the crowd,
To smile and lay my offering on beauty's shrine;
And yet I would not lift the cloud
That lies with leaden weight upon this heart of m

That lies with leaden weight upon this heart of mine, Nor throw a shade on thine.

I go—but never, never more
Will the bright, glowing earth seem beautiful to me,
The dream that blessed my heart is o'er:
13*

Nor more the winds breathe music ravishing and free— No more they speak of thee.

The flowers—together we have read
Their mystic language, and I've wreathed the fairy things
In sweet, rich garlands for thy head;
I ne'er shall stoop, as birds sweep by on golden wings,

ne'er shall stoop, as birds sweep by on golden wings, To list their whisperings.

The skies with their deep azure hue
Will never seem like a bright spirit bending o'er;
The lake, with its calm breast of blue,
And its light skiff that o'er the waves so often bore
Thy form, is dear no more.

Farewell—farewell—it is my last, Henceforth we meet as strangers—we who've loved so long;

I never can forget the past-

The dreams that haunted it around my soul will throng Like the rich strains of some sweet song.



THE OFFER.

BY E. LOWTHER.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century there; and that we might have the advantage of your opinion lived, in the dominions of an electoral prince of Ger- respecting the state of our forests in your neighbormany, an old baron, who had a daughter, the beauty of the Rhine. She had grown up, like a wild flower, in her native woods, and had never been to court. Still, the fame of her beauty went far and near.

In her rambles in the forest around her father's castle, she had one day been saved from the attack of a deer, by the interposition of the head forester, a youth only two or three years her senior, and remarkable for the grace and beauty of his person. After this Wilhelmina, for that was her name, met the youth often, and, though at first, all untutored as she was, she funcied there could be no harm in these delightful interviews, she was finally woke from her delusion, by his offering her his hand.

Now, in spite of her secret liking for him, Wilhelmina was too well principled to answer in the affirmative. She knew that her father, though poor, was proud of his pure blood, and prouder of it because he was poor; and there was, therefore, but one reply that she could make. In a word, though with infinite pain to herself, she refused the young forester. But, with the frankness of her innocent nature, she confided to him the true reason.

"You love me then?" he exclaimed, rapturously.

"Nay!" she exclaimed, "I did not say that. Fate has placed an impassable barrier between us-is not that enough?"

The young forester sighed deeply. "Will nothing persuade you to change your resolution? What if I go to the wars and come back a renowned knight?"

"It will not do. Rank and birth alone will satisfy the baron," she said. "Ah! unless you could make yourself the hereditary prince I could not marry you."

The young forester sighed again, and seeing that he could not move her, respectfully kissed her hand and plunged into the forest.

This decision cost poor Wilhelmina many tears, though she had only done her duty; but she prayed to Heaven for strength, and found it.

Meantime she grew more beautiful daily, and the fame of her loveliness at last reached the ears of the sovereign. As the elector was about to celebrate the coming of age of his eldest son, and wished to gather as brilliant a court as possible, he sent for the baron to come up to the capital with his family.

The baron, believing that his fortune was now made, and that he should soon recover the broad lands which his ancestors had dissipated, hurried to obey the summons; and presented himself, with his daughter, at the elector's levee. The duke recognized and addressed him-

"Baron," he said, "we have sent to invite you to our court, both because we were anxious to know a

hood."

"Your most serene highness," replied the baron, "does me great honor. For any little sagacity that I may possess, I say nothing. I am as I am; but I am much obliged to the world for speaking well of me to your highness. I would I knew who it was-I would send him a fat buck of my own shooting."

"You shall know ere long," replied the elector, with a slight smile.

"And as to the woods, your highness, I wish I could speak more favorably of their managementthey might be better marketed than they are now. There is a certain springald who has been preferred to the place of chief forester in our district: he has too young a head upon his shoulders, your highness -too young for such a responsible office-too giddy; and then he is here and there, and every where-sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, and sometimes nowhere at all; perhaps you may see him every day for a week, and then he is away for a month, and nobody knows where he is to be found, and so the wood-stacking is all neglected; and I verily believe that he cares no more for the wood sales than I do -" the baron could not find any comparison for-forsmall enough-"and so, your highness, that must be very bad for your highness' revenue."

"He must be displaced," said the duke: "no one must hold an office under us, and neglect its duties; but we will speak of this again. We hope that our court will afford some little amusement to your daughter. We must have the pleasure of being known to ber."

On this intimation the baron bustled off, and returned, dragging with him the reluctant Wilhelmina. The elector turned to Wilhelmina, and fixed his eyes searchingly upon her, seeking to read her heart in the lines of her fair face.

That night the elector gave a grand ball. Counts and barons, margraves, landgraves, generals, and officers, with their wives and daughters, were assembled in the electoral palace. And there was the finest of music of the finest of composers, and the finest of waltzing, and the finest of wines, and the finest of women, and the finest of everything in the world. There too was the little German baron; and there too was Wilhelmina.

"Fair lady," said the elector, to her, "you look too grave for your young days. Cannot the gaicty of a court steal your thoughts for a while from your quiet home amid the woods and hills? or do you really love those forest shades better than our mirthful halls?"

"I have loved them from childhood," said Wilhelmina; "my affections have taken root like those old nobleman whose character stands so high for wisdom, ? forest trees. I cannot love the last the best."



"But we are hoping to transplant you to a court. However since you love not gay halls, suffer me to show you a fair prospect. Our palace garden looks over hills, and woods, and dales, that may have the good fortune to please your eye."

Wilhelmina blushed, but she followed the duke as he led her across a corridor from the banqueting room. As they passed the threshold the duke paused, and looked back upon the gay sene they were quitting. "Turn your eyes, fair lady, and tell me if it be nothing to preside over a court-nothing to assume the state of a princess-nothing to reign like a queen?"

"It is better to have a heart at peace," said Wilhel-

"You are a philosopher," said the duke: "come then, and I will tempt you with nature's loveliness."

And so they passed through the arched portal. Wilhelmina, calm, firm, and determined, yet not without a feeling of anxiety upon her countenance: the duke, earnest, uncertain, disquieted, doubtful of the issue.

They stood upon the terrace garden: on one hand lay the city, its busy hum just breaking on the ear like the rush of distant waters, the spires of its innumerable churches piercing the skies, and the glitter of its multitude of lights marking its extent: on the other, happy valleys and patriarchal forests, mountains and ravines, hills and dales, spread themselves out in an all-glorious panoroma of nature's paintingits far-off lines melting into the soft twilight of the rosy evening hour.

"Survey this scene!" said the elector.

"I do," replied Wilhelmina; "it is both fair and proud to look upon. It may well be a prince's pride -his glory. I congratulate your highness."

"Doubtless it is a fruitful and a happy land," replied the duke, "and now bethink before you answer me; will you be to it as a queen?"

"Your highness will pardon me," said Wilhelmina; "I am a simple maiden, and do not understand the words of courtly compliment."

"Nay," replied the prince, with a sly smile, "the intuition of woman's heart, whether she be of a cottage or a court, teacheth her some things without the labor of conning lessons. Even you, my pretty lady, would be able to guess when the eye admired, and when the heart loved. But come, I will tell you a little tale, and you shall draw the moral.

"There was once a very pretty maiden-she might be as pretty as yourself-and she lived in a romantic castle, almost as romantic as the castle of Rheinshardsbrunn; and there was a certain electorate duke who had an only son, the hereditary prince, to whom his foolish father had transferred all the doting love which he had once borne for his dead mother; and being tenderly anxious for the happiness of his boy, as well as deeply interested for the welfare of his people, he had sought out every princess of the German empire, as well as some from foreign courts, trusting that his fancy might at last be caught, or his judgment influence his decision, so that when the elector paid the great debt of nature, he might leave the son of his love surrounded by sources of consolation, thus falling in with that benign arrangement of Providence, which graciously supplies new objects former paleness; "he of whom you speak is high-

of affection as old ones drop away. But no-this wayward boy was obstinate, intractable, self-willed: saw no beauty in one, no merit in another: loved not to be the slave of woman's capricious fancies; to lisp and sigh, and trifle his life away bound by silken threads, and chained in wreaths of flowers- No; a free heart and the forest glade, and to be the victor in the chase, were better than bonds woven even by affection."

Wilhelmina began to be interested.

"Well; thus time passed, as time is ever passing, until one day the prince returned hastily from the chase, and rushing into my closet-

"Yours, your highness!"

"Ay, mine, fair lady; and with a heated countenance, a troubled brow, and a haste that argued a doubt of his own determination, told me that he had come to confess his duplicity, his disobedience; that he loved a country maiden, and threw himself upon my mercy. And now tell me, you who are so calm and philosophic, what should an injured parent do with a son so ungrateful to his love?"

"Pardon me, your highness-he threw himself upon your mercy."

"I am answered. Well, I will tell you what I did what I am doing. I ordered him to consider himself a prisoner for a certain time, and in that time I sent for the formidable lady who had made such sad havoc in the heart of my poor prince; and feeling that she is all that I could desire for him, I am now pleading with her for his happiness."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Wilhelmina, she could not have been more amazed.

"Wilhelmina," said the elector, "look into your own heart; I know that there is ambition there. You have just passed from the court of a reigning prince; look abroad, and behold a city of no mean consideration: as far as eye can reach it can search out nothing over which you may not be sovereign. Do not affect to undervalue these things; they ask your acceptance, and they are, whatever men who envy them may say, the greatest things of earth. Once more I say to you, look into your own heart!"

"I have looked there," said Wilhelmina, in the low voice of calm determination, yet with a face of ashy paleness, "and, though you tell me well that I am not without ambition, yet I find in the depths of my heart a feeling that compels me to relinquish all the honors which your highness offers me, and to return to the humbleness of mine own estate."

"Take heed, Wilhelmina," said the elector; "think not that I would thus advance you to the honors of a sovereign state, without having first winnowed through a sieve every action of your life. I tell you, that I have heard of the idle wanderings of some ignoble forester among your sylvan glades, and how he haunted your steps, and sang love ditties, and played the usual follies of sickly-minded boys to silly maidens. Take heed, I say, how you force me to think that a heedless vagrant could touch the heart or affect the destiny of one whom the hereditary prince might have wed.'

"Your highness must pardon me," replied Wilhelmina, a flush of the deepest crimson mastering her souled and noble-minded. His place shall be in the { How he bounds, he flies! and yet he knows not that true nobility of nature." } the lady of his love is here. You shake your head:

"Is it even so, fair lady?" said the duke. "My son shall never have a divided heart; but hark! it is the echo of his horse's hoofs. Hear you not the impatience, the impetuosity of those footfalls? It was on this night at this hour, at this place, that I bade him return to me, believing that I should have this fair hand to give him, and that he would pay me for my care for his happiness with a richer love. Is there no relenting in your heart? You reject him?"

"I do."

"It is enough—see, he throws from him his bridle. \ her word.

How he bounds, he flies! and yet he knows not that the lady of his love is here. You shake your head; well, be it so. He is on the last terrace step. My dear boy, behold! fair lady, see!"

Wilhelmina beheld the young forester!

"My generous father!" exclaimed the prince.

"But Wilhelmina refuses you," said the elector, with a smile. "She prefers a certain idle, heedlese, roving young forester."

"Whom she promised to receive when he came as hereditary prince."

And so Wilhelmina, of course, was obliged to keep her word.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY LOUISE -

I'm thinking of my first school-house, That good, old-fashioned place, And all around about it Wore such a happy face.

I'm thinking of my mistress,
With her clear and placid brow;
I'm thinking, yes, I think
That I almost see her now.

For there was not for miles around
A single tract of land
That she did not survey a hundred times
With her happy little band.

I'm thinking of the good old oak, With its long and graceful limb, Where after school our little band Would fix their tiny swing.

I'm thinking of the order Of our cosy little room, Where the jessamine and roses Sent in their sweet perfume. I'm thinking of the garden,
And our well-built little bower,
Where we could inhale the fragrance
Of almost every flower.

Oh! I was very happy then,
For I was but a child,
I knew no more of trouble
Than the honeysuckle wild.

I'm thinking now in sadness
Of the days I've lately passed;
I feel that care and sorrow
Have found me out at last

I need not think, for well I know
I am not happy now;
For the widow's cap sits heavily
Upon my faded brow.

Sometimes I think that happiness
Has something for me left;
But ah, I know the past
I never can forget.

THE HAND.

BY LYMAN LONG.

TELL me not that all is flecting,
Like the mist of morning sky,
Like the foam where waves are beating,
Or the zephyr flitting by:
Prints there are, Time's hand evading,
Which the scenes of earth impart,
Deep imprest and as unfading
As the transports of the heart.

Once a hand in mine was folded; I ne'er pressed such hand before; Fair as ever Nature moulded, I may never grasp it more: But the thrill, the pulses starting, Soul may feel, not words express, Swift as spark electric, darting Rapture to the heart's recess. Fixed as thought that hand's impression;
Still it felt that thrill of bliss;
Oh! how one pure, glad sensation
Makes an Eden world of this!
Soft as sunlight on the mountain,
Rests the impress on the heart;
Not the flow of Ganges' fountain
Holier influence doth impart.

Be her share, the boon who granted,
Richest blessings Heaven confers;
Ne'er may that fair hand be planted
In less holy one than hers.
But that impress, emblematic,
Oft will prompt the fervent prayer,
That some day, with joy cestatic,
I such hand for mine may share!

NUTTING INTHE WOODS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE golden days of October are at hand, and the blow, sweet voice is in such harmony with the melearth has begun already to put on her garniture of glory. The green hill-sides are tinted with brown; the landscape swims in mellow haze at morn and eve; birds are preparing for their winter journey to the tropics; and everything in earth and sky proclaims the coming in of autumn. The grapes hang in purple clusters, and the maize yellows the plain far and near. Orchards glitter with golden fruit; the cider-press gushes all day with its luscious vintage; and urchins as they drive the team a-field sing jocoundly to think that the last harvest is gathered in. At night the full moon comes sailing up the sky majestic and serene, flooding wood, and farm, and river with a light almost as bright as day. Welcome, welcome to October!

Come-let us go out into the woods. The sober gum has already changed to crimson, while the gaver maple flaunts in green, yellow and red. All through the forest, you will see the vines that festoon the way, hanging their scarlet drapery across the arcades, or twining around the brown trunks of lifeless trees. Every day brings new changes, for every night has its frost, and the leaves, under the nipping touch, change faster and faster. The hickory, the beech, the oak, all in turn yield to this mighty conqueror. As you walk along accustomed paths, the wind whirls the falling leaves around you, until the forest-road is thickly carpeted with decaying verdure. Only the pine and cedar remain unchanged, and these with funereal gloom lift their plumed heads, and nod with melancholy air over the stricken wood.

Listen to the sound of yonder waterfall rising and falling on the ear, with a cadence now low and sweet, now louder and bolder! Let us follow this brawling brook which ripples along, here flashing out merrily in the sunshine, there half-concealed by the overhanging bank. See the long, withered grass, that leaning down to the water, sways to and fro with the many eddies. How placidly the limpid stream glides over this bit of sandy bottom, and how where rocks obstruct the channel it fairly churns itself into foam. And now we reach the waterfall. Is it not glorious in this autumn sunshine? The unbroken sheet of falling water, just where it glides over the precipice, is like polished steel; below it flashes in minute drops as if a shower of silver was falling from the sky; and in the abyss at the foot of the cataract you seem to behold a huge gulf of the same metal, only frosted, and endowed with life, for it rises and falls continually. All through the year I love to visit this spot. It is beautiful when the spring flowers come peeping above the bank; it is beautiful when the icicles of winter hang around its bare front; but oh! it is most beautilowness of the season. I love that sound. From the house it ever seems

"A noise as of a hidden brook In the leafy month of June, That to the silent stars, all night, Singeth its quiet tune."

Now, while the autumn is coming on, and before the forest has been entirely denuded, how exhilirating to go forth, with a merry company, nutting in the woods! To see the gay squirrel crunching his food on the topmost bough, looking at you saucily the while, for he knows he is out of harm's way; to hear the crow, that you have startled from his perch, cawing high over head; to watch the sunlight streaming down in a golden haze across some opening ahead; to walk down long arcades of natural forest trees that are groined more gloriously than the grandest cathedral; and, all this while, to have dear friends with you, perhaps the dearest of all, and it may be children trooping and laughing before you:-all this gives one an exhiliration of spirit such as the dull dweller in the city cannot comprehend. We seem to go back, at such times, to the joyousness of youth, before care had wrinkled the brow, or sorrow lacerated the heart; and with every breath of the pure, bracing air we inhale a new consciousness of being, and glory in existence.

Shake a branch of that grand old tree before you, and the ripe fruit will come rattling down in showers, perhaps into the apron that your partner holds extended for it, but just as likely on the little, fair head, for hazel nuts are no respecter of persons. Or a club sent whizzing in among the boughs will bring back with it a bushel of fruit, that you can scarcely see, however, for the myriads of leaves that are shorn and shaken to the earth. So you go on until you have enough! And then, sitting upon the earth, or some gnarled root, you unfasten your hamper and pic-nic there under the October sun, in those grand old woods. Never did you enjoy a meal more heartily. The balminess of the air; the gentle, bracing breeze; and the sounds of rustling leaves, falling nuts, and the distant waterfall combine to make you forget earth, and lap the soul into Elysium.

All day the jest and the song pass around, and as evening draws on you return homeward, where, after a glorious supper, you retire to such a sleep as you have not known for years; for rustic joys, and open air exercise, and the sweet beauties of nature, "medicine a man to slumber" more potently than all the drugs of earth. Reader! we have passed such days, we have enjoyed such slumbers, and, at the memory thereof, we are fain to wish ourselves again, ful of all, now in these golden autumn days, when its as in boyhood, NUTTING IN THE WOODS.

THE WORK TABLE.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.

NETTING-LADY'S NIGHTCAP.

Materials-Raworth's crochet thread No. 30, and meshes Nos. 8 and 4.-Make a foundation of forty loops on mesh No. 4; unite, and net two rounds on No. 8 mesh; net one round on No. 4 mesh, making three loops in each loop; net two rounds on No. 8 mesh; then one on No. 4; this finishes the crown. Net seventeen rounds on mesh No. 8; net one row on mesh No. 8, leaving fourteen loops for the back part of the cap; net twenty-three rows on mesh No. 8, increasing in the last twelve rows by making two loops in one at the end of each row.

Net the border as follows:-

Take a flat mesh, three-quarters of an inch in width, net two loops in every loop, excepting at each corner, where three loops must be netted in each, for four loops at each side.

2nd round.-Mesh No. 8, one loop in each.

3rd round.-Like second.

4th round.-Mesh No. 4, miss every alternate loop. For the strings:-

Make a foundation of six loops, and net the length required; draw with narrow ribbon or white silk braid.

COVER FOR TASSEL OR WINDOW BLIND.

Materials-Raworth's crochet thread, No. 34, fine knitting cotton, and meshes No. 12 and 4 .- With thread make a foundation of fifteen loops, unite and net three rounds on mesh No. 12; with cotton net three loops in every alternate loop on mesh No. 4; with thread net four rounds on mesh No. 12; with cotton net two loops in every alternate loop on mesh No. 4; with thread net six rounds on mesh No. 12; with cotton net three loops in every alternate loop on mesh No. 4; with thread net twelve rounds on mesh No 12; with cotton net three loops in every loop on No. 4 mesh; with thread net one loop in every loop for strings.

on mesh No. 12; with cotton net one loop in every loop on No. 4 mesh; with thread net one loop in each loop on a fine knitting needle for mesh; then net one loop in every alternate loop on mesh No. 12.

KNITTING-BONNET PRESERVER.

Materials-Raworth's thread No. 34, or fine knitting cotton; pins No. 16.-Cast on ninety-two stitches.

1st row .- Plain.

2nd row.-Knit one, a, thread forward, knit two together; repeat from a.

3rd row.—Pearl.
4th row.—Cast off twenty-six stitches at the beginning and end of the row, knit the remaining stitches.

5th row.—Pearl.

6th row.-Knit three, a, thread forward, knit five, thread forward, knit three together; repeat from a, and finish with knit three.

7th row .- Pearl.

8th row.—Knit one, knit two together, a thread forward, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, thread forward, knit one; repeat from a, and finish with knit two together, knit one. 9th row.-Pearl.

10th row.-Knit two, a, thread forward, knit three, thread forward, knit two together, knit one, knit two together; repeat from a, and finish with knit two.

11th row.—Pearl. Commence again at sixth row, beginning each row with knit two, and knit until five diamonds are worked; knit two plain rows, then thread forward, knit two together, after which a pearl row, and cast off loosely in knitting the two last diamonds, and the remaining rows increase by making a stitch at the beginning and end of each row; join the piece behind, and pass a narrow ribbon through the open loops and down the front, leaving sufficient

EMILY.

My Emily, my Emily! Full nine long years have gone Since I did write thine epitaph Upon the cold white stone.

And yet I feel thee in my arms, Thy hot breath on my cheek, And thy tiny fingers trembling ask What thy parched lips could not speak.

I hear thy sharp and suffering cry, Here in our wild-wood home, I hear thee ask, with drooping eye, "Why does not sister come?"

I want to hear about the flowers-About the snow-white dove:

And I want to hear her tell of Him Who does young children love!

I want to hear of bright blue skies That smiles o'er land and sea; And I want to hear of pastures green Where lambs skip glad and free.

And so I told of birds and flowers, And lambs and pastures fair; And still I hear her murmured "yes," Her half-breathed childish prayer.

That was the last time Emily These tales could hear me tell, And I never found a listener since Why oved them half as well!

R. H.



FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.





No. III.

WE give two very beautiful costumes, this month, which we have caused to be engraved on steel as usual, and colored. We add to this the newest patterns for visites. All these are in advance of our cotemporaries.

Fig. 1.—A Bridal Dress of rich white satin; the skirt very full, and plain, with a bias fold down the front trimmed with white silk buttons; corsage high and plain, with a trimming to match that of the skirt: demi-sleeves, plain at the top of the arm, and widening gradually below the elbow, opening on the back of the arm, with an under sleeve of Brussels lace: a small Brussels lace collar. A long veil of white blonde, finished with a broad hem, and confined on the head by a wreath of orange blossoms.

FIG. II.-A WALKING DRESS of Brocade silk: the skirt plain; the corsage high, and opening in front showing the chemisette: the sleeves long and tight, with a cuff of rich lace. A mantilla of maroon colored velvet, cut round behind, and finished with two falls of black French lace, the lower one being much deeper than the upper. A white silk bonnet, with a round face, and trimmed on the outside with a small bunch feather and white lace veil.

Fig. 111.-Marie Antoinette Mantelet.-This style, which is exceedingly fashionable in Paris, partakes partly of the shawl and partly of the mantelet.

the waist by a few plaits. Our pattern is of silk, in shades of green and black, and is lined with white. The trimming is fringe of a very rich pattern, and of two colors, the predominant tint being green, with a slight admixture of black.

FIG. IV.—VICTORIA MANTELET.—So called because first worn by the Queen of England. It may be made of silk of any dark hue. The trimming consists of bouillonnees of the same material.

In addition to these, two other choice patterns have been sent out to us. The first of these is the Marie Antoinette with a berthe cape. The cape is brought down in a point to the waist, where the mantelet is confined by two or three plaits. The mantelet is trimmed with narrow vandyked lace, headed by a double row of black silk braid. Another pattern, called the Haidee Mantelet, is also very beautiful. The upper part, fitting closely to the figure, is cut round behind and comes down to a point in front. A full ruffle is set on the front part, giving the appearance of a double visite. The back part folds over the front and thus forms the sleeve. The whole is finished by four rows of silk braid.

THE FASHION of mantelets may be said to be more than general-it is almost universal. Mantelets may be worn in the morning for neglige walking dress, and they are equally well adapted to the most elegant It may be either loose at the back or confined to promenade or carriage costume, the only difference

consists of the material of which they are composed. For neglige they should be of black, or of some dark colored silk; and, for the carriage-drive and promenade, silks of lighter colors are preferred, either to match the dress or not. These mantelets are ornamented in various ways. Some are very fully trimmed with broad frills, edged with fringe or passementerie; others, of the shawl form, are more plain, and are trimmed with a single row of fringe, surmounted by bias folds, braid, or narrow passementerie. The plainest are those trimmed with pinked frills.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Nothing very new in the way of cutting dresses has yet appeared. Coat-dresses as they are sometimes termed, or those which have tight backs and open in front, will be generally adopted for indoor wear. Many of these, as we stated in our September number, have a small point behind, nearly the size of that in front. The sleeves are generally made tight to the arm with a short cap, which stands out some distance from the sleeve. Dresses of heavy materials are made perfectly plain in the skirt, with the exception of a riband trimming occasionally up the front. When this trimming is made of rich brocade riband, with the colors corresponding to the dress, it is put on perfectly plain.

EVENING DRESSES are generally cut with the corsage low in the neck, and finished with a rich berthe, or else the body is plain and a scarf is worn over it. The sleeves are quite short. The skirts are mostly flounced, or consist of two or three jupes looped up with flowers, fruit, &c. Riband sashes are fashionable. The riband should be very broad and tied in front, the ends sufficiently long to hang nearly to the bottom of the dress. The revived fashion of ornamental combs for confining the back hair in evening dress is rapidly gaining favor. Combs with tops of polished steel have been introduced, and they have a very light and pretty effect. Gold or gilt tops are also fashionable; and on occasions requiring very full dress, the tops of ornamental combs are set with pearls or diamonds. For a plainer style of costume, or for ordinary indoor dress, combs of tortoise-shell, either plain composed of very rich shaded colored riband, and is vine running through it, will be worn.

arranged in bows on one side of the head, and finished on the opposite side with two flowing ends.

Among Pelerines we have observed one just imported from Paris, made to sit low and easy round the neck. At the back it has something the appearance of a berthe; but in front it descends in long ends, which are crossed on the bosom, then carried behind, where they are tied at the back of the waist. This pelerine may be made of worked muslin, trimmed with narrow lace; or it may be of silk, either black or colored. If made of black, it may be trimmed with narrow lace; and if of colored silk, with a ruche of the same material. When the season becomes more advanced, this addition to the corsage, made of black velvet, and worn with a dress of colored silk, would have an elegant effect.

SLIPPERS at present are the only things admissible for indoor wear. These are certainly more comfortable than the gaiter-boot. They are generally trimmed with large bows or ribbon, in colors corresponding with the dress, or in strong contrast with it.

SCARFS are more in favor than ever. Elegant cashmeres, velvets, and rich woollen plaids, envelope the forms of our belles. No alteration has taken place in the shape of bonnets. Those trimmed with dark ribbon, have it simply crossed around the crown, the extreme richness of the ribbon making too much trimming look beavy.

BLACK LACE as a trimming for mantillas, dresses, has entirely usurped the place of facing, gimp, and buttons.

The newest dress material is Poplin, which after all is only an old one revived. It generally comes richly watered, and has the effect of a magnificent watered silk. There are some plaid ones, however, in very rich colors. Watered silks of Mazarene blue, garnet, dark green and purple, are among the elegancies in the way of dress. Brocades too are much in favor. Cashmeres and mousseline de laines in the richest and brightest colors, dazzle the eye. Palm leaves, and broad stripes of strongly contrasted colors, nary indoor dress, combs of tortoise-shell, either plain \(\) with rich flowers in them, are the prominent patterns, or carved, are almost universally adopted. A coiffure \(\) For morning dresses, French chintz of a bright scarlet with rich flowers in them, are the prominent patterns. of riband is also at present highly fashionable. It is or crimson ground with a palm leaf pattern, or a dark

PSALMS V., 3.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord, When I rise from my couch of repose; To Thee will I bow ere the cares of this life, Ere the pains and the troubles of secular strife Shall their fetters and shackles impose.

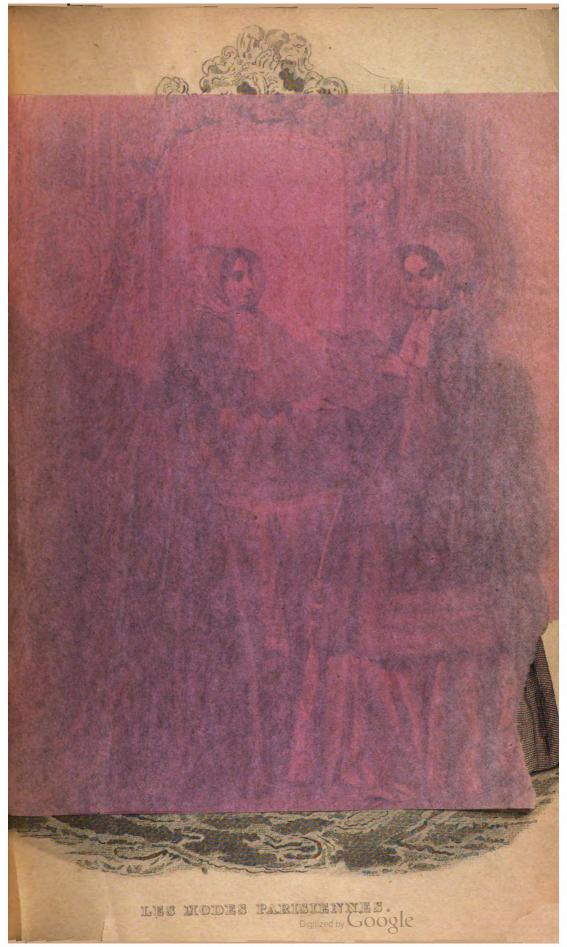
My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord, When the far-distant East shall appear In her silvery garment of glimmering light Then, Father, oh, then shall it be my delight To approach Thee in praise and in pray'r.

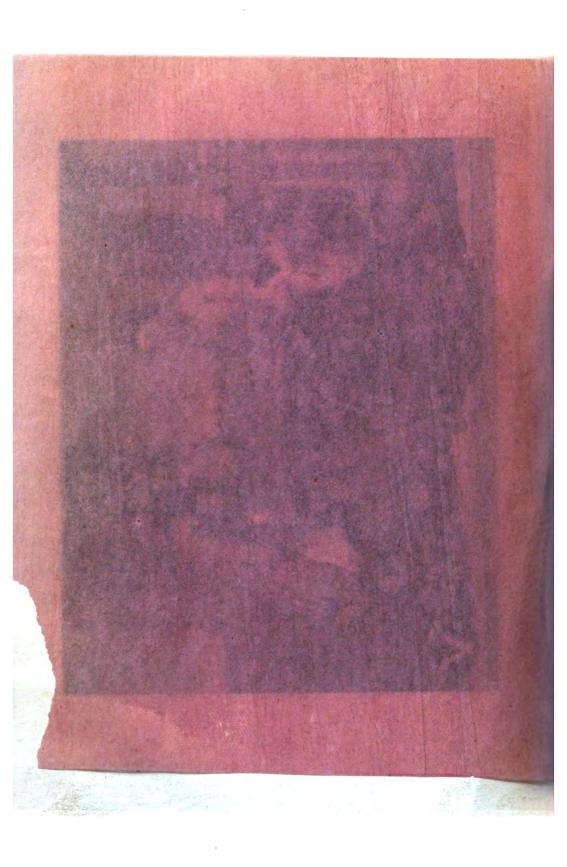
My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord, When flowers and fruit-trees are bright With diamond dew-drops, like stars in the skies; My soul then shall blossom, bear fruit, and my eyes, Like dew-drops, shall smile with delight.

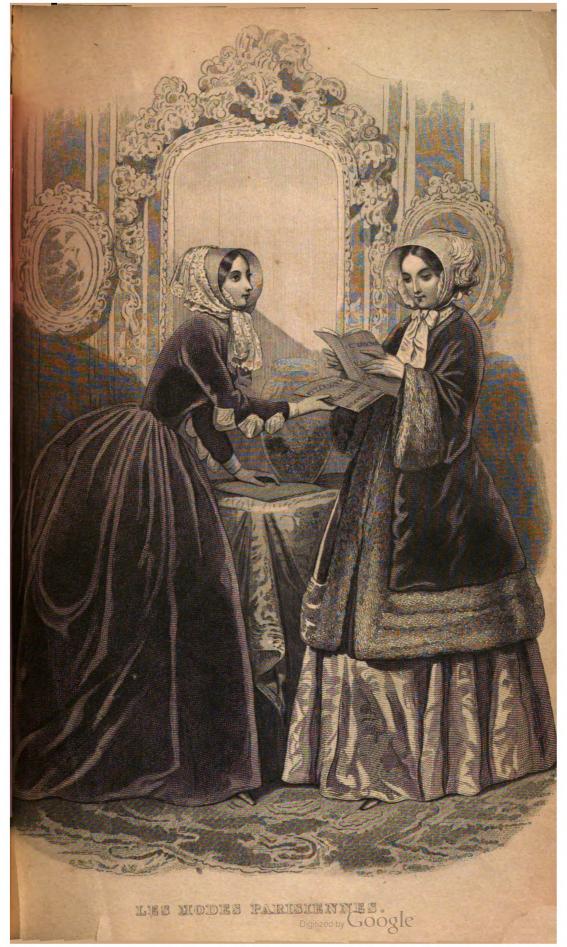
My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord, With the songs of the birds shall it join; When the red-breasted wren shall chirp Thee its praise, And the blue-bird shall warble its beautiful lays, I will worship Thee, Father divine.









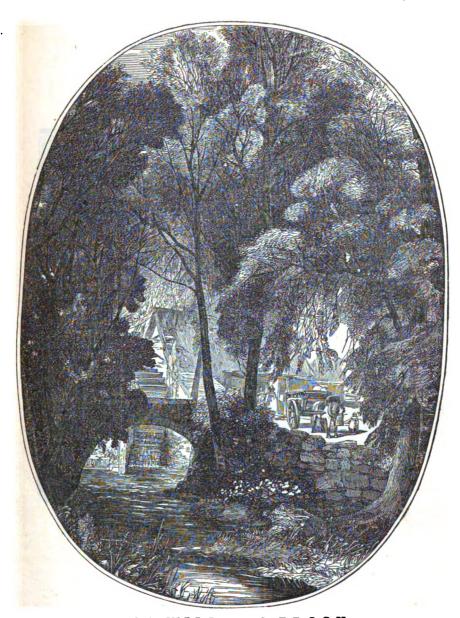






THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.





THE WILLOWY BROOK.





Anne Bolequ's Londoir.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1849.

No. 5.

THE IMPENDING MATE.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

Ros — "From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?"

Cel — "Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; and no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honor come off again."—As You Like It.—Act I.—Scenz II.

"I WILL not!"

"Will not what?"

"Be sober! Walter has been reading me a lecture."

"What about, dear child?"

"He says I am too wild—am I? He says I am too forward—am I? He says I exceed many a practised belle in coquetry—do I? Is it not provoking that just now, of all times, Walter should take it into his head to come down from Milmarth? I wish to goodness he had remained in his hermitage, among his dusty old books and manuscripts!"

"He thought you needed some watch-care, I presume, my dear Nina."

"Pshaw! that is not it! he is jealous! he cannot bear that I should look at any one else! but he must get over that. I never will marry Walter Steinberger, and he need not think it!"

"But your parents, Nina! they wish it so much."

"So they do, but vainly; why, who ever heard of a girl of fifteen being persecuted to make her choice of a husband? I tell you, Mrs. Morton, I am going to enjoy myself these three years yet: particularly with this party from New York; which between ourselves, dear madam, appears to be a wonderfully stiff and disagreeable one! all the ladies, so silly, simpering, and dressy—and the gentlemen looking bored to death, and thorough dandies, every one of them. Sir Harry Carey is insupportable, and the Hon. Augustus little better. Oh! but I will have some merry games."

"With hearts for stakes, I presume, naughty girl! take care you do not get bitten yourself; you have a singular fancy for all trials of skill."

"Always had, Mrs. Morton; when I was in the school-room, many a hard rap I received over my knuckles, because my truant fingers were always wandering from the row of 'sums' set for me to do, to the much more entertaining pastime of 'fox and geese!' and now I am going to adventure a more perilous game."

"At the risk of getting more hard knocks,"

"Not so! I shall not. I always won when a child

I shall do so now!"

"One moment, Nina!" for the girl was running away—"how do you like Carl Ullman?"

"Mr. Ullman? Not at all! he is so stiff, and grave—a regular German—all stolidity and hardness! I wonder by the bye, what has become of all the sterling qualities to which I might be supposed to claim a right? Since my good father is such a regular Hollander, even to the pipe! It is odd, is it not, that I should resemble him so little? But about this Carl Ullman, I do believe I could tolerate him, if he would let me; but he is so like Walter! always looking reproaches at one! (true—Walter does not content himself with looks) and besides, he is not at all attentive; pays no regard to those little acts of politeness, which even stupid Sir Harry remembers to perform. No, I do not like him. that is certain! I wonder why father invited him? I don't believe he is anybody!"

"You are too proud, little Nina! I prophesy

"That what, dear madam? You have such a provoking way of looking unutterable things. I do dislike it so."

"But in this case, I suspect you know what I was going to say?"

"No, I do not!" cried Nina. And "I do not!" she repeated, positively, in reply to the deprecating movement of Mrs. Morton's head.

And who was Nina? And who was Mrs. Morton, and all the rest?

Do you love the flowing Hudson, dear reader? Then step back with me in your imagination, some century more or less, and stand with me upon the banks of that noble river. Or, if chary of that trouble, you have merely to say, as the magnetizers to a clairovyant—"tell me what you see now?"

Very well then—I see a beautiful picture; with a bright world of floating sunshine, and purple haze, and trailing flowers for the foreground, and back from

the verge of the glorious water, a fine, old dwelling, in the English style, with low windows opening out on pleasant balconies, supported by lofty pillars, and guarded by a balustrade of gray granite. Within, the rooms are furnished richly, though quaintly, with the carved and massive furniture so much in vogue at that time; and sitting or standing about in little groups, are many gaily dressed people, whose costume is varied and striking; often elegant. Ladies with their luxuriant locks, thickly powdered, and drawn off their temples in puffs or formal curls; and gentleman with their smart, three-cornered chapeaux, usurping, for the time, the privileges of the fairer sex, and wearing their hair long and waving on their shoulders; not always depending on nature either for the length and profusion of their perukes, but borrowing from art all that the sensible dame refused to grant them. Then their pumps, silk stockings, and small clothes; with coats of a nondescript form, which would put the brain of a modern tailor to confusion.

And this picture which we have seen, which we have endeavored to describe, was the home in those days of Wilhelm Van Arden-a Hollander by descent, who wedded a fair daughter of old England; and because her blue eyes flashed, and her red lip curled when he spoke of sitting down in the smoke-stained halls of his Manhattan ancestors, purchased this beautiful spot, and forsaking the associations of his youth, devoted himself with untiring and assiduous affection to his beautiful bride.

There were many among the English residents of New York, who wondered much that one of their proud maidens should wed one defiled with trade; but love is wilful, and a woman more so; and when once Annie Courtland had plighted her troth to Wilhelm Van Arden, there was no withdrawl, for she possessed too keen a relish for happiness to sacrifice it to vanity.

Mrs. Van Arden's position in society was too well assured for her to lose it by what many termed a mesalliance; so her beautiful residence was always filled with agreeable and refined society, and when as years glided on, a daughter was added to their cares, the Van Ardens called themselves, and with truth, supremely happy.

This daughter was the wilful Nina, who has been introduced to our readers already; a born coquette! Not that cruel, hard-hearted creature, usually characterized by that much abused, and oft misapplied word, but one of those arch, dazzling, saucily demure beings, who sometimes flit across our pathway, and who can no more help giving out bright looks, gay smiles and winsome gestures, than they can help believing this world a Paradise, in spite of all the hard things said against it-who breathe a perpetual sunshine, and know only an experience of happiness. Such was Nina-now just escaped from the school-room, and eager to make her first essay in life. Her father's house was as usual filled with company, for the season was summer, and to Nina, at least, its warm and spicy breeze spoke only of joy and pleasure.

Mrs. Morton, an old friend of her mother's, was Nina's chosen adviser and confidant, and Walter, marry, was a bachelor—a cousin of Mr. Van Arden's, knows not the meaning of the word anger.

whose wealth was immense, but who lived, as the girl said, like a hermit; caring for nothing, save the family in which he was quite domesticated, and loving Nina particularly, with a strange, crusty sort of affection, which converted all his words (which certainly sprang from a kind heart) into stern rebukes. Nina was fond of the grave man, who was old enough to be her father; but her parents had said she was to wed him, and Walter smiled a sort of grim satisfaction, which awoke in the young lady's breast a sudden resolution to make this scheme harder in fulfilment than they had anticipated. Walter made a very good mentor, and she loved dearly to read German with him, but the book of wedded life presented itself to her as a fairy-hued and rainbow-tinted volume, and she was sure Walter could not furnish it forth in that style.

Meanwhile her parents did not press their wishes, for she was their only, and their darling child; and young enough besides to enjoy herself for some time yet before taking the final step in life.

"What shall we do?" Nina said, wearily, one soft July night, when the moon was out full, and flooding the broad piazza with its sheets of molten silver; idealizing the several couples who paced slowly to and fro, or lingered listlessly beside the vine-wreathed pillars.

"Yes -what shall we do?" was echoed by various voices. "Such a glorious night should not be lost, but be marked by something to recall it in after times."

"Does not the night furnish forth enjoyment of itself?" said the grave voice of Carl Ullman. And Nina started to find herself addressed by one who always kept aloof.

"The night!-the night!" she said, hurriedly, "oh, yes! it is beautiful! but I want more, more!" clasping her hands, and raising those dark eyes usually so light and laughing, but now dreamy and troubled.

"More?" Carl Ullman repeated, earnestly. "And is it possible that you too are discontented, when life holds out a cup so rich and brimming?"

"Oh, no-no!" replied the girl. "I am always happy! I scarce ever have sad feelings; but on such a night, oh-I have thoughts-so strange, so aspiring. I am happy, and yet oppressed with wild longingslongings to be up there, in the starry sky, where the angels are, and-

"But their whisperings are here!" murmured Carl Ullman, tenderly, while his eyes grew large and luminous, conveying to the startled girl a thought of infinite love. Re-called to earth, she blushed deeply, yet indignantly, and hastily withdrew.

She stood at the other end of the piazza, and talked gaily to Sir Harry Carey, and the "Hon. Augustus." "What is the matter, Nina?" said Walter Steinberger, abruptly.

"Why?" said the girl.

"You look angry-flushed-agitated."

"Nonsense, Walter! your eyes are strangely at fault. You should wear glasses! how tiresome to be watched continually," she added, pettishly.

"Miss Nina should arrest you for treason," drawled whom Nina declared so positively she would not forth the Hon. Augustus. "I will venture to say she countenance is placid as the moonlight; her eyes bright as the stars; her cheeks damask as this rose, which I flatter myself she will allow me to place in her hair."

Nina's lips curled contemptuously; then they parted archly, and with downcast, drooping eyes, she submitted coquettishly, while the gentleman awkwardly arranged the flower in her rich, dark curls.

"Now bring me my guitar, and I will sing," she said. "No—not you, Mr. Trevor; Sir Harry, this time!" and as the gentleman started, and strove to spring lightly to her bidding, (Sir Harry was heavy and gouty) a scarce restrained smile trembled on her red lip, while her laughing eyes wandered round the circle.

"Nina!" said Walter, severely.

"Ah, forgive me, good Walter! but I have not done anything, have 1?" she asked, demurely, her long lashes drooping to her cheek, as only lashes such as hers can droop.

"Nina," said Walter, again, when she had finished singing, alluding to the sentiment of the song; "some day you will find that earth is not Heaven enough for you:—that there are other aims than those so falsely described in that mawkish song."

"Sing me a better one!" cried Nina, saucily, more piqued than she cared to confess at Walter's constant interference, and scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she took the offered arm of a gentleman, and strolled away through the damp grass.

"Nina! what are you doing? Come back immediately!" and "Mr. Lindsay, please bring that crazy girl back!" were exclamations sent after them by Walter Steinberger and Mrs. Van Arden; but affecting not to hear, the wilful maiden redoubled her pace, looking upon the gentleman's face, and smiling mischievously; as much as to say, "you will do no such thing!" and Mr. Lindsay was too well pleased, perhaps, to disobey her tacit command.

Nina threw herself triumphantly upon a rustic seat, twined with the fragrant woodbine, and employed herself in stripping the dewy flowers from their resting-place, while Mr. Lindsay brought a stone for a footstool; but not till the delicate slippers which covered her feet were wet through with the damp. She held them out laughingly for inspection, remarking—

"I wonder what cross old Walter would say now?" and started to find her hand taken abruptly by the object of her thoughts, and herself led like a naughty child, with whom it is folly to reason, back to the house.

"Why, Walter! I will not go!" struggling to free herself. "There—I have dropped my flowers! Walter!—how horrible you are!" and the—"I declare I will tell papa," which fell from her pouting lips as she reached the steps, sounded so child-like that the girl herself joined in the laugh it had provoked, and contented herself with shaking her finger at the "cross, old Walter," who seated himself gravely and silently beside Mrs. Van Arden.

"I sent him for you, love," she said, anxiously.
You forget the water party to Milmarth to-morrow.
You could not go if you were to take cold, and you are hoarse now. Go to bed, dear child."

"Alas!" cried the girl, ruefully, laughing, however, and shrugging her shoulders; "have I or have I not escaped from the nursery yet? To be sent to bed used to be the climax of my childish punishments; must I take it so now?" she asked, as she pressed her good-night kiss upon her fond mother's cheek.

"Am I so very hoarse, Mrs. Morton?" Nina asked, the next morning, when all around were busied with their preparations for the excursion to Milmarth, looking wistfully as she spoke at the beautiful barge at the river side, with its foreign looking prow, and gay colored streamers fluttering on the breeze.

"Rather hoarse, my dear! why do you ask?"

"Mamma says I cannot go; she is afraid I will take more cold. I wish I had not gone on the grass last night!"

"Ah, my dear! you see how wrong it is to be so wilful. If you had minded what Walter said to you—"

"Minded Walter, Mrs. Morton! Pshaw! I believe you and Walter are in league to torment me!"

"Far from it, my dear; on the contrary, I like somebody else a great deal better; and my most ardent desire is, that you may come to like one another."

"Nonsense!" said the girl, coloring. "I know who you mean now! Carl Ullman. I see you holding long consultations together. I cannot bear him. But what in the world is one to do with oneself, I wonder?" she continued, impatiently, turning away. "If it wasn't for Walter I wouldn't care a straw about going; only it is so provoking to hear his, 'I told you so!" and she ran hastily away to hide herself till they should have departed.

When the solitude of her own room grew irksome to the lively maiden, she wandered down to the drawing-room, and opening the door, was surprised to find it already occupied.

"Mr. Ullman!" she exclaimed, graciously, glad to meet any one, she cared not whom. "Mr. Ullman! you here? How!—why did you not go?"

"I had some letters to answer to-day," he replied, rising, and placing a seat for her; but she continued standing, and with her arms leaning on the back of the chair, repeated—

"Letters to write?"

"Yes-to my parents."

"Are they far away?"

"In Germany," he said, smiling.

"How impertinent in me to ask questions," she said, laughing, "of you at least! but why did you leave them?"

"For a reason which cannot claim the merit of novelty—a wish to see the New World."

"And do you like America?"

"Very much indeed—and Americans more," he said, pointedly.

"Pshaw!—do you mean to stay here always?"

"I intend returning very soon."

"Once more!" said Nina, with a ringing laugh. "You answer like a book. Why do you return so soon if you like America?"

"My parents are old and infirm;—is it not my duty to return?" She did not answer him directly, but said childishly,

"Isn't duty a tiresome thing?"

"Do you think so?"

"I asked you! but you give me back question for question. I told you what I thought, so let duty alone to-day; to morrow will answer as well for your letters; now, you must do something to amuse me! Sing for me: I know you can: all Germans sing or play. And let it be in your own language: I can understand you tolerably well, I dare say, for Walter makes me read German with him, all through the winter."

And the gentleman sang; and Nina listened till the tears came in her eyes; then she pulled the guitar away from him, and said impatiently—

"Everything makes me cry to day. I have had two crying spells already—you must do something else. Can you play chess?"

Carl Ullman could play chess also, and Nina made him get out the board, and arrange the pieces upon it, and place it on a small stand in the piezza, where it was cool and pleasant, and then she said gaily—

"You shall not make me cry now!"

"Perhaps you may make me!"

"You! what an idea. I should like to see a man

"Did you never?"

"No-never. But come, let us begin. I warn you, I am a first-rate player; I always win."

"I believe you," the gentleman said, and his words conveyed a double meaning, and his eyes spoke a language which might have deterred the girl from trying her skill had she understood it.

As the game progressed, Nina found that she had a skilful opponent, and she bent all of thought that giddy brain possessed upon the board before her.

Several times her king was in imminent peril, and as piece after piece was quietly taken from her, she grew nervous and vexed, she scarce knew why. How foolish to be frightened because in danger of losing the game! She pushed back the hair from her open brow, and rested her hand thoughtfully upon the board. She must move cautiously this time. Had she looked up, she would have seen that the gentleman's thoughts were on anything but the game now, so sadly, so watchfully he regarded her.

"Nina," he said, as the girl made another move, and an advantageous one, and uttered a low, joyous laugh, "Nina!" and he rose abruptly, and came round beside her.

"The game, the game! let us finish the game!" the girl said, impatiently, unconscious of his object.

"Yes—let us finish the game," he repeated, with strange earnestness, and just as he had sung, with the deepest feeling he poured forth a passionate declara-

As the girl listened to the first love-tale she had ever heard, she too turned away from the board, and grew very pale and trembling. She wanted to cover her eyes, which were drawn irresistibly to his, but her hands lay listlessly in her lap, and she had no power to move them, or withdraw them from his when he took them.

She did not want to be cold, for he seemed to read the hopelessness of his suit in her look, but somehow, she knew, she felt the lines of her face harden and grow rizid; that sweet, mobile face, which was ever breaking into smiles and dimples; and her eyes seemed stony in their sockets, and the one monosyllable which came from her lips, by no will of her own, frightened her. It sounded so brief—so hoarse—so decided. What ailed her? And she reeled in her seat, as her small hands were relinquished abruptly, and a white, shivering face was placed close to her own, and then vanished from before her.

The noonday sun was streaming over the piazza when Nina raised her eyes, and passed her hands across her fevered brow, and strove to recollect all that had passed. The chess-board still stood there, and a vacant chair drawn close to the small stand, but Carl Ullman? He was gone, and once again Nina wept bitterly, remembering as she did so every word to which she had given utterance, while they were talking together; and she murmured—"he has made me cry again, after all"

And then she wondered why she had said no, and chided herself for wondering as she did so, and asked herself if she really did not love him, what made her feel so sadly now? She had never thought about such a contingency, and the words or neord she had spoken seemed placed in her mouth by some strange, foreign power. It was all like a dream—a very sad, wild, troubled dream. She would sleep and forget it, and be herself again. "Only," she murmured, as she rose, and glanced again at the board, "it is not finished yet—the game is pending still. It is an omen momen!" and the noon breezes as they rustled by through the tall pillars, repeated her words like an echo—"an omen!"—an omen!"

I SAID, THOUGH ALL THE WORLD BESIDE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I said—though all the world beside Should fail me—"he is true!" Yet fate that only hope denied, And thou hast left me too! I said—if ever beat on earth A heart where honor shone— The home of light and generous worth,

That true heart was thine own!

When wildest was my soul's despair, When deepest was my need Of tenderness, and truth, and care— Beneath me—broke the reed!

As darker wrong than others could,
Thy falsehood brought to me;
All faith—all hope in human good,
My idol! fled with thee!

THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

A Young man and his wife sat in the porch of their neat, log-house, situated in the centre of a clearing in the Western wilderness. It was sunset, and the labor of the day was finished. Not a single roof but theirs rose near, and as the gloom of twilight deepened, and the wind swept through the dim and dreamy aisles of the forest, now rising and swelling like the organ notes of some grand, cathedral hymn, and anon dying away to a scarcely heard murmur, an unwonted feeling of loneliness fell upon the spirits of the young wife. Not that she was homesick, but her heart yearned to have this lonely forest-chant continually floating around, broken by such sounds as rise from the haunts of men; such as she was accustomed to hear in her New England home. In such a state of feeling, which was in some measure shared by her husband, a horseman was descried in the distance advancing along the rough and broken path. He checked his horse as he drew near the house, and inquired if it was the residence of Mr. Rufus Norman.

"It is," replied the young man, who had stepped from the porch to welcome him.

"Here is a letter then for your wife, Mrs. Lucy Norman," said the horseman.

Mr. Norman and his wife both urged him to spend the night with them, but he declined their invitation, being on his way, he said, to visit a brother, who, he understood, was their next neighbor. Finding that he had been rightly informed, and that the distance was only two miles, he bade them good night, first telling them that he should return in a few days, when he could take an answer to the letter.

"It is Emily Fielding's writing," said Mrs. Norman, as she opened the letter and sat down by a table, on which her husband had placed a light. "It is so long since she wrote, I began to think that she had forgotten me."

She ran her eye over the few first lines, then recommenced them, reading aloud.

"This is the last letter, my dear Lucy, that I shall ever write you. I have, for several months, been very ill, and my strength has declined rapidly within a few days. I have a secret to disclose to you and your husband, Lucy, as well as a favor to ask, as you are the only persons with whom I am acquainted on whose discretion I dare depend, or to whose friendship I can with full confidence appeal.

whose discretion I dare depend, or to whose incluship I can with full confidence appeal.

"I am a wife and a mother, and it is in behalf of my child that I now address you. When I am gone he will have neither friend nor protector; his father, a few months after our clandestine marriage, being obliged to go to France, in order to fill the place in a large commercial establishment, made vacant by the death of an elder brother. Let him then, I implore you, find a home with you. You have both of you

seen my husband, Wilfred Dormer, and by re-calling to mind his noble person, the dark beauty of his expressive countenance, and above all, his fascinating manners, you may find some excuse for the imprudent step which I consented to take. Mr Dormer, a stern and unyielding man, had for several years set his heart on seeing Margaret Dormer, the orphan heiress of a deceased brother, the wife of Wilfred, as the only means of retaining a large and valuable estate in the possession of the family. When my husband ventured on one occasion, soon after our marriage, to mention me as one whom he should prefer to his cousin, his father told him at once that a girl without a cent, and totally unacquainted with the stern realities of life, was no person for him as a wife, and that if he did not choose to marry his cousin, he should find some better way of disposing of his property than to give it to a disobedient son.

"For your own sake then, Emily, as well as mine,' said Wilfred, during our last interview, 'I, for the present, entreat your forbearance. Something, I am confident, will soon turn up, that will render concealment no longer necessary. My cousin may marry, or my father may change his mind. If neither of these should happen, at the end of three years at the furthest, I will relinquish all expectations from my father by informing him of our marriage, as by that time I hope to obtain such experience in the business I am about to undertake, as to enable me to carve my warm way to a competence, if not to affluence?"

own way to a competence, if not to affluence.'

"His request seemed reasonable, and I could not deny him, and when some months afterward, I for the first time looked upon the face of my infant son, I felt that I had another and still stronger motive to preserve the secret of our marriage. This secret I now bequeath to you and your husband, in full confidence that you will consider it as a sacred trust, received from one who guarded it even at the expense of life, for the sake of those still dearer than life. Yes, Lucy, while my lips remained silent, my heart was breaking beneath the load of shame, reproach and contumely which has been heaped upon me with no sparing hand. If after I am gone, circumstances should still prevent my husband from acknowledging his marriage and claiming his son, you can then, when you think he is old enough, so that you can depend on his discretion, reveal to him his real name, and tell him something about his mother. It seems very bitter to me to think of his passing through life without ever hearing me mentioned. There are many thoughts and prayers in my heart for him as he lies sleeping near, which my exhausted strength will not permit me to write. Your own heart, my dear Lucy, will, in part, tell you what

they must be.

"I call him Wilfred, and while he is prohibited from bearing his other name, perhaps you will call him by yours. He will soon learn to smile on you as he now smiles on me. And now, my dear Lucy, with fervent prayers for the happiness of both you and your husband, receive the last farewell of EMILY."

"Poor Emily! We cannot think of denying her request," said Mr. Norman."

"No indeed," replied his wife. "I have for several days past felt more lonely than usual, and have sometimes thought that I would give a good deal if I could have some person to speak to when you are obliged.

child, and now there is an opportunity for my wish to he gratified."

Mrs. Norman's letter was ready for the man when he returned; and in a few weeks afterward Emily Dormer was resting quietly in the grave, while her child had found a second mother in Lucy Norman. His bright, joyous face, and his merry, ringing laugh, sweet as the melody of the birds with which it mingled, were the light and joy of her home when her husband's business obliged him to be absent.

Mr. Norman took the earliest opportunity to forward a letter to Wilfred Dormer, the child's father, to inform him of his wife's death, and the situation of his son. He received an answer to this letter expressive of passionate grief for the loss of his wife, and the most fervent gratitude to him and Mrs. Norman for the care and protection conferred on his child. It was a vivid transcript of a heart naturally warm and generous in its impulses, struggling with the fear which was daily gaining strength, of forfeiting by any premature disclosure the wealth, which increasing worldly knowledge showed him was the easiest and surest ladder to distinction and power. Subsequently several letters passed between him and Mr. Norman, which on the part of the former exhibited a perceptible falling off as regarded the interest he felt in his son. At last he ceased to write, and all that Mr. Norman was able to learn respecting him, was that he still remained in France. His delinquency was a source of pleasure rather than regret, especially to Mrs. Norman, who had begun to dread that something might occur which would induce his father to claim him. One thing, however, gave them considerable uneasiness. There was as yet no school near enough for him to attend. where any higher branches were taught than reading, writing and arithmetic. They, therefore, though with no little reluctance, decided to place him at some distant school as soon as he had arrived at a suitable age. This decision was partly induced by a passage contained in one of his father's earlier letters, in which he mentioned that he intended to send him to college, after which he hoped inclination would prompt him to study law.

When twelve years old, though by no means handsome, Wilfred was a fine-looking, spirited boy, with a clear, dark complexion, and eyes that seemed to change their color as well as brightness, with the changing moods of his mind. In winter the evenings were devoted to study, and in the summer, the mornings-the evenings really, the mornings ostensibly, for if any one could have had the privilege of examining his slate, as he reclined on the flowery herbage in the shade of a tree, it would, nine times out of ten, instead of the numerical figures which his parents imagined him to be poring over, have been found filled with the figures of the domestic animals cropping the dewy grass, or the untamed inhabitants of the forest.

From the first, Mr. Norman had prospered in all his undertakings, and he was now what might be called a rich man. They had continued to live in their loghouse, for Mr. Norman had been too busy to think of building a better. It still stood almost alone, though a village had grown up a few miles distant.

to be absent during these long days, if it was only a A building spot was already selected for a handsome and commodious dwelling, where Lucy Norman would be able to gather around her some of those luxuries to which she had been accustomed in her New England home, when, like her friend Emily, she left all hopes and regrets behind, and found a resting-place beneath the green and flowery sod, which her light footsteps had so often pressed.

Mrs. Norman had not been unmindful of what Emily had said in her last letter, and as soon as Wilfred was old enough to understand the distinction, she told him that she herself was not his mother, and described to him his own, and taught him to love her memory. She was careful, however, never to call her by any name except Emily, and though he had on a few occasions expressed a curiosity to know her other, it was not of that pressing and eager kind to be at all troublesome. This was not unnatural at his age, and in his situation, for he felt no need of real parents while their place was in every respect so fully supplied by those who had the care of him from early infancy.

A few months after his wife's decease. Mr. Norman placed him at a school in one of the New England states, which, though in a retired situation, had gained some celebrity.

CHAPTER II.

IT was Wednesday afternoon, the school-children's half holiday, and on a round, breezy hill, crowned with a single magnificent oak, were gathered groups of bright and happy-looking faces. On every side except one, the full and bold swell of the hill as it descended toward its base, gradually melted into a gentle slope of the freshest green, which was sprinkled all over with wild flowers, among which the butterfly and bee found their choicest food, and held their gayest revels. The remaining side was merely a ledge of rocks broken into rude cliffs; its aspect, which otherwise would have been wild and desolate, being softened into beauty by numerous wild grape-vines, which loaded with heavy clusters of purple fruit, had woven over it a verdant drapery, or hung waving like a graceful banner from some projecting crag.

A clear stream, nearly concealed by this abundance of foliage, yet in some places throwing out gleams of sparkling radiance to the prying sunbeams, dashed impetuously down the abrupt declivity, and then after half circling the hill turned aside, and was lost in the shades of a neighboring forest. A small basin of pure, pellucid water, on a level with the brow of the hill, and fringed with luxuriant shrubbery, was the never-failing source of this bright and coquettish stream.

While several of the younger girls were gathered round a large rock under the oak, smooth as a marble tablet, and so deeply imbedded in the soil as to be elevated only a foot or two above its surface, arranging the acorn cups preparatory to making believe to take tea; the boys of a similar age were engaged in what they considered the more manly employment, of enclosing miniature fields and pastures with miniature stone-walls. The larger children laughed and that thickly starred the greensward.

All seemed happy but one. Wilfred Norman took no part in the simple pastimes which amused his companions, but half reclining in the shade of the flowery coppice sheltering the tiny fountain which fed the rivulet, he kept his eyes perseveringly riveted on a book he held in his hand, except that, now and then, with a perplexed and bewildered air, he referred to one that was lying open by his side. might have been called a handsome boy, his beauty consisted in the fine, open expression of his countenance, shaded by an abundance of wavy hair of a glossy black, rather than in the form of his features. In this respect he did not compare with Sedley Bellamy, a boy about his own age, who formed one of a group at a little distance.

Sedley Bellamy's extreme beauty attracted every eye, yet it was not of a kind to be coveted by one who looked forward to the ripe years of manhood. At this early period, however, his delicate features, smooth, white skin, cheeks like the crimson of a ripe peach, eyes blue as violets, and clustering locks of gold, were sometimes regarded with envy by his plainer companions. His sister Emilia, two years younger than himself, was likewise a beauty, having the same brilliant complexion, and features of the same delicate mould.

She now sat beside Alice Linwood, whose little gipsey hat lay at her feet, piled high with violets and other wild flowers, with which her small, delicate fingers were busily employed in arranging a bouquet. As she bent to her graceful task, a cloud of dark brown curls, now and then throwing out gleams of gold as a sunbeam which had found an opening in the swaying foliage of the oak quivered among them, nearly veiled a face, which, though fresh and bright as a half-open rose, with every line full of sweetness and gentleness, was far from being regularly handsome.

"Alice," said Emilia, bending forward so that her coral lips nearly touched the blooming cheek of her companion, "do look at Wilfred Norman, he is poring over that parsing lesson the preceptor gave him vesterday. Sedley told me that he could not recite a word of it this morning. I never saw such a stupid boy-I should think that his skull might, at least, be an inch thick."

"Hush!" said Alice, "you speak so loud that I am afraid he will hear you, and if he does, it may injure his feelings."

"I will venture the feelings of such a dunce as he is," replied Emilia.

"So will I," said her brother. "Jeffrey Larpent says he don't know, for his part, what his father was thinking about to send him here to the academy when he never studied geography or grammar or rhetoric."

At this moment the attention of Emilia was diverted toward a large butterfly which had lit on the flowers in the gipsey-hat, and sat lazily fanning them with his gold and purple wings. She attempted to catch it, but the glance of its bright eyes was quick enough to enable it to fly in season to elude her grasp. As Emilia and Sedley, joined by those of their age who claimed. "There is the house, and, close by, the old

chatted, or amused themselves by gathering the flowers a stood near, together with the whole troop of the younger children, started in pursuit of it, Alice involuntarily directed her eyes toward Wilfred Norman. He had heard the remarks of Emilia and Sedley respecting him, and the reply made by Alice, and without looking directly toward her, he was aware that she was regarding him. He was far from home and among strangers, and those feelings of pride and resentment which, a minute before, had made his eyes flash, and his lips press themselves more firmly together, gave way at this manifestation of sympathy. Though he struggled hard to prevent it, a slight tremor visible for a moment about his mouth was followed by a gush of tears. Alice was by his side in an instant.

"I would not try to study now," said she. could not remember a word out here in the cool, fresh air and bright sunshine, with so many birds singing all around, and so many flowers blooming in the grass."

Wilfred covered his eyes with his hands a short time, and succeeded in forcing back the tears.

"I must study," he then said. "Emilia Bellamy told the truth when she said I could not recite my lesson this morning. What her brother said was likewise true. My parents taught me reading, spelling and arithmetic, yet, for all I am so old, this is my first parsing lesson. The preceptor told me that the grammar would make all necessary explanations, but there are some things I cannot find out."

"It would have been the same with me at first," said Alice, "if my father and mother had not assisted me, so don't be discouraged. If you will come to our house after tea, I will show you all about your lesson."

Wilfred closed his books, and for the first time since he ascended the hill, looked abroad over the lovely prospect. The spire of the village church, and the modest cupola of the academy, together with a few elms and maples, rose above the roofs of the white houses, gracefully varying the monotony of their outline. Numerous farm-houses, some pressing closely on the skirts of the village, others so distant that they seemed blending with the purple haze of the atmosphere, together with a range of distant mountains, and a sheet of chrystal water reposing at their base, added beauty and variety to the scene.

"Is that where you live, Alice?" said he, pointing to a handsome farm house, half hidden by the foliage of vines and trees.

The yes of Alice was scarcely pronounced, ere a piece of paper that had been reposing in the crown of his palm-leaf hat was spread upon one of his books, and a pencil produced from his pocket. His cheeks flushed, and the starry brightness of his eyes kindled, as with his finely-shaped head thrown a little back, and his lips slightly parted, he gazed for a few moments on the farm-house, and the picturesque scenery by which it was surrounded. He then commenced sketching rapidly on the piece of paper spread on the book. The sketch, which was soon completed, he handed to Alice.

"What a dear picture you have made!" she ex-

elm, with the seat beneath it, where we all sometimes sit after tea, and there is the rivulet breaking out into the sunshine again, after having been lost in the woods, and there is the—but Emilia and Sedley are coming—shall I show it to them?"

"No," quickly replied Wilfred. "You may keep it if you would like to, but never let either of them see it"

"I never will," said she, "though I shall keep it as long as I live. How came you to know how to draw so beautifully?"

"I have always been fond of drawing," he replied, "ever since I can remember, and I sometimes think, if I live, I may one day be a great painter, like those I have read about."

From this time, almost every day during several weeks, Wilfred called at Mr. Linwood's a little before sunset, to request Alice to assist him in committing his parsing lesson. This soon came to be the work of only a few minutes, and then the rustic bench in the shade of the graceful old elm, which he introduced into his sketch, was the scene of rendezvous for them and the younger Linwoods. Sometimes even Mr. and Mrs. Linwood joined the group, much to the delight of all, there being a tacit understanding that their presence was never, in that favorite place, to be felt as a check on the innocent hilarity and mirth in which they might be disposed to indulge. Frank and Mary, and Emma, and, above all, little Charles Linwood, soon became Wilfred's fast friends. The same accurate eye and skilful hand which enabled him to draw with facility, enabled him likewise to construct for them various toys, which, as on account of their remoteness from the city, they seldom had opportunity to purchase, were in their estimation of almost priceless value.

It only required a few months for Wilfred to make such progress in his studies, particularly what had at first seemed to him the mysteries of parsing, as to enable him to take a higher stand than even Sedley Bellamy, for he had already acquired that which Sedley had not-the art of thinking. He knew it was Mr. Norman's wish that he should enter college; and that, after obtaining his degree, he should engage in the study of the law. This wish was law to him, for though he had been told that Mr. Norman was not his father, he felt himself none the less bound to obey him. It was, in truth, difficult for him to realize that he was not his parent, and the information to the contrary which, at first, had given him some pain, began gradually to make a less sensible impression on his mind, so that the subject now seldom occurred to him. The idea which he had expressed to Alice of some day being a painter, was, therefore, a misty, iris hued dream, rather than a palpably formed wish.

CHAPTER III.

TIME passed on, and Wilfred was nearly prepared to enter college, when he received a letter informing him of the sudden death of Mr. Norman. It was from a gentleman by the name of Renley, a neighbor and friend of the deceased, who, in addition to this

melancholy intelligence, informed him that it would probably be unadvisable for him to enter college, or at least as early as he had anticipated.

Wilfred's regret at the prospect of being unable to pursue his studies, was merged in grief for the loss of one who had been to him both friend and parent. When it had in some slight degree began to yield to the influence of time, and the sympathy of his friends, the Linwood family, he received a second letter from Mr. Renley, from which we give the subjoined extract:

"You are aware that you were not the son of the late Mr. Norman, neither in the most remote degree connected with him by the ties of kindred. I learnt this in a confidential conversation I held with him not many weeks before he died. During the same interview he observed that he intended to devote his earliest leisure to making his will, as otherwise the property he wished you to inherit would go to relations who were already rich in this world's goods.

"As he probably imagined that I might have some curiosity to know who your parents were, he voluntarily told me that he was at present bound by a promise to make no disclosures respecting them, not even to you. This promise, which he had given at an early period, and which within a few years he had been requested to solemnly renew, he expected soon to be cancelled. I had entertained a secret hope that an examination of his papers—a task, which as administrator of the estate, devolves on me—would throw some light on the subject. In this I have thus far been disappointed What I regret still more is, that his intention of making a will was defeated by his sudden death."

This last sentence seemed to settle the question, relative to the expediency of entering college. As, has already been suggested, owing to the strong predilection expressed by Mr. Norman for him to ultimately devote himself to legal studies, the love of art had been subdued, not extinguished. Like a smothered flame, it now broke suddenly forth, warming into life all those sleeping energies of the mind, which his former prospects had been unable to arouse, and which he had himself been unconscious of possessing. How long he had been absorbed in the bright prospects of the future, created by his own vivid imagination, he could not tell. When he took his letter from the post-office, in order that he might read it free from interruption, he turned into a retired footpath, faintly traced through fields and pastures and over hills, and finally terminating at the garden-gate of the Linwoods. As the contents became more and more absorbing, he seated himself upon a rock and for a while even Alice Linwood was forgotten. By the twilight gloom that had gathered around him, and the crescent moon which had sunk so low as to appear like some fairy shallop floating on the Western verge of the broad lake, where it blended with the horizon, he knew, when he awoke from his revery, that an hour or more had glided away. Whatever thirst for distinction might mingle with his brighter and purer aspirations, it partook not of the cold ambition of those who are wrought up in themselves. It was that desire for sympathy which, perhaps, forms one of the best elements of domestic happiness when its claims are acknowledged and returned, which turned his footsteps toward the dwelling of the Linwoods when he received his letter, and which,

now, caused him to hasten forward that he might lose no time in communicating to them his wishes and his hopes.

It was April, and the sky, which, during the day, had shed down tears as well as smiles, was now undimmed by a single cloud, and the air, which was keen and frosty, was peculiarly exhilirating to the spirits. The neat parlor where were assembled Mr. Linwood and his family, presented a sweet picture of domestic comfort and happiness, for there was not a heart in the little circle, gathered round the bright fire-side, that did not know how to value the joys of home.

The countenance of Mr. Linword, who sat in cheerful conversation with his family, though of that healthful and ruddy brown resulting from the exposure consequent on agricultural labor, was so full of intelligence that a glance sufficed to show that he was not one of the class, either by necessity or inclination, so chained to toil, as to preclude all participation in those intellectual pursuits which refine and elevate the mind.

Mrs. Linwood, a lady-like woman of thirty-five, with one of those faces that seem made on purpose to cheer and adorn the fire-side, sat on one side of a work-table busily plying her needle. Alice, who sat on the opposite side of the table, her time divided between her sewing and teaching her sister Mary how to draw some flowers, was now sixteen, four years baving passed, since, with a heart full of sympathy and words of kindness on her lips, she hastened to Wilfred's side, as homesick and despondent, and with his heart writhing from those words of scorn which had pierced it like an arrow, he sat on a hill in the shade of the green coppice. As he now entered the parlor, a warm, yet half suppressed smile bovered like a sunbeam about her lips, and there was not an eye, from Mr. Linwood's down to Charles' that did not beam a welcome. During the slight movement at his entrance to make room for him at the fire-side, another person unobserved came in at the back door, who, instead of joining those in the parlor, took a seat before the large fire-place in the kitchen. It was Sedley Bellamy, and the singular beauty that had distinguished his boyhood, seemed heightened rather than diminished now that he had arrived at the age of eighteen. Still, as the fitful light of the smouldering fire flashed over his features, a person well-read in intellectual expressions of countenance, would, while he sat listening to Wilfred, as he read his letter to his friends, and then to the comments it drew forth, have detected a look of craft and even malevolence, that more than sufficed to mar the beauty of the faultless features and brilliant complexion. He had, since his earliest remembrance, been partial to Alice, and the preference, betraying itself in every look and action with which she regarded Wilfred, had produced toward him a hatred, none the less the bitter, from being concealed under the mask of friendship.

"You see," said Wilfred, after he had finished reading the letter, "that instead of being the heir to a valuable estate, I am a poor boy without even having a right to the name by which I am known."

"If you are poor, you are not friendless," said Mr. inwood.

"No, nor ever will be," said Mrs. Linwood, "as long as you continue to be as good as you always have been."

"I guess I shall always love you," said little Charles, "and so will Alice, and Frank, and Mary, and Emma."

"Yes, I am sure we shall," said the three last named children, all speaking at once, while Alice turned away to hide the color that rushed to her cheeks, for Charles had very innocently put the sentiments with which she regarded Wilfred into a more tangible form than she had ever ventured on herself.

Her confusion was by no means diminished, as Wilfred, who sat near her, bent toward her so that his lips nearly touched her cheek, and said in a low voice, "if I could only feel sure, Alice, that what Charles said is true, I should indeed have little reason to repine."

"I am very glad of one thing," said Mr. Linwood, without appearing to notice this little bye-scene, "and that is, that you don't suffer your spirits to be depressed by this change in your prospects."

"That," replied Wilfred, "is because the change permits me to revive a secret, though long subdued wish. I am now determined to be a painter."

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood looked surprised, for though they had frequently seen little pencil or pen-and-ink sketches which he had made for the children, they had never had reason to suppose, by any remarks or allusions they had heard him make, that he possessed genius or inclination for any higher effort. Alice alone knew, that during all the leisure hours he could obtain, such as by others in his situation would have been frittered away without producing any result, had been sedulously devoted to such studies in his favorite art, as place and circumstances rendered available, though without his ever having entertained the most remote expectation, after he fully understood Mr. Norman's wishes, of following painting as a profession. He had made a finished painting from the sketch he drew of the Linwood farm-house, and the surrounding scenery as he stood on the hill by the side of Alice, while, in addition to the rustic bench in the shade of the elm, he had ventured to introduce a group consisting of Alice, himself, and all the little Linwoods. A portrait of Alice, which some might have thought completed, he had continued to linger over, whenever he chanced to be in one of his happier moods, for there was a sweetness and freshness about the original, which he imagined he had not fully succeeded in transferring to the canvass

These and such picturesque objects, which the heart of the poet as well as the eye of the painter enabled him to select and group together, formed a treasure, the silent production of which had afforded him a deep and quiet enjoyment, equalled only by that he had experienced by the happy fireside of the Linwoods.

"I believe," said he, in answer to the surprise which he saw depicted in the countenance of Mr. and Mrs. Linwood, when he mentioned his intention

of becoming a painter, "that you have never seen any of my attempts in painting. To-morrow, I will show you some of them."

"Have you considered," said Mr. Linwood, "that even if you have sufficient genius, that the want of funds will be as much of an obstacle to your becoming a painter as a lawyer."

"Oh," said Wilfred, "I must make my pencil defray my expenses as I go along. Besides, I am persuaded that although I never could be an eminent lawyer, I may, if I please, be something better than a mediocre painter. The love of art will enable me to concentrate my industry, a power I could never acquire as respects legal studies, though shut up, day and night, in a closet, and surrounded by all the 'precedents,' 'reports and commentaries,' to be found in Christendom."

"There is much in what you say," said Mr. Linwood, "yet a long series of privations, joined with harrassing doubts as to ultimate success, may damp your enthusiasm and break down the energy necessary to perseverance."

"Do not fear for me," said Wilfred, "for if genius, according to the idea I have somewhere seen expressed, be the power of bringing all one's energy and industry to bear upon one point, then, if I have genius for anything, it is for painting, and true genius, I have been taught to believe, is pretty sure of being appreciated."

"We shall have time to give the subject a more thorough consideration," said Mr. Linwood, "and in the meantime, as there is no person to whom you owe any explanation, it may be best for you to be silent on the subject of your parentage, till Mr. Renley has had opportunity to make a more thorough examination of your late guardian's papers."

At this crisis, footsteps were heard in the adjoining apartment, and looking toward the door, they beheld Sedley Bellamy, who had the air of a person who had just entered. A quick, significant glance, which all understood as a compact of secrecy, as to the subject

they had been discussing, passed from eye to eye round the circle, and then Mr. and Mrs. Linwood welcomed him with politeness, though without much cordiality. As for Alioe and the children, their countenances remained perfectly quiescent, instead of lighting up with those warm heart-gleams with which they were irradiated at the entrance of Wilfred. There was in his own deportment an appearance of constraint occasioned by having been a listener to what he knew was not intended for his ear, which was observed by all present, though they were far from suspecting the true cause. It was, in some degree sympathetic, and had the effect to damp the social pleasures of the evening.

During an interview which Wilfred and the elder members of the Linwood family had the following day, they all came to the conclusion that it was best for him to enter the favorite path which circumstances seemed no longer to close against him, as soon as possible. The question was as to the manner he should enter it. Would it be better for him to, at once, solicit the patronage of the public, or as a preliminary step place himself under the instruction of some skilful master, either at home or abroad? It was finally decided that he should do neither, but that he should spend three or four years in Italy, where by closely studying the works of the best masters, and by occasionally copying them, his power of appreciating what was most perfect in art, would go hand in hand with his improvement in manual skill. He hoped also to be able to paint a few pictures for sale, which would furnish the means for a subsistence, according to the system of rigid economy he had, in his own mind, prescribed for himself. In order to raise funds to defray the expenses of his proposed voyage, he was obliged to paint a few portraits, and, although this delayed him a few months, employment in his favorite art, and the society of those he best loved, the time passed rapidly away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE HARP AND FLOWER.

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

A mare within a vacant bower,
Hung when the day was closing;
And round it twined a smiling flower,
Amid its chords reposing.
And as the evening zephyr swept among
Its sighing strings, a wild, sweet song it sung
Upon the calmly fading hour.

But soon a tempest veiled the Heaven!
The angry winds were flying;
And from its peaceful arbor riven,
The harp upon the ground was lying.
But still about its broken image bound,
That sweet, ontwining flower was found,
While others far away were driven.

And then I thought on life, when cheering,
How many friendships round it play,
Which at the frowning stone's appearing,
Upon its wings are borne away!
Oh! they alone are friends, alke who share
With us Time's changes, whether dark or fair,
And look upon the world unfearing!

True friendship, like the gentle flower,
Binds up the heart when broken;
I cling around it in the hour
When bitter words are spoken!
And over its lonely, sadly sighing strings,
A ray of Heavenly brightness softly flings,
To wake its stricken power.



WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY LUKE DERWIN.

YES, she was beautiful! for her eyes glanced gaily from beneath their long, silken lashes, and her expressive face glowed with pleasant excitement as she took her place among the dancers; and when the low, sweet music came floating through the room, and the tiny feet moved with so light a fall to its soul-thrilling sound, she seemed almost a being from a purer world.

"A very angel!" exclaimed Frank Manden, in a feeling tone.

"Take care, Frank-take care!" said I, shaking my head as he looked up into my face; and then seating myself by his side, I continued-"an angel in appearance truly, but a woman, I fear, with no very angelic heart."

"Yes, she is wild, I know," replied my friend, in a doubtful tone, "but then if her fair bosom should become the possessor of a holy love, do you not think that she would give up her gaiety to please her husband?"

"Oh, yes," said he, growing warm with his subject, "I know she would be all a woman could be, for so fair a form cannot contain an unfeeling heart. Happy, happy is that man who may possess so lovely a prize!"

"Why, Frank, you are really captivated!" I exclaimed, in answer to this burst of feeling. "But, seriously, I do not think so wild and thoughtless a girl as Alice Carey would make a good wife for my good-hearted, but sober-minded friend, Frank Manden."

I thought a shade of melancholy passed over the fine face of the young man as I uttered the last words, and I continued-" but this is no place to discuss the character of a leading belle like Miss Carey, but if you will walk into the conservatory with me we will discuss her merits at our leisure."

With a fond glance at the beautiful face of Alice, and a half-suppressed sigh he took my arm, and we walked away.

Long and seriously did we converse upon the subject, for I loved my friend, and felt that I was but doing him a kindness when I advised him not to throw away the rich love of his manly heart upon so worldly-minded a woman as I knew Alice to be.

I told him all; her distate for home and domestic enjoyment; her love of company and gaiety; that her mother had never trained her to be a soife; that her love was all splendor and fashion, and not for the quiet happiness of the domstic circle; that she was beautiful only in appearance; and that beneath there was no substantial goodness. But it was in vain; \ us together. He said I must be misinformed: at any \ She accosted me with a smile, and a very earnest rate he would enjoy her society, study her character, entreaty that I would disclose the secret grief which

and if he found her to be what I represented, he would break the spell and leave her forever.

"It will be too late, Frank! too late before you will find her out," I exclaimed, feelingly: "too late to repent: too late for your own happiness. Oh! do not run so great a risk! You love her now, and believe me, blinded by prejudice as you are, you will be no very discerning judge of her character. Your wealth, your position in society, your future prospects, and your high connections, will all be too high a prize for Miss Carey to think of losing by a display of her real sentiments. Oh! break the chain, and do notdo not be entrapped by so beautiful an exterior."

I had spoken hastily, too warmly for my own object, for my friend rose from his seat, and coldly saying-"that he hoped Mr. Derwin would allow him to choose his own society," walked away. I looked upon his retiring form with a sad heart, for I knew that with all his youthful dreams of a loving wife and a quiet home, he could never be happy with one whose greatest pleasure was in fashion and show. And as I sat thus regretting his departure, and feeling that I had said all that I could say, I thought of woman and her influence, and mourned that it was not always upon the side of morality and religion, Hers is indeed a responsible situation, and whether she fits it or not, she is more or less the moulder of the character of the young with whom she is associated. The actions of young men are ever in a great degree directed by the females of their acquaintance, and their whole life is often changed by the unseen, yet irresistible power of woman's direction.

While musing thus, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps, and I had hardly time to dispense with my thoughtful attitude, when I was accosted with-

"Well, Luke, you are the veriest dealer in old remembrances of the past, and doleful musings on the future that it has ever been my fortune to meet. Here you are alone by yourself, thinking and caring for nought else, when the most enticing music is sweetly sounding in your ears, and a score of smiling faces and laughing eyes are no doubt languishing for your presence in the next room."

Expressing some doubts of "smiling faces and laughing eyes languishing," I arose from my seat and followed the inconsiderate young man, who seemed to have no thought or care but for the frivolities and pleasures of the world. As I entered the ball-room, I hastily glanced over the brilliant throng, and soon detected Frank in earnest conversation with Alice Carey. With a sigh I turned my eyes away, and beheld at my side one whom to meet is always pleasure.

called forth such an expression of sadness. I felt in no secret-keeping mood, and thought I would rather give vent to my feelings than to stifle them in my own bosom, so I pointed out to her the before named couple, and told her that there was enough to call forth at least one sigh from the young man's friend. A mournful expression rested for a moment upon her face as she looked in the direction indicated, and then with a smile she turned to me, and said-" yes, but there is a pleasant sight."

I looked and beheld seated upon the sofa a young girl, whose sweet face and fairy form seemed only the more pleasing from the simple white dress in which she was clothed. Her countenance was lighted up with an expression of deep feeling, and in her dark eyes there must have been a strange power, for the gay young man whom I have before mentioned seemed to listen with the most eager attention to her words.

"And what of that?" said I, to my companion. "The young lady is certainly very pretty."

"Yes, and as good as she is pretty," she replied, "and if she exerts her wondrous power upon Thomas Felton, I doubt not she will make even him, as wild and thoughtless as he is, as steady and home-hearted as the man at my side,"

With thanks for the compliment, I entreated her for the story.

"Oh! no great story," she returned, "only the young lady is one of the very best females with whom it is my pleasure to be acquainted. She is the daughter of pious parents, and has been taught that she is to be a woman; and has a duty to perform in the world. She is all that a refined Christian education can make her, and I doubt not that if she loves Thomas, and I think she does, she will by her moulding influence lead him from follies path into the less showy, but more pleasing walks of domestic happiness."

"I hope so," I replied, "for he is in the main a good-hearted fellow, and only needs to give up his frivolity and lightness to make him one of the best of men." But I continued as my mind reverted to Frank Manden-"I fear Miss Carey will lead Frank far away from the useful, happy situation which he has heretofore occupied, and make him as wild as herself. Truly, he is the last person whom I would have believed she could so easily have ruined."

"Luke! Luke! you speak harshly," returned my companion, reproachfully. "Surely Alice is not as bad as you would intimate."

"Would she were not," I exclaimed. But others gathered near, and our conversation was for the time interrupted.

Time passed on, and thoughts of the future prospects of the young men I have mentioned were often in my mind.

At every party I attended my first glances were in search of Frank and Thomas, and each meeting only served to show that I was right in my first impressions of the impossibility of Frank's resisting the soft glances and bewitching smiles of Alice Carey. A marked difference too was observeable in his general demeanor. His usual quiet habits seemed to be entirely changed, and he appeared to be perfectly I that won me to the sweet delights of a quiet and useful

infatuated with the pleasures and follies of fashionable society. His bow was too distant, and his "good day, sir," too formal for me to make any further attempt to reason with him upon his conduct, and I was reluctantly compelled to watch the slow, but sure progress of his attachment.

As I was sitting one evening at one of the fashionable soirces of the wealthy Mrs. ---, I observed just beyond me seated alone Thomas Felton. I arose and approaching, rallied him upon his unusually sedate and serious aspect. He shook his head, while a pleasing smile stole over his fine features, and replied-

"Well, Luke! I have learned a lesson lately, and I hope to profit by it. Old remembrances are pleasant sometimes, and I often love to indulge in musings upon the future," and saying this, he slipped a small, fancy note into my hand, and walked away. I opened it and found two cards. The reader can guess the rest. I attended the wedding, and as I saw him lead his blushing bride to the altar, and beheld the proud, fond look with which he gazed upon her as she promised to be his own, I lifted my heart to God in thankfulness for woman's influence.

Business called me away, and for six months I was absent from my home. Upon my return, while looking over my file of "Neal," which had accumulated during my absence, my eye rested upon the following:

"Married, on the sixth instant, by the Rev. -Mr. Francis C. Manden, to Miss Alice D., daughter of Henry B. Carey, Esq., all of -

I laid down my papers, and leaving my breakfast untasted, walked out into the street. From the date I concluded that they had been married only a few weeks after my departure, and I doubted not that by this time Frank had obtained some insight into the real character of his wife. Musing upon our former friendship, and wondering if the memory of my warning ever came to his mind, I walked slowly along until I was aroused by, "how do you do, Luke!" spoken in a warm, friendly tone. Looking up I beheld Thomas Felton, and after I had returned his warm greeting, he insisted upon my breakfasting with

"But," said I, "Mrs. Felton will not expect a visitor this morning, and-

"That is the very reason I want you to go," interrupted Thomas-"I want you to see what a jewel of a wife I have got."

Smiling at his enthusiasm I gave my consent, and we soon reached his retired, but beautiful dwelling. Upon our entrance, Mrs. Felton immediately welcomed me so heartily that all fears of my being a disagreeable visitor were speedily dissipated.

White we were breakfasting, Thomas occupied the time in plainly telling me the arrangements they had made for the future. Said he, "the control of the house I have given over to my wife, and I never interfere with or disturb her arrangements. Out-ofdoors she willingly yields to my wishes, and about all things we consult together. Thus we live peacefully, contentedly and happy. Oh!" said he, warmly, "for all my happiness I thank my wife. It was her gentle influence that first led me to think; it was her smile

life; it is her presence that makes my home happy; ; just as you said, too late! I never can be happy!-- I and it is by means of her warnings and her solicita- \ never can be happy!" tions that I am now a Christian man"

And when our repast was concluded, and Mrs. Felton, with a holy smile upon her face, laid the Bible in her husband's hands, I thought how great, for evil or for good, is woman's influence. I trust I left that happy home a better man!

As I walked toward my place of business, I suddenly upon turning a corner encountered Frank. His face was care-worn, and bore a striking contrast to the calm and undisturbed look which it usually presented when we were friends together.

As soon as he saw me he grasped my hand, turned away his face to hide the tear which glistened in his eye, and with a quivering voice exclaimed-" forgive me, Luke! I have wronged you, but it is too late!

Taking his arm, I walked with him to his room, where he told me all: how he had begged of her by all the love he bore her, by all his hopes of domestic bliss, by all their expectations of future happiness to be the loved companion of his home; "but," said he, "home finds no echo in her bosom; she cares only for fashion and show. Gone are all my bright visions of a loving wife, a cheerful fireside, and a happy home, which I so fondly cherished! Yes, they are gone-all gone! Oh!" continued he, "if she only loved me as I love her, the sweet retirement of home would be for us the greatest of earth's blessings! But it is too late !-- too late !"

With a load of sorrow weighing upon my own heart I left him, thinking how much of happiness or misery depends upon woman's influence.

MAIDEN TO HER FATHER. THE

BY MRS. D. RLLEN GOODMAN.

THEY tell me, father, thou wilt bear To this lone home of ours, One o'er whose cheek and forehead fair The light of beauty pours A witching spell-that I must love This stranger, with the love I bore Her whose mild eyes will never beam Upon my darkened pathway more.

They tell me she is coldly proud, And beautiful and gay, And that the high and haughty crowd With homage round her way; They say her smile has such a spell To bind the heart and chain the soul; And that her frown can bend the knee Of gifted ones to her control.

My father-but a year has fled-One little fleeting year, Since she was numbered with the dead-She to our hearts so dear! Do you remember that bright morn, That pleasant morn in smiling May, When in your folded, trembling arms Her drooping form so coldly lay?

I knelt beside and wildly clung, In my mute, deep despair, To her white hand that coldly hung Over my flowing hair. The golden light fell o'er her cheek, And gleamed upon her forehead white; But the pale lips no word might speak-The closed eyes give no ray of light.

Her eyes-how beautiful they were! So mild and softly blue; The peace of Heaven seemed mirrored there, And love most deep and true. Ah, when we came from her low grave, And sought our dark and lonely home, Methought no ray of light again To our crushed hearts would ever come.

Twelve months—a sad and gloomy year Has been the past to me; And every day has marked a tear Fall to her memory. Then do not ask me to forget The past-its joys or bitter tears; But in some quiet nook, oh! let Me dream of other, brighter years!

CHANSONNETTE.

BY LYMAN LONG.

J'AI vu des fleurs jolies, A l'heure de soires Des roses de la vie, D'epines desarmees.

Mais si je ne peux trier Aucun de ces beaux fleurs, Leur beaute pour jamais Enchantera mon cœur.

Vol. XVI.-15

O choses de la joie! De terre le doux charme! Jetant des ris sur moi Tonjours plaisans a l'ame.

De vous lorsque je pense, Parmi les maux de vie, Je goute, par avance, Le paix de Paradis!

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

EDWARD DERWENT had been married only three, weeks when a cloud came over his sky. His bride was so beautiful, and possessed so many attractions, that he could not see how it was possible for any one to look at her without, at the same time, falling in love. If, therefore, any person belonging to the masculine gender, was observed to gaze with apparent earnestness at his Theresa, Derwent instantly became uncomfortable, and his imagination, excited by his feelings, pictured events of a most distressing and terrible nature.

"I'm a fool!" he would say to himself, in moments when he was less under the influence of his peculiar temperament. And yet, though conscious of his folly, he continued none the less a fool. It only required a good-looking young man to sit by the side of Theresa, or to fix his eyes earnestly upon her, in order to arouse from its temporary repose the green monster within him.

A part of the honeymoon was spent at a summer retreat, a few miles from the city, where a pleasant company of about a dozen were enjoying the luxury of cool, fresh airs, and all the choicest fruits of the season. Among those present was a young man of fine person, good address, and well cultivated mind, who was a favorite with all. His name was Edmonds. As soon as the young bride arrived, she was received with marked attention by all; for, with those who knew her, she was already a cherished companion; and those to whom she was introduced, soon perceived in her qualities to admire or love. From the day of her arrival, much to the disquietude of Derwent, Edmonds was particular in his attentions; and it not unfrequently happened that the jealous young husband came upon this young man and his wife when sitting alone in the parlor, under the portico, or in some one of the pleasant arbors or summerhouses that were scattered over the lawns and gardens. On such occasions, it was plain to him, that Edmonds looked confused; and he was much mistaken if the bloom on the beautiful cheeks of his wife did not take a deeper hue.

At first Derwent tried to think this all an idle fancy; but his jealous heart gave the thought an emphatic contradiction. How was it possible for any one to look upon Theresa and not love her? And was she proof against all the appeals of a fervid admiration? The more he saw, felt and thought, the more uneasy did the young man become; and the more certain was he that Edmonds entertained the purpose of winning from him the love of his wife.

Thus matters stood on the fourth day after Derwent's arrival in the country; when an incident occurred that painfully corroborated, in his mind, all his fears. He was sitting at a window of the room they occupied, before he reached them. Edmonds stooped to pluck a

thinking of the danger that surrounded his bride, and meditating a speedy return to the city in order to escape them, when he observed Theresa walking along just below him, in a thoughtful mood. Ere she had passed from his sight, a servant stepped up and handed her a letter. She looked eagerly at the address, and, as she did so, a flush of surprise went over her face. Then hiding the letter in her bosom, she disappeared around an angle of the house. Crossing the room with a fluttering heart, Derwent passed quickly to another window, near which he rightly conjectured Theresa would go to read her letter. In a few moments he saw her glide forth from a mass of shrubbery, and sit down on a rustic seat beneath some old oak trees that had known the sunshine and storms for at least a hundred years. Here she drew the letter from her bosom, and, while he was gazing down upon her, became absorbed in its contents. Evidently, from her manner while reading, the letter produced a vivid impression on her mind; but, as her face was turned so far away that her husband could only see a small portion of it, he was unable to determine the character of her emotions. But he did not in the least doubt that the communication was from Edmonds, and meant to win from him the love of his wife.

Maddened by this conclusion, Derwent could with difficulty restrain himself from going to the young man, and charging upon him the crime of attempting to destroy his happiness. A little reflection taught him the folly of this; and he concluded that it would be more prudent to wait for a time to see the development of things. It might be that the letter Theresa bad received was not from Edmonde; and that, as soon as he saw her, she would show it to him. In this latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to be mistaken. Hoping that she would come up to their room, he remained there for half an hour in momentary expectation of seeing her enter; but he awaited in vain. Unable to bear the suspense any longer, Derwent descended to the parlor-no one was there. He passed out into the portico; but saw nothing of Theresa.

"Have you seen Mrs. Derwent?" he asked, of a

"Yes," was replied; "I saw her walking toward the garden, some ten minutes ago, with Mr. Edmonds."

"With Edmonds!" ejaculated Derwent, thrown off of his guard by this intelligence.

The lady looked curiously after him as he strode off, hastily, toward the garden. On opening the gate, he saw Theresa and the young man moving slowly down one of the walks, engaged in earnest conversation. They did not observe his approach. Twice, flower, which was presented to the lady, who manifested pleasure in receiving it. Before he was near enough to hear the sound of their voices-for they conversed in a low tone-his foot rustled among the dry leaves of a fallen branch, and warned them of his presence.

"What's the matter, Edward? Are you sick?" asked Theresa, with much concern in her voice, the moment she looked into her husband's face.

"I don't feel very well," replied Derwent, evasively.

"You look far from well," said Edmonds, with apparent sympathy.

"Why, Edward! You are pale, and your lips tremble as you speak! What has happened?" The young bride seemed frightened.

"Nothing-nothing," returned Derwent, who felt his position to be an awkward one, and was, strange to say, more anxious to conceal his suspicions than he had been, a few moments before, to let them be seen.

Theresa drew her arm within his, and said-

"Come! You must go back to the house and lie down. You are sick."

As Theresa thus spoke, Edmonds bowed rather formally, and turned down one of the garden walks, leaving the husband and wife alone.

"What is the matter, Edward?" asked Theresa, anxiously, as soon as they were entirely by themselves.

"Nothing particular-only-I feel well enough now," awkwardly stammered the young husband.

"You don't look well," replied Theresa, to this, her eyes fixed earnestly upon her husband's face while she spoke. "What is the matter? Do tell me, Edward."

There was so much of real tenderness in the young wife's voice, as she spoke, that Edward's heart smote him for the suspicion he had permitted to enter his mind.

"I haven't felt perfectly well for a day or two," said the jealous spouse. And in this he did not go very wide of the truth.

"You didn't mention this before."

"No; for it would only have disturbed your feelings. But I'm better now."

And the returning color to his face and light to his eyes, attested the truth of his words.

In silence the young couple returned to the house, and went up to their room. Theresa had proposed a walk as likely to refresh her husband; but his mind was on the letter, and he could not rest until he was alone with her, in order that she might have an opportunity to show it to him; so he objected to the walk, and thought he would feel better to lie down for half an hour.

But though they remained alone during the rest of the afternoon, not a word did Theresa say about the letter she had received; and this re-awakened all of Edward's most distressing doubts. At tea time, Edmonds took his usual place beside Theresa, and kept her in animated conversation, while her husband sat silent and moody, forcing himself, for mere appearance sake, to swallow the tasteless food he put into \ hidden opening. A moment more, and the letter was

his mouth. He complained, on rising from the table, of continued indisposition, and went back to his room, accompanied, of course, by his wife. After awhile the headache, with which he had been affected, according to his own averment, passed off, and he entered into a conversation with Theresa, in which he endeavored to lead her to think of that particular time in the day when she received the letter. He even spoke of the seat under the old oak trees; but not a word was said by Theresa on the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"Why should she conceal from me the fact of her having received a letter?" Derwent asked of himself, over and over again; but no answer came to the question, and the doubts awakened grew more and more troubled. For half the night that followed, the jealous husband lay awake, a prey to the most harrassing suspicions, while Theresa slept calmly by his side. At last, it was long after midnight, he resolved to end this state of suspense. The moon was shining brilliantly, and pouring into the room a flood of light, making all objects distinctly visible, and rendering the aid of a lamp in the search he contemplated, altogether unnecessary. Quietly slipping from the bed, Edward went to the chair over which Theresa had thrown her dress on retiring for the night, and searched in the bosom for the letter. But it was not there. He then lifted the garment in his hand, and shook it carefully. But the object for which he sought so anxiously did not fall upon the floor. Might there not be a pocket in the dress? Yes, that was altogether probable; and there, no doubt, would be found the missive that was to remove his fears or blast his happiness forever. Such was the conclusion of the young man's mind. For the pocket he now commenced an eager search. But any one who has been commissioned by his wife to go to her wardrobe and bring her something from the pocket of a dress-of course no man would think of inspecting his wife's pockets unless specially commissioned to do so-can form a pretty clear idea of the difficult task Derwent had upon his hands. He pulled open the folds of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket opening could he find. While thus engaged, he felt something hard, and his ear caught, at the same time, the rattling sound made by paper when crumpled in the hand. An electric thrill passed through the young man's frame. Here was the letter! More hurriedly, and with a nervous trembling, he sought an entrance to the place where the little messenger of good or ill reposed. But, in his eagerness, he failed, each time he revolved the dress in his hand, to light upon the particular fold that concealed the opening.

Impatiently he thrust his arm through the dress, and at a single sweep turned it entirely inside out, making unconsciously to himself, as he did so, a loud, rustling noise. The pocket was easily found within; but the entrance thereto was as far as ever from being discovered; and two or three minutes more elapsed in a vain search, when desperately grasping the pocket with one hand, he carried the other along on the outside until at the corresponding part of the garment, where after a few ineffectual trials he found the long

in his hand. Eagerly he tore it open, and was endeavoring by the moonlight to obtain a knowledge of its contents, when a movement in the bed caused him to glance around. Theresa had risen from her pillow, and was bending forward and stareing at him, her face looking agitated and pale in the dim moonlight. Before he could speak she uttered a wild scream, and fell forward upon the bed.

Here was, indeed, a dilemma; and more than all this, a confirmation of Derwent's worst fears. His indiscreet haste in searching for the letter had betrayed him into making noise enough to awaken his sleeping wife; who, seeing that he had obtained possession of her secret of unfaithfulness, was frightened, as well she might be, into a swoon. This was the natural inference of the husband's mind.

Scarcely had the echoes of Theresa's thrilling scream died along the passages, ere sundry movements above and around were heard; and by the time Edward Derwent had drawn on his pantaloons a hand was on his door, and a frightened voice called out to know what was the matter. Edward, already aware that his wife had fainted, opened the door, after having hidden the letter in his own pocket, and admitted the hostess, who had been first to arrive at the scene of alarm. To her inquiries as to the cause of Theresa's scream, and her fainting condition, Edward could give only confused and unsatisfactory answers. Other members of the family soon after appearing, active efforts were made to restore the swooning bride, who, in about an hour, was so far recovered as to open her eyes and answer a few questions. But she said nothing of the cause of her fright; and delicacy prevented those around her from making inquiries.

Day had began to dawn ere Theresa was so far recovered as to be thought in a condition by the family to be left alone. Then Derwent, who had?

remained aloof nearly the whole time that efforts were making for her restoration, walking the floor uneasily, asked a lady who had come in if she would not remain with his wife for half an hour. Escaping from the room, he hurried out into the open air, and as soon as he had reached a place where no eye could be upon him, he drew the letter he had obtained from his pocket. Opening it once more, he devoured, so to speak, almost at a single glance, its contents.

Here they are :-

"Dear Madam-I regret extremely to have to inform you that your new pearl colored silk, which you sent me to be altered, has been totally ruined through the carelessness of one of my girls, who overturned a lamp and spoiled nearly a hundred dollars worth of goods. No help remains but for me to make you a new one; which I will do as soon as you return to the city, and give me an opportunity to fit you. I feel terribly mortified about it; but it is one of those accidents expected with the carely approximately. dents against which we cannot provide. Hoping that you will not be greatly annoyed by this mishap, I am Very respectfully yours,

MARY MODE."

If the green-eyed monster did not die under that blow, he expired half an hour afterward, when Theresa, with her arm around her husband's neck, told him of the frightful apparition she had seen in the night; and then, trembling from a recollection of the scene, shrunk still closer to his side, and laid her head upon his bosom.

If ever a man was heartily ashamed of himself, that man was Edward Derwent. Months were suffered to go by ere he ventured to disabuse thoroughly the mind of his wife in regard to the apparition she had seen, and then he concealed so much of the truth that she never more than half suspected the weakness which had nearly betrayed him into wounding a heart that loved him intensely, by the avowal of a blasting suspicion.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

MOTHER.

The first, fond word our hearts express In childhood's rosy hours; When life seems full of happiness, As nature is of flowers; A word that manhood loves to speak When time has placed upon his cheek, And written on his brow Stern lessons of the world's untruth, Unheeded in his thoughtless youth, But sadly pondered now; As time brings back 'mid vanished years A mother's fondest hopes and tears.

The only Eden left untouch'd, Free from the tempter's snare; A Paradise where kindred hearts May revel without care; A wife's glad smile is imag'd here, And eyes that never knew a tear,

Save those of happiness, Beam on the hearts that wander back, From off the long and beaten track Of sordid worldliness, To taste those purer joys that come Like angels round the hearth of home.

HEAVEN, The end of all a mother's prayers-The home of all her dreams: The guiding star to light our path With hope's encheering beams-The haven for our storm-toss'd barque, From out a world where wild and dark The tempests often rise; But still in e'ery darksome hour This hope will rise with holy power, And point us to the skies, Where Mother, Home and Heaven are seen, Without a cloud to intervene.

OUR FLOWER GARDEN .- NOVEMBER.



Our bouquet, for this month, contains the Balsam, Myrtle, Salvia, Convolvulus, Passion-flower, Dahlia, and Marigold. The language of the

BALSAM, Impatience.
Myrtle. Love.

NAVIA, Domestic Qualities.
Convolvulus, Extinguished Hopes.
PASSION-FLOWER, Religious Superstition.

DAHLIA, Instability.
MARIGOLD, Despair.

There is scarcely anything to do in the flower-garden, except that tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, and some other similar bulbs, may still be planted if they were neglected in October. Roses should be pruned at this season when they are intended to flower early, and each kind requires a different mode of pruning, as mentioned in April. It must be observed, however, that only the hardy roses will bear pruning at this season. The Scotch roses, the sweet-briars, and the various kinds of climbing roses, should have only the

tips of their shoots shortened; and the Bourbon and China roses, &c., should not be pruned till spring.

Climbers, such as ivy, clematis, &c., should be planted in this month, and trained against the wall. Dahlias should be taken up after the first frost, dried and stored away. The best place for keeping these bulbs is in sand, where the temperature keeps about forty degrees. In a greenhouse or room, where plants are kept damp, stagnant air is more to be dreaded than cold. The earth in pots should be stirred frequently, and water given very moderately, except to chrysanthemums and flowers about to bloom.

BULES IN WATER-GLASSES -The kinds of bulbs best adapted for water-glasses, are all the species of the narcissus, the byacinth, the early dwarf tulip, the jonquil, both large, Dutch and common iris, both the Persian and the dwarf Scotch crocuses, and in short any of the similar sorts. You must commence by procuring glasses of the proper sort, of which there are many forms, but the one in general use is the least expensive, and perhaps the best; certainly it is the most convenient. Those with dark glasses are most congenial to the roots, but the transparent glass exhibits the progress of growth, which is no small portion of the pleasure of the culture; and at any time between October and January (after which the bulbs, if kept out of the ground, shrivel and lose vigor; if it be desired to have them later, the better plan is to

keep a supply in earth as a reserve) fill them with water and place your plants; the water must be soft. and just reach through the neck to the upper chamber, so that the bottom of the bulb may be a little immersed in the water, not covered; then place the glasses in a warm room where they may at once enjoy light and heat: it is better they should be exposed to the sun's rays than not. By placing them in the glasses at proper intervals of time, a succession of flowers may be obtained from January to April, forming a pretty ornament for the parlor-window or chimney-piece; they require no further care, than to see that the water does not sink so low as to leave the roots dry: fresh water must be given at intervals of two or three days, to be judged of by the appearance of the fluid, whether clear or foul; when the bulbs are newly planted, the change need not be so frequent as after the glasses are filled with water. It is essential that the temperature of the water to be given, should be the same as that which it is to re-place. The operation of changing is easily done by one person, when the roots are only an inch or two long, but after the flower stems are of some length, and the roots nearly fill the glasses, two persons become requisite, one to take out the bulb, and hold it, and to dip its roots in clear water to rinse them, and another to wash the glass, and re-fill it with water.

THE INDIAN MAID.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

In the wilds of the West at the close of the day,
When the sun was declining from valley and wood,
A lone Indian maid wandered forth on her way,
To where, in the distance, a wilderness stood.

But the sombre, mysterious darkness that shone Above and around, like the spirit of night, Only told her sad soul of the past that had flown; And its vista of years rush'd again to her sight.

And her heart it was there by that meadows green side, In the depths of the wood where her dark kindred slept, And where griev'd the faint zephyrs of fair eventide, As they rov'd through the willows that bent as they wept.

And she thought of the time when they roam'd with her there,

In the prime of her youth, by the carolling wave, When the current of life cours'd its way light and clear, In a lustre the brightest that earth ever gave.

Oh. where were they then? that wild, wandering race,
That echoed the shrill whoop once over the plain;
Oh, where were they then? in death's clammy embrace—
And their song shall awaken no echo again.

Not a form, there, upon the still landscape appear'd,
Not a sound broke the calm that pervaded the air,
Save the howl of the wolf in the black thickets heard,
And the panther's low mean as it couch'd in its lair.

Or the night-screeching owl as it hooted its cry Of foreboding lament to the silence around, And the whip-poor-will poising, now, far in the sky, Now, swooping with harsh, piercing screams to the ground.

Tears gleam'd in her eye, and oh! sad was her heart,
As she bent her slow step to the forest's green verge;
She reach'd it, she press'd its close branches apart—
And the wind whistled through like a funeral dirge.

In the midst of the wood by a dismal gloom kept,
Is a valley embower'd and hid by the trees,
There, beneath the jagg'd branches, her dusky race slept,
And o'er them mourn'd the soft, plaintive, low breeze.

And through the bright valley there rippled a stream,
That roll'd through its grottoes and banks far away,
And as it ran, sparkled beneath the sun beam
That danc'd on the mirror it lit with its ray.

There she laid to repose where the wild brier grew,
As the night mantled earth, and day's brilliancy fied,
And the flowers wept sadly, the sky hid its blue,
And the leaves sung a requiem over her head.

There she laid to repose! In that dark, dreary place, With the rivulet flowing in peace by her side, And there, on the green mound, the last of her race, Like a rose that is clos³d at the twilight she died.

The chill winter winds rustle over the leaves, .

That fell where in sadness and sorrow she laid,
On the tomb of her tribe, and the wild tempest grieves
As it glides o'er the corse of the Indian Maid.



MATLOCK'S TREE.

BY OLIVER BUCKLEY.

DURING a summer excursion, I stopped one night; and fretting furiously as it dashed suddenly through at a country inn, intending to remain a day or two. On the following morning we requested the landlord to direct us to whatever scenes of interest there might? be in the neighborhood. The host-he was cast from the common mould of hosts-of course grew at once eloquent in praise of the surrounding scenery. There was the great hill upon which we might see the sun rise or set, to the very best advantage—there too was the deep glen, and the cave in the rock where the sun { could not be seen at any time—the willow brook, where Tradition, a marvelously expert character, bad caught numerous trout in days-afore-time-there was the river-the falls-and lastly, "Will Matlock's Tree!"

The mention of these places suggested at once an almost exhaustless El Dorado for the pen and pencil. As the sun was already up, we concluded that to ascend the hill would be labor but ill rewarded since in reality it could not be called "in the neighborhood," being at least three miles distant. The "deep glen" we found to be a very pretty, shady place, through which the "willow brook" made its devious way. The romance of the spot, however, was a little cut down by the presence of two lusty negro women. who had come from a neighboring farm-house to the brook-side in the glen, to get out their week's washing. There was a big cauldron suspended between two willow trees, boiling, bubbling and steaming over a buge fire.

And there, too, were several half-dressed urchins bouncing about among the unwashed clothes, as if they also were a part and parcel of the material which was about to undergo its weekly ablution. In short, there was a picture-queness about the scene, much finer than we had anticipated, not to mention the strong perfume of seeds that rose in a blinding cloud of incense from the great sooty censer. "What a scene for a painter," as the old ladies, bless their dear bearts, are wont to say! But unfortunately neither of us were Wilkies or Mounts, and we were consequently forced to see that glorious bit of immortality fade away, uncaught, with the thousand other splendors of this kaladiescope world. The cave in the rock, I confess was not much, and as to the "falls" on the river, I could not help thinking that it bore strong evidence of having been a mill-dam But the river was certainly very picturesque. As to "Matlock's Tree," it was nothing more than an old lombardy poplar, which stood before the ruined walls of what had been apparently the dwelling of a farmer. The ruins and the river were only divided by a sien. der wagon-track, and as we sat down on a great \ round, pushed up one of the window-sashes, threw stone by the tree, we could hear the water boiling in the stolen shoes, and then putting on his own boots,

a deep, narrow channel.

"Many years ago," commenced our guide, "there lived in this old house one Matlock, a very wicked, cruel hearted man, whom everybody feared, and nobody loved or trusted, unless, indeed, it was his poor, broken-hearted wife. Frequently there were discovered on the fences and barn-doors, warnings and threats, written with red chalk, and whenever these were found the people were in great dread, for they knew that something evil would befall them. For a long time this was a great mystery, but at last they suspected Matlock; but as they could never prove anything, they dared not indicate their suspicions in any other way than by significant nods and as significant winks.

"In short, nobody loved him, and you may be sure the old adage was not far wrong, when it tells us that there was no love lost. Indeed, he seemed to bear a bitter hatred to everybody, not even excepting his own brother. Never were two men more unlike than were these two Matlocks-one was mild and kind, the other quarrelsome and cruel, one was gentle and friendly to all, the other treated every one as though they were in league against him, when if he had reversed the charge he had come more near the truth, for he was constantly planning some injury to all good, honest people. So unlike were these two brothers that, unfortunately, the neighbors were constantly drawing comparisons between them. This of course had no tendency to soften the disposition of the hard-hearted man, but rather to make him, if possible, more bitter.

"On one occasion there was built a new church in the vicinity, but no sooper was it completed than Matlock began to put in operation one of his most fiendish plots. Now it was well known that his good brother, who was one of the deacons of the church, was much opposed to having it situated on the particular spot where it was located, but was overruled by the other members. Will Matlock being aware of this fact, no sooner saw the house completed than he set about his work of mischief, for you may be sure that in his eyes a church found no favor. Therefore one night, after the fall of a slight snow, having previously possessed himself of a pair of his brother's shoes, he went to his brother's dwelling about midnight in his own boots, and then putting on the others, started from the door and walked straight to the church.

"Having fired it effectually, he walked back to his brother's house, and standing on the door-sill reached

knocked loudly at the door, giving the alarm of fire! By this time the church was in full blaze, and very soon the innocent brother with a number of the other neighbors was on the spot, endeavoring to extinguish the flames. Will Matlock maliciously pointed out the foot prints in the snow which led from the deacon's house, and they were readily recognized as the deacon's tracks. In his hurry the innocent brother had thrust his feet into the very shoes which Will but a few minutes before had thrown into the window, so that the very nail-marks were identical in all the tracks. The consequence was that a portion of the people, suspicious and ill-natured, such as every community can boast, more or less, taking the deacon's objections to the situation of the church into consideration, and then the corroborating evidence of the footsteps, which were undeniable, easily fell into the villainous trap. That day the poor man was committed for trial. But vengeance belongs to a higher tribunal, and Will Matlock went not long unrewarded.

"You must know that to this very tree did Matlock keep chained a great, ugly bear-for what purpose no one knew, except that he preferred the company of a wild beast to that of good, Christian people. With this hideous animal would he sport by the hour, while no one else would dare to come within bruin's paw. His wife and child even dared not venture within the circle of his walk. The school-children that had to pass this way always ran at full speed until the place was lost sight of in the turn of the hill yonder. Well, as I was saying, Matlock soon began to reap the reward of his wickedness. In a little while all his horses and cattle died, and he swore vengeance upon his neighbors, because he thought they had poisoned them. It was but a few weeks after his wife was seized with a raging fever, and she died. No doubt the tyrant death was a welcomer companion than her tyrant husband. This affliction it was thought would soften the heart of Matlock, but instead he grew more settled and desperate, and he constantly seemed to carry some dark design under his knit and gloomy brows.

"More and more he made the sulky animal his companion. Even to his little daughter he seldom or never spoke. Yet it was in vain that the friends of her mother endeavored to get the child from him. This of course was attributed to his stubborn spirit. But he had not yet fully paid for his villainy. One day, when he returned from some wicked excursion, he saw the bear standing with his huge paws on the breast of his little girl. The beast had already opened his horrid jaws upon her face, when Matlock with a kick sent him howling to the other side of the tree. With an ugly curse upon his lips, he took up the child in his arms, and turning her from side to side found that she had been fatally injured. He held her for a moment till she breathed her last, and carrying her into the house laid her on the bed. He placed his hand upon her breast, but the heart was silent, and he turned away. Again he sought his grisly companion, the destroyer of his child, and, strange to say, he fondled him as before. But suddenly there was an explosion, and the beast rolled with a howl

heart, and Matlock, without a word, threw the pistol aside, and then dragging the dead carcase to the bank of the deep water, dashed it in.

"The next morning, one of the neighbors as he went early to work, saw the wretched man sitting there at the foot of the tree, rattling in his hands the chain which had bound the bear. There was a wild melancholy in his eye, a settled, savage gloom in his countenance, which was terrible to gaze upon. With a sudden whirl of the chain he dashed it fiercely around his neck, and drawing it close arranged the padlock, turned the key and withdrawing it, threw it with all his force away into the noisy stream! There sat Will Matlock, chained!-as cruel a bear as ever had links about his neck! You may think it a strange, improbable story, but it is nevertheless true, my own eyes were witnesses to the fact. Well, there he sat for days, chained, snapping and snarling at everybody who came along, and never eating a morsel, for he refused whatever was thrown to him. The schoolchildren, as they passed along, would throw him a portion of their dinners, but if he took any notice of it at all, it would only be to utter some terrible curse, and cast the alms into the river. There was one little girl who, every morning, when she passed would bestow a great part of what her little basket contained to the miserable man, and although hers was received with no more favor than the rest, still she continued the practice.

"Will Matlock had remained in this situation for nearly a week, and the Sabbath came, but to him the morning ushered in no day of peace. Though exhausted and emaciated, he remained still as untractable as ever. The good people came along to church, and he only glared and gibbered at them. The little children passed to Sunday-school, and the good little girl was among the rest. It was his own niece, the daughter of the brother whom he had so deeply injured! As she was returning home in the afternoon, she approached her miserable uncle still more nearly than she had yet done, and throwing her little Bible down at his feet, ran away out of sight. He glared at it for a moment fiercely, and then snatching it up tore it savagely in two. But He,

"'Who moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.'

not unwillingly, deserts a poor wretch, even though he be as bad as Will Matlock. In the morning he was found by the neighbors, on his knees, clasping the new testament, part of the little Bible which he had torn, tightly to his breast. They approached him cautiously, and looking in his upturned face, saw that he was dead! On a blank leaf of the book was written in red chalk these words, 'I fired the church—oh, brother—oh, Gad—forgive me!'

for a moment till she breathed her last, and carrying her into the house laid her on the bed. He placed his hand upon her breast, but the heart was silent, and turned away. Again he sought his grisly from that little torn Bible, and others add that he companion, the destroyer of his child, and, strange to wrote the acknowledgment of his crime, not in red say, he fondled him as before. But suddenly there chalk, but in his own blood! Of that part of the was an explosion, and the beast rolled with a how! Story you may credit what you choose, but all the dead at his master's feet! He was shot through the

ANNE BOLEYN'S BOUDOIR.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.]

a deeper interest and sympathy is felt than the beautiful and accomplished, but ill-starred Anne Boleyn, second wife of King Henry VIII. The subscribers to this Magazine in 1816-7, have not forgotten, we believe, the powerful romance, founded on the incidents of Anne Boleyn's life, written by the other editor of this periodical, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. To them, therefore, the engraving of Anne Boleyn's Boudoir, which we publish this month, will prove of unusual interest.

Hever Castle, in Kent, once the property of Anne's father, is still standing; and in it is her favorite bedchamber, as well as her boudoir. In the former, the tall and slender posts of the bed, so light and fragile, remind us of the delicate gracefulness of the person of its occupant; while the curtains and canopy of amber-colored satin are even now almost as lustrous as in the days of its owner's glory. But her boudoir is the most remarkable object of this ancient baronial abode. This room, in which, in her early and happy days, she used to linger in expectation of hearing her lover's bugle, or the hasty tread of the horse which bore his treasured love-letters, is situated in the gatetower, and has been lately restored. It is richly panelled, and the fire-place is most elegant. shields are emblazoned with the arms of the Boleyns, the Howards, and the royal bearings of the house Tudor. The most interesting objects in the room are a pair of fire-screens, wrought by the fair fingers of Anne, the colors of which have suffered from the lapse of time, though in other respects they are in good preservation. In the engraving, which we give, the boudoir, with the panelling, shields and screens, are represented with fidelity; and the artist has given life to the scene, by introducing the figures of Anne and her royal lover, with favorite hounds crouching at their feet.

It was while at Hever that Henry addressed to Anne many of those interesting letters which have been so singularly preserved, and some of which are published in Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England " The language of them is kind and respectful, and, considering the manners of the age in which they were written, we are surprised at the few passages which a purer taste would reject. In this correspondence Henry appears in a very different light from that in which we are accustomed to behold him. He had not yet become brutalized by his excesses, nor grown into the heartless and sanguinary tyrant. The haughty monarch is lost in the suppliant lover.

In 1528, London was visited by a disease known as the "sweating sickness," of which, and Anne's illness by it, we have some curious notices in a cor-

THERE are few persons in English history for whom, eighteenth of June, 1528, he writes:—"One of Mrs. Anne Boleyn's women was taken ill of the sweating sickness on Tuesday last. On this the king removed to a seat twelve miles distant from London, and the lady, I am told, was sent to her father's, in Kent. This distemper began to appear about four days ago, and affords the easiest kind of death imaginable. On the twenty-second of July he says:-"The disease begins to abate in London, and to get ground in places where it has not yet been felt, and at present rages in Kent "

Henry wrote most kindly and affectionately of the anxiety he felt respecting the health of Anne, giving different sources of comfort to her: among others he writes:-"It is said in this distemper that few or no women have been taken ill, and certainly none in our court, and few elsewhere, bave died of it; for which reason, my entirely beloved, I entreat you not to frighten yourself." The deprecated evil, however, came: Anne was attacked by the prevailing, fearful pestilence. The tidings reached Henry in the night, and the following letter was immediately sent, and perused by Anne, in all probability, on the very bed now standing in Hever Castle.

"My Mistress-There came to me suddenly in the night, the most distressing news that could possibly reach me, and, on account of which, I have three reasons to grieve. First, to hear the sickness of my mistress, whom I love more than all the world, whose health I desire as much as my own, and half of whose sickness I would cheerfully bear to have her cured. Secondly, for the fear I have that I shall be longer tormented with this painful absence, which, up to this time, has caused me all the annoyance it could, and, as far as I can judge, will cause me more: praying God to relieve me from so troublesome a tormentor. The third reason is, that the physician, in whom I have the fullest confidence, is at this time absent when he could do me the greatest service, for I should hope by his means to obtain one of my best joys in this world, that is, my mistress cured. Nevertheless, for want of him, I send you the second. praying God that he may soon cure you, and then I shall love him more than ever. Entreating you to be governed by his advice touching your sickness, by doing which I hope soon to see you again, which will be a better cordial to me than all the precious stones in the world. Written by the hand of him who is, and always will be, your faithful and most assured servant."

Anne, as we know, survived the sickness to meet with a more painful and disastrous fate. To us, perhaps, it would seem better if she had then died, in all her loveliness and with her innocence unsuspected, respondence of the French Ambassador. On the when the faith of her lover was unshaken, and when

no bitterness had intermingled with her joy. Had it ? for whom our Magazine is especially publishedso been, however, we should have lost the valuable lesson impressed upon us by apostolical injunction, lesson which may be learned from her melancholy to avoid even the appearance of evil, the neglect of end—a lesson which cannot be too strongly incul- which brought disgrace and death on one who was cated upon the young and the lively, among those

SAMSON SHORN OF HIS LOCKS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

DELILAH's chamber was exceeding fair, Dusky, and shaded from the heats of noon Oppressive even there; the walls were hung With rich but wanton pictures breathing love, To fire the blood of youth, and gods of old, Dagon, Astarte, household dieties, And nymohs were niched around, and glittering zones Bracelets, and gems, and ornaments of gold, Lay flashing in the sunless nooks and shelves; The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, And burning gems and spices, and the smoke Of incense offered in the temples near, And faintly through the opening doors around Flowed sounds of lute and viol, soft and low, Lulling the drowsy revellers to repose.

The harlot sat beside her curtained couch, And Samson lay in slumber at her feet; And she was very beautiful, her hair Escaping all its strings and jeweled bands, Disheveled hung around her snowy neck, And fell upon the dreaming Nazarite A shower of golden curls, that mocked the faint And dusky sunbeams struggling in the room When the wind stirred the lattice vines; her eye Was lustrous, soft and blue as Heaven above. Swimming with mist and tears, unshed and dim With passion and desire; a cheek that blent, And delicately mingled white and red, A budding mouth that seemed imploring kisses:-And oh! how passing beautiful her form Developed finely through her purple robe, Most ravishingly rounded, and her breast, Bare and voluptuous, arose and fell With every breath she drew; her jeweled zone Circled her waist, unloosing one white hand, Clasped it again, the other dallied with The tresses of the mighty Nazarite: Who made a pillow of her lap and slept. And he was beautiful, but fashioned in Another mould, majestical and proud, Commanding, kingly, eminent in form, Symmetrical, but huge and strong of limb, Dark-browed, with features bald, and heavy locks, That fell around him slumbering like a pall.

Thus day by day he slumbered at her feet, The chosen champion of Israel, Neglectful of his calling and estate, Content to see his countrymen in tears Burthened with fetters round him, and to lose

The favorable countenance of Heaven, Bound in the wanton soft delights of love, Ensnared by sweet Delilah's witching wiles. Thrice has he found her false; allured by bribes (Albeit she loved him well) she sought to find The secret of his mighty strength, and he Deceived her thrice, and she the Philistines: But now his hour drew near, overcome at last By supplications, cunning arts, and prayers, And tears—ah, who can bear a woman's tears? Fondling the lovely weeper, he disclosed The secret of his strength, which lay within His heavy locks unshorn:

She kissed his brow And thought how often she, in by-gone days, In passages of love remembered well. Had sat as then she sat, and he had lain As then he lay and slept, and she the while Caressed him, and the solemn thought came home That they could never do it any more If she was false to him, and she began To moan for her deceit, but 't was too late. For lo! to hold her to her promise, then A company of soldiers hidden near, Gray-bearded, stern, old veterans stole in The room, and threatening her with lowering brows, Bade her begin to shear his locks-but no, "Oh, no! I cannot shear his glorious locks," She said-"ye cruel men the task be yours," And they at last with trembling hands began To shear his glorious locks, and tress by tress Fell at her sandals as the shades of night Fall down before the golden feet of morn; And still they sheared his locks, and tress by tress Fell heavy at her feet, till he was bald As at his hour of birth; they bound him then, And bade her waken him, and she obeyed. And said-"the Philistines are on thee, Samson"-He woke and started up in ire, and strove To rend his fetters as before, but could not; And then he strove to shake his matted locks And rouse his strength, but could not, looking down He saw them on the floor, and all was plain: He turned with stern and sombre majesty And cast upon Delilah trembling Beneath his glance, a look of love and scorn, And strode before his guards to meet his doom, And she sat down and hid her face and wept.

THE WILLOWY BROOK.

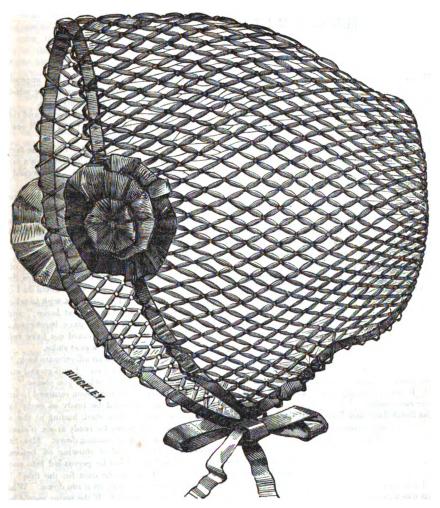
THE willowy brook, the willowy brook, That winds its pleasant way By verdant fields and meadows green Where oft I used to play!

That turns the ancient, mossy mill, And through the village flows; Ah! at the sight, my every thought Back to my childhood goes.

H. J. B.



THE WORK TABLE.



NET FOR THE HAIR.

Materials—One piece of narrow blue ribbon; four yards of ribbon three-quarters of an inch in width; mesh No. 3.—Make a foundation of thirty-three loops on a piece of ribbon; join and net two loops in each loop, net twenty rounds, leave twenty four loops for the back, net eleven rows, leaving one loop unnetted at the end of each row; make rosets for each side with the broad ribbon, and pass ribbon through the edge loops, leaving long ends to tie behind.

VASE-STAND.

Materials—Shaded green, shaded searlet, and No. 8; fasten on the scarlet in the last row of green shaded amber Berlin wool; meshs Nos. 1, 4, and in the centre of the mat; into this row net one row 8.—With scarlet make a foundation of twenty-five on mesh No. 8; then net six more rows in the same loops on mesh No. 4; join and net one round on mesh; net six loops in each loop on mesh No. 1; one mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; net two loops in row with amber on mesh No. 8.

one; then net three rounds more with green, without increasing; fasten on the scarlet; net one round on mesh No. 4, two on mesh No. 8, one on mesh No. 4, and two on mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; net six loops in every loop on mesh No. 1; net one round with amber on mesh No. 8; fasten on the scarlet wool in the fourth round from edge, that is in the same loops as that in which the row of scarlet, netted on mesh No. 4, was netted; into this row net one row on mesh No. 8; net two more rows with scarlet on mesh No. 8; then with green net six loops in each loop on mesh No 1; net one row with amber on mesh No. 8; fasten on the scarlet in the last row of green in the centre of the mat; into this row net one row on mesh No. 8; then net six more rows in the same mesh; net six loops in each loop on mesh No. 1; one row with amber on mesh No. 8.

MRS. SMITH'S EXCURSION.

BY JOHN SMITH.

said Sarah Jane, seeing that I did not relish my tea.

"A little, if you please," and Mrs. Smith walked round the table, and put some more sugar in, at the same time stooping down and giving me something sweeter-a kiss.

I was sipping my tea, thinking what a fine thing it is to have such a loving, attentive wife, when she said-

"My dear, I should like to go some place to-morrow-will you take me?"

"Certainly, with pleasure, where do you wish to go?" said I, unhesitatingly.

"I knew you would. You are always such a kind, good husband!" and Sarah Jane threw her arms around me, giving me a most affectionate squeeze, while her eyes beamed with delight.

"But where do you wish to go?" again asked I, feeling confident that Sarah Jane would never ask to go to any place where I might not with propriety take her.

"Why Mrs. Brown has been on a fishing-excursion, and said they had so delightful a time of it that I said I would go on one. I know you are so fond of fishing."

I had promised too much. How could Sarah Jane go fishing? Who would take care of Master John, and the young Sarah Jane, not to say anything of the baby? It was necessary to retrogade, but it had to be done cautiously.

"But Sarah Jane and John, what shall we do with them?" said I, as a commencement.

"Take them along."

"And the baby?"

"Mr. Smith, you would not have me go and leave the baby for a whole day?" and Sarah Jane's eyes looked volumes of reproof at my supposed barbarity.

This was a poser. What could I do? Sarah Jane knew nothing of fishing, but carried away by Mrs. Brown's glowing description of a fishing party, had set her heart on going. On the other hand colds, croups, fever and ague, and the ills that children are heir to, stared me in the face, did we take the dear pledges of our love with us. It was a desperate case. I must try on another tack.

"Well, my dear, where shall we go?" I asked, trying to smile.

"We will get a boat and sail down the river, of course!" she replied, surprised that I should ask where to go.

"But I cannot sail a boat."

"You can't sail a boat! and been fishing so often."

"There was always some one with me who understood it I never went otherwise."

"Did you never sail a boat to Glos'ter?"

"Will you have a little more sugar, my dear?"; of us run down to Glos'ter, and had imprudently boasted of it. That was, however, before wind and tide. I gently hinted this fact to my wife.

"Then let us go down with the wind and tide, as you call it," said she, positively, "I don't see why you can't do so if you want to "

It was no use to explain to Mrs. Smith the fact that the wind and the tide would follow their own course, and not comply with my wishes. She would hear nothing of the kind. As a last effort I said-

"What if the boat upsets? We will all be drowned."

"Drowned! how you talk! Can't you swim?"

My swimming had been confined to the bathing-tub on "Exchange Retreat," anything more I never dared venture; so I replied that one could not support four in the Delaware.

"Didn't Jerome, the sailor, save the lives of one hundred people in the ocean itself?" said Mrs. Smith, thinking that what a common sailor could do I could easily accomplish. "If you do not wish to take me, Mr. Smith, say so, and I can stay at home;" and her eyes filled with tears, and her face betokened such acute disappointment that I could not have refused her had it been my life that was at stake.

"My dear," said I, with an affectionate look, "you know that I want to take you. I will go and engage a boat, and you can invite whom you please."

Fortune favored me, and I soon returned to inform Mrs. Smith that it would be ready as early in the morning as we chose to start, hinting at the same time that we had better be ready at six o'clock, as the tide would be then running down. Mrs. Smith. however, is rather fond of showing off before her neighbors, and could not be persuaded into such an early start. What did she care for the tide? If it wanted to run down why let it run down. What do you mean by low water? If the water would be too low for a boat to sail in, couldn't we get a carriage? It was no use to tell her that, for hadn't she seen large ships sailing up and down the river at all hours of the day. She didn't care a fig what was going down, Charlotte and Charles were going with us, and that was all we need care for.

At first I was rather dissatisfied with this addition to our numbers, but a second thought showed me that it was a decided gain. Charlotte, my wife's sister, could help to take care of the young ones, while Charles, Charlotte's sweetheart would, no doubt, be a valuable assistant to me.

Mrs. Smith could hardly sleep that night for thinking of the anticipated pleasure of the morrow, and she rose at an early hour so as to have ample time to make arrangements. As usual, however, the greater the hurry the less the speed; so it proved with Sarah I did once hold the rudder of a boat while a party I Jane, for though she hurried and bustled, it was to no

purpose, the fire wouldn't burn, the steaks wouldn't cook, nor the coffee boil. After more than double the usual time spent in its preparation, Mrs. Smith announced that breakfast was ready. But how different from the morning meal Mrs. Smith usually invites me to partake of. The steak was most decidedly rare, the coffee had that light color which lovers of the beverage most dread, though it is a guarantee that it will not affect the nervee, while the butter in the hurry had been set on the stove, and was most certainly more affected by the heat than anything else. Sarah Jane's face was flushed with vexation, while my hopes of pleasure were at the lowest ebb.

I now put on my fishing rig and slipped out to purchase an extra line, and being detained somewhat longer than I anticipated, I found them all ready, including Charlotte and Charles, on my return. Without going in I announced that I was waiting.

Mrs. Smith, all smiles and good-humor, advanced, carrying the youngest, and leading the other two. I was astounded! I could scarcely believe my eyes. There was my wife dressed in her favorite light colored silk frock, her best bonnet and satin shoes, while the children were arrayed as though for a fancy ball. I've said that Mrs. Smith knew nothing of fishing, and this was proof positive. If I was astonished at her appearance, she was no less so at mine.

"Mr. Smith!" cried she, in the most unfeigned surprise.

"Mrs. Smith!" said I, with equal astonishment, "what do you mean?"

"Mean, Mr. Smith, pray what do you mean?" her patience, which had been oozing out for some time, being now fairly exhausted, "do you wish to go out with me in that coat? You look like a drayman."

"Do you wish to ruin your clothes? Couldn't you find a better use for that dress than to spoil it, as you certainly will if you wear it to-day?"

Mrs. Smith drew herself up to her fullest height, and, in a tone and manner not to be mistaken, replied, "am I a child, that I cannot decide what is most proper for me to wear? I shall wear what I have on."

To reply would be worse than useless, so I was preparing to start with the best grace I could, when she again asked—

- "Are you really going to wear that coat?"
- "Yes, my dear."
- "And those pants?"
- "Certainly."
- "And that old straw hat, and those big boots, that look like a fireman's?"
 - "Of course."

"Now, I tell you, Mr. Smith, if you choose to imitate the dress of a house-breaker when you go a fishing with those rowdy characters you usually go with, I have no objections, it does very well to dress to suit your company; but I wish you to understand that I am not one of them, and when you go with me you shall dress as becomes a gentleman. I will not go unless you do so."

What could I do? Charlotte and Charles were { in its efforts to escape its horns had run into her hands, there anxious for the anticipated sport, while Master { tearing them dreadfully. Her sport for the day was John was so impatient to operate on the finny tribe, } ended. The rest of us were not disposed to give up that he was making desperate endeavors to catch fish so easily, so, after binding up her hands, we dropped

in the stream that was running from the hydrant. To disappoint them would affront the first two, not to mention the specimen of juvenile music that I might expect from the latter, interspersed with an occasional lecture from my wife. After deliberating for a moment, I came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor, and yielded.

"Well, my dear," said I, breaking the silence that had followed Mrs Smith's positive declaration, "I believe you are right, and I shall do as you desire," and, suiting the action to the word, I went up stairs and put on the suit she had laid out for me, which was, by-the-bye, the one the tailor had sent home but the week before.

Everything being now amicably arranged, it was not long before we were embarked and sailing down the river with a stiff breeze, though the tide had turned during our long delay, and was running up pretty strongly. Sarah Jane's courage, which, while we were at home, was equal to any emergency, now completely failed her. She was sure we should all go to the bottom. This was not without cause, as, under my unskilful management, we shipped a great deal of water, and were in imminent danger of capsizing every time I put the boat "about," besides being more indebted to the kindness of the pilots of the steamboats that passed us for not being run down, than to my ability to get out of the way. By the time we were opposite Glos'ter my wife could hold out no longer, and said pleadingly-

"Mr. Smith, do take off that sail, or we will certainly upset."

As the wind was freshening, I had but little ambition to risk sailing any further, and was quite obliged to Sarah Jane for making a request that saved my own credit. I immediately complied. Now came the tug of war. We were but half the distance I wished to go, and to row the remainder was a considerable task for those more experienced than myself, but as there was no alternative we set to work, Charles taking one oar and I the other. It was hard work. My coat I stowed under the seat in the stern with our basket of provisions, my vest soon followed it, while my shirt collar, which had before stood stiffly up to the danger of my ears, now laid down as though such a thing as starch had never been dreamed of. Master John being unable to dabble his hands in the water, as the boat no longer lay on one side, gave us a specimen of what his lungs were capable of, the young Sarah Jane and the baby going in for a chorus.

Two hours hard rowing brought us to the wished for spot, and we were not long in anchoring, baiting our hooks, and getting them into the water. We seemed about to be rewarded for our labor, for Sarah Jane had scarcely dropped her line into the water ere there was a slight jerking, and then a strong pull. With all the eagerness of an amateur fisherman catching her first fish, she quickly drew it on board, seizing it with her hands to prevent its escape. She dropped it with a cry of pain. She had caught a catfish, and in its efforts to escape its horns had run into her hands, tearing them dreadfully. Her sport for the day was ended. The rest of us were not disposed to give up so easily, so, after hinding up her hands, we dropped

in our lines again. Charlotte hooked an eel, and at the same moment I was equally fortunate. But our rejoicing was of short duration. In the effort to secure them both at the same time, they splashed the water over Sarah Jane and Charles, covered Charlotte and myself with their slime, and tangled our lines so completely, that in the attempt to untangle them we were forced to cut them so much as to render them useless.

Being unable to fish any more, we made the discovery that we were very hungry, a fact which in the excitement of the moment we had quite overlooked. Sarah Jane handed us the basket from under her seat.

"What does this mean?" I asked, as water commenced dropping from it. A hasty examination of
its contents showed that the dirty water in the bottom
of the spoiling of Sarah Jane's dress, my coat, and a
its contents showed that the dirty water in the bottom
of the boat had been washing through it rendering
our dinner decidedly uneatable. A foreboding of evil
Jane, so I mentally resolved never to take my wife
crossed my mind, and I hastily asked Sarah Jane to
hand me my coat.

"Your coat," replied she, "I do not see anything here except this," holding up something that bore a close resemblance to a cloth she uses to wash the floor.

My coat it was, but how unlike the glossy covering I had put on in the morning. Hungry, tired and wet, fishing longer was not to be thought of, so I drew up the anchor and turned homeward. If Mrs. Smith was anxious to attract observation as we started, she was equally anxious to avoid it as we returned. We were a sorry looking party, my face was burned by the sun until it ached; Sarah Jane's nose was as red as though she was a devoted admirer of the brandy bottle; while Charlotte's fair skin was done "brown." Independent of the spoiling of Sarah Jane's dress, my coat, and a doctor's bill for the children in prospective, I stood a dortory good chance of a curtain lecture from Sarah Jane, so I mentally resolved never to take my wife on a fishing-excursion again.

THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN.

BY W. PLETCHER HOLMES, M. D.

'Twas at the pensive hour of eye, In days of yore, when oft was seen The fairy waltz amid the flow'rs, Upon the sylvan green.

The moon shone bright, her silver rays Play'd gaily on the cereus' bloom, And dancing on the wavelet's crest, Dispell'd the twilight gloom.

The violets and butter-cups,
The lilies and the daisies too,
Had raised their parched heads to drink
The skies' nectarian dew.

The vernal zephyrs softly stole
The streamlet's winding course along,
And from the bulbuls' tuneful throat
Gushed forth a joyous song.

The antier'd stag, with stately tread, Stalk'd to the streamlet's mossy brink, Close followed by the timid fawn, There paused awhile to drink.

Upon a spot, in days of old,
Where elves their revels oft had kept,
A maiden, in her lover's arms
Close circled, gently slept.

Ah, 't was a face which well might move The faithful love of peerless knight, For never had bold cavalier Boheld such beauteous sight.

The guileless maiden sweetly slept,
And on her wreathed lips the while,
In token of her happiness,
There played a gladsome smile.

The knight bent low his stately head, And on her brow he press'd a kiss, Which thrilled his heart with warmer love, And more ecstatic bliss.

"Villain!" the volce her father's was, The startled maiden scream'd aloud, And quail'd before her father's look, Stern, pitiless and proud.

Not so the knight, his eye unblanch'd, Shone fierce as in the battle's storm, And shielding in his arms, he held The maiden's trembling form.

Then drew he forth his shining sword, And high his haughty crest he rear'd, That crest which oft in Paynim fight The Moslem knights had seared.

What cared he for the menial foes,
Which closely pressing, round him throng?
He whose great triumphs oft had grac'd
The minstrel's proudest song.

But naught against such fearful odds Could might or valor great avail, Nor helmet, nor the scimetar, Nor coat of glitt'ring mail.

A treach'rous arrow now was sped, Nerveless upon the ground he lies; His glazing eye seeks out his love To bless her ere he dies.

Her tender frame convuls'd with grief, She throws herself his form beside; Her sobs are hush'd, her heart throbs not, In death she is his bride.

And faires now are often seen,
When moonbeams gild the streamlet's wave,
To throw gay wreaths of rarest flow'rs
Upon the lover's grave.

HINTS FOR EQUESTRIANS.—NO.

KICKING, REARING, RUNNING AWAY, OBSTINACY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HORSEMANSHIP."

Kicking and Rearing.—When a horse evinces any ; gallop unchecked, and by urging him forward when disposition to kick or rear, the reins should be separated and firmly grasped by both hands. The body should also be put in its proper balance for performing the defences; it should be upright, the shoulders thrown back, the waist brought forward, and the head kept steady. Every part of the frame must be flexible, but perfectly ready for action. The danger attendant on the horse's rearing is, that the rider may fall over the croupe, or pull the horse backward upon her. To prevent either of these consequences, when a horse begins to rear, quickly slacken the reins, and bend the body forward, so as to throw its weight on his shoulder; and the moment his fore-foot comes to the ground (the rider having gradually recovered her position as he descends,) correct him smartly if he will bear it; or endeavor to pull him round two or three times, and thus divert him from his object. The latter course may also be adopted to prevent him from rearing, if the rider can foresee his object.

A horse that betrays any symptoms of kicking, should be held tight in hand. If his head be kept well up, he cannot do much mischief with his heels. If, however, when the rider is unprepared, in spite of her exertions, he should get his head down, she must endeavor, by means of the reins, to prevent the animal from throwing himself down; and also, by a proper inclination of her body backward, save herself from being thrown over the horse's head. If the least opportunity present itself, she should endeavor to give him two or three sharp turns. This may also be done with advantage if she detect any incipient attempts on the part of the horse to kick.

A horse that rears high seldom kicks a great deal; and the rider should be prepared against his attempts to commit either of these offences, by keeping her oalance in readiness to assume the position of defence which the circumstance may require. must also take care, that, while she is holding her horse's head up, and well in hand, to prevent him from kicking, she do not cause him too rear by too great a degree of pressure on his mouth.

It is proper to observe that, if a horse be chastised for either of these vices, the whip should be applied to the shoulder for kicking, and behind the saddle for rearing. The correction on the shoulder, however, is, in some degree, likely to make a kicking horse rear, and on the flank or hind quarter, to make a rearing horse kick. But the rider cannot do better, under the circumstances, than to correct the positive evil, with the hope that the possible consequences may not take place.

RUNNING AWAY .- A runaway might, in many instances, be cured of his vice, by suffering him to 'rather than a delightful recreation.

he betrays a disposition to abate his speed, rather than by attempting to pull him in; but this remedy is, in most situations, dangerous, even for men; and all other means should be tried before it is resorted to by the rider.

Should a lady have the misfortune to be mounted on a runaway, she maid avoid any evil consequences, if she can contrive to retain her self-possession, and act as we are about to direct.

She must endeavor to maintain her seat, at all hazards, and to preserve the best balance or position of the body, to carry her defences into operation. The least symptom of alarm on her part will augment the terror or determination of the horse. A dead, heavy pull at the bridle, will at once aid rather than deter him in his speed, and prevent her from having sufficient command over his mouth, and her own hands to guide him. She must, therefore, hold the reins in such a manner as to keep the horse together when at the height of his speed, and to guide him from running against any object in his course; and it is most probable that he will soon abate his speed. and gradually subside into a moderate pace.

Sawing the mouth will frequently bring a horse up in a few moments. Slackening the reins for an instant, and then jerking them with force may also produce a similar effect. But if the latter mode be adopted, the rider must take care that the horse by stooping suddenly, do not bring her on his neck, or throw her over his head. In whatever manner the runa way be stopped, it is advisable to be on the alert. lest he should become so disunited by the operation, as to fall.

OBSTINACY.—Occasionally a horse will refuse to move forward when he is mounted, or will, when in motion, suddenly stop, and evince a determination to proceed no further. A horse of this disposition is unfit for any one to ride. To whip him would only serve to increase his obstinacy, or make him rear, or bolt away in a different direction. The best plan is, to endeavor to make him walk backward until he manifests a willingness to advance. This he will probably do very soon; for, as has been already observed, nothing so effectually subdues a contrary or vicious animal as to turn his attacks back upon him.

The best plan to be pursued by a lady equestrian. is to ride no horse that is addicted to either of the vices we have described. Her horse should be as near perfection as possible. If she reposes no confidence in him, she will enjoy no pleasure during her excursion, but will be the prey of anxieties and dreads, so much as to make her ride a punishment

PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128.

CHAPTER XI.

It was two nights after Thanksgiving. Leicester ? had thrown himself upon a couch in his chamber. A some face might have helped me softly out of the little sofa-table was by his elbow, and upon it a small \{ and richly chased salver overflowing with notes and letters. Most of them were unopened, for he had been absent several days, and it often happened that when § he once knew a handwriting, and did not fancy the correspondence, letters remained for weeks unread, on that little table, even when he was at home.

But this morning Leicester seemed to have nerved himself to read everything that came to hand. Bills, letters heavy with red wax from the counting-room, and even dirty, square-shaped missives, stamped with keys or thimbles, passed successively through his hands. These coarse letters he took up first, sorting them out with his white fingers, and tossing aside with a smile of quiet contempt those more delicate { notes with which they were interspersed, whose very envelops bespoke a dubious and meretricious errand. Rose-tinted and azure paper, glittering with gold and funcy seals, abounded there. These notes, breathing a voluptuous odor, and eloquent of that sentimental foppery from which deep, pure feeling recoils, Lei- { cester flung aside in disgust. But when all the business letters were read, he selected from this perfumed mass three little snow white notes, traced in delicate characters, that seemed yet unsteady with the trembling hand that had written them. A single drop of pale green wax, stamped with a gem, held this envelop, and in all things these notes were singularly chaste, and unlike those he had left, so contemptuously, unread. He broke the seals coldly, and without the least display of feeling perused each note according to its date. The contents must have been full of eloquence, wild and passionate, for they brought the color even to his hardened cheek, and toward the last he become somewhat excited.

"By Jove, it is a pity these could not be published How the creature writes—a perfect nightingale pouring forth her heart in tears. After all it is amusing to \ see down-right, earnest love like this. Une-twothree-I wonder if there are no more?"

He began tossing over the notes again. "Yes, yes, here is another, like a snow drop in a cloud of butterflies. No, how is this? the seal black, the handwriting delicately rigid, that of my lady mother."

He spoke a little anxiously, and, unfolding the note, read the few lines it contained with a darkened brow. \
"Ill—is she, poor girl, ill, and delirious at times,

unfortunate that; physicians must be called, nurses all a torment and a plague. My friend Robert has been of little use here, after all: I did think his handwhole business. Now, here is the question-shall I go up-re-assure her-take her away from the old ladybrave her friends? No, it is not worth while; a bullet through the brain must be unpleasant, especially to a reflecting mind; and these haughty southerners make short settlements. Besides, I hate scenes. But then the girl is ill, has fretted herself to the brink of the grave. These are the very words-I wonder my stately mamma ever brought herself to utter anything so pathetic. Well, she has suffered, the worst is over. When all hope is extinguished she will find consolation, or die. Die, that would end all-but then death is so gloomy, and she does write exquisite letters."

His lips ceased to utter these cold thoughts, and falling back on the couch he closed his eyes, still holding the open note in one hand. It was painful to see how calm and passionless his features remained while he settled in his mind the destiny of one who had loved him so much. After some ten minutes he opened his eyes, turned softly on the couch, and laid down his mother's letter.

"No, I will not go near her," he said, "and yet this is another heart that I am casting away—another that has loved me. How soon-how soon shall I have need of affection? A whole life, conquest upon conquest, and yet never truly loved save by these two women. The first and the last. It is strange, but this moment my heart softens toward them both. What, a tear in Leicester's eye!" and with a look of thril ling self-contempt the bad man started up, scoffing at the only pure feeling that had swelled his bosom for

A waiter stood in the door. "Sir, there is a man below, who says you told him to call."

"What does he seem like?"

"A hack driver. He says you employed him one rainy night, a long time ago, and ordered him to come again when he had news to bring!"

"What, a tall, awkward fellow, with a stoop in the shoulders-tremendous feet and hands?"

"That's the man, sir."

"Send him up, I did tell him to call."

A few minutes, and Jacob Strong stood in Leicester's chamber, self-possessed even in his exaggerated awkwardness, and with a look of shrewd intelligence which recommended itself to Leicester at once. la their previous acquaintance the man of the world had

seen this applied solely to self-interest in the supposed hackman, and he hoped to make this rude,
sharp intellect useful to himself. It would have been
a strong contrast to one acquainted with them both,
the deep, wily, elegant man of the world—the honest,
firm, shrewd man of the people. These two were
fettered together in the game of life, and though one
was unconscious, looking upon his antagonist as an
instrument, nothing more, and though the other was
often compelled to grapple hard with his passions,
that they might lead him to no false move—the game
was a trial of skill worth studying.

"You told me to find out who the lady was and where she lived, sir; it took time, for these great people are always moving about, but I have done it."

"I was sure that you were to be depended on—my good fellow, there is your money; now tell me all about it. Who is she? Where does she live, and when have you seen her?"

Jacob took the offered piece of gold, turned it over in his palm as if estimating its value, and then laid it on the table before Leicester.

"I don't jist like to give up the money," he said, eyeing the gold with well acted greed; "but perhaps you will help me in a way I like better."

"How!—what can be better than money?" questioned Leicester. "I thought you Yankees considered the almighty dollar above all things."

"No, there may be things that we like better than that, though we do love to put down the root of evil whenever we can get seed, just as I wan't to plant that are gold eagle where it will bring a crop of the same sort."

"Oh, that is it!" said Leicester, laughing, "I thought there must be something to come. But do you remember the old proverb about a 'bird in the hand?"

"Well, yes. It seems to me as if I did remember something about it," answered Jacob, putting his huge hand to his forehead, "'a bird in the hand is worth two in the brush,' isn't that the poetry you mean?"

"Yes, that is quite near enough; now tell me about this lady, and we will talk of the reward after. You found the number of the house?"

"No. It wasn't numbered, but that made no difference, she didn't live there; only staid one night. Besides she wasn't a lady, only kind of help, you know!"

"A governess or waiting-maid, I thought so," exclaimed Leicester. "Very well, where is she now?"

"Oh! she went away with the folks that she had been living with, up to Saratoga and about; then she come back, and they all went off together across the water, to where she came from."

"What, to Europe? Then that is the last of her! Very well, my good fellow, you have earned the money."

Jacob looked keenly at the gold, but did not take it. "Perhaps," said he, shifting his weight from one foot to the other—" perhaps you can tell me of some one that wants a hired-man to drive carriage, or dalmost any kind of chores. I'm out of work just now, and its costs everything to live here in York."

Vol. XVI.-16

Leicester was interested. His personal habits rendered an attendant necessary, and yet he had of late been unable to supply himself with one that could at the same time be useful and discreet. Here was a person, evidently new to the world, honest, and with a degree of shrewdness that might be invaluable, ready to accept any situation that might offer. Could he but attach this man to his person, interest his affections, what more useful agent, or more serviceable dependant could be found? Still there was risk in it. Leicester with his lightning habit of thought resolved the idea in his mind, while Jacob stood looking upon the floor, inly a fire with intense excitement, but to all outward appearance steadily calm.

"You don't know of any one then?" he said, at last, with assumed indifference. "Well, I don't see how I shall get along."

Leicester looked at him searchingly. Jacob felt the glance, and met it with a calm, dull expression of the eye, that completely deceived the man who was trying with such art to read him to the soul.

"What if I were to engage you myself?"

"Well, now, I should be awful glad!"

"Do you read? Of course, what down Easter does not? But are you fond of reading?—in the habit of picking up books and papers?"

Jacob saw the drift of this question at once.

"Wal, yes. I can read a chapter in the Bible, or a piece in the English reader, I suppose, as well as most folks, though I haven't tried much late years. But then if you want a feller to read books for you, why I don't think we should agree. I was set agin them at school, and haven't got over it yet."

"You know how to write, of course?"

He made one of his shuffling bows, and began to brush his hat with the sleeve of his coat.

"You need not wait; we will talk about the wages to-morrow," said Leicester. "Meantime if you can gather any more information about—about the lady, you know it would be a praiseworthy introduction to your new duties."

Jacob bowed again and edged himself toward the door. "I will do my best, you may depend on it, sir. At what time shall I come to-morrow?"

"At ten or two, it does not signify. If I am not in wait!"

"I will!" muttered Jacob, when he found himself alone. "It is something to have learned how to wait, as you shall find my new master—master!" and Jacob laughed inly.

CHAPTER XII.

IT had been a brilliant season in the fashionable world that year. Saratoga and Newport were perfect hot-beds of gaiety, splendor and trivial ambition. A thorough bred nobleman or two from England—a German countess—the greatest and most popular statesmen of our own land, had flung a dazzling splendor over these places. But even amid all this false life and eclat there was one person whose dress, wit and beauty become the theme of general comment. She had taken rooms at Saratoga late in the season—accommodations for half a dozen servants—stabling

for almost as many horses, all was in preparation; she was as completely unknown as on the first day long before the lady herself appeared. There was something about this to puzzle and bewilder the most thorough bred gossip of a watering-place. The servants were foreign, and thoroughly educated to their vocation. When questioned regarding their mistress, they spoke of her without apparent restraint, and always as my lady, or the countess. But there was no title attached to the name under which the superb suite of apartments had been engaged. Mrs. Garden! Nothing could be more simple and unpretending. If there was a title behind it, as the indiscretion of the servants seemed to intimate, she was only the more interesting. Her servants had lounged about the United States a whole fortnight; her horses had been gently exercised by the grooms just enough to attract attention to their superb beauty, and to keep the spirit of gossip and curiosity alive. A lady's maid had for days been making a sensation at the servant's table by her broken English and Parisian finery. At last came the lady, very simply dressed, very quiet and self-reliant, neither courting attention nor seeming in the least desirous of avoiding it. She brought no letters, sought no introductions. The various fashionable cliques, with their reigning queens, seemed scarcely to attract the notice of this singular woman, though a mischievous smile would sometimes dawn upon her beautiful mouth, as some petty nonsense for superiority passed before her. A creature so calm, so tranquil, so quietly regardless of contending cliques and fashionable factions, was certain to become an object of peculiar attention, even though rare personal beauty, and all the appliances of great wealth had been wanting. The reputation of a title, the graceful repose of manners just enough tinged with foreign grace to be piquant, and, above all, the novelty of a face and position singularly unlike anything known at the Springs that season, could not fail to excite a sensation. It the lady had designed to secure for herself with one graceful fling a place among the elite of American fashion, she could not have managed more adroitly. But even the design was doubtfulshe scarcely seemed conscious of the position after it had been awarded to her, and accepted it with a sort of graceful scorn at last, as if yielding herself to the caprice of others, not to her own wishes. In less than three weeks after her domestication at the Springs, this stranger, announced without introduction, without seeming effort, become the reigning helle and toast of the higher circles. Her dress was copied-her wit quoted-her manners become a model to all aspiring young ladies, and, with all her power, she was the most popular creature in the world, affable to all, gentle, unassuming to those whom other fashionable leaders were ready to crush with a look and wither by a frown. Haughty only when thrown in contact with assumption and innate coarseness, which soon shrunk from her keen wit and smiling sarcasms, she was feared by the few, but loved, nay, almost worshipped, by the many.

When the season broke up and the glittering waves of high life ebbed back to the cities, this woman had attained a power, a firm, social position, unassailable even by the most envious and the most daring. Still

of her appearance. Of herself she never spoke, and from the strange serving man who maintaining the most profound respect, always hovered about her, nothing but vague hints could be obtained. But these hints, apparently won from a simple and hesitating nature, always served to inflame rather than satisfy curiosity. One thing was certain. The lady had seen much of foreign life-had travelled in every penetrable country, and her wealth seemed as great as her beauty. More than this no one knew, and this very ignorance, strange as it may seem, added strength to her position. The way in which she shrouded herself had its own fascination. True, it might conceal low birth, even shame, but it had pleased the fashionable world to bury a high European title under all this mystery, and this belief the lady neither aided nor contradicted, for she seemed profoundly unconscious of its existence. With no human being had she become so intimate that a question on the subject might be directly hazarded. With all her graceful affability there was something about her that forbade all intrusive scrutiny. She came to Saratoga beautiful, wealthy, unknown. She left it a brilliant enigma, only the more brilliant that she was mysterious.

Mrs. Garden, for thus was the lady known, came to New York early in the autumn, and in the great emporium began a new phase of her erratic and bril-

A mansion, in the upper part of the city, had been in the course of erection during the previous year. It was a castellated villa in the very suburbs, standing upon the gentle swell of a hill, and commanding a fine view both of the city, and the beautiful scenery that lies upon the North and East Rivers. A few ancient trees, rooted when New York was almost a distant city, stood around this dwelling, sheltering with their old and leafy branches the glowing flowers and rare shrubbery with which the grounds of cousiderable extent were crowded. This dwelling, so graceful in its architecture, so fairy-like in its grounds, had risen as if by magic among those old trees. Lavish was the cost bestowed upon it; rich and faultless was the furniture that arrived from day to day after the masons and artists had completed their work. Statues of Parian marble, rich bronzes, antique carvings in wood, and the most sumptuous upholstery were arranged by the architect who had superintended the building, and who received the most minute written directions from some person abroad.

When all was arranged, drawing-rooms, library, ladies' boudoir and sleeping chambers, that might have sheltered the repose of an Eastern princess. the house was closed. Those who passed it could now and then catch a glimpse of some richly painted sash through a half fastened shutter; and glowing through the hot-house windows might be seen a little world of exotic plants, dropping their rich blossoms to waste; while beyond, the walls were laden with fruit ripening in the artificial atmosphere. Grapes and nectarines falling from bough and vine, untasted, in the time of roses, or only to be gathered stealthily by the old man who had temporary charge of the grounds,

Thus everything remained close and silent, like some enchanted palace of fairy land week after week. till the autumn came on. Since the architect left it no person save the old gardener had ever been observed to enter even the delicate iron railing that encompassed the grounds. True, the neighbors to whom this dwelling had become an object of great interest. were heard to assert that at a time, early in the summer, lights had been observed one stormy night in the second-story, and even high up in the principal turret. Some even persisted that before it was quite dark, a close carriage had been driven up to the door and away again, leaving two or three persons who certainly entered the house. After that carriage wheels had more than once made themselves heard above the storm, rolling to and fro as if people were coming and going all night. But the next morning, when all the neighborhood was alive with curiosity, this dwelling stood as before, stately and silent, amid the old forest trees. The shutters were closed; the gate locked. Not a trace could be found proving that any human being had entered the premises. So the whole story was generally set down as an Irish fiction, though the servant girl who originated it, persisted stoutly that she had not only seen lights and heard the wheels, but had caught glimpses of a cashmere shawl within the door; and of a little barefooted girl, with a basket on her arm, coming out half an hour after and alone. But there stood the closed and silent house—and there was the talkative old gardener in contradiction of this marvelous tale. Besides carriages were always going up and down the avenue upon which the dwelling stood, and out of this the girl had probably found material for her fiction. Certain it was that from this time till autumn no being was seen to enter the silent palace.

Then in the first golden flush of autumn the house was flung open. Carriages came to and fro almost every hour. Saddle-horses, fancy phætons, and an equipage yet more stately drove in and out of the stables. The windows, with all their wreaths of gorgeously tinted glass, were opened to the golden and hazy atmosphere. Grooms hung around the stables; footmen glided over the tessellated marble of the entrance-hall; and conspicuous among the rest, was one tall, awkwardly-shaped man, who came and went apparently at pleasure. His duties seemed difficult to define even by the curious neighbors. Sometimes he drove the carriage, but never unless the lady of the mansion rode in it. Sometimes he opened the door. Again he might be seen in the conservatory grouping flowers with the taste and delicacy of a professed artist, or in the hot-houses gathering fruit and arranging it in rich masses of color for the table. It was marvelous to see the beautiful effect produced by The very japonicas those great, awkward hands. and red roses seemed to become more glowing and delicate beneath his touch. But after the first week this man almost wholly disappeared from the dwelling. Sometimes he might be seen stealing gently in at nightfall, or very early in the morning; but his active superintendence was over, he seemed to be no longer an inmate, but one who come to the place occasionally to inquire after old friends.

But the mistress of all this splendor—the beautiful woman who sometimes came smilingly forth to enter her carriage, who sauntered now and then into the conservatory, blooming as the flowers that surrounded her—mature in her loveliness as the fruit that hung upon the walls bathed in the golden sunshine—who was this woman with her unparalleled attractions—her almost fabulous wealth? The world asked this question without an answer—for the Mrs. Garden of Saratoga, and the Adeline Leicester of our story, satisfied no curiosity regarding her personal history. She visited no one who did not first seek her companionship, and thus deprived society of its right to question her.

We who know this woman by her right name and in her true character, that of a disappointed, erring but still affectionate being, might wonder at her bloom, her smiling cheerfulness, her easy and gentle repose of look and manner, but that human nature is full of such contradictions, teeming with serpents absolutely hidden and bathed in the perfume of flowers. Adeline Leicester smiled she was not the less sad at heart. If her manners were easy, and her voice sweet, it was habit-the necessity of pleasing others that had rendered these things a second nature to her, with one great, and, we may add, almost holy object at heart. She pursued it earnestly, while all the routine of life went on as if she had no thought of the world, and no pleasure or aim beyond the luxurious life which seemed to render her existence one continued gleam of Paradise. Hitherto we have seen this woman in the agony of perverted love-perverted, though legal, for its object was vile, and worship of a base thing is hideous according to its power. We have seen her bowed down with grief, grovelling to the very soil of her native valley in passionate agony! But these were phases in her life, and extremes of character which seldom appeared before the world.

It is a mistake when people fancy that any life can be made up of unmitigated sorrow. Even evil has its excitement and its gleams of wild pleasure, vivid and keen. The sting of conscience is sometimes forgotten; the viper buried so deeply in flowers that his presence is scarcely felt, till uncoiling with a fling he dashes them all aside withered by his hot breath, spotted with venom. This heart-shock, while it lasts, is terrible indeed; but again those who have no strength to cast forth the serpent, bury him in fresh flowers, and lull him to a poisonous sleep in some secret fold of the heart, till he grows restless and fierce again.

With all her splendor Adeline Leicester was profoundly unhappy. The deep under current of her heart always swelled with bitter waters. Let the surface sparkle as it would, beneath it tears were constantly sleeping. There is no agony like that of a heart natually pure and noble, which circumstance, weakness, or temptation has warped from its integrity. To know yourself possessed of noble powers, to appreciate all the sublimity of goodness, and yet feel that you have undermined your own strength, and cast a veil over the beautiful through which you can never see clearly, this is deep sorrow—this is the darkness and punishment of sin. Oh! if we could but

know how evil is punished in the heart of the evil doer, charity would indeed cover a multitude of sins. Adeline Leicester was unhappy. The pomp—the adulation which surrounded her had become a habit, thus all the zest and novelty of first possession was gone, and these things seemed but the necessary accessaries of existence, without gratifying the hungry ery of her soul.

At this period of her life the thwarted affections and warm sympathies of her nature became clamorous for objects of love. Her whole being yearned over the blighted affections of other days; matured love grew strong within her. She absolutely panted to fold the child, abandoned in a delirium of passionate resentment, once more to her bosom. But that child could nowhere be found. Her parents too-that proud, kind old man, who had loved her so-that meek and loving woman-had the earth opened and swallowed them up, it would have left as many traces by which to discover them. The time had been when this proud woman shrunk from meeting persons so deeply injured-but oh! how fervently loved Now she absolutely panted to fling herself at their feet, and crave forgiveness for all the shame and anguish her madness had cast upon them? In all this her exertions had been cruelly thwarted; parents, child, everything that had loved her and suffered for her, seemed swept into oblivion. The past was but a remembrance, not a wreck of it remained save in her own mind. Another feeling more powerful than filial or maternal lovemore absorbing-more ruthlessly adhesive, was the love she could not conquer, for the hardened man who had been the first cause of all the misery and wrong against which she was struggling. It was the one passion of a life-time—the love of a warm, impulsive heart-of a vivid intellect, and, say what we will, this is a love that never changes-never dies. It may be perverted—it may be wrestled with and cast to the earth for a time; but such love once planted in a woman's bosom, burns there so long as a spark of life is left to feed its vitality; burns there, it may be, forever and ever, a blessing or a curse.

To Adeline Leicester it was a curse, for it outlived scorn. It crushed her self-respect—it fell like a mildew upon all the good resolutions that, about this time, began to spring up and brighten in her nature. You would not have supposed that proud, beautiful woman so humble in her love—her hopeless love—of a bad man, and that man the husband whom she had wronged! Yet so it was. Notwithstanding the past: notwithstanding all the perfidy and cruel scorn with which he had deliberately urged her on to ruin, she would have given up anything, everything for one expression of affection, such as had won the love of her young heart. But even here, where the accomplishment of her wish had proved a punishment, her affections were flung rudely back.

And now, when all her efforts were in vain, when anothing could be found to accept her penitence, or return some little portion of the yearning tenderness that filled her heart, she plunged recklessly into the world again—but the arrow was in her side. She folded her silken robes over it, and strove to feed her great want with the husks of fashionable life; but to

those who feel and think, the very attempt thus to appease the soul's hunger is a mockery. Adeline Leicester felt this, and at times she grew faint amid her empty splendor. She had met with none of the usual retributions which are the coarser and more common result of faults like hers. No disgrace clung to her name: she had wealth, beauty, position, homage. But who shall say that the punishment of her sin was not great even then? Still this was but the silver edging to the cloud that had begun to rise and darken over her life. Her own proud, warm heart was doomed to punish itself.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACOB STRONG was alone in Mr. Leicester's chamber. His master had gone out hurriedly, and left the room in considerable disarray. Papers were scattered about loose upon the table. The small travelling desk which usually stood upon it was open, and on the purple lining lay an open letter, bearing a Southern post-mark, that had evidently arrived by the morning mail.

We do not pretend to justify our friend Jacob, though he is an especial favorite, in the course he pursued on that occasion. His reasons may possibly be deemed justifiable by the reader, but in our minds there still rests a doubt. Be this as it may, Jacob did take up the open letter and glance hurriedly over its contents: then he read it more deliberately, while a new and singular expression stole over his features. This did not seem quite sufficient gratification of his curiosity, for he even opened a compartment of the desk, and pursued his research among notes, visiting cards, bills and business papers for a good half hour, dotting down a hasty memorandum now and then with a gold and amethyst pen which he took from Leicester's inkstand. Then he read the open letter a third time, muttering over the words as if anxious to fix them on his mind by the additional aid of sound.

"That will do—that will clinch the matter; he will never let this escape!" he said, at last, re-placing the letter. "Cautious, subtle as he is, this temptation will be too strong. Then, then—"

Jacob's eyes flashed, he pressed the knuckles of one large hand hard upon the desk, and firmly shut his teeth.

That moment a stealthy tread was heard near the door. Jacob instantly commenced making a terrible noise and confusion among the chairs, and while he was occupied in setting things right after his awkward fashion, Leicester glided into the chamber. Remembering the letter, he had hurried back to secure it from the possible curiosity of his servant. But Jacob was busy with the furniture, muttering his discontent against the untidy chamber-maid, and seemed so completely occupied with an old silk handkerchief which he was flourishing from one object to another, that all suspicion forsook Leicester. He quietly closed the desk, therefore, and placing the letter in his pocket, sunk to an easy chair which Jacob had just left clouded in a dusky haze, while he commenced operations on a neighboring sofa.

Something more exciting than usual must have

occupied Leicester's thoughts, or, with his fastidious habits, he would not for a moment have endured the perpetual clouds of dust that floated over his hair and clothes, whenever Jacob discovered a new object upon which to exercise his handkerchief. As it was, he sat lost in thought, apparently quite unconscious of the annoyance, or of the keen glances which the servant now and then cast upon him.

"It will do," thought Jacob, gathering the duster up in his hand with an eager clutch, and while he seemed looking around for something to employ himself upon, those keen, grey eyes were bent upon Leicester's face. "I was sure of it, he has almost made up his mind. Let me hear the tone of his voice, and I shall know how!"

Jacob had not long to wait. After a reverie that was disturbed by many an anxious thought, Leicester turned in his chair, opened the little travelling desk and began to write, pausing now and then as if the construction of his language was more than usually difficult. The note did not please him. He tore it in two, and, casting the fragments upon the hearth-rug, selected another sheet from the perfumed paper that lay at his elbow. This time he was more successful The note was carefully folded, sealed with a little antique seal, and directed in a light and flowing hand. Leicester smiled as he wrote, and his face brightened as if he had flung off a load of annoying doubts. "Here," he said, holding the letter over his shoulder with a carelessness that was certainly more than half assumed, "take this note and observe how it is re-You understand?" ceived.

Jacob took the snowy little billet and bent over it wistfully, as if the direction could only be made out with great effort.

"Well!" said Leicester, turning sharply upon him, "what keeps you? Surely you understand enough to make out the address?"

"Well, yes!" answered Jacob, holding the note at arm's length, and eyeing it askance, "it's rather too fine that ere hand writing, but then I can manage to cipher it out if you give me time enough."

"Very well, you have had time enough. Go! and remember to observe all that passes when you deliver it."

Jacob took up his drab beaver, planted it firmly on the back of his head and disappeared, holding the note between his thumb and finger.

While our friend Jacob is making his way up town, we will precede him and enter the pretty cottage, which, with its fairy garden, has before been an object of description.

In the parlor of this exquisite but monotonous dwelling sat Florence Nelson. Cold as it was becoming she still wore the pretty morning dress of fine India muslin, with its profusion of soft lace, but over it was a scarf of scarlet cashmere, that gave to her cheek its roey shadow, as a crimson camilla sometimes casts a trace of its presence on the marble urn against which it falls. But for this waving shadow her face was cold, white, and even traced with mournful lines, as if she had been suffering from illness or some grief unnatural to her youth, and weighing sadly upon her gentle nature. Her soft, brown eyes seemed misty

and dull by habitual tears, and the long, curling lashes seemed to have flung a deeper and deeper shadow on the cheek just beneath, for a faint circle, such as disease or grief often pencils, was becoming definitely marked around those sad and beautiful eyes. The imprint of many a heavy heart-ache might have been read in those shadowy circles; and the paler redness of a mouth that smiled still—but oh, how mournfully.

Florence sat by a sofa-table, one foot, too small now for the satin slipper that had so beautifully defined its proportions a little while before, rested upon one of the richly carved supporters. She had become painfully fragile, and the folds of her dress fell around her drooping form like a cloud, soft, white, and so transparent that but for the red scarf you might have defined the slender arms and marble neck underneath with startling distinctness. She was occupied with her drawing lesson, but even the pencil seemed too heavy for the slender and waxen fingers that guided it; and to one that understood the signification, there was something ominous in the bright, feverish tinge that spread over her palm, as if she had been crushing roses in that little hand, and might not hope to wash the stain away.

Robert Otis leaned over the unhappy girl. He too was changed, but not like her. The flesh had not wasted from his limbs; the fire of youth had not burned out prematurely in those bright eyes; but his look was unsettled, restless, nay, sometimes wild. His very smile was hurried and passed quickly away, all its soft, mellow warmth was gone. The change was different, but terribly perceptible both in the youth and the young girl.

It was no boyish passion which marked every feature of that noble face as it bent lower and lower over the drooping girl. Tenderness, keen, deep sympathy was there, but none of the ardent passions that had fired his whole being when only the semblance of that beautiful form first met his eye. If Robert Otis loved Florence Nelson, it was with the tender earnestness of manhood, not with the fiery ardor natural to his age and temperament.

"You seem tired; how your hand trembles; rest awhile, Miss Nelson. This stooping posture must be oppressive," said Robert, gently attempting to remove the pencil from the fair hand that could really guide it no longer.

"No, no," said Florence, raising her eyes with a soft, sad smile, "you do not give lessons every day now, and we must improve the time. When Mr. Leicester comes he should find me quite an artist. I must not disgrace you with my idleness. He would feel hurt if we did not meet his expectations. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps, I cannot exactly tell. Mr. Leicester is so unlike other men, it is difficult to decide what his wishes really are," said Robert. "He certainly did take great interest in your progress at first!"

"And now that interest has ceased! Is that what you mean to say, Robert?" questioned the young girl, and even the scarlet reflection of her shawl failed to relieve the deadly paleness of her countenance.

"No, I did not say that!" answered Robert, gently, "he questions me of your progress often."

Florence drew a deep breath, and now there was something more than a scarlet reflection on her cheek.

"But then," continued Robert, "he contents himself with questions; he does not come to witness the progress your are making."

"Then you have noticed it?—you have thought it strange?" said Florence, while the red upon her cheek began to burn painfully, and tears rushed to her eyes. "Yet you do not know—you cannot even guess how hard this is to bear!"

"Perhaps I can guess," answered Robert, casting down his eyes and trembling visibly.

Florence started from her chair and stood upright. In the violence of her agitation, she lost the languid, willowy stoop of frame that had become habitual. For a moment the full energies of her nature were lighted up, stung into sharp vitality by surprise and terror. But she did not speak, she only stood upright a single moment, and then sunk to the couch help lessly and sobbing like a child. Robert knelt by her greatly agitated, for he had anticipated no such violent effect from his words.

"Do not weep, Miss Nelson, I did not intend to pain you thus. What have I said?—what have I done that it should bring so much grief?"

She looked at him earnestly, and whispered in a low voice, while the lashes fell over her eyes sweeping the tears downward in fresh gushes. "What was it that you said? Something that you could guess, was not that it? Now tell me all you guess. What is it that you think?"

"Nothing that should overwhelm you in this manner," said Robert, struggling against the convictions her agitation was calculated to produce. "I thought— I have long thought—that you were greatly attached to Mr. Leicester, more than a ward usually is to her guardian."

"And so, you are with him so much—and surely you did not think that my love—for I do not deny it, Robert—was unwelcome or unsought?"

Robert hesitated, he could not find it in his heart to give utterance to his thoughts.

"No, I did not think that," he said; "but Mr. Leicester is a strange man, so much older than we are, so much wiser. I can fathom neither his motives nor his feelings."

"And I—I have felt this so often—that is, of late," said Florence, "at times I am almost afraid of him, and yet this very fear has its fascination."

"Yes," answered Robert, thoughtless of the meaning that might be given to his words, "the bird shivers with fear even as the serpent lures it, and in this lies some subtle mystery, for while the poor thing seems to know its danger, the knowledge yields it no power of resistance. Here lies the serpent with its eyes burning and its jaws apart, exposing all its venom; but the spell works in spite of this."

"Hush! hush!" said Florence, with a look of terror, "this is a cruel comparison. It makes me shudder!"

"I did not intend it as a comparison," answered Robert. "With you it can never be one, and with me such ideas would be very ungrateful, applied to my oldest friend. I wish to Heaven no thought against him would ever enter my head again."

"Conquer them, never breathe them again!" said Florence, with sudden impetuosity. "They have killed me—those weary, base suspicions—not mine! not mine! On! I am so thankful that they were not formed in my heart!—they were whispered to me—forced on me. I would not believe them, but the evil thing is here. I have no strength to cast it out alone, and he never comes to help me."

"Perhaps he does not know how deeply you feel for him?" said Robert, anxious to console her.

Florence shook her head, and leaning forward, shrouded her eyes with one hand; after a little while she turned her gaze upon Robert and addressed him more quietly.

"You must not think ill of him," she said, with a dim smile. "See what suspicion and pining thoughts can do, when they have crept into the heart." The poor girl drew up the muslin sleeve from her arm, and Robert was startled to see how greatly the delicate limb was attenuated; tears came into his eyes, and bending down he touched the snowy wrist with his lips. "I must tell him that you are ill—that you suffer—surely, he cannot dream of this!"

"Not yet, we must not importune him; besides, I am becoming used to this desolate feeling. You will come oftener now. It is something to know that he has been near you—touched your clothes—held your hand—the atmosphere of his presence hangs about your very garments and does me good. This seems childish, does it not? but it is love. Sometime, when you have given up your being to another, 18 this will seem less strange."

"I might have loved, young as you think me, even as you love this man," said Robert, annoyed, spite of his sympathy, by the words with which she had unconsciously applied to his youth; "but that which has wounded you saved me You do not know, Miss Nelson, all that I have felt since the evening when Mr. Leicester brought me here. What I saw that night awoke me from the first sweet dream of passion. I could have loved you then, even as you love Mr. Leicester."

"Me!" said Florence, and a momentary smile lighted her eyes—as if the very thought of his young love amused her, sad as she was; "how strange! to me you seemed so young and embarrassed—a mere boy—now——"

"Now I am changed, you would say—now I am a different person—older, firmer, more self-possessed. Yet it is only a few months ago; I may seem older and less timid, for in this little time I have thought and suffered, but then I was more worthy of your love for I had not learned to distrust my oldest friend. Like you I have struggled against suspicion, and like you I have failed to cast it forth. It has withered your gentle nature—mine it has embittered."

"Ah! but you had not my temptation. It was not his own mother who poisoned your mind against him"

"His mother? I did not know that either of his parents were living."

"But she, this quiet, cold lady; the woman whom you have seen here. Did he never tell you that she was his mother?"

"He never even hinted it!" said Robert, greatly of his power-I dare not doubt her. But I dare not

"She told me so with her own lips: she warned me against him-she, his mother."

"Indeed!" said Robert, thoughtfully. "Yet with what coldness he received her!"

"It is not his nature," answered Florence, and ber eyes filled with grateful tears. "To me her kindness has been unvaried; there is something almost holy in her calm, sweet nature: but for this I had not been so unhappy. Had I detected prejudice, temper, anything selfish mingled with her words, they would never Leicester. Humiliation, nay, almost ruin, lay in the have reached my heart, but now I cannot turn from \ thought. her. With all her stately coldness she has something ?

believe the warning that she gave me."

Robert walked up and down the room. New and stern thoughts were making their way in his mind. Gratitude is a powerful feeling, but it possesses none of the infatuation and blindness which characterizes the grand passion. Suspicions that had haunted his conscience like crimes were beginning to shape themselves into stubborn facts. Still he would not yield to them. Like the gentle girl drooping before his eyes, he dared not believe anything against Edward

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LOUISE.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

STILL the autumn sun is shining: And upon the golden air, Comes a dream-like melody of vore. When a maiden free and fair Told her joys and sorrows sweetly, Told them with a winning grace, While the tear-drops trembled brightly, All a-down her angel face.

Maiden fair-oh, never fairer Sped across the dewy mead! Never lighter, or more graceful, Rode the proud and prancing steed! And her soul all bright and holy Seemed to speak from out her face: And she stepp'd the earth so queenly, Trode it with such untaught grace.

Droop'd her eye in maiden beauty, For her soul was pure and meek; And her angel face bent lowly, Telling thoughts she could not speak: Oh! to see her, when the starlight Fell upon her face in prayer, And the evening shadows lay among The wavelets of her hair.

O'er her mother's heart that maiden Wove a web of sweet delight: All was sunshine in her presence-In her absence starless night-For her loving soul found only Aught of happiness with her; How she watch'd beside her sleeping, Trembling when the maid would stir!

When the summer fields were fading, And the birds fled silently, And the autumn winds sighed lowly, In their own sweet minstrelsy; Sang she 'neath the drooping willow-Strange that she should wander there, When the evening shadows thicken On the still and breathless air.

Unseen spirits seemed to call her, With their viewless faces on; Reaching out their pale hands for her, In the sunshine and the storm;

From the flowerets dewy bosoms, In the whisperings of the breeze; 'Mid the anowy blossoms straying, They would seem to say "Louise!"

Dwelling ever near her: present Wheresoe'er her footsteps went; Speaking sweetest in the twilight Where the drooping willow bent Down its coral strands to cheer her, Waving in the voiceless air: How they smiling, gathered round her Whispering "Peace" forever there.

As the autumn evenings lengthened, And the shadows denser grew, And the twilight, thickened deeper, Round the haunts her spirit knew. Paled the maiden's face, and clearer. From their soul-depths shone her eyes; Growing brighter, holier, clearer, For the mansions of the skies.

"Oh, come with us, sister spirit!" Called those unseen faces there; "Terry not away forever, From the holy and the fair!" Then they caimed in angel chorus, Strains no mortal ear can know; Swelling through that maiden's bosom, With a sweet, celestial flow.

As the hazy daylight glimmered, O'er the Eastern hills afar, While the drowsy zephyrs lingered Still within their hidden lair; Found they, pale and sweetly smiling, On the wet grass lying there, With her face upturned to Heaven, As if angels beckoned there?

That lone maiden, cold and breathless; Yet av sweetly fair, as though Her angel-soul still lingered On the threshold, loth to go; And her sweet lips gently pouting, Seemed as though an angel's kiss There had lingered long, and wasted Her pure soul away in bliss.

MRS. MAJOR JONES.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I DECLARE, the effrontery of some people is unbearable," said Mrs. Major Jones, as she fanned herself violently at Saratoga, one day during the height of the season. "Who is this young man that makes himself so conspicuous? Captain Carden he calls himself. The captain of some canal-boat or river sloop, and nothing more, I'll engage."

"Yes, ma'am," said the other old lady whom she addressed, "no doubt you are perfectly correct. He looks vulgar in spite of all his airs."

"I vow," replied Mrs. Major Jones, "Saratoga is becoming entirely too common. In the old times, when you and I were young, Mrs. Brown, and when nobody could come here except they were wealthy, Saratoga was properly select and exclusive; but now it is positively vulgar."

"Ah! dear me," said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh, "I remember when folks came here with their coaches and four, and half a dozen servants. But now-a-days, since rail-roads have come in, butchers and bakers, and all sorts of low folks can get here as well as their betters; and the consequence is that young ladies of birth and breeding often find themselves dancing with tailor's apprentices. The Lord knows what we are coming to!" And Mrs. Brown, in imitation of her grand friend, Mrs. Major Jones, fanned her fat person violently also

For Mrs. Major Jones was, par excellence, the great lady of the house. Her husband held a commission in the army, and had rendered himself conspicuous in the Mexican war, and on the basis of these two things the wife placed her claims of exclusive gentility. She was lean, shrivelled, and ill-dressed, yet nevertheless she set the fashions to a crowd of foolish imitators. She continually talked of the effrontery of the vulgar, yet displayed her own by monopolizing at table the choicest fruits and the dessert. In the public rooms she turned her back on the merchants, tradesmen and mechanics, who, with their families, were visiting at the hotel, declaring that, for her part, she considered that such sorts of people had no business to thrust themselves into the society of the higher classes: yet, in early life Mrs. Major Jones had been a washer-woman, and had been married almost literally from the tub, by her husband, then a private. Uneducated and common place, she was just the person to have her head turned by prosperity, and hence her airs.

But there was another reason for the dislike which Mrs. Major Jones entertained toward Captain Carden. From the very day of his appearance at the Springs he had attracted the notice and almost monopolized the time of the lovely and accomplished Miss Fitz-

virtue of holding a lieutenant's commission, and being entitled to wear a uniform, a right which he exercised on every possible occasion, thought himself possessed of the exclusive claim to Miss Fitzarnold. When we have said that the young man was as ill-bred as his aunt, and scarcely less ignorant, it will be readily understood that with a woman of sense and merit, which the heiress was, he would have had no chance, even if all rivalry had been absent. But both he and his aunt chose to attribute the coldness and ill-concealed contempt, with which Miss Fitzarnold treated him, to the arts of Captain Carden; and Mrs. Major Jones accordingly only waited for her revenge.

An opportunity came sooner than she had expected. While she was conversing with Mrs. Brown, the heiress came in, and sitting down at a centre-table, took up a book and began to read. Miss Fitzarnold was attired in a riding-dress, and was apparently waiting for some one. Jealousy whispered to the aunt that the intended cavalier was Captain Carden, and she determined immediately to fix a barb in the heart of the young girl.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Fitzarnold," she cried, raising her voice. "How d'ye do? I am glad, my dear, to find you so charming. I did not notice you at first, or I would have spoken sooner, but the fact was, my child, that we were just talking of a certain personage, and I was hinting his sad story to my dear friend, Mrs. Brown."

What made Miss Fitzarnold color so guiltily? How did she know to whom the speaker alluded? But, after a moment's embarrassment, she replied to the salutation of Mrs. Major Jones, and, assuming an air of innocence, inquired whom the speaker meant.

"I mean Captain Carden, my dear," replied the old intriguer, fixing her keen grey eyes on the young girl, "of whom nobody knows anything, and about whom everybody is talking. I was just saying," she continued, giving a meaning look at Mrs. Brown, "that there was a Carden, a private in the regiment, when my husband was at Monterey last summer, who would have been shot for cowardice and desertion if Gen. Taylor had not said that the fellow was too worthless to have good lead wasted upon him, and who in consequence was well whipped and then drummed out of camp. Do you know the first name of this young man?"

Her hearer turned red and pale by turns, and this though striving to appear unconcerned. Not unaware of the speaker's habit of abusing everybody, Miss Fitzarnold still felt that there might be truth in this story. Her lover had come to Saratoga entirely unknown to ber, and begun an acquaintance, through arnold, the heiress of the season. Now Mrs. Major the facility of introduction common to watering-Jones had a gawky, sandy-haired nephew, who, in I places. This acquaintance had rapidly ripened into an intimacy, how rapidly the poor girl now shuddered to reflect! Usually guarded in her relations with the other sex, the heiress; for once, had allowed herself to be remiss. The truth was that the handsome person, fascinating manners, intelligent conversation, and exhaustless fund of anecdote picked up in his voyages over the world, had made an impression as sudden as it was profound on the hitherto untouched heart of the young girl. She had yielded herself to the delicious happiness of this stranger's society, without stopping to think. But now, at these words of Mrs. Major Jones, she awoke from her delusion. What did she know of her lover? Even if the person alluded to by the speaker was not Captain Carden, and of this she felt certain, for surely one seemingly so brave could never have been a coward, still her lover might be an impostor. She had been taught suspicion, as all heiresses are, and she trembled to think what a gulf she was escaping. These reflections passed rapidly through her mind while Mrs. Major Jones continued apeaking.

"Perhaps you don't know his first name?" said Mrs. Major Jones, maliciously enjoying the distress of her hearer.

"Oh! yes, ma'am," answered Miss Fitzarnold. rousing herself, "yes, I believe-I think I have heard-in short, ma'am, I remember," she said, assuming all the distance she was capable of, "that it is Henry.'

"Henry!" almost shricked Mrs. Major Jones, lifting up her hands in well affected surprise, "the very name. And now I think of it, the culprit was, according to my husband, a tall and rather good-looking young man, with dark eyes and hair, and had been a barber's apprentice, who had robbed his master's till and then enlisted. I have no doubt it is the very man. To think, my dear Miss Fitzarnold, to think my good Mrs. Brown, what an impostor we have been harboring in our midst! Positively my nephew should horsewhip him out of the town, if the dear lad would not demean himself too much by doing it. But what is the matter, Miss Fitzarnold, are you ill?"

"No, I thank you," replied the heiress, feebly. rising, and trying to smile. "It is only a rush of blood to the head, to which I am subject, and which makes me dizzy for a moment when it comes. I will give up my ride, and go and lie down. By dinner I shall be perfectly well."

The door had scarcely closed on her retreating form, when Captain Carden looked into the room. Not seeing Miss Fitzarnold, he ventured to ask if she had been there, on which Mrs. Major Jones answered that she had, but subsequently had gone to her chamber intending to remain until dinner. "And did she leave no message?" the captain asked. "None," was the reply. The young officer looked momentarily angry, then darted a keen glance at the speaker, and finally turned carelessly from the apartment, and was heard on the piazza humming the popular air of "Old Unole Ned." Some lovers have a habit of humming comic tunes when they are puzzled or mortified; and Carden was one of these.

"And was this young man really drummed out of

"There was a Carden, or Marsden, or Arden, or some such name," replied her companion, "and its just as likely to be this fellow as not. I dare say it is. Wasn't Miss Fitzarnold cut? To think of her having had a barber's apprentice for a beau." And the malicious old creature laughed sardonically.

Meantime the victim of this base slander had fled to her room, where, casting herself on her bed, with her riding habit still on, she burst into a passion of tears. "Oh!" she said, at last, between deep sobs, "that I should have been so foolish. Poverty I should not mind, for I have wealth for both. Nor do I care for what they call high birth, for nobility of mind is the true aristocracy of a republic. But a cowardone who has been whipped! Yet it cannot be. He is all that is pure, and high-souled, there must be some terrible mistake. And yet she was positive. But no. it is not the same person, it cannot, cannot be."

She was not, however, happy in spite of her disbelief; for the question would continually rise to her mind, "who is he?" Oh! how bitterly she repented having allowed her feelings to carry away her judgment, how she accused herself for having loved so quickly, and, as she feared, so foolishly. "But I will retrace my steps, I will see him no more," she said. "I will not even send an excuse for not fulfilling my engagement, lest it should lead to a renewal of the acquaintance. He will take offence at my rudeness. and that will end it. And, to make sure, I will keep my room all day."

The lover fully expected a message from Miss Fitzarnold explaining her conduct, and when the morning passed without his receiving any, he became incensed. Accordingly, at dinner, though he took his usual seat next to her chair, he resolved to be cold and reserved. But when the meal passed, and yet she did not make her appearance, he became seriously alarmed. When the dessert was over, and all hope of her coming had vanished, he rose from the table, and, seeking her maid, asked if Miss Fitzarnold was ill. "She was," the servant replied. "Would she be down in the evening?" "No, she was too sick, she might not be down for a week." There was something in the girl's manner that piqued Carden, and he turned away resolved to inquire no more. "It is a woman's whim -a piece of coquetry, perhaps—and yet I began to hope she returned my love-fool that I am," he said, bitterly; and with this exclamation, vowed to think of her no more.

But the next morning, at breakfast, he looked for her as anxiously as ever. She did not make her appearance, however. About noon, half crazed with jealousy, despair and uncertainty, Carden resolved to overlook everything, and make new overtures to her. He accordingly wrote on the back of a card a pressing request to see her, if only for five minutes, unless she was really too ill to sit up, or to leave her room. In a few minutes a reply came that Miss Fitzarnold could not grant the interview, though without a syllable in explanation.

In fact she was persisting heroically in her resolution, though with many a beart-ache and many a tear. If she could have asked her lover frankly to tell his camp?" whispered Mrs. Brown, when he had departed. history, she would have done it, but her modesty shrank from such a proceeding with a man who had not offered himself. She almost wished he would ask for an interview, in hopes he would propose, but when he solicited one, she shrank, with a woman's true instinct, from the crisis. Five minutes after, she repented of her decision; and resolved to go down to dinner, and thus afford a chance to explain.

But, at dinner, Carden sat in a new seat, sullen and reserved, nor did he once look at her. It was so, in the evening also, in the public drawing-room. He never came near her, and allowed his eyes to meet hers but once, and then he bowed distantly and coldly. Mrs. Major Jones saw the mutual conduct of the pair, and congratulated herself that she had separated them forever. In the course of the evening, she heard Captain Carden tell a friend that he was going to leave, the next day; and now she saw, as she thought, the coast clear for her nephew.

The awkward, yet conceited youth was sitting by Miss Fitzarnold, endeavoring to render himself agreeable to her, but only disgusting her, when the celebrated Commodore C—— came walking up the apartment. Mrs. Brown was on a sofa not far from the heiress, and the veteran, wishing to rest awhile, took a seat beside her before he noticed who this neighbor was.

"Ah! commodore, how do you do?" said the gossip. "Have you heard the news? Shocking, is it not? To think that such ruffians should get the *entres* here with people of consideration."

The commodore looked at her for an explanation. "I see you are astonished to hear me use such strong language," she said. "But you will be more so, when you are informed of all. You see that tall, Bowery-looking sort of a dandy yonder, don't you, leaning against the door, and trying to look like a Corsair?"

"You mean Carden. He does look out of humor."
"Oh! you know his name. Well, we've found him out. Who do you think he is?"

"Who?" said the veteran, with his poculiar smile.

Every word of this conversation was audible to

Miss Fitzarnold, who sat in torture while it went on,
coloring and trembling.

"You may well ask who. Well, he is a barber's runaway apprentice, who was whipped at Monterey for cowardice, and afterward drummed out of camp."

The commodore laughed outright; but, after a moment, said bluntly—

"Somebody has been hoaxing you, I fear, Mrs. Brown."

"No, indeed," she cried, eagerly, interrupting him.

"Are you sure?" he said.

"I have it from Mrs. Major Jones, who ought to know, because her husband saw him whipped; and besides everybody to-day says it is true. Ah! here is Lieutenant Jones," she cried, turning to where he sat at Miss Fitsarnold's side. "He will tell you that this Captain Carden is an impostor, and all about it."

"Ah! yes," drawled the youth, thus addressed, and lifting his eye-glass he stared at Captain Carden. "My aunt knows all about it, he is a runaway barber's boy, and any one can see impostor written legibly in his face."

The commodore rose to his feet at these words. "Young man," he said, sternly, "I should do right to confront you with Captain Carden, and repeat your words; and but for the presence of these ladies I would do it. I know all about Carden. He is the only son of an honored and wealthy Carolina family, a master commandant in the United States Navy, and a captain by courtesy. A braver, nobler, more gentlemanly man does not live. A few years ago he won his present high rank, for it is high for one so young, by capturing a notorious pirate in the West Indies, and that too with the odds in men against him. I can pardon Mrs. Brown for her mistake, but that you, who pretend to be a gentleman, should, without inquiry, slander a fellow officer, is not to be forgiven. Allow me to say, if you go on as you have begun, you will be no honor to the service."

The old veteran spoke indignantly, for he was a plain, blunt man, and thoroughly despised the would be coxcomb he addressed. His hearer, obtuse as he was, shrank before the withering reproof. He stammerd, hesitated, looked in every direction except at the commodore, and finally suppressing an oath, rose and hastily left the room.

The heiress rose too. She was impulsive in all noble deeds, and the moment she heard how she had wronged Carden, she forgot everything except that, in justice to him, she ought to apologize for her late rudeness. She accordingly crossed the room rapidly, and laid her hand on Carden's arm. He had not observed her, and started in surprise. She did not give herself time to think, but said hastily—

"I have been unjust to you. I heard reports to your disadvantage, and—and almost," she smiled winningly, "believed them, I fear. You will forgive me, won't you?"

Captain Carden had almost snatched that fair hand to his lips, before all the room, but recollecting himself he contented himself with drawing it within his own and passing out into the piazza. There, after a moment's pause, the pair wandered off in the moonlight.

What passed in the very long walk they took together, never was repeated by either; but, when they returned to the hotel, they were bewothed for life.

Carden, though aware of the reports to his disadvantage, could not learn from his mistress who originated them. He obtained this information, however, from the commodore, and, glad to find that there was a man to father the slanders of Mrs. Major Jones, took the promising nephew by the collar in the presence of the gentlemen, after all the ladies had retired, and ejected him from the hotel.

The lieutenant, fearing a horsewhip if he returned, for Carden had intimated that such a punishment would await him, did not come back; and the next morning decamped entirely from Saratoga. He was followed immediately by his aunt, whose star too had set.

Carden and his lovely bride were married the ensuing winter, and spent the first summer of their wedded life at Saratoga; but that place, we are compelled to record, has never since been honored by the presence of Mrs. MAJOR JONES.

THE LADY ELIZABETH ERSKINE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

BY VIOLET FANE.

AMIDST scenery of that wild, sublime description, so common to the mountainous regions of Scotland, stood an old convent, whose dismantled and dreary appearance plainly indicated that another hand than time had desecrated those walls once held so sacred. It had been built to protect the holy fathers from the predatory attacks of the Highland clans, who, safe in their mountain retreats, neither reverenced their religion, nor feared their vengeance. But a power was soon formed too strong to be resisted. The reformation rapidly progressed in spite of opposition, and the monks, however long they could have withstood a a war of weapons, were compelled to yield to the strong current of popular opinions. Their revenues withheld, their authority contemned, themselves persecuted, they retired to the continent, leaving behind a few, whom zeal had induced to remain. These devoted men were murdered by a marauding party of Highlanders, who pillaged the convent, and left the bodies of the murdered monks to be interred by the few Catholics yet remaining. They were regarded as martyrs to the holy cause, and many were the wild legends related of their re-appearance on earth, which caused the old convent to be shunned by the superstitious peasantry, who never crossed the priest's domain or land attached to the convent. Not far from the monastery was the seat of the Lady Margaret Lindsay, sister of the Earl of Mar. The Lady Margaret had been educated in France, where she had become ardently attached to the church of Rome, and being a person of strong will and indomitable perseverance, she directed her whole energies toward the establishment of that religion in Scotland. Her plans had hitherto been frustrated by King Charles, whose tyrannical measures had the effect of drawing the covenanters more closely together.

Toward the close of a summer afternoon the lady wended her way, slowly and thoughtfully, to the convent. Passing through the ruined entrance, she threaded her way through rooms and up staircases, cold and cheerless from the accumulated damp and mould of a century, and paused at the end of a long gallery. Pressing with some force on what appeared to be solid wall, a small door flew open, and disclosed to view, in the room beyond, a dark, severe looking man, in the garb of a Romish priest. Rising to meet the lady as she entered, he eagerly demanded " what success?"

"So far, good," she replied, "I have written to him as you wished, and he has answered, like a highminded and noble gentleman, that he will be here this evening, as Captain Grahame, his title a secret to

attraction strong enough to keep him. Some few years ago, I visited the South, and on my return travelled with the earl several days. Elizabeth was with me, and though but a child in years, she was tall for her age, which, together with her calm, self-possessed manners, gave her the appearance of being older than she really was. Montrose was much struck with her, and it was with great difficulty I defeated his attempts to discover our names and destination. But time flies-you must sound his feelings for the king, and buy him at any price." And receiving his blessing, she departed.

Night was fast mantling the castle in gloom, ere her companion roused himself from the reverie in which he had fallen when she left him; and rising with an air of exultation, exclaimed—"this will succeed; fool! but a short time since and I was ready to despond, to give up, without another struggle, the object I have ever had in view, for which I now hold the queen's promise-never!-the name of Francis Hatton will yet be heard throughout Europe; but now to action."

It was long past the hour of twilight before the expected visitor arrived. Giving his horse in charge of a servant, and requesting permission to pay hirespects to the Lady of Lindsay, he was ushered into the presence of the lady and her friend of the ruins. She presented him as a friend in whom she put every trust, and the only one of her household that must know his title. He expressed himself delighted to make the acquaintance of the distinguished Montrose, and charmed the earl by the polish and piquancy of his conversation, which showed him conversant with courts and that light style of chit-chat, termed French, introduced by Henrietta Maria and her followers, at court, though little adapted to the English character. and in which few Englishmen excelled. Their evening meal was announced, and the lady apologizing for its lateness by remarking she had waited for a relative she expected, and would wait no longer, led the way to the dining-room. The earl, or, as they called him, Grahame, was shown his own room immediately after, and left to seek the repose he evidently needed -he had left Edinburgh to recover from the effect of a severe illness. But long it was ere sleep visited him:-thoughts of a mixed nature crowded thick and fast through his mind—he seemed again riding in that old, lumbering vehicle, with that vision of youth and beauty that had so dazzled and bewildered him:then came the sudden disappearance, followed by the long, hopeless search, and more bitter still, the hated marriage urged on him by officious friends, to which all but me. If we can entice him here, there is an he reluctantly consented. But why was he here now? What had caused so sudden a thrill of joy at the appearance of Lady Margaret, when he recognized her as his travelling companion? And her relative—could it be she whom he would give worlds to gaze on once more? And for what—even if she was free, he was bound by the strongest ties? But of this he thought not. The passionate longing he had felt to see her again was about to be gratified—beyond he looked not. Morning found him feverish and excited; the dreamy, unrefreshing sleep had not dispelled these visions of the night, and he descended to the drawing-room with the determination of making a confidante of his hostess if the unknown failed in appearing.

Lady Margaret and her friend, left alone, expressed their joy at the success of their scheme. The priest advised her to excite his chivalric feelings in behalf of the king. "In this," said he, "Eizabeth will be a valuable assistant. She is so enthusiastic a loyalist, and feels so sincerely for Charles, that she is truly eloquent. Ah, here she is," said he, turning to a lady who that moment entered the room. "I must congratulate you on your safe return from the haunts of rebels, my daughters, but I will not oblige you to talk about it now, as it is late, so good night to you."
"You look weary and sad, my child," said her aunt, as she drew her toward her. "You have been so gay while gone, that you grieve to return to me."

Lady Elizabeth earnestly denied the assertion, and proceeded to tell the cause of her sorrow. "The Master of Napier is on a visit to my father. He has asked my hand in marriage, and it is promised, but indeed I do not wish to marry." Her aunt assured her of her willingness to exert her influence with her brother to avert the marriage, and knowing the esteem in which he held her, she had no fear for the result. Having re-assured her niece on this subject, she bid her retire, as she would need her services next day to entertain a guest, one of the house of Grahame.

Lady Elizabeth Erskine was a daughter of the Earl of Mar, who, feeling for the loneliness of his sister, had allowed her to take charge of Lizzie, under a strict promise not to educate her in the Romish faith. To this Lady Margaret adhered, but had impressed on her mind as strong a belief in the divine right of kings as was entertained by Charles himself, consequently the stubborn opposition of Scotland to his authority was to them a subject of great grief Mar was opposed to the king, and thinking troublous times were coming, was anxious to see his daughter settled in life, and gave a willing consent to the proposals of the Master of Napier, little imagining that she would object. Not daring, from the decided tone of her father when he observed her hesitation, to give a direct refusal, she asked for time to consider, and the earl allowed her to return to her aunt's, announsing his intention of coming for her soon to return and prepare for her marriage. Her objections she would blush to own, and her only hope was in the Lady Margaret. Assured by the hopes she had received, she entered the room to welcome her aunt's guest in her usual spirits. Aroused by the opening

dreams, with the same striking, but more matured loveliness, stood before him. Both started, and gazed at each other in silence. At length, advancing into the room with a strong effort at composure, she said: "my aunt informed me she was honored with the company of Captain Grahame, and feared his exertions yesterday would be severely felt-she will soon make inquiries herself." Grahame, unable to reply, was relieved by the entrance of the Lady Margaret, who expressed much sorrow to see him looking so ill, and was strenuous in her wishes to send for medical aid. To this he would not consent, assuring her that rest and quiet would soon restore him to his usual health. Lady Margaret regretted that urgent business demanded her absence through the day, and that her duties, as his entertainer, must devolve on another. but added, "she had no doubt he would excuse her, she left so fair a substitute," and laughing lightly, lef tthe room. Grahame allowed no embarrassing pause in the conversation, but sustained it in the frank, gay manner so peculiar to him, and soon won his companion from her reserve. Though he spoke not of his love, his tone and looks betrayed it, and Lizzie closed her eyes that night with the happy consciousness that she was beloved. Day after day passed, and found him still the guest of Lady Margaret. Affairs at Edinburgh were forgotten or uncared for -seated at the feet of Lizzie he took no note of time. What to him were the disputes of party when he was far from its turmoil, enjoying hours of happinesshappiness that he knew must soon end, but the remembrance would be with him forever; and wilfully closing his eyes to the consequences, he yielded, without a struggle, to his passion for the lovely niece of Lady Margaret. But it was not love alone detained when honor bade him go. The most dazzling offers were made by the priest in the name of the king, that could tempt the heart and ambition of man. Honors, power, revenge, and lastly, the annulment of his marriage, if he wished it.

Montrose hesitated long, but noble, high-minded and chivalrous, he could not resist the touching and eloquent prayers of Lizzie, that his sword should be drawn for the king. Many were the walks to the convent to visit the priest, and while listening to the legends related by Lizzie of the former inmates of those walls; of their loyalty, devotion to their religion and untimely fate, Grahame, brave and enthusiastic, longed for the expected war. But Father Francis was ever by to whisper caution, and report the latest news from Edinburgh, of the great power vested in the earl of Argyle and Leslis, to the utter exclusion of Montrose.

she would object. Not daring, from the decided tone of her father when he observed her hesitation, to give a direct refusal, she asked for time to consider, and the earl allowed her to return to her aunt's, announging his intention of coming for her soon to return and prepare for her marriage. Her objections she would blush to own, and her only hope was in the Lady Margaret. Assured by the hopes she had received, she entered the room to welcome her aunt's lived less in retirement; but there was a mystery and guest in her usual spirits. Aroused by the object of his charm, and formed the threads of which many a

dream of happiness was woven. Their, to her, unexpected meeting, revived those feelings in full force, and rendered it impossible for her to think of marrving another.

It was a fair, bright morning; Elizabeth proceeded with Grahame to pay their usual visit to the convent. To him the walk had never been so pleasant; his negociations with the king went on smoothly-no objections had been made to his terms, and there was a prospect of a speedy adjustment of all differences, and his divorce was promised immediately after. His spirits rose with his hopes of gaining the hand of Lizzie, and the wild, rugged scenery and sad looking ruins were invested with the same bright colors with which he dressed the future. Arriving at the ruins they found the Lady Margaret already there, who requested Elizabeth to wait for them in the grounds adjoining. Their conference was short, and Lizzie was startled by the appearance of her lover, dressed for a journey. Taking her hand he told her pressing affairs called him to Edinburgh; spoke of his love and his hopes of soon returning, and pressing his lips to hers, sprang on a horse brought him by the priest, and before Elizabeth had recovered from her surprise, was out of sight. As they returned home Lady Margaret disclosed his title. An order had been issued for his arrest, and he had returned to Edinburgh to avert the suspicions that had fallen on him. Frightened at the pallor that spread over the face of her niece when she heard his name, she assured her his divorce was certain, and she would, ere long, be greeted as the Lady of Montrose. Elizabeth made no reply; she had left that morning buoyant, light-hearted and full of hope-she returned in the deepest grief and despair; love and pride were deeply wounded; she had been made a dupe and tool to serve the ambition of others, and was not sorry, as she crossed the threshhold, to meet the Earl of Mar. Circumstances had obliged him to hurry on her marriage; the minister and bridegroom were ready, and there would be no time to make a toilet. Mechanically she followed him, and before Lady Margaret had sufficiently recovered from her astonishment to interfere, she had pronounced the vows that made her a bride.

Leaving her in care of her aunt, her father and husband took the road to Edinburgh. "Elizabeth," exclaimed the lady, in a tone of sorrow and astonishment, "why is this?" Turning on her a scornful smile, with a proud, firm step, she left her presence. Having reached her own room, she threw herself on her couch. Terrible and bitter were her feelingsher heart seemed bursting, and her brain on fire, and when she rose, calm, and resigned to her fate, she felt as if the weight of years pressed on her; she had passed the boundaries of the fairy land of girlhood, and entered on the trying ordeal of woman's life.

When Montrose again visited those scenes, the melancholy November winds mouned through the leafless forests, as if bewailing at the wreck of human hopes. But he heeded not the change. He was aware that Lizze was the niece of Lady Margaret Lindsay, but knew not that she was a daughter of Mar. The Master of Napier had united his fortunes with those of his kinsmen, and had taken the first opportunity her from her usual self-possession; she murmured-

political affairs allowed them, to visit, with his uncle, the bride he had so hastily wedded. They were met by Father Francis, who, pretending important business with the earl, conducted them to the monastery. Montrose followed him impatiently-months had passed since he had seen Lizzie, and every moment was counted that kept him from her. But who can describe his feelings when the priest informed him of her marriage. His rage knew no bounds-accusing both him and the Lady Margaret of treachery, he declared his intention of yet possessing her, despite them, and threatened the most terrible revenge if they interfered. By degrees Father Francis calmed him-assured him of their innocence, and the anger of the Lady Margaret at being, as she supposed, their dupe. But it was in vain he urged him to desist from his promised visit. That Elizabeth was indifferent to him he could not believe, and determined to see her, reckless of the consequences. He stepped eagerly forward to greet her, when presented, but the icy coldness with which she spoke the word welcome, chilled the warmer emotions of his heart, and they met as strangers.

The earl lingered long, to obtain, if possible, an interview with Lady Elizabeth, but though ever kind and gentle, she studiously avoided meeting him alone.

When called on by the king to take up arms, Montrose felt bound to obey, but maddened at the thought of leaving, perhaps forever, without an explanation, he demanded, "by the memory of the past," a private interview. "Let the past be forgotten, my lord," replied she, "but never forget that I am a wife. In this desperate struggle be true to yourself and king. Let the Grahames ever be foremost in the fight," said she, laying her hand on her husband's arm, "and I shall glory in the name. Remember, my prayers are with you."

The after deeds of Montrose claim a page in history. The name of Lizzie was a talisman to insure victory, and the cause of Charles was triumphant in Scotland. Meteor-like he appeared, shedding brilliancy over the declining days of the murdered king. For three years he strove to uphold the royal cause; crossing mountains in the middle of winter, considered impassable excepting in summer, he performed prodigies of valor, and gained victories that astonished Europe. But the most brilliant achievements could not turn the tide of fortune, nor prop the tottering throne of Charles. The unhappy king gave himself up to the Scots, and commanded Montrose to lay down his arms and retire to the continent. But neither sufferings nor the disgrace of defeat had destroyed his love for Lady Elizabeth, and before he left his country, an honorable exile, he re-vistied those scenes that had witnessed so much of his happiness and misery.

It was in vain Elizabeth talked to herself of her duties, and endeavored to forget the past events of her life; all the noble deeds at arms and fortitude in suffering linked with the name of Montrose, but endeared him the more to her, and indelibly engraved his image on her heart. It was long since she had heard from him, and his abrupt entrance startled

"Grahame!' in a tone of most passionate love. Grahame caught the name and tone, and replied with all the earnestness of his devoted love. Again and again he repeated the tale of his passion, and seemed to never tire of hearing it was returned. Exile had lost half its sting; his love was not despised, and he could dwell on the memory of Lizzie as associated with the happiest days of his past life. Their joy was embittered by the thoughts of parting-fearful forebodings oppressed both that they would meet no more, and as Montrose pressed his lips to hers, he feared it was the last kiss of love. But once again they met. Three years more had rolled into eternity, and the earl was still in foreign lands. Charles I. had suffered the fate from which he could not save Strafford, and Charles II., then on the continent, preferring rather to trust his fortunes to Montrose than himself with the covenanters, sent the gallant earl with a few hundred wild Germans, to recover a foothold in Scotland. He landed on the island, pressed a few men into his service, and crossing over to the main land, proceeded by rapid marches to meet the forces sent against him. The wild islanders fled before the first fire-the Germans yielded themselves prisoners, and the earl was obliged to fly. Many days he wandered, wet, cold and hungry, and was finally betrayed into the hands of his enemies, carried in triumph to Edinburgh, and condemned to die on a gallows twenty feet high.

Lady Elizabeth, half frantic at the terrible death that awaited him, heeded not the dictates of prudence,

but hastened, with all the speed possible, to the city. By means of a heavy bribe, she, with great difficulty, gained admission to his prison. "Grahame! Grahame!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, "you shall not die." He attempted to calm her excited feelings by speaking of the glory such a death would reflect on his name. But she shuddered at the thought-it seemed a mockery to tell her of the empty bauble that was wresting from her the brightest link that bound her to existence. She beheld it in its true light, a painted toy, with its bright colors, that had dazzled by their brilliancy, faded and gone. Lady Elizabeth looked her last on Montrose, and left his cell a sad and miserable woman. She listened for the signal that was to sound his death-knell; pictured to herself the agonies of the death he suffered so proudly, till she writhed with the infliction, but it was with an undimmed eye-no tears relieved her bursting heart, and she was apparently unmoved as a marble statue. For two days she lingered near the lonely Burrow Muir, to elude the vigilance of Argyle, and get possession of the heart that had throbbed so truly for her and his king. It was embalmed and placed within a silver urn, and cherished by the Lady Elizabeth and her husband as the dearest and holiest relic they possessed. Her husband was untiring in his efforts to restore her cheerfulness, but her heart never broke through the icy chill in which the death of Montrose bound it, and though she lived many years, it was as one whose only hope was to find rest in the grave.

REGRET.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

The glowing sunset's parting smile
Is resting on thy forehead fair;
It brightens on thy blushing cheek,
And gilds with light thy golden hair.
And to thy soft and gentle eyes,
The twilight rays such hues have given,
As those that tinge the stream's clear breast
When yielding back the blue of Heaven.

Thy heart is pulseless and serene,
Nor pride nor passion enters there;
But all that charms the tutored mind
Thou can'st not feel thou can'st not share.
Those mountains towering to the sky,
The glory of the tranquil sea;
Yon pale star trembling far above
No inward vision wakes in thee.

Thou hast no portion in those minds
Whose gifted thoughts like memory seem;
No forms of beauty haunt thy heart,
Nor fancy weaves one pensive dream.
I turn to look within thine eyes,
But meet no glance to answer mine,
The scenes that speak in voiceless words
Convey no tones to souls like thine.

But wherefore should I turn aside
With such a shade o'er heart and brow;
For as thou art—I loved thee once,
Why should I cease to prize thee now?
Amid thy beauty's early spring
I asked not of its summer glow,
But deemed thy modest silence hid
A wealth of deeper thought below.

And yet, when years have passed away
And left thee soulless, calm and cold:
I turn away with deep regret
That I have chosen dross for gold.
I weary of the placid face
Whose changeless seeming palls mine eye,
For well I know when this shall fade
The charms that won my heart must die.

My ardent fancy fondly wove
The chains that once appeared so blest,
And turned from happiness aside
To clasp its phantom to my breast;
And yet the grief that wrings my soul,
Pride, duty, bids me well conceal,
Nor do I fear thou wilt discern
The pain that I alone must feel.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.





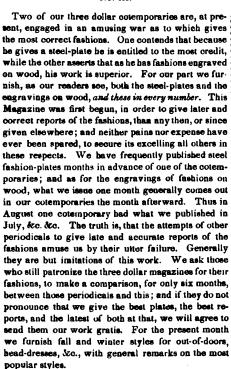


FIG. 1.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of dark green cash spirally, droops gracefully over the mere, with the skirt made plain and very full. Corthis head-dress the hair should be sage very high, and perfectly plain Sleeves tight to the centre of the forehead, and the arm, and opening on the back of it in the diamond over a small cushion at each side.



No. IV.

form, with a full undersleeve of clear white muslin, which is finished by a plain, white wristband at the hand. A bonnet of pink silk, with a rich white lace veil thrown over the crown, and tied under the chin.

Fig. 11.—A Walking Dress of Mazarine blue silk, with a plain skirt, with large, hanging sleeves, trimmed with sable. A cloak of black velvet in the sacque form. A white silk bonnet with two rich plumes.

FIG. 111.—HEAD-DRESS FOR THE OPERA OR EVENING PARTY.—This elegant and becoming head-dress consists of a small cap composed of rich crimson velvet, It is made on a foundation of stiff muslin, and is made to sit close to the back part of the head, descending at the ears, inclining downward on the forehead and raised at each temple, in the Mary Queen of Scots style. It is trimmed round the edge of the front with a beautiful gold passementerie, and a rich gold tassel is suspended at each ear. The hair in bandeaux, slightly waved.

FIG. IV.—HEAD-DRESS FOR EVENING.—This coiffure. like that above described, is suited to full evening dress. It may also be adopted with perfect propriety in fancy costume, as it is a close imitation of the style of head-dress worn at the court of France in the reign of Francis I. It is a small hat of pink velvet, made on a shape or form of stiff muslin. The crown, which is round and fits closely to the head, is covered by rows of pearl beads crossing each other. The brim, which forms an acute point in the centre of the forehead, is turned up at each side, and edged with pearl beads. A light plume of white ostrich feathers, twisted spirally, droops gracefully over the left shoulder. With this head-dress the hair should be parted to a point in the centre of the forehead, and turned back smooth over a small cushion at each side.

ALL DRESSES except full evening dresses, and many of these even, are being made high in the neck. Points both in front and behind are worn, but these are cut much longer and sharper, than heretofore. Most of the street dresses are made with tight backs, with points and side bodies, and open in front in the shape of a V, and have beautifully worked chemisette under them. Many have resumed the beautiful style of last winter, and wear the dress confined at the throat, by a button, then opening slightly to expose a handsome ruffle, half way down to the waist, where it is again closed by buttons. Dresses which open behind have generally sewing silk buttons to match the color of the dress down the back.

THE RAPHAEL bodies, which are made half high on the shoulders and square in the front of the bosom, do not take very well, as they are exceedingly unbecoming. As cold weather returns, the plain, tight sleeves are much adopted. A beautiful velvet trimming is the latest style for the fronts of dresses, manteletes, &c. It comes of every color, the patterns are various, but principally in leaves.

Evening Dresses are nearly all made with a demitrain of three or four inches in length. The bodies are made low in the neck with sharp points at the back as well as before. For light or thin materials a body gaged across is very beautiful. The sleeves are made a little longer than formerly, with a very deep fall of lace at the bottom, which is gathered up on the inside of the arm with a bow of ribbon, or a small bouquet. The lace put on in this way improves the shape of the arm very much. Wide black lace is much used to trim the skirts of dresses. Light blue, pink, and salmon colored embroidered crapes, white muslins embroidered in every pattern, delicate colored glace silks, and white silks with brocade figures of the richest hues, are much worn for evening dresses.

Among the newest figured silks we have observed some sprigged with small bouquets of flowers of bright hues, forming a contrast with the ground of the silk; for example, a rosebud, with its foliage, on a ground of cerulean blue; a bouquet of lilac flowers upon green; and a bouquet of blue flowers upon grey. These silks, being less bold and showy in the designs than the wreath patterns, are more suited for demi-toilette. The new damask silks have large patterns in one or two colors. Black watered silks are very fashionable.

Bonners of quilted silk and satin are the latest fashion. The faces of the bonnets are made very round, rather larger and more flaring than they have been. These require a greater quantity of face flowers. Feathers will be much worn. They are placed low on the side of the bonnet and curled. Some satin bonnets have been trimmed with bias folds of velvet, and satin intermingled. Satin bonnets of dark tints are trimmed with lace de laine and bouquets of heartsease made of velvet of the same color as the satin composing the bounct.

PARDESSUS, forming a kind of intermediary between the light and summer mantelet and the winter cloak, are in preparation for the autumn. They are made not to fit closely to the figure and fasten up the front.

MANTELETS are also being made of cashmere, satin costumes, illustrated by a magnificand rep silks. Satin Mantelets are trimmed with in advance of every cotemporary.

ALL DEESSES except full evening dresses, and many; passementerie, lace, or figured velvet. Some of the these even, are being made high in the neck. Points velvet mantelets are edged with rows of silk braid, but in front and behind are worn, but these are cut and others are trimmed with fur.

THE CHINA CRAPE SHAWIS introduced for the present season are magnificently embroidered; so rich, indeed, is the embroidery on those most recently manufactured, that it has been found necessary to diminish their size, in order to lessen the weight caused by the massive embroidery. The plainer kinds are embroidered with flowers of the richest hues. Others are adorned with pictures representing animals, Chinese fetes, hunting scenes, &c.

Caps still retain their simplicity of shape; the headpiece rather deep, and the crown round. Caps slightly pointed in front are also much worn. Figured ribbons, of rich patterns and colors, are those preferred for cap trimmings. Narrow velvet ribbon is much worn. For morning caps, ribbon and velvet are sometimes intermingled. These have frequently a small round crown, which is crossed several times by ribbon, or ribbon and velvet of two strongly contrasted colors. Some dress caps are made of a piece of round lace of very rich pattern, with the half which goes in the back part of the head slightly drawn and fastened by rich bouquets of geranium flowers in velvet, bunches of carnations, or of fruit and green leaves. The hair is now frequently turned back from the forehead, and puffed or rolled over a small cushion, a few long curls are allowed to fall behind the ears, and the rest of the back hair is plaited or done up in puffs.

A Car has been recently made up by a Parisian milliner, trimmed with lace, and with bows of ribbon of no fewer than six different colors, namely, pink, blue, green, red, lilac, and groseille. The last, as applied to ribbons and other silk fabrics, is a new color, being precisely the tint of the red currant.

HEAD DEESES consisting of ribbon only still continue fashionable. We have observed one made entirely of very narrow velvet ribbon of several different colors; a network of black velvet ribbon formed the crown, and clusters of loops and ends of velvet in various shades of blue were disposed on each side.

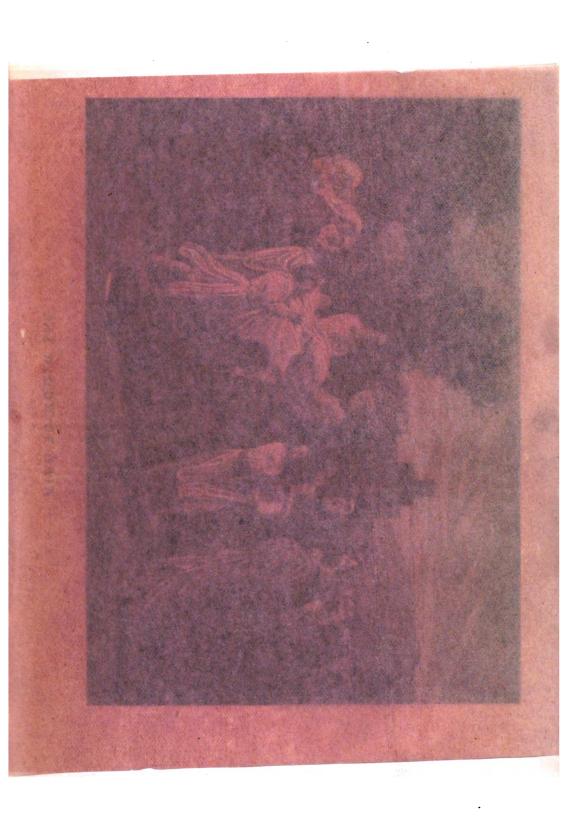
THE NEWEST ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS are approximating to the deep, rich tints usually set apart for autumn and winter costume. We have observed some bouquets composed of heath, lily of the valley, and mignonette, beautifully blended with the dahlia, scabious, auricula, mallow, and various exotic flowers, blended with a profusion of graceful foliage. These bouquets are intended for wearing in the hair.

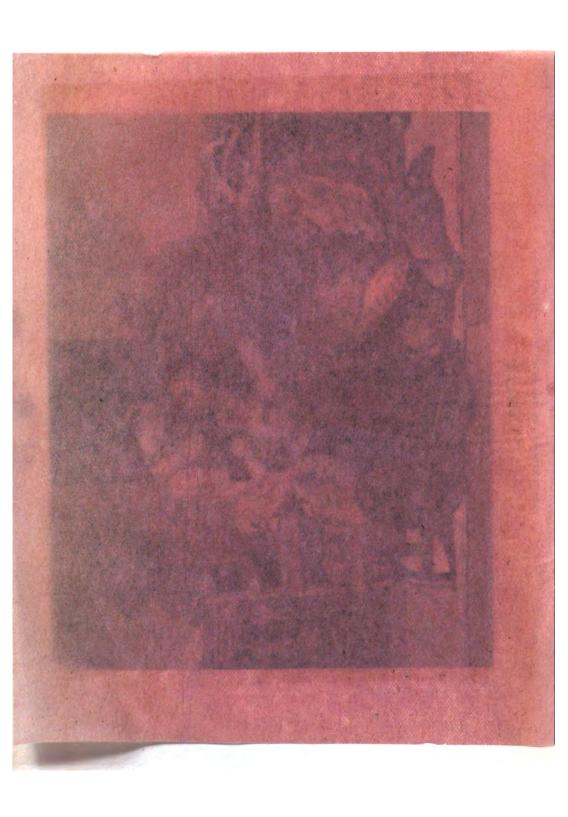
CASHMERE BOOTS, the color of the dress, and tipped with glazed leather, are pretty generally worn in neglige walking-dress. In a more elegant style of promenade costume, shoes are generally worn. They are ornamented in front with a small rosette, or with loops of ribbon, and are very frequently without sandals. For evening-dress, silk or satin slippers are ornamented in front with shoe-bows, consisting of cockades made of narrow ribbon, and a small buckle in the centre.

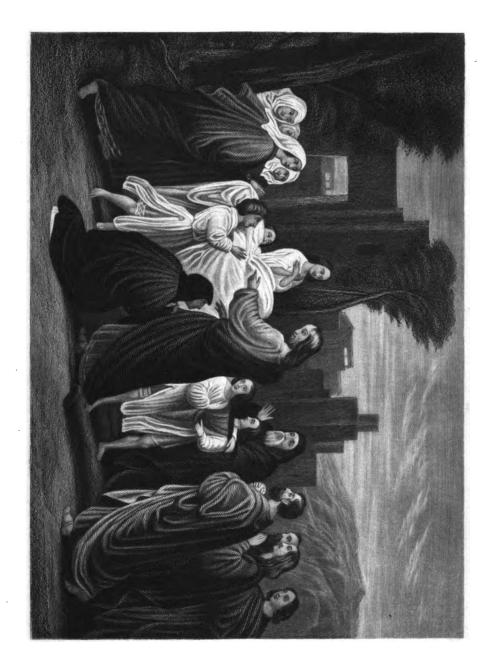
NEXT MONTH we shall give further hints for winter costumes, illustrated by a magnificent fashion plate in advance of every cotemporary.











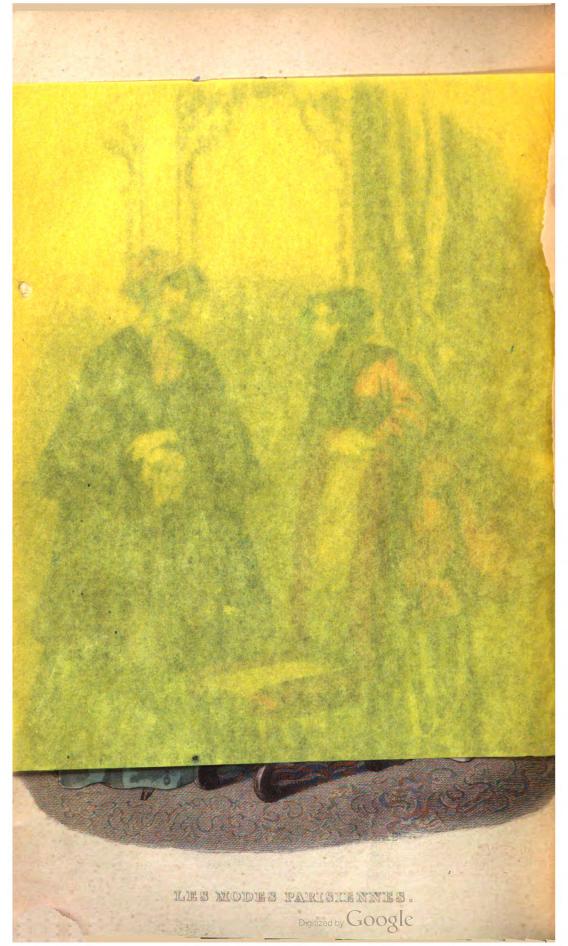






THE THOUSE THE RESERVENCES

____ Digitized by Google





THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1849.

No. 6.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.]

FROM the earliest times, the period of the Nativity? has been kept, among all Christian nations, as a season of festival. In England, the Witenagemots of our Saxon ancestors were held under the solemn sanction and beneficent influence of the time; and the series of high festivities established by the Anglo-Saxon kings appear to have been continued with yearly increasing splendor and multiplied ceremonies under the monarchs of the Norman race. From the court the spirit of revelry descended, by all its thousand arteries, throughout the universal frame of society, visiting its furthest extremities and most obscure recesses, and everywhere exhibiting its action, as by so many pulses, upon the traditions, and superstitions, and customs which were common to all or peculiar to each. The pomp and ceremonial of the royal observance were imitated in the splendid establishments of the more wealthy nobles, and far more faintly reflected from the diminished state of the petty The revelries of the baronial castle found echoes in the hall of the old manor-house, and these were again repeated in the tapestried chamber of the country magistrate, or from the sanded parlor of the village inn: merriment was everywhere a matter of public concern, and the spirit which assembles men in families now, congregated them by districts then.

In the olden time Christmas was far more hilariously observed than now. The whole wide country was then filled with rejoicing: in the bannered hall the long tables were spread: on the ancient armor and the antiers of the wild deer, holly, and ivy, and mistletoe were placed; the huge yule log went roaring up the wide, old-fashioned chimules, and cold although it might be without, all was warm and comfortable within. The large wassail-bowl-a load of itself when full-was passed round, and each one before he drank, stirred up the rich spices with a sprig of rosemary. Roast goose and roast beef, minced pies, the famous boar's head, plum porridge, and plum pudding, together with no end of sausages, and drinks of every description, but, chief of all, the "bowl of lamb's wool," seemed to have formed the staple luxuries of an old Christmas dinner.

Among the customs, in the olden time, and appro-

priate to the season, was that of parties of musicians making the tour of the village on Christmas morning. before day, to visit all the principal houses, but especially the manor-hall. In some parts of England the observance is still kept up, under the appropriate name of "Christmas Waits." Thomas Millar, the poet, thus describes it:-"Hush! hush! Those are the village waits, not your noisy musicians, whose clamor arouses a whole neighborhood, but those who go from hamlet to hamlet all night long, chanting such carols as our pious forefathers loved to listen to in those good old days when Christmas was not only a holiday, but a holy time. Let us uplift the corner of the white blind gently. Although they hope that all are listening, they would but feel uneasy to know that they were overloked. We shall be very glad to see them on boxing-day, when they will come round and simply announce themselves as the waits; then we can reward them for the pleasure they have afforded us. A few old-fashioned doors will be opened, where they will be cheered with elder wine, spiced ale, and plum cake; they know the houses. There are those who make a point of sitting up to receive them; cold although the night may be, they will not lack bodily comfort. How sweetly the moonlight sleeps upon the untrodden snow; it kept falling until twelve o'clock; and then the queen of the stars came out adorned with more than her usual brilliancy. It is just such a Christmas morning as a lover of old customs would crave for-cold, frosty, and bright. How the snow will crunch beneath the feet at daylight! But they are gone; you can just hear their voices at intervals, sounding faintly over the snow, when the red cock that crows from the far-off farm is silent, for they are now singing at the lonely grange beside the wood. The old farmer who resides there would never fancy that it was Christmas unless he heard the waits. Rumor, who is a slanderer, does say that when they have left his old-fashioned parlor they never again sing in tune—that bass is heard in place of tenor, and treble gets over his part before the others have well begun-and that, when complaints are made the next morning, the only answer is, Christmas comes but once a year."

MATED.

A SEQUEL TO THE IMPENDING MATE.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

How a novelist would delight over the four years which we intend to pass remorselessly. How slowly and "gingerly" she would draw her story along through them, delighted beyond measure at the length of the stage assigned for her representations. While we, from a full appreciation of the value of time, (don't insinuate that the grapes are sour) beg leave to set you down at once, without circumlocution, in the drawing-room of a fine, large mansion in one of the principal streets of young New York, and which was the residence of Mrs. Morton, of former mention, who, together with Nina Van Arden, (do you remember her?) was seated within the shadow of the large bow-window, with the casement opened, and the air sweeping in over a little wilderness of sweets in the shape of a bed of mignonette. Nina looked somewhat older, as indeed was but natural: less child-like; with less of that playful demureness which had been the prevailing expression of her speaking countenance: yet she did not seem unhappy, for the centred light of her fine eyes, if less dazzling than formerly, smiled with a calm intenseness, a lambent brightness, equally removed from sadness or lightness. Only the mouth was the same; untamed and untameable in its spirited lines and proud curving:

"Yes, it is strange," she said, thoughtfully, with her eyes fixed on the floor, and her fingers busily employed in rolling and unrolling the scented note in her hand: and then she looked up toward her matronly friend, and the half sad, half arch expression of her face, made her captivating beyond expression.

"It is so," Mrs. Morton replied, quietly. "I begin to think you will never marry."

"And yet I do not think I am cold-hearted; but I cannot love!"

"Perhaps you have done so already?" Mrs. Morton suggested quietly.

"Oh, no!" the girl said, with a slight flush. "You remember my first lover—Carl Uliman? Do you know that I really persuaded myself that I had broken my heart by refusing him? After be had gone, I called up an ideal Carl to supply his place, and invested him with all that imagination suggested, till I was ready to hate myself, because I had been so precipitate Fortunately for my health and spirits I was taken out into the gay world, and so forgot my first dream."

"Amid brighter ones, I suppose?"

"I never had a brighter one," the girl replied, unconscious that her voice sunk to a low, regretful tone, "but more exciting ones, perhaps."

"And you quite forgot the first then?"

"Not entirely. It haunts my memory now, when I am sad or weary, and feel so much the need of some one to lean upon I have no doubt that had I been older I had loved: as it was, it only troubled the current of my life's stream."

"Troubled it forever more, perhaps?" Mrs. Morton said, playfully, stooping down to kiss the fair maiden at her feet.

"Oh, no indeed," the girl answered, quietly, and with a faint smile. "This is only a regretful moment. Father, mother, Walter, all gone," and tears gushed from her eyes, "it is so sad to lose the love which guided us from childhood!"

"Poor Walter! you should have married him, Nina! why did you let him leave you? He may not return."

"Yes—he will come again," the girl said, trustfully. "Dear Walter! you do not understand him. He never loved me as you thought he did."

"Nina!"

"Indeed I am right, dear Mrs. Morton! We had a long talk, one day, about our relation to one another. Walter introduced the subject himself, so that we might both love peaceably ever after, he said, in his beautiful phraseology: so we joined hands and said, 'everwore' upon our agreement."

"You are a strange, romantic being, Nina. I cannot understand you!"

"That is because you will not, dear Mrs. Morton," the girl said, looking up with a bright smile. "You fancy something beneath my every-day exterior; that, perhaps, I have very deep, and strange, and wonderful thoughts. Perhaps?" she added, archly, "but only perhaps. Now Walter says, I am not the least bit of a dreamer: that every morsel of happiness which is tangible I lay hold of eagerly and enjoy it; and so I believe; only when one gets to be so old as I am, (almost twenty) and has received so many billets of this description," holding up the letter in her hand playfully, "why one cannot help sometimes wondering if they are always to go on so! I assure you I have not the least fancy for a lonely life, so is it not strange I cannot love?" and the girl got up and kissed her friend merrily, without the shadow of a cloud upon her countenance.

And just while she stands there, parting the seft curls upon Mrs. Morton's ptacid brow, and watching her affectionately with her frank, beaming eyes, which Mrs. Morton will not regard as the index of her thoughts, but fancies there must be something yet unconfessed in their clear, speaking depths, and so she gazes, and sighs, and gazes again—just now we will take a slight survey of the past four years.

When Carl Ullman left Nissa, after her abrupt refusal, he went back to New York, and the very first vessel which crossed the ocean carried him back to his home in Germany. The party from Milmarth returned, and he was absent. In vain they questioned Nina-the servants; no one could or would give any information as to the cause of his departure. In the midst of their anxiety and distress, Walter reesived a note. The boy who brought it grinned from ear to ear when questioned as to who had sent it, and refused to answer anybody save Mr. Steinberger; and Walter too was silent, only fixing a severe and penetrating look upon Nina, before which she shrank away trembling to her own apartments, while he announced the departure of his friend for New York. He gave no reasons, however, at least to the company, and so, for the remainder of the day, they were at liberty to exhaust their imaginations with all sorts of conjectures as to his singular disappearance. It never seemed to enter their wise heads, however, that little Nine could be in any way connected with it, and by the next morning the existence of the grave, silent Carl Ullman was as much forgotten as though he had never been. When the chill autumn breeze came on, they scattered like the yellow leaves on the smooth lawn before the mansion, and Nina not so wild and dazzling, but Nina, still fitful and capricious, accompanied Mrs. Morton back to New York, and passed the winter in a round of gaiety well calculated to destroy whatever sentiment her somewhat romantic first experience might have nursed.

The death of her father the following spring sobered the young maiden considerably; and then she was ealled to watch over the couch of an invalid mother, whose sorrow for the companion of her life drew her gradually and surely to the grave. She too died, and Nina, beautiful, loving, heart-saddened, world-experienced, was left alone. Looking forward through the "dim vista of years" to come, she could see only the fresh graves before her feet, and the gush of sorrow which overwhelmed her then, left its impress ever after on her face. Not upon the eyes, or the sweet mouth perhaps, but on the smooth, unfanned brow. Not so deep as to amount to a contraction, but if you have ever seen one young-one who has suffered much, the imprint of which we speak will be familiar; slight "pencillings" with which sorrow has marked the way, just as we mark the white margin of the page on which some beautiful thought is written with our pencil marks of sympathy; so ever after, like the white margin of that beautiful book, Nina's face expressed simply, "I also have suffered -but I am content."

Now came forward Walter Steinberger; and Nina, forgetting all things save her deep sorrow, knelt at his feet like a wearied child; and wept softly when he raised her in his arms, and whispered her name; for she knew she had found a true friend, one, who though he had been harsh and stern, she felt in her immost soul was trustworthy. So she listened quietly to his words of comfort and explanation, and obeyed him implicitly. And Walter, if he had ever thought of a nearer and dearer relation, seemed to have forgotten that now, for as he said one day, with an and quiet. What would she give to know what he

attempt at playfulness, it would ill befit the brother to wed his sister. "No-no-Nina, we will love peaceably." And so the girl, with the kind, elder brother, and Mrs. Morton for her mother, lifted up her graceful head again, and was happy.

Still retaining the beautiful residence on the Hudson, she grew quite used to seek her friend Mrs. Morton, in her city haunts, whenever that gentle dame could not seek her. For though Mrs Morton was a widow, she had sons and daughters who needed her care, as well as her adopted child.

Evening had come. Nina stood with the prettiest and least dash of scorn on her upper lip, which parting rebelliously from its red, pouting companion, seemed to sympathize so fully in its spirited movements with the cool, calm eyes above it. She stood in Mrs. Morton's drawing-room, inveigled into a gay circle quite against her wishes, (but how could she offend her dear friend?) and perhaps a little agitated in consequence, but exerting her wonderful self command to the utmost. And who would have thought that Nina would have added that valuable accomplishment to the list of her perfections? She disclaimed the merit of it: she said, "Walter taught her!" What a pity that Walter was not present to witness his pupil's admirable composure!

But then, most of the gentlemen present were old friends, and Nina was quite used to hearing their complimentary speeches, and replying to them also as she well knew how to do! Quite unlike the smiling, blushing, saucy girl, who made her first appearance in that same drawing-room, some three years ago, and spent the evening beneath the shadow of those same curtains, perfectly wild with excitement and adulation. Now, there was such a look of amused mischief in those calm eyes, lighting up at intervals with a keen sense of the ridiculous. Presently she stopped talking, and looked toward the door with a startled, inquiring expression; the next moment she broke away from the gay circle, and rushed forward offering both her hands to a tall, composed looking personage, who was just entering the room.

"Mr. Ullman! actually! How glad I am to see you! You have seen Waiter, I know, and brought news from him-tell me quick! When did you come?" she said, volubly, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushing.

That Carl Ullman recognized in the frank address. and impetuous movements, the beautiful heiress, his old acquaintance, was quite evident, and not so remarkable when we consider that she seemed to have regained, for the moment, her former ungovernable vivacity. So with a hurried movement of surprise, which might have been occasioned by a thought of their last parting, he bowed gracefully, (formerly he had not been remarkable for case) and led her to a acal.

In that moment the blood rushed back from Nina's heart, and deepened on her brow painfully.

What would he think of her? How indelicate! how strange she should have forgotten the past! but really his appearance startled her so, and then Walter! She thought she had learned to be so composed thought of her? If she only dared to explain! but that would never do! the best thing now was to continue to seem as forgetful of the unpleasant parts of their intimacy, as ever.

These and similar thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, so that by the time Ullman had made his respects to Mrs. Morton, (whose surprise, though expressed earnestly enough, seemed scarcely natural) and had heard him tell that he had just arrived, &c. &c., Nina had resumed her composure, and seemed quite ready to enter into a conversation grave enough for even Carl Ullman. Gravity, however, seemed to be as foreign to that gentleman's nature now, as mirth had formerly been; and he laughed and rattled on till Nina opened wide her beautiful eyes with undisguised amazement and pleasure.

"Pardon me!" the gentleman said, sobering instantly, "and listen to me for one moment."

"I fear I have already attended to you too long a time," the lady said, rising calmly, and with frigid coldness in her manner.

"But one moment?" Carl Ullman pleaded. "You must blame yourself if I have offended, indeed you must," he said, speaking rapidly, yet respectfully. "I came back, not hoping, not dreaming that you would remember an acquaintance which caused you so much annoyance. I did not think you would so readily forgive my presumption, but your greeting—so kind—so kind—removed a load from my heart! I said, 'Nina will then, not disclaim me for a friend at least, and I am happy.' Yes," he continued, "how could I help being delirious? I dare say I was rude, or did I misunderstand you?" he added, sadly.

"Walter!" the girl said, blushing. "I thought you —I wanted to know—I was so glad to see some one who could tell me about—Walter; and I do believe I have been very foolish, and made quite a scene! I am going to be on my good behavior now, but (if its any consolation to you to hear it) I like you very much indeed! almost as much as Walter," she said, frankly, extending her hand, and blushing in spite of herself at the expression of his countenance as he stooped over it.

It was really astonishing to see how wonderfully well they "got on" together that evening. What in the world were they talking about so earnestly? "Probably Walter," Mrs. Morton said, as she watched them quietly; but unfortunately for that surmise, when after the company was gone she inquired what was the news from Walter, and how he was, Nina coloring up to her hair, and down to her fingers, was obliged to confess she—she "didn't know!"

Mrs. Morton did not find Ullman any more communicative on that subject the next morning. Certainly be dropped in at an unconsciously early hour, for Nina, blooming and chatty in white muslin and embroidered slippers, was still lounging at the breakfast-table when the door opened; and though she said, "how tiresome! who told you to come here?" she held out her little hand at the same time, and condescended to fasten in her boddice the white rose-bud he had brought; for what purpose who can tell? Certainly, twenty-four hours previously, he never would have aspired to the felicity of seeing the little

lady accept a flower from him: but then men are so insufferably vain! Smile once on a man, and his sircastle is ready built for you. Smile twice, and he actually arrives at the conclusion that it is very good in him to suffer you to inhabit it!

Well—while Nina was fastening the rose in her dress, Carl Ullman, with his eyes fixed upon her, was trying to answer the fast coming questions of the elder lady. "Yes, Walter was coming home—when? Why—three years? Four, was it, almost? Could it possibly be four years since? Oh!" he begged "pardon." He "was thinking—thinking—what did you say, Mrs. Morton?"

"Ha! ha!" Mrs. Morton was rubbing her plump little hands in irresistible merriment. It was evident she must wait till a more propitious moment for further information.

However she talked on, telling various bits of news till at last the gentleman erected his head. When was a gentleman ever indifferent to his personal appearance. Mrs Morton was complimenting himtelling him how much he had improved—how he had completely lost all gaucherie, and was in fact quite polished. She did not know but what he equalled Mr. Frederick Vere, who was just now the "glass of fashion." Then while the gentleman smiled, and looked, if the truth must be told, rather sheepish, she went on to tell him how that they (Nina and herself) were going up to the Hudson residence in a week or two, and "would Mr. Ullman like to join their party?"

"Miss Van Arden!" Mr. Ullman was not quite sure whether it would be "perfectly pleasant?"

"Yes—yes it would!" Mrs. Morton said, imperatively. She "was Nina's guardian now, and Nina the most obedient of wards," and when Ullman bade the ladies "good morning," he felt very much inclined to throw up his hat, and shout "hurrah!"

It affords us infinite satisfaction, however, to be able to record that he did not, for we pique ourselves not a little on generally producing well-bred heroes.

It never entered into Carl Uilman's slow-thinking, German head, to demur at all on receiving his invitation, though strict fashion might have prescribed a course of that kind, consequently our readers will not be surprised at our abruptly introducing them to a gay party of some twenty persons, who two weeks after the morning we have mentioned, were assembled on the broad piazza of Nina's beautiful homestead. The girl herself sat beside a small carved table and sewed diligently; while Carl Ullman busied himself in pulling to pieces a fancifully netted purse, which scarcely finished, remained upon the needles. And somehow, considering they were all good friends, it was wonderfully quiet and dull. One might distinctly hear the wood-pecker tapping his bill against the trees in the old grove near, and the bees buzzed and hummed indefatigably, as though weary of the silence. And yet it was but natural they should be thoughtful-Carl and Nina at least-for how much had happened since four years ago that day, they two had sat together here.

Certainly, twenty-four hours previously, he never Yet we do not exactly think that Nina was wanwould have aspired to the felicity of seeing the little dering sadly in the past, for a saucy smile hovered on her lip, and broke from her large eyes as she occasionally stole a glance at a gentleman who sat not very far distant. It was quite remarkable to see how quietly she took the destruction of her work; but that smile, and that merry trotting of the foot, if rendered into language, might have expressed "very well! if he chooses to destroy it, it is not I who am the loser let him alone—good folks all; he is only amusing himself!"

Once, however, as she ventured a longer look than usual, the gentleman raised his eyes, and became immediately conscious of his employment, for he rose abruptly and stammered forth his apologies.

"Pray do not disturb yourself!" the girl said, in low, laughing tones, "it makes not the slightest difference to me." and gathering up her work, she moved away, leaving him to construe her answer as he chose. He did not seem to have the vanity or presence of mind, we should say, (for when was a gentleman wanting in the former commodity) to seize the more favorable signification, but colored deeply when he met Mrs. Morton's eyes, and sat down nervously.

"You are all so stupid," that lady said, at last, "that I actually must find something to do. How we miss your old friends, Nina, Sir Henry, and——"

"On, pray! be still!" the girl interrupted, laughing. "That is too bad! But indeed," she continued, with charming ingenuousness, "I tell you who we do miss. Dear, darling Walter! how I wish he was here! for I love him a thousand, thousand times better than any one else in the world! I shall not be happy till he comes back," she added, dropping her large eyes demurely.

"You make a most open and candid declaration certainly," Mrs. Morton laughed out, "but since we cannot command Walter's services just now, suppose we exert ourselves to find some occupation for these lazy people! Mr. Vere, you and Clara take these things and play at battledore, while we will sit in judgment on your grace and skill; or better still, suppose you all jump rope, and the sober ones (Nina! you—and Carl) can have a quiet game of chess."

"Oh, no indeed!" cried the girl, laughing on one and promised meekl side of her face, and looking dire revenge at Mrs. to trust her little bar Morton with the other. "Play chess indeed? Stupid to his good keeping.

old game! invented expressly to put people to sleep! No indeed! I had much rather watch the gentlemen display their gracefulness in the rope! Mr. Ullman, for instance," glancing mischievously at the very tall frame of that sober personage.

Carl Ullman thought that the lady of his devotion might have spared him her ridicule at least, and he looked so painfully regretful, that the girl whispered pettishly to herself—

"What a tiresome creature he is! I cannot endure him! I wish he had not come! Yes, I do!" she repeated, when faithful conscience felt called upon to contradict her.

And after all this, and a great deal more, perhaps it may surprise you, dear reader, to hear that long before the sun went down that day, little Nina might be seen seated opposite Carl Ullman, deep in the mysteries of a game of chess! Few and low were the words spoken: a start when at times their hands touched—sighs mingled of sadness and relief—and finally a hot, burning, prideful tear, falling from beneath the girl's white, drooping lids, when a quick, eager whisper proclaimed her "check-mated!"

"Oh, no—oh, no!" she cried, sinking back in her chair, while the little zephyrs dallying in the white flower-cups in her hair, bent down to whisper in her ear, "an omen!—an omen!"

Then she said quickly. "Did I not tell you so? I hate you for making me lose the game!" and tried to laugh, and rise from her seat, pushing away the stand, and turning her head from Carl Ullman, who knelt beside her, and whispered—"well, you send me away again—Nina! oh, Nina! must I go again?"

And never was a lady's "no" syllabled so softly as the single word which fell from that fair girl's lips that summer's day. What had she meant to do? Be saucy, at the very least, since she had been vanquished, so that no man might say she had been lightly won; but somehow the lip forgot its haughty curl, and all at once happiness grew too precious to be risked by light, false words; and looking on Ullman's upturned face, who felt too much to seem light-hearted, she passed her fingers through his hair, and promised meekly, very meekly for one so wilful, to trust her little barque, with all its priceless freight, to his good keeping.

TWILIGHT HOURS.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Maiden twilight, lovely and still, Hushes the billow and lulls the air, Over the water we glide at will, Joyous beings without a care!

Only the musical plash of the oar
Timed to the beat of our choral tune;
Either side is the blooming shore,
On the air is the balm of June.

Slowly row—in the light of eyes
Pure and soft as this hour of hours!
Slowly row—to the tones that rise
Low and sweet as the sigh of flowers!

Loveliest twilight, gentle and still, Hushes the billow and lulls the breeze; Over the water we glide at will; Never were hours so dear as these!



THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 170.

CHAPTER IV.

In a little more than a week, Wilfred expected to bid adieu to the spot which the sweet interchange of those affections which are the legitimate growth of the domestic circle, had rendered dearer to his heart and lovelier to his eye than any he had ever beheld. Yet so buoyant and elastic are the spirits of youth, that the shadow of this "coming event" seldom darkened the hours of present enjoyment, either as regarded himself or Alice.

The Indian summer had commenced, and the air during the day had been mild and bland as that of a June morning. As the day began to decline, an unwonted feeling of sadness stole over the spirits of Alice, and prompted her to seek the spot, where, child as she was, the sweetest link in the chain of her destiny had been woven. She ascended the grassy slope, as well as that of the hill which swelled into bolder and more abrupt acclivity with the light and free step of one accustomed to exercise in the open air. As she stood beneath the oak that crowned its summit, the sere foliage whispering to the breeze, the prospect spread out on every side, was rendered so beautiful by the peculiar state of the atmosphere, that, although she had hundreds of times gazed on it before, it never to her had appeared so enchanting.

A soft, purple haze, among which innumerable particles of gold seemed flickering, enveloped the distant mountains, while the woodland was flushed with those gorgeous hues which are the gift of an American autumn, and which were now, blended and harmonized, as well as made doubly brilliant by the pervading light of the golden sunset. Masses of fleecy clouds of a pure white, or partially tinged with a faint rose-color, were floating toward the zenith, while those hovering near the Western hor zon began to blaze and flash, as if a range of jeweled palaces had sprung up beneath the wand of some enchanter. Nor were the nearer objects, though less gorgeous, of inferior beauty The little stream, that leaping down the precipitous side of the hill, half girlded its base, owing to the increasing coolness of the air, seemed converted into a wreath of transparent vapor, though now and then, as the breeze freshened and wasted a portion of the mist aside, it sent up silvery and sparkling gleams that resembled stars breaking through the skirts of a cloud. As she continued to gaze, the pleasing melancholy which had burthened her heart like the fragrant dew in the half bent flowercup returned. As old memories thronged back upon her, the inner depths of the fount of feeling were re. {

of Wilfred, and many a tone of his rich voice, full of heart-inspired music, thought little of at the time, returned to her fraught with a meaning and a power, which until this moment she had never so fully realized.

"Alice!"

Her name was pronounced by Wilfred, who had approached the spot unheard, and now stood by her side. As if he could have been conscious that he was the subject of her thoughts, a deep crimson kindled on her cheeks, and she hesitated to raise her eyes to his. It was only a momentary hesitation, for with an impulsive effort to disguise her embarrassment, she shook back from her brow the dark, rich curls, brightened by fitful gleams of gold caught from the slant sunbeams, and looking up into his face with as careless an expression as she could assume, and without being at all aware of its meaning, commenced singing the following ballad in a voice full of bird-like melody.

"The spell which made my heart thy own, Still haunts this hallowed spot-"

She stopped suddenly, for she found that the words of the ballad were but an expression of her own feelings, and made a movement to withdraw her hand, which lay trembling in Wilfred's. He still retained it, and with his own rich voice, that thrilled on the ear, and floated away in the distance like the deep notes of an organ, he sung the concluding lines of the stanzas—

"Still lives in each remembered tone, That will not be forgot."

"No, never, Alice," said he. "Beneath the softer skies of Italy, and listening to the musical language of its dark-eyed daughters, the voice that spoke the first kind words to me in this then land of strangers, will ever be the dearest. The tones in which those words were spoken, so artless, yet so full of feeling, have ever possessed a strange, haunting power which can never leave me. Young as I was, they and this dear face beaming upon me, stirred those feelings in my heart, for which, I a long time, had no name, and which, unless you forbid me to cherish them, will sustain its best and healthiest energies when I once more become a stranger in a strange land. I may at least ask you to remember me, as I believe I shall yet be not unworthy your remembrance. I may be absent a long time-much longer than the period that has been mentioned, for I never will return till I am a painter."

cup returned. As old memories thronged back upon the fine the fount of feeling were research, furnishing her with a key to the heart of feeling with the same passionate enthusiasm already burning in his, another. Many a glance from the dark, soul-lit eyes "and if at any time my ideal presence can have the

power to sooth and sustain, or to impel to higher effort, you may believe I am with you in thought. How indeed can it be otherwise, when there is not a sunny nook, a green forest-glade, or a single spot within the range of the eye, that you have not, by teaching me to behold them with an appreciation of the beautiful similar to your own, made it impossible for me to ever look upon as objects distinct from yourself. And then our fire-side circle during the cold evenings—we shall all think of you there, and talk of you and wish you to be present."

Though in conversation like this they had lingered on the hill-top till the deepening twilight revealed the young moon like a silvery bow hovering over them, the sweet spell, such as must ever link itself with each word and tone of an interview like theirs, might have chained them still longer to the spot, had not a rustling of the dry leaves which clothed the neighboring copse, at the same time warned them that some person was near, and reminded Alice that her parents might be alarmed at her prolonged absence. They approached the spot in season to perceive the dim form of a man, swiftly, yet stealthly gliding away in the dark shade of the shrubbery.

CHAPTER V.

When it came to be known to the people of the village and its environs, that Wilfred had really determined on going abroad, the youthful members of most of those families, with which he was particularly acquainted, as a slight manifestation of their friendship, and the estimation in which they held him, gave a small, social party on his account, such as are common in retired country places. The last party prior to his contemplated departure was to be at Mr. Bellamy's.

Sedley Bellamy had, as yet, closely guarded the secret disclosed in the letter to which he had been an unsuspected listener, even from his parents and sister, while his more recent intercourse with Wilfred was, apparently, much more frank and cordial than it had been heretofore.

"Emilia and I," said he, when he invited Wilfred to attend the party, "think we have a right to your last evening, with the exception of the one on which there are claims still more powerful than those of friendship."

Wilfred was not naturally suspicious, yet though he strove hard to reciprocate the sentiments expressed by Sedley, he could not overcome certain feelings of distrust, which, when in his presence, continually obtruded themselves upon his mind. There seemed to him to be something in his character as unfathomable as it was repulsive.

Emilia Bellamy's conduct seemed far less equivocal, for while she made no attempt to disguise her preference for Wilfred, her manners toward Alice had gradually assumed an icy coldness. The few years which had passed since she and Alice sat side by side on the hill, had changed those feelings of contempt which she then so recklessly expressed with regard to Wilfred, into those as nearly approaching

love as any person can be capable of, the god of whose idolatry is self. The beauty that distinguished her then had ripened into a full and dazzling brilliancy seldom exceeded, yet with features nearly faultiess, and with the bloom of a Hebe, her face lacked that expression of sweetness and amiability which gave to the countenance of Alice its greatest charm.

A dozen or more of the village maidens, among whom was Alice, though on account of the late coldness of Emilia, she went with some reluctance, were assembled in the parlor of the great white house, as the mansion of Mr. Bellamy was called, by four o'clock in the afternoon. They were soon joined by about the same number of young men. Some of the latter might not feel quite at ease at first, but this was more owing to their Sunday coats, and to the grand furniture that adorned the parlor, than to any fault of their own. Sunday coats as well as furniture were, however, forgotten after the introduction of a few plays, among which were "forfeits," "cross-questions," and "what is my thoughts like?"

Their amusement was suddenly suspended by the sound of instrumental music, which appeared to proceed from the kitchen. The instrument, though nothing but a hand-organ, as a large proportion of those present had never heard one before, was soon surrounded by a band of as delighted auditors as ever listened to the magic strains of the violin when in the hands of a Savori.

Having gone through with the series of songs and marches which the organ was capable of producing, the owner threw open the case enclosing the musical machinery, that the eyes as well as ears of his audience might be gratified. One fair girl, whose large organ of constructiveness as well as tune, might have found in the instrument a kind of symbolical representation approached nearer than the rest, and as her bright eyes were trying to pry into what appeared to her the mystery of its mechanism, her pretty hand rested on one corner of the case.

"This ere organ," said the man, addressing her, "is a first rate instrument, though it once belonged to as bloody a pirate as ever robbed and murdered on the high seas."

At these words the young girl withdrew her hand with a start, as if an adder had stung it.

"Why, you ain't frightened, are you?" said the man, with a disagreeable smile. "The organ is no worse for that, though if it had a tongue as well as a voice, it could tell of deeds equal to any that Capt. Kidd and his crew ever did."

"Perhaps you can tell us about some of them," said Sedley Bellamy.

"Oh! no," said Alice, shrinking back, and involuntarily grasping the arm of Wilfred, who stood next her. "It is to me very painful to hear about those who have been guilty of such horrible crimes."

"It will, at least," said Sedley, "be no harm for you to tell us the name of the man that used to own the organ, and what became of him."

"I shan't tell his name," said the man, "because maybe he has relatives living, and it would be a disgrace to 'em to have it known. At any rate, he's sure never to do any more harm, for he's been dead this dozen years. He had a wife and child living when he died."

"What became of them? Do tell us that, if nothing more," said several voices at once.

"Why the wife, poor woman, died in a few months, but the boy had been taken by a charitable gentleman and his wife who lived in the West, when he was a baby, and is alive yet as far as I know. Their name was Norman, and I have been told that he passed for their own son."

As he said this, the man cast a quick, furtive look toward Sedley Bellamy, which he answered by a scarce perceptible wink. Every eye was for a moment fastened on Wilfred Norman's face, which even to his lips had turned to a deadly paleness, and then a murmur of voices commenced passing round the circle. Wilfred, who had at first stood as if thunderstruck, now disengaged the trembling hand of Alice, which had still retained its hold on his arm, saying as he did so, "this is no place for a felon's son. Farewell, Alice, if what this man says be true, we shall never meet again."

Saying thus, he precipitately withdrew. Alice as quickly followed.

"I beg of you," said she, "to go to my father's and await my return. I shall be there very soon—almost as soon as you can arrive there yourself, for indeed, Wilfred, I cannot stay here," and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed convulsively.

"Not to night, Alice—I cannot go to your father's to-night—for though guiltless myself, am I not linked to infamy by a parent's crime? It appears to me that my presence would be a blot upon the sanctity of your happy fire-side."

"Oh! no," said Alice, "your views are exaggerated—they are false. Are you not the same as you were an hour ago?"

"I am in one sense, but did you notice the dread—even horror with which Mary Ellsworth recoiled from a mere piece of machinery, at the moment she became aware that it had once belonged to a pirate? That single, impulsive movement spoke volumes From it I can infer what I am myself to expect. Everybody will regard me with an instinctive dread and abhorrence."

"Not your friends—those who by sharing all your thoughts and sentiments for years, have learned to love and esteem you."

"You are mistaken, Alice—you will find that you are. Even your father, firm, independent, and self-relying as he is himself, and has always exhorted me to be, will, in spite of himself, be influenced by similar feelings. And you, Alice, will be affected by them hereafter. Hark! I hear your name called—go."

"Not till you promise to go to my father's."

"Well, then, since you insist, you shall find me there"

With this promise, Alice went round to the front door, that she might enter unobserved. The whole party had been thrown into such confusion, that her absence, at first, had been unheeded, and several who now entered the parlor in pursuit of her, found her calmly, to all appearance, putting on her cloak and bonuet.

"You are going home, Alice," said a young man by the name of William Morrison, "and my sister and I will see you there in safety."

"Yes," said Emma Morrison, drawing nearer to Alice, and speaking in a low voice, "for though I cannot exactly tell why, I feel an unconquerable aversion to remaining any longer here."

They bade Alice good night at her father's door, who, when she entered, found that Wilfred had kept his promise. It needed but a single look to show her that he had already made the painful disclosure. Not a word was spoken as she divested herself of her cloak and bonnet, and took her accustomed seat by the fire, but the eyes of Mrs. Linwood, usually beaming with such cheerful serenity, were heavy with tears as she kept them steadfastly bent on her sewing. The silence was first broken by Mr. Linwood, who rose and putting on his overcoat, remarked that he believed he would walk over to Mr. Bellamy's and have a little conversation with the organist.

In fifteen minutes afterward he had entered Mr. Bellamy's kitchen by the back door. The man was alone, and sat dozing in front of the large fire-place with his chin resting on his breast, while the half burnt logs which were steaming and simmering at the ends, emitted a drowsy, hissing sound. Mr. Linwood had a short conversation with him, which was fortunately uninterrupted. Though he found that he either would not or could not furnish any additional particulars to those he had already told in the presence of Wilfred, there was something in his appearance which excited suspicions by no means favorable to his veracity. When Mr. Linwood returned he mentioned the doubts he entertained as to the truth of the man's story, and advised Wilfred to make no alteration in his plans.

"Let things take their course," said he. "Time will unveil the truth."

It was a late hour when Wilfred bade his friends good night, with a heart cheered by their hopeful and encouraging words. But when alone in the midnight stillness of his chamber, the cloud again thickened and darkened over him. And Alice, who, while sitting with him at the fire-side and listening to his voice, had brought herself to believe that what they had heard was an idle tale, when no sound floated round her sleepless pillow, save that ceaseless and mysterious chant which makes the silence of night more impressive, felt a strange feeling of dread creeping over her at the thought of uniting her destiny with the son of a murderer, which she in vain sought to banish as unworthy of herself and unjust to her lover.

"Ah, Wilfred," said she, with a feeling of bitter self-reproach, "what you told me is but too true. I already begin to regard you with a sentiment approaching to horror The shadow of your parent's crimes seems hovering over you!"

When in his presence she experienced no such emotion. There was something in the frank, open expression of his countenance, before which all such brooding phantasies fled like troubled spirits at the first bleak of morning.

CHAPTER VI.

WILTER was gone, and Alice sat alone by the fire-side, her parents being absent on an evening visit; and the children, as it was now eight o'clock, having gone to bed. A step was heard in the entry, and then a low rap at the inner door. She opened it and admitted Sedley Bellamy.

"I perceive that it is already past eight o'clock," said he, "which warns me to improve what little time may remain free from interruption. I loved you, Alice, before I was old enough to know by what name to call the sentiments with which you inspired me. When I had learned how to interpret them, and would have poured out my heart to you, I found that I had a rival, and as I moreover found that he was a favored one, I submitted to my fate in silence. 1 did this the more cheerfully because I imagined him not unworthy of you-but now, Alice, though he has been guilty of no crime himself, if he possess one spark of true honor or delicacy, he would prefer to die rather than to wed you. You cannot but see this, which has emboldened me to beg that you will regard with some degree of favor, one who has so long and so truly loved you."

Alice had made no attempt to interrupt this somewhat long speech, which she could not help thinking had been prepared for the occasion, but when she found that it had fairly come to a close, she refused to favor the suit in terms so decided as to leave no room for hope. There might have been some reason to doubt Sedley's delicacy, for casting off all restraint when he found her immoveable, he indulged in the coarsest and most violent invective against both her and Wilfred.

The scene, which was becoming both painful and terrifying to Alice, was terminated by the entrance of her parents, who thinking she was alone, had returned earlier than usual. He left the house abruptly, and as on his way home he came in sight of the village hotel, he saw the stage-coach drive up. A gentleman, the only passenger, alighted, and entered the The richly furred cloak in which he was hotel. wrapped excited the curiosity of Sedley, who had arrived in season to see him alight. In order to gratify it he entered the common reception room, and, taking up a newspaper, pretended to be engaged in reading it. The stranger who threw off his cloak and took a seat near the fire, might have been fortyfive years old, though not a single gleam of silver shone among the thick curls of glossy black which covered his well-shaped head. His features were of the Roman cast, and his countenance, though somewhat pale, wore the hue of health. As he sat waiting for the supper which he had ordered, his attention was attracted to a picture suspended above the mantel-piece. It had been copied from an engraving of Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the "Shepherd's Boy in a Shower," but the earnestness with which he regarded it seemed somewhat singular in one, who, baving the appearance of a foreigner and a gentleman, might be supposed to have had opportunities of examining the productions of the best masters, both ancient and modern.

"I hope you will not deem me impertinent," said he, addressing the landlord, who soon afterward entered, "if I inquire how you obtained that picture."

"By no means," replied the landlord, "it was painted by a young man who has lived in this village for several years past. Do you think it well done?"

"Remarkably well for a young artist, though if I rightly remember the face of the boy does not resemble the original."

"It does not," replied the landlord—" it is an exact likeness of the young man who painted it. It was by my request, for, as I always had a great regard for him, I thought I should like to have his portrait, as he was about leaving the place."

"He is not here then now."

"No, he is now on his way to Europe, where he hopes to acquire the necessary knowledge to pursue his favorite art. Some of the neighbors as well as myself employed him to paint a few pictures to enable him to raise money to defray the expenses of his voyage. Everybody liked him, he behaved himself so well, which made us very sorry for what happened just as he was about to leave the place."

"I trust he was not guilty of any misconduct," said the stranger, in an earnest tone of voice.

"No, sir—but one was who was of near kin to him, which was the next thing to it, you know, as respects the disgrace. Mr. Bellamy," said the landlord, addressing Sedley, "you know the story better than I do, and, as it seems to interest the gentleman, perhaps you will be so obliging as to tell it."

"Certainly, if it will afford you any satisfaction," said Sedley, addressing the gentleman.

Having assured him that it would, Sedley related very minutely, and with a pleasure he could not disguise, what had taken place at his father's on the evening of the party. When he had finished his recital, the stranger made no comment whatever, but merely inquired if the itinerant organist were still in the place, to which he was answered in the negative. In addition to these particulars, finding that the stranger had listened with great attention, the landlord mentioned that he was to have been married to Alice Linwood, & young lady who lived near by, but it was now supposed that the young man's high sense of honor had induced him to release her from her engagement.

"In that," said Sedley, "you as well as others are mistaken. He made great pretensions to honor and delicacy, though in reality he possessed neither the one nor the other."

The stranger surveyed him with a glance, beneath which he perceptibly quaited.

In the morning, after breakfast, the stranger requested the landlord to point out to him the residence of Mr. Linwood.

"I should not be afraid to bet a five dollar bill that he knows something about Wilfred Norman," said the landlord to himself, as he stood looking after the handsome stranger till he saw him standing on Mr. Linwood's door-step.

The door was opened by one of the children, who, in reply to his inquiry, informed him that Mr. Linwood was at home.

"I wish to ask you a few questions," said he, addressing Mr. Linwood, who had invited him to take a seat by the fire, "relative to a young man known by the name of Wilfred Norman, who has, I understand, resided in this place for the last three or four years. I should, unfortunately, have remained ignorant of this, had I not been struck by the resemblance which the shepherd boy in a picture I saw at the hotel bears to one, long since dead, who was very dear to me."

He then proceeded to make minute inquiries respecting Wilfred's conduct and progress in his studies, the answers to which appeared to give him much satisfaction.

"It is no more than right," said he, after he had received all the information in the power of Mr. Linwood to give, "that I should assign the reason for my curiosity, which you will allow to be a good one, when I tell you that Wilfred Norman is my son. My name is Wilfred Dormer, and I have for many years resided in France. My marriage was kept a secret, as my father, who had other views for me, would, had he known it, disinherited me. My wife died in less than two years afterward, which removed the principal motive for disclosing it. A second wife, the lady chosen by my father, and another son, caused me to think less frequently of the one by my first marriage, and, as I knew that he had fallen into good hands, I gradually ceased to inquire for him, more especially as it was attended with considerable difficulty. The death of my second wife, which was soon followed by that of my younger son, caused my thoughts to turn to him I had so long neglected, and without informing any person of my intention, I made immediate preparation for returning to my own country."

The first emotions of Alice at finding the stigma removed which had been cast upon Wilfred's parentage, were those of unalloyed happiness. A few minutes' reflection, however, made her doubt whether the wealthy Mr. Dormer, in whose appearance she could perceive a superiority and refinement which had a quicksilvery quality of eluding any language, which, in her own mind, she was able to employ in the way of description, might not possibly object to marrying his only son and heir to the daughter of a New England farmer.

As Wilfred had already embarked for Europe, all that his father could do at present was to send letters of explanation, which would reach him soon after his arrival in Italy, and make such arrangements as would place funds at his disposal to enable him to fully avail himself of every facility which would enable him to become—a painter.

Mr. Dormer spent the day and the night with the Linwoods, but the watchful eye of Alios could detect nothing in his high-bred politeness, which gave her the least clue by which she could judge of his opinions as respected herself.

It was a long and weary time to her before Wilfred's first letter came, and then this single, short sentence, "my father, dear Alice, tells me that he has seen you, and that he fully approves of my choice," quieted those fears which had been the thorn in her

path. As for the rest of his letter, it was filled with love, hope and enthusiasm, and a longing for that excellence which brings with it its own reward—sooger or later.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a December evening, keen, still and bright, and the circle that nightly gathered round the hearthstone of the Linwoods was very happy, for it had been enlarged by the arrival of two long-wished for guests. One of them, Mr. Dormer, had changed little in appearance since the evening he arrived at the village hotel, where he listened to the flattering description of his son's father by Sedley Bellamy. Wilfred Dormer-as we shall now call him-seemed different, yet still the same. The companionship of his father, who had joined him the second year of his residence abroad, had been the means by which he had insensibly imbibed that air of refinement which must be caught from living examples rather than acquired by studying a set of rules. Improvement in externals had kept pace with improvement in manners. All personal angularities - everything approaching to awkwardness had been subdued and polished down; yet those fascinating peculiarities which often characterize those of a truly original mind, remained unchanged. His heart too-that remained the same, and when little Charles, who though old enough to part with his pinafore, claimed his ancient privilege of sitting on his knee, said to him-"and don't you think, Wilfred, that you will love to live with me and Alice, and the rest of us, better than you did away off over the water?"-never was there a monosyllable pronounced with a truer and heartier emphasis than the "yes" he gave in reply.

Wilfred had been successful beyond his expectations, and had laid the foundation for future fame. His had never been that unhealthful, absorbing ambition

"Which leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind:"

there had ever beamed in his future horizon one sweet star before which even fame paled its ineffectual fires. It was a domestic fireside of his own, such as he had so often shared with the Linwoods, cheered by the presence of her, who, whether absent or present, had been the joy of his heart, and the silent inspirer of its energies.

Its influences had been as holy as they were cheering, mocking him with no false light, as he fully realized, when in a few weeks after his return, he found himself in one of those lovely cottages which poets love to write about, seated by his own fireside, with his wife by his side.

The walls of the apartment were adorned with pictures—some of them from the pencils of the most eminent painters, others from Wilfred's after he had acquired a more correct taste and greater skill of hand; yet there was not one of them which Alice prized so highly as the first sketch he ever drew for her, and which she, this first evening they spent by themselves, took from her port-folio and presented to her husband.

OUR FLOW ER GARDEN .- DECEMBER.



ing Cobœa, or Mexican vine, and Althea.

The floral signfications are

JAPAN LILY, Queenly Beauty. Anemone Japonica, I must be wooed. DAISY, Innocence.

CLIMBING CORCEA, Gossip Althra, Persuasion.

as the ground is frozen, or covered with snow. As { long as the frost continues the snow is not injurious earth if crusted. Water in glasses should be changed Vol. XVI.-18

Our bouquet, for this month, is composed chiefly, to plants, but rather beneficial to them, as it serves of the Japan Lily, Anemone Japonica, Daisy, Climb- as a covering to keep them warm; but as soon as it begins to melt, it should be thrown off the flower-beds and lawn, as snow water is so particularly cold and chilling, that it will kill not only delicate flowering plants, but the finer kinds of grasses.

In the flower-garden the half-hardy plants will only require to be protected; and in the greenhouse the same rules must be attended to as in November. Very little can be done in the garden at this season, Air must be admitted as freely as possible, and the greater the draught the better. In pot plants stir the, frequently-some advise the addition of a few grains of salt, or five drops of hartshorn.

About the middle of December, two or three varieties should be put into a forcing heat, ranging from fifty to sixty-five degrees; these will begin to bloom about the latter end of January, after which they should be removed to the greenhouse or conservatory, to which they will give much brilliancy, and in mild weather impart a mild perfume. About a week before the first have expanded their blossoms, another succession should be put in, selecting those which, from the enlargement of their buds, give evidence of their susceptibility of excitement; observing that the more various the color of the flower, the better effect will be produced in the greenhouse. It } is a safe rule to keep up for a succession three or four varieties, to be put into heat as above stated, strong fumigation of tobacco.

once a me att, until the season is so far advanced that the flowers are foursting in the cool house.

They shou I then be taken into heat, by which means the il ver and be larger, the colors more brilliant, and the strage ace more delightful. Every means should be lopted to prevent the attacks of we kossom in which it inserts the humble bee, aits proboscis will fo in a few hours afterward.

When the large species or plants have done flowering, all the seed vessels and be picked off, leaving such as are intended for so of. They should be then shifted and encouraged to grow; afterward placing them out of doors, as before stalle I.

Great care should be taken at all times to keep them free from insects, as they are lable to be attacked by a species of thrips, for which the best remedy is a

AN AUTUMN NIGHT.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

Solumn voices float around me Through this gentle Autumn night, And a kindred tone hath found me Roving in the dreamy light: Plaintive euphonies are swelling Through the blue extent of space, And the low, sad winds are knelling For the bloom that wanes apace: Many dusky hues are braided In the fir's sepulchral crown, And the dim, old woods are shaded With a tinge of russet brown.

From the distant midnight riot, And the dissonance of mirth. Rests a calm and holy quiet, Like a mantle over earth; From the hovel to the palace. From the highest to the low. Hush'd are all the sounds of malice, And the busy tongues of woe: But my spirit loves to mingle With the dreams that faded fast. Thus I wander in this dingle With my thoughts upon the past.

Glides the streamlet like a dancer To a nicely fashion'd chime, While the sombre hills make answer To the midnight dirge of time: Now it seems a troop of fairies Romping down the moonlit glen, Singing innocent vagaries In the dark and reedy fen: Now it rushes down an alley With a noise of silver cars, Ere it nestles in the valley To the worship of the stars.

Mournful zephyrs glide about me Through the branches bare and thin, And the plaintiveness without me Wakes an echo from within: From the desolated howers, With a melancholy wall,

Fall the Summer robes in showers. At each rustle of the gale: And the vines are seen to clamber Up the sorrow'd boughs above. Like our thoughts about a chamber Whence have pass'd the forms we love.

Lo, a hermit! Meekly folded Are his palms upon his breast, And his kindly brow is moulded With no furrow of unrest: In his youth he lov'd a maiden, And his cottage seem'd a throne, Now she dwelleth in the Aiden, While he lingers here alone: Yet not all alone! at vesper. When he strays upon the plain, Comes her foud and soothing whisper That the pure will meet again.

Ah! he never wearies dreaming Of her glad, incessant smile, Of the mellow sunlight gleaming Through her tresses all the while: The bright stars, in conscious glory, Win his eyes to Heaven's dome, And the brook's unceasing story Tells him of her sainted home: Of the home she doth inherit Far beyond the pallid moon; Peace be with thee, gentle spirit, Thou wilt wing thee to her soon!

Oh! thou night of holy feeling! With the truth thou dost impart, Comes a sacred lesson stealing Through the portals of my heart: Lesson that the moments trifled. Will return to me no more, Seeing that the groves are rifled Of the beauty that they bore: And I stand as in the presence Of a monitor, that speaks Of the soul's immortal essence, And the glory that it seeks.

LEGEND'S OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

ONE of the few thinger, in which the Old World; contrasts favorably with the New, is in its rich stories of historical and tradditionary story. The traveller who journeys through Scotland, or ascends the Rhine finds that every inili-side has its legend, and every castle-crowned precipice its romance of feudal times. The mountai ins of Bohemia, the plains of Germany, the wild lakees of Ireland, the sierras of Spain, all are hoary with tales of love or superstition, located in the grind, old Past. But in America it is different. Whe ther we traverse the broad prairies of the West, or Yaunch the cance upon our great lakes, or ascend the Hudson, or sweep down the broad bosom of the Mississippi, we go unattended by any of those delightful legends that while away the stranger's time in Europe, that fire the imagination of the poet, that guide the historian in his estimate of the character of ages long since entombed. Here, the past has departed in silence and in gloom: there, it has gone down like an autumnal sun, leaving the present a-blaze with its glory.

The task of collecting the legends of Europe has been undertaken by more than one hand. In different languages, works exist, compiled with laborious care, whose sole object is to preserve from oblivion what have heretofore been oral traditions. Frequently art has modified these romances, detracting, perhaps, from the antiquity, but improving the interest of the tale. In other cases, a mere thread of story, recovered from the past, has been enlarged into a thrilling fiction. But, in no case, has truth been utterly violated, as has frequently been the case in this country, by the invention of romances that have no foundation in reality. As a general rule, indeed, the legends of most countries in Europe, or such at least of the legends as can be proved to be authentic, strikingly exemplify the manners, or mind, or both, of the ages and people from whom they emanated. They are indeed eternal monuments, erected in literature, to exist while the land's language endures.

In an elegant volume, lately issued by a popular publishing house of New York, an attempt has been made by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, a contributor to this magazine, and an author, therefore, well known to our readers, to introduce, in a pleasing form, some of the most striking legends of Europe to the American mind. With the eye of an artist Mrs. Ellet has generally taken the rough tradition, and discarding every detail that could impair its symmetry, has worked up the incidents in the most effective manner possible. Few of the tales, in this volume, are mere transla-

*Evenings at Woodlawn. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 1 vol. New York: Baker & Scribner. Philada: J. W. Moore. tions: all aim at a higher rank. Many of the legends, thus skilfully related, assume the most thrilling interest. We may instance "The Shadowless Earl," "The Vampyre," and "Castle Greifenstein." With several of the stories our readers are already familiar, the tales having been originally contributed for this magazine: of these are "The Physician of Leipsig," and "The Broad-Stone in the Market Place," two of the best of the series. We now make room for a third, which we give for the first time, and which illustrates a curious superstition of Germany.

THE WILLI-DANCE.

From a balcony of his castle the proud Baron of Lowenstein looked forth upon the road that wound down the mountain, and along the narrow valley toward Trenesin, and the populous plain beyond. He saw a young man of noble figure and conntenance mounted on a spirited horse, issue from the castle gate, and pass rapidly along the road, every movement expressive of youthful activity and cheerfulness.

The baron laughed wildly. The next moment he summoned an attendant, and bade him call the Lady Emelka to his presence.

The fair daughter of the baron came at his summons. She looked, beside him, like a bright star beaming from the midst of a thunder cloud. Her father led her to the balcony.

"See'st thou you cavalier," he asked, "who rides so gleefully? Dost thou know him?"

The maiden, surprised at the question, answered hesitatingly—"ay, my father, I do know him; he is your page, Gyula."

"Knowest thou whither he goeth?" again asked the stern noble. "To his death!"

Like the yielding sapling when it is stricken by the blast, bent the form of the young girl; and she would have fallen had not her father's powerful arm supported her. He called her women, and dismissed her to her own apartment.

Meanwhile Gyula rode on, unconscious of the fate to which the gloomy baron, his master, had destined him. He had received orders to go to the Templars' Hospitium, at Postny, and deliver secretly, a letter to the prior. He longed for opportunity to win more of his lord's favor, and saw in this private mission mark of his confidence. Who may paint the sweet visions that haunted his fancy:—visions of love and the beautiful Emelka!

At sunset he reached a wood not far from the convent, where he halted to wait for night; for he had been commanded not to seek the prior till then. It was the close of a lovely day in May; the purple and gold of the sunset, the clear, deep blue of the vault of Heaven, the gentle whisperings of the breeze,

the rustling of the foliage, and the plaintive song of the nightingale, all filled his heart with a calm delight. He lingered till the stars came out brightly, then pursued his way, till the tall, gloomy pile of the old monastery rose before him.

At his summons, a servant opened the iron gate, that moved noiselessly on its hinges, and asked in a low tone-"come you from the Order?"

"No; I come to the prior, from the Baron of Lowenstein."

"Follow me!" was the response; and the page accompanied the servant along a vaulted gallery, and up a steep, winding stair. They stopped before a door, at which the attendant knocked softly three times. A voice within invited entrance; the servant pointed to the door, and turning, disappeared in the darkness of the corridor. Gyula opened the door.

The room was faintly lighted by a lamp, the feeble rays of which fell upon the motionless figure of the prior seated in an old-fashioned arm-chair. He looked like a knightly image on the canvas of some of the old painters. When the youth came nearer, so that his features could be seen, the grey headed man started, and passed his hand slowly over his forehead as one abstracted, or just roused from a dream. The page delivered the baron's letter; the prior opened and read it in silence. His face grew darker, and his eyes were fixed as if rooted to the writing. His silence was so deep that Gyula could hear the beatings of his heart.

At length the prior recovered himself. "Thy name?" he asked.

- "Gyula Ferhegyi."
- "Thy parents?"
- "Geisa Ferhegyi and Susa Lorandi;—they are both dead."

There was a short pause. The prior's eye was fixed on the youth's hand.

"The ring upon thy finger?"

"It was the last gift of my dying mother," answered the page, showing it.

A slight color overspread the prior's pale face. He beckoned his visitor to a seat, and said: "My predecessor has been called away, and so suddenly, that I have not had time to inform the baron of his removal. This letter is for him. It commands him, under pain of the baron's displeasure in case of disobedience, to put to death the person who bears it."

Gyula's looks showed his amazement.

"To put him to death-but secretly;" resumed the prior, "because he has dared to love his lord's daughter."

"Knows love the pride of ancestry?" asked the

"Silence!" interrupted the old man. "Thou seest I must obey the command of my superior-the baron's order."

Gyula started to his feet.

"Yet will I do thee no harm. Swear to me thou wilt keep secret what I shall disclose."

The page took the oath required. The prior continued-while his voice expressed the deepest emotion. "Thou must leave here this night. Here is a letter to our superior in Croatia; it was destined for another age; to legends of the Knight Argylus, or of

, another, but s shall be thine. Read it, and insert thine The superior will place thee among own name. Conduct thyself well, and leave the our number. ι rest to Heaven. And at the worst, if all others desert thee, thou hast a fri end in me."

"How have I dese eved such kindness?" asked the page, deeply affected.

"Thou hast led me barck," answered the old man, "into the days of my you th; thou hast softened my heart anew. I am co. 'r' ined to tell thee that thy mother has twice givene i life. I loved her; loved her with all the intensity of you uthful feeling. I saw her often at her father's castle Alas! a bappier suitor-even thy father-loved her iso! How can I describe what I suffered! I resolved to see her once more and learn my fate. I rode to the castle; all was festivity there, and an attendant in formed me the music and feasting were to celebrate the betrothal of his young mistress. I sent her a ring by the boy as my gift-it is the same thou wearest-mounted my horse and rode away. I became a Tempdar. Some time after I had taken the vows, a knight, who came to our hospitium, brought intelligence of thy mother. He described the magnificence of the bridal, and told how the rumor had gone abroad that she loved another, and had sacrificed herself at the command of her father. Every word the knight uttered was a dagger-thrust in my heart. Since that time I have heard nothing more, for I would not permit myself to inquire after her. I was sent to the East. I sought death there in vain. I returned hither but a few days since, and I now grieve not that the Saracen's sword did not reach me, since I can save thy life. But see, the sand is running low, and time presses. Farewell, and if sorrow oppress thy heart, think upon all that I have suffered."

The page knelt in speechless emotion at the feet of his benefactor. The prior rose and touched a small bell; the servant re-appeared and conducted Gyula out of the gates. The page found himself on horseback almost before he had collected his thoughts, and speedily lost sight of the gloomy walls of the convent.

In the castle of Lowenstein, meanwhile, all was desolation. Scarcely had the Lady Emelka recovered from her swoon, when a messenger from the Postny prior brought the information that the baron's page had been swept away and drowned in the waters of the Barbo ford.

Emelka was seized with a dangerous illness. the prospect of losing his only child, the baron became almost frantic. He sent for a monk renowned for medical skill, whose care rescued her from immediate danger; but he could not reach the root of her malady. She faded day after day. The summer passed; autumn came and went, and giving place to winter. The baron spent most of his time hunting in the forest.

One evening, when the snow was falling thickly, and the castle was wrapped in still rest, interrupted only by the hoarse scream of the eagle startled from her nest in the neighboring cliff, or by the measured call of the sentinel, Emelka sat in her chamber, attended by her nurse, Gunda, and listened to tales of

the first minstrels of Hungary. The load actity of the old nurse beguiled the suffering of her young mistress. She told tales of constant love—of reverenge for broken wows—of spirits walking at night to re-visit loved ones among those living—or of the access who had been separated in life being united in a mother world.

"I love best, nurse," said F melka, "to hear thee talk of the Willis. Tell mer nore of them."

"A Willi, my dear child," replied the old woman, is a maiden who dies whalle betrothed. The Willis wander restless about the earth, and hold their dances at some cross road. If they see a man, they dance him to death, and he becomes the bridegroom of the youngest Willi, who then finds repose. My sister, who died younge, is a Willi. I have often seen her in the moonly ght." Here followed a history of the sufferings and death of the poor girl, to which Emelka listened eargerly, almost forgetting her own sorrow in her internest in the narrative.

Spriging now approached. One day the baron returned from I Tervetveny, and announced to his daughter that at a was the affianced bride of its lord. Emelka knew her father's iron will, and retired in silence from his presence. The baron, well pleased, looked on the wide landscape that could be seen from the castle, and rejoiced in the expectation of ruling over so many mountains and rich vales with his son-in-law.

As for Emelka, in her heart's utter despair she prayed that Heaven would save her, and she was saved. She grew paler and paler; the rose hue vanished from her lips; the light of her blue eyes was quenched; and her raven hair hung loosely, like a shroud, over her neck and shoulders. Her last dying words were—"father, I forgive thee, that thou didst banish Gyula!"

The strong baron trembled; and when his daughter time afterward he saw them in his expired, caused the fair corpse to be borne into the they looked forgivingly on him.

wood, and interred in a cave, where he spent most of his time, refusing to speak with any one.

The intelligence of the desolation that had overtaken the fair house of Lowenstein spread rapidly abroad, and reached Gyula in Croatia. He set forward immediately on his journey homeward, resolved to force from the proud baron the privilege of watching over her grave.

It was late at night when the sad wanderer drew nigh to Lowenstein, and entered the wood above mentioned. A strange emotion overcame him as he proceeded, he heard a rustling like leaves swept past by the wind; there was a faint sound of music in the air, like the blended song of nightingales at a distance; and a feeble glimmer amidst the foliage, like the light of glow-worms. Pressing onward, he emerged into an open space; the moon rode high in Heaven; the distant clock of the convent struck twelve. The page found himself in the midst of a circle of Willis. Softly mingled their voices in a strain of melancholy music, and more and more rapidly they floated in the mazes of their dance; their rings and myrtle crowns gleaming in the light, and their long locks streaming like a cloud over each flitting form. One of them approached Gyula and seized him by the arm. He exclaimed-"Emelka!"-for Emelka it was; but he was speechless at the sight of her fixed eyes and rigid features. Her arms were thrown around him; her cold touch struck to his heart, and he expired in that embrace.

When the baron came down into the valley from the castle, next morning, he found the corpse of his former page. "May my sin be forgiven me!" he exclaimed, lifting his eyes toward Heaven. He took up the body of the unfortunate youth, bore him to the cave, and buried him beside his daughter. Many a time afterward he saw them in his dreams, and thought they looked forgivingly on him.

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT, NEW YEAR'S, 1849.

BY CLARA MORETON.

In the grave of the past, 'neath a shroud of gloom, The old year buried lies,

And her fair young child looks forth from the tomb, With tears in her starry eyes.

Her breath is as soft as a Summer breeze— Her voice is as tunefully low

As the song of the birds from the leafless trees, Or the streamlet's murmuring flow.

She smileth on me as she draweth near, And closer I clasp to my breast

The child of my love, while her blue eyes clear

Are closed in their dreamy rest.

And my heart is raised in a voiceless prayer
To Him who reigneth above,

That the gentle year in her path so fair May not crush the flowers I love.

But I think of one as pure as the snow,
That mantles her native vale,
Whose meek head is bowed like a lily's low,
And whose cheek is as purely pale.

And I sigh to think that the changeful year May mark in its course her grave, And her cherished form, so fragile—so dear, May rest where the hemlocks wave.

And I think of one whose path will be lone, When she shall have passed away;

Who will list in vain for her gentle tone,
As glideth the weary day;

Who will turn at night on his lonely bed, With bitter and burning tears,

As he thinks of the love of the sainted dead,
Of the steadfast love of years

Oh! these are but sorrowful—mournful thoughts
To welcome the new-born year;

Hath my harp no glad and rejoicing notes
Her wandering steps to cheer?

I will wait till she groweth old and faint,
"Till she needs some joyful lay,

And then if my heart hath no complaint I'll sing to her all the day.

OUTCAST'S CHRIST MAS

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"No one but the sinner knows What it means to be forgiven—God of love!"—MARY HEWITT.

ble heart, as the bleak, pitiless storm dashed against the windows.

Yet all should have been happy that day, all are supposed to be, for it was that which precedes the festival of the Christian world. Little children call it "merry Christmas"-but those who are thus carried back through a lapse of weary years, echo the phrase sorrowfully.

For two days the driving rain had been pouring down. Every street had become the channel for a turbid tide, that seemed almost impassable. rotten awnings snapped and swayed in the bleak wind, or were severed from their fastenings entirely, and swept down all dripping and saturated with moisture into the faces of the passers by.

For some few had ventured forth braving the rain and wind. Men of business, well protected by numerous wrappings, hurried to the counting-house. Porters, accustomed to exposure, collected in little groups under the frail protection of a projecting door-way-and servant girls, with pails and baskets, tried in vain to use heavy umbrellas, which they bore as well. Near the market-house there was a scene of life and activity, that was presented in no other portion of the city.

There you met not solitary passengers, but a crowd who hurried and jostled each other as they passed. Most of them carried baskets well filled with holiday cheer; and more than one did not disdain to swing upon their arms the plump, delicate poultry just purchased. The market-house itself was in striking contrast to the dreariness of the street. The stalls were piled with all attainable delicacies of the sea-There was nothing to bring to mind the lack of necessary food, from which many were that moment suffering. The well-kept vegetables and rosy apples, were suggestive only of comfortable houses, and children, with cheeks like the ripe fruit, not of little ones pale and shivering, who tortured their miserable parents with cries for bread.

As the day advanced, well dressed women were seen on the slippery side-walks, hastening to provide with their own care for the morrow's family gathering. Some had made other purchases as they passed the tempting shops, and painted toys and gaily dressed dolls were snugly packed in the butter-kettles, for once promoted from their legitimate use. Almost every one seemed in excellent spirits, despite the uncomfortable atmosphere. The market women gossiped with each other, or joked with their customers,

"The poor—God help them!" said many a charita-, one Christmas greeting was exc hanged in advance of the day, between those who i emembered each other in the same relation-purchase or and venderfor many such anniversaries.

There was one who come suddenly up son the busy scene, who seemed to have no part in its animation, and for whom no one spoke a kindly wish. not old, though there were deep lines upon her riace. and the sunken, hollow eyes did not seem a mark' of youth. Alas! they were traces of want, shame a and remorse, not of years. And they betokened the presence of illness-besides all these fearful companions -a deep and feebly resisted malady that was betrayed more plainly in the hollow, ringing cough that startled all who heard it with its sepulchral sound.

She had once been very beautiful, but you never would have dreamed it looking upon the sharp features, and watching the eager glances of those lustreless eyes. Those lips had once been full and crimson-those very eyes eloquent with hope and innocent happiness!

A faded hood was drawn closely about her face, and a thin shawl offered the semblance of a protection against the cold. This she had strained tightly about her arms, thus making more plainly visible the sharp outlines of a figure once graceful and elegant in its full proportions. Her dress, soiled and wet from the muddy streets, clung closely about her feet-and you might have seen that the shoes she wore were soaked and heavy with like moisture.

More than one shrunk at her approach—her story was so plainly told in the air of wretched langour that distinguished her. Some looked at her askance, as if she were a blot on God's creation, they were women too, who pitied suffering in any other form, but "had not charity" for one who had thus degraded their sex. Others more humble-and who perchance knew more of temptation and of want-said in the their hearts as did the good man of the dying criminal-" there go I, but for the grace of God!" and shuddered as they cast a merciful glance on the homeless creature.

She did not see them though; their disdain could not move her, and she did not thank them for kindlier thoughts. She had caught a glance of the Christmas evergreens that were piled near the entrance of the market house, and she paused for a moment and watched the vender of them as he raised the heavy wreaths, and shook the moisture from the crimson berries with which they were studded.

Think you it was a vision of the comfortable homes they were destined to decorate, contrasted with her who in turn had something pleasant to say. More than if for lorn wanderings that caused the pale lips to quiver, and the look of pain to convulse her feat fures? Was she picturing to herself the heavy curtains looped back by the fir branches, and the pictures encircled by fantastic wreaths? How little child dren would bask in the fire-light, and laugh merrily to see it dancing upon these festal decorations—ard young maidens, whose white hands had finished their graceful task, smiled to her it admired.

No—there were no such thoughts as these, for she had forgotten that the hum of a city surrounded her. A village church rose before her eyes, with its quaint, homely architecture, made beautiful by hallowed associations. She say a plain of pure white snow stretching out in the sunshine—and was once more one of the merry group that hurried up the well-worn footpath. The y had come with willing hands to speed the labor of love, and prepare the little church for the approaching festival. There was a dim recollection of a frank, boyish face looking down into her own, and that she had returned the glance with a smile that was reflected there.

7How had it all chanced! How came she to turn from that honest, heartfelt love, for the smiles and flatteries of one who was a stranger in their midst? How could she brave the anger of her father, and her mother's sorrowful look of entreaty, as she listened day after day to the promises and tempting words of the new comer? How could she have believed he would be true, when thus daily urging her to break that command which alone has a promise of reward: "honor thy father and mother!" This must be all a dream—was she ever so tenderly watched over? Alas! she had withdrawn herself from the fold—and the punishment of her disobedience was deception and desertion. It was the old tale of a downward path. Some faint struggles to return to a purer life: some fearful tempests of remorse, and then a wild, headlong career of vice and infamy. Goaded by want-stung by the recollection of what she had once been, too often drowned for the moment by the stupor of intoxication—and then followed by a reckless desperation, without thought, end, or aim.

All these transitions were the lapse of a few, very few years. She was not one to suffer calmly—she did not grow hardened until she saw that there was no escape. Once there had been a time when she might have been led to paths of peace—but one of her own sex scorned the erring Magdalene, and by bitter reproach drove her back to infamy. There was no home in our city then as now, for those who are weary of wandering, none to assist them by kind words, and hopeful promptings of future expiation. So illness came, and found her hold on life was even then very frail.

She had wandered on, passing street after street without knowing whither her footsteps tended—while she strove to re-call the past. Every recollection tortured her—but she invited the pangs—anything, anything rather than the hopeless, sullen stupor in which she had passed many days! True, her wanderings had no aim, for she was homeless. The last night, dreary as it had been, was passed in a wretched shelter, for which she had expended her last farthing, and now with this new influence upon her, she shrank

from the thoughts of a return to the coarse brutality and loathsome poverty she must there witness.

The short, dark day drew to a close, and found her still exposed to the pitiless storm. The fury of the wind had abated at noon, but the rain still continued in those fine, misty showers, that penetrate the most secure defences. Her weary limbs almost trembled with fatigue. She had eaten nothing through the day, and had been wandering since the earliest light. Her thin dress, saturated with moisture, clung around her with the chill closeness of a winding sheet—and her tired feet seemed to have lost even the sensation of fatigue in the numbness the last hour had brought.

A low, far-off tone of church-bells unconsciously guided her. She had reached the church now, and vaguely wondered why they were ringing. A few plainly dressed people passed in through the low portal, and scarcely comprehending her own movements, she followed them to the door-way. She had not entered a church for many years, a feeling of the pollution of her own presence had restrained her the few times she had been prompted to do so. Now she lingered upon the stone pavement, and wished she could dare to cross the threshold.

A fierce blast sent down a shower of icy drops from the trees that bent over the many graves around her. Oh! how often she had wished to sleep the sleep of death. Above her was a wild, dark sky—the night closing in a tempest, deserted streets stretched away in the twilight, and in all those thousand homes there was no place for her. Should she enter?

"How warm and comfortable it must be there," she thought, as the light shone faintly through the stained glass of the long windows. She resolved to pass the portal—and then she thought to creep away into some dark corner, where no one would know of her presence.

It was done. No one saw that ghastly figure glide through a dark aisle, and throw herself exhausted upon the floor of the nearest open pew. The scattered congregation were repeating the solemn confession of sin, which night and morning arose from thence to Heaven. None thought of the burden of guilt and misery so suddenly come in their midst, as they murmured humbly—"we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep."

It fell upon her ear, and mingled with the recollections that had haunted her through the day. She tried to listen to the prayers which followed, but it was in vain. Every event of her past life seemed arrayed before her. How she had once come surrounded by a happy family to listen to this very service. She could almost feel the soft breath of her little sister play upon her cheek as they knelt side by side. Could that sister have forgotten her?

She hoped so. There was a strange pleasure in picturing them all bappy, without a single remembrance of the one who had gone out from their midst. But then her mother's face arose, with that serene, sorrowful expression she so well remembered, and she would have prayed for forgiveness, but the phantom vanished.

What brought a thought of the future life with her mother's image? There was nothing in the psalm

they were alternately repeating which spoke of another world. It was a hymn of thanksgiving and praise, but she had not even heard it. Perhaps there was a memory of looking up into her mother's face when first she heard the truths of the Bible explained, so that she could understand the mystery of { the Saviour's Redemption.

Until this moment she had thought of death only as as a relief-but now she shuddered, as a voice near her said-"the life of the world to come." These too were familiar words-but till now she had never felt their meaning. What could eternity bring to her who had so fearfully misused the present existence?

One sin after another came slowly to her mind. Scarcely a crime forbidden but her soul was polluted by the commission of. An agony of remorse shook her feeble frame, and she did not hear that the blessing had been pronounced, and the congregation were slowly departing.

The choir still remained, they were rehearsing the chants to be used in the next morning's joyful services. One strain was repeated again and again, until it was echoed back from the lofty roof-"I bring you good tidings of great joy"-a single female voice in rich, contra-alto tones, dwelt with an indescribable pathos on the words—then followed a subdued chant, and the full, swelling chorus took up the strain and sung-

"Glory to God in the highest—and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The organ's loudest tones arose triumphantly, and the whole church seemed to tremble at the thrilling surge of sound. Then it died away in a plaintive minor, followed by a deep silence.

The lights were slowly extinguished. Still the wanderer moved not, nor seemed conscious that she would be the sole tenant of the dark, echoing church through the lonely night. Her head rested languidly upon her arm, and her pale lips murmured-"we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep."

penetrate the darkness. Then a dull, heavy stupor from thy ways like lost sheep!"

settled upon her. Ah, sleep is even a blessing to the weary, and s. he welcomed its approach. Deeper and deeper grew t he still tess-colder, and more terrible the pallor that s. ettled upon the wan and haggard face.

Morning came. Bright, joyous Christmas morning. The chimes were the and merrily, and the sunshine streamed in upon cromson cushions, and costly decorations of the secret, as the old sexton paced down the broad aisie- g are and there to see that all was in readine a.

He paused to fasten use door of one of the most luxurious seats-Heavens! no wonder that he grew pallid, and that his knees smote Mogether as he looked on the dead before him.

It was the corpse of a woman worn and amaciated, but still young. Her long, black hare was unbound. and falling in a heavy mass on one side of the rigid face, which rested upon her arm. There was no token by which he could guess her birth-even her name was forever a mystery to the horror-stricken old man. They bore her carefully away-for stacked is ever a reverence mingled with the awe men terel in the presence of the dead.

Scarcely an hour after, and a crowd with happy faces, oh! such a strange contrast, filled the house of God. None knew that the last scene of a fearful tragedy had so recently passed in those very walls. Among them came a proud, noble-looking man, who led his children by the hand, and knelt with his beautiful wife on the very spot from which the wanderer had so lately been borne. How would his lips have paled and trembled in the confession had he known that the victim of his base deception and false love, had a few hours before breathed out her life where his heartless worship was now offered.

So, strangely had a mysterious Providence ordered the end. And who shall say that her fault was not expiated? Who can tell but that He who bade the penitant Magdalene, "go in peace and sin no more," accepted the last remorse-the low acknowledgment Her eyes were fixed steadfastly, as if they could of that broken-heart-"we have erred and strayed

THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY LYMAN LONG.

SHE is gone—she is gone—where can she be? That radiant maiden, with heart of glee, With soul inspired by the sacred wine, That dwell on Parnassus' hill divine, With the kindling eye, and the marble brow-She is gone—is gone—where is she now?

With lyre and song she has sped away, No more do the woods resound her lay, Or balmy breeze of the evening bring Her music's breath on its gentle wing, Or float a sigh from her lips to me-She is gone—is gone—where can she be? She hath fled perchance to the grot's retreat, While the Summer's sun doth pour his heat; Or away where the crystal waters rise. Whose warbling flow to her song replies; Or perchance to the flower-enameled lea-She is gone-is gone-where can she be?

Maid of the lyre! return-return, For the Summer's sun hath ceased to burn; Return, as wont, with the harp all strung, As wont, to the breeze with tresses flung; Return to charm the enamored gales, And enchant once more our hills and dales!



T'HE WORK TABLE.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.

LADY'S PURSE.

Materials—One skein of cerese, one of blue fine crochet silk, one skein of gold twist; one hank of gold beads No. 6, one di tto of silver; a gilt top and tassel will also be required.—Thread the gold beads on the cerise silk, and i the silver on the blue, and with the

cerise make a chain of seven stitches, u nite; make two stitches i'n each stitch in the first rouand, in every alternate in thie second, and in every third in the third, passing down a bead in every stitch; work thus, increasing in each stitch until there are forty-two bead stitches in the round: now decrease each div sion of the star, working six bead stitches, one plain, increasing in the plain stitch; then decrease one bead stitch in every round till but one remain, increasing always in the same stitch in each round. work two plain rounds, still increasing as before; work one round with gold twist, without increasing; one round with cerise, passing down a bead at every stitch; and one round again with twist. Commence with blue, and work one plain round. There ought now to be sixty-four stitches in the round; if a greater number should be found, decrease by missing a stitch as may be found necessary. This must be done in the first round worked with blue.

2nd round, with blue—ten plain, three beads, one plain, two bead stitches; repeat all round.

3rd round — eight plain, eight beads; repeat.

4th round-twelve plain, four beads; repeat.

5th round—four plain, four beads, five plain, eight beads; repeat.

6th round—two plain, six beads, four plain, two beads, one plain, one bead; repeat.

7th round—one plain, four beads, two plain, three { with a chain of nine stitches; join and work beads, one plain, one bead, two plain, two beads; { stitch, passing down a bead at every stitch, repeat.

Sth round—two plain, two beads, two plain, five beads, three plain, one bead; repeat.

9th round—one plain, two beads, three plain, five beads, three plain, two beads.

__10th round—two plain, two beads, three plain, five beads, two plain, two beads; repeat.

11th round—one plain, two beads, two plain, one bead, one plain, three beads, two plain, four beads; repeat.

12th round—two plain, one bead, one plain, two beads, four plain, six beads; repeat.

13th round—five plain, three beads, four plain, four beads; repeat.

14th round—twelve plain, four beads; repeat.

15th round—eight plain, eight beads; repeat.

16th round—ten plain, two beads, one plain, three beads; repeat.

17th round—Plain, decreasing by missing every sixteenth stitch. Work one round with gold, then divide the purse, and work one-half with cerise; work eight rows, passing down a bead at every stitch, and decreasing a stitch at the beginning and end of each row; work the other half to correspond; sew on to the top, and finish with tassel in the centre of star.



GERMAN CHATELAINE.

Materials — Coarse black knitting silk and six bundles of round black beads; four pins No. 16. — Thread the beads on the silk. Cast on three loops on each of three

pins, and in knitting each stitch pass down a bead; knit till the chain is one yard and a half in length, then join the ends together. The beads must be of sufficient size to conceal all appearance of the silk. A chatelaine may be worked in crochet, commencing with a chain of nine stitches; join and work in double stitch, passing down a bead at every stitch.



SHOWING THE WHITE I ATHER.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

THERE was a young officer in the army of General! Taylor during the recent campaign in Mexico, whom we will call Gregory. He was at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, and with the troops when they entered Monterey. As he did not belong to the class of heroes who are fond of trumpeting their own fame, one or two of his fellow officers, who, from some cause or other, did not like him particularly, got up a report that he had shown the white feather on a certain occasion during the storming of the last named place. When this was told to Lieut. Gregory, he simply replied, that no truly brave officer would ever charge him with cowardice; and, for the good or bad opinion of others, he cared nothing. The person to whom this remark was made, pleased with the manliness of the reply, repeated it to a fellow officer, and from him it found its way, somewhat exaggerated, to the ears of a young Hotspur named Lieut. Green, who, considering himself referred to, felt bound to make it the plea for a quarrel.

Accordingly, on the first suitable occasion, he offered Lieut. Gregory what he intended for an insult. But somewhat to his disappointment and chagrin, the officer took no notice of the act.

"Why, Gregory!" said a friend, when they were alone, soon after. "I hoped to see you throw your tumbler in that fellow's face?"

"Which would only have been to degrade myself to his level," was coolly replied; "or to make him of more consequence than he really is. Oh, no! The best way to treat such persons, is not to see their ungentlemanly acts."

"But it is due to your character as an officer to notice personal insults."

"How do you make that out?"

"The honor of the service requires that every officer shall preserve the reputation of a gentleman."

"Is the officer who wantonly insults another officer a gentleman; while does the one insulted loses his title to that distinction unless he shoot his man, or get shot himself? But I must own to understanding my relation to the service in a very different manner. When I entered the army, it was with the purpose of serving my country, not quarrelling with officers. So long as I do my duty, I honor the service."

"All that may be true enough in the abstract. But some regard has to be paid to public opinion, which requires an insult to be properly noticed. And particularly in your case should this be done, as insinuations touching your bravery have already been made, and your failing to resent so plain and public an insult, will tend to strengthen the unjust report."

"You believe it to be unjust?"

"I know it!" was the warm response.

"80 do I."

"But so does not early one; and you ought to be exceedingly careful not to lead this slander gain a wide circulation."

"Must I disgrace myself in the effort to protect my honor?"

"No. Does a man disgrace himse. If by whipping a cur who barks at him?"

"He would evince a far higher selfer soperated he passed on without noticing the ill-natured becast. The fact is, captain, there are too many in the service who disgrace their epaulets by conduct that vouid exclude them from good society as civilians cause a young man dresses himself in a military coat. and swings a scabbard by his side, it is no reason why he should become as quarrelsome as a barnyard fowl, nor as ready to strike his spurs at every thing that comes along. This eagerness 'to flesh the maiden sword,' in the blood of fellow officers, on slight provocations, is in very bad tase, to say the least of it. And I, for one, am not going to be any example to its encouragement. Suppose, now, I were to send you to Green with a demand for an apology. Would he give it?"

"No; I presume not."

"Very well. What would be my next step?"

"You would have to challenge him."

"According to the rules of honor?"

"Yes."

"That is, because an upstart fellow, who had as little good sense as good manners, chooses to violate the courtesy of a gentleman in his intercourse with me, I must call him out and shoot him, or be shot myself! I value my own life too much, captain, to throw it away in such a cause; and Heaven knows, I am too free from the spirit of revenge to seek his life for all the wrong I have suffered at his hands."

"I can appreciate all that, Lieut. Gregory. Fut those who do not know you so well, will attribute your forbearance to a different motive. Every officer who witnessed the conduct of Green, expects you to demand an apology. I saw Freeman a little while ago, and he says that if you don't do it, you will be driven out of the camp."

A bright spot instantly burned in the cheek of Lieut. Gregory.

"I am sorry," he replied, "that the standard of true honor is so low among the officers you mention. This eagerness to shed blood comes not from a feeling of genuine courage. It has its origin in a far lower and baser feeling. The present is no time for petty quarrels; no time to throw away life. My country needs my services, and I will hold myself in readiness to meet any demand she may make upon me, and at a moment's warning."

It was all in vain, this and repeated attempts to

induce Lieut. Gregory to resent the in sult which, "This is no time for private quarrels, my young Green had offered; he was not to be mo, ved from his friend," said the general, mildly, yet firmly. "We resolution. are in an enemy's country, few in numbers, and far

The young officer, who had so fare laid aside the character of a gentleman as to give an unprovoked insult to a fellow officer, embol/dened by the forbearance—cowardice he was pleased to call it—offergory, and incited by others who had no more honor nor principle than himself, took occasion, a few days afterward, to commit a still greater outrage. Happening to be in company with several officers, among whom was Lieut. Gregory, he made several highly insulting remearks, evidently intending that Gregory should apply them to himself. The officer took no notice off them, until the words "coward" and "poltroon" were used.

"I presume," said Gregory, turning suddenly toward Green, "that you mean to apply the words to me."

"If you please," was tauntingly answered.

The parties were sitting in a room, on the first floor, the windows of which were open. Without saying anything more, or exhibiting much excitement, Gregory arose, catching hold of the young officer, pitched him out of the window!

"Served him right," said one.

"Now for sport," cried another, rubbing his hands with delight.

"We'll see who wears the white feather," muttered a third.

In a moment or two, Green came bounding back into the room, with a face like scarlet, and a volley of bitter caths rolling from his tongue. He had drawn his sword, and was brandishing it madly over his head.

"Defend yourself!" he cried, advancing toward Gregory.

Three or four of those present interfered at this crisis, and succeeded in getting Green out of the room. Lieut. Gregory soon after retired to his quarters. As he expected, a young officer called upon him with a challenge from Green during the next hour. On glancing over it, Gregory handed it back, saying, as he did so—

"My life is needed for another service than this."

"Am I to understand that you will not give the satisfaction one gentleman has a right to demand of another?" inquired the second, with a slight curl of

"I wish you to understand," replied Lieut. Gregory, "that I decline fighting with Lieut. Green. I have already given him all the satisfaction to which he is entitled.

The officer bowed and retired with a haughty, half contemptuous air. The fact that Gregory had declined a challenge from Lieut. Green was soon all over the encampment. Some of the officers took one side and some the other. In the meantime, the bellicose individual who had been so unceremoniously as well as so unexpectedly thrown out of the window, gave forth the intention that he would shoot Gregory down in the street "like a dog," the first time he encountered him. This, coming to the ears of the commanding officer, Green was sent for.

"This is no time for private quarrels, my young are in an enemy's country, few in numbers, and far from being as well equipped for war as we should be. Every life is of value, and more particularly the life of every officer. I cannot afford, therefore, to have any member of my staff shot down in the street. To-morrow we commence our march further into this territory, and further still from the reach of re-inforcements. The bravery of each man in the army is likely to be put to a severer trial than it has yet received; and you, Lieut. Green, can in no better way show yourself an honorable and brave officer, than by doing your duty to your country in the presence of her enemies. I trust to have the pleasure of mentioning you in my next despatches to the government."

The young officer retired, feeling severely this rebuke so mildly given; and also considerable disappointment at the intimation that they were still to penetrate further into the country, and thus invite an attack from an overwhelming force led on by a military chief the most distinguished in Mexico.

"It is madness to wish so much," he said, to a brother officer, when the order was promulgated.

"The old man knows what he is about," replied the other. "If he's ready to lead, I'm ready to follow."

"Oh, so am I, as to that. Still, there is such a thing as carrying bravery on to desperation"

The officer shrugged his shoulders in a way that Green did not altogether like.

"And so," he added, "the old man wouldn't let you take a crack at Gregory."

"No; but my time will come. I never forgive an injury. He's got to fight me, or I'll shoot him as I would a dog."

"That is, if you don't get shot by the Mexicans between this and San Luis, which I think more than likely."

" Why so?"

"They're a blood-thirsty set, and fight like devils, sometimes. Of course we're bound to whip them, but not without the sacrifice of many lives. So far, our victories have been attended with a heavy loss of officers, and this will be the history of the whole campaign. You are as likely to be picked off as any. The bravest, you know, are even most exposed to danger."

On the next day, the army left Monterey and commenced its march. Lieut. Gregory felt, in various instances, the re-action of his conduct in having refused to accept the challenge of Green. Some of the officers really believed that he had declined the meeting through cowardice, and felt a contempt for him that they were at no pains to conceal; while two or three, who really possessed but a small portion of true courage, saw a good opportunity for displaying their contempt of consequences something in the spirit of the ass who kicked his heels in the face of the sick lion.

At length, the little handful of troops, in their progress toward the interior, found themselves in the immediate vicinity of an army numbering over twenty thousand men. A counsel of officers was called, and the various individuals composing the staff were asked for an opinion as to the best policy to pursue. It was a moment of trial. The little army was scarcely a fourth in number to that of Santa Anna, and had, moreover, been crippled by the withdrawal of some of its most effective artillery, a portion of the armament which had, hitherto, done such good service against the Mexicans. To risk a battle, appeared, to many of the officers, little less than madness. Among those who advised falling back upon Monterey, was Green. Gregory being asked for his opinion, replied briefly—

"If we retire to Monterey, we will have to continue our march to the Rio Grande."

Several of the officers looked at him with surprise, and some with a too evident contempt.

"Truly said," was the remark of General Taylor. "Our enemy is fatigued by a long march, and exhausted through want of provisions. We are fresh, and our men possess all the spirit that comes from recent victories. If we retire the enemy will have time to refresh himself, and gain the confidence which fatigue and hunger take from the mind; while our little army will feel that it is not invincible. At Buena Vista we have the best position for a battle that can be found, and to meet the enemy here is our only chance of victory. If we go back to Monterey, as Lieut. Gregory has just said, we must retire to the Rio Grande. That consequence is inevitable. Six thousand men cannot contend, successfully, with over twenty thousand, unless there be some extraordinary advantages on their side. In our position, in the freshness of our troops, and in the moral power which repeated successes gives, we now have these advantages. Retire, and they are all lost to us."

But many officers still urged a retreat. To meet Santa Anna with such a handful of men, was only to be sure defeat. Better retire to Monterey or Camargo, and await re-inforcements.

"Up to this time," remarked Lieut. Gregory, "we have always advanced. "Let us begin to retreat, and our men will lose their confidence. We must risk this battle, or re-cross the frontier."

"Undoubtedly correct!" said the general. "We must fight to-morrow. Everything depends on this engagement."

The commander was resolute in his determination, and on the next day, the memorable battle of Buena Vista began. Every one is familiar with its progress and successful termination in favor of the American arms. It was a miracle in warfare.

During the hottest of the fight, Lieut. Green was in command of a position, the maintainance of which was of the utmost importance. Men were falling around him like grain beneath the stroke of the

reaper's si ele. Suddenly there came riding down upon him a troop of Mexican lancers. At the sight, his wavering courage fled, and, giving an order to his men to retire across a ravine to a more secure position, he turned a nd left undefended a place through which hundreds of the enemy could pour, and gain an advantage that would, in all probability, decide the fate of the day. It so happened, that Lieut, Gregory was fighting, ' wat a short distance from the position given defend, and witnessed its abandonment. It ... eiving the disastrous consequences that make w. he sprang before his men, and, in a voice and her above the roar of battle, ordered them to advance and meet the approaching troop.

When Lieut. Green reached his place of greater safety, and turned his eyes upon the point he had left, he was astonished to see the Mercan lancers falling back under a sharp fire, which was repeated ere they could recover themselves. The whole troop, instead of effecting the intended breach, were the own into disorder. He was still further surprised to object on, in the leader of the little band of heroes who had taken the place deserted by his command, the officer he had so wantonly attempted to disgrace.

This particular part of the field was under the eye of General Taylor. He had seen the abandonment of so important a point, and had sent an aid with orders to one of his most trusty officers to repair, if possible, the disadvantage, by throwing into the breach a large body of effective troops. But ere the breach a large body of effective troops. But ere the breach a large body of effective troops. But ere the breach a large body of effective troops. But ere the breach a large body of effective troops. But ere the breach a large body of effective troops. But ere the breach a large body of effective troops.

On the day after the battle, the general in command sent for Lieut. Green.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I cannot make honorable mention of you in my despatches to the government, as I had hoped to do. The laurels you might have won, will rest on the brows of Lieut. Gregory, who has proved himself a brave officer. But for his courage and presence of mind, our whole army might have suffered a disastrous defeat. And now, my young friend, take with you this advice. If you wish to gain a reputation for bravery, seek for it in defeading and sustaining your country when the time comes to risk your life in battle; not in depriving her of the service of her brave officers by shooting them in private quarrels."

The young officer retired from the quarters of his general deeply abashed. At the close of the war Gregory was made captain by brevet, as a reward for his distinguished bravery; while Lieut. Green retired from the service under a sense of disgrace that could not be overcome.

DECEMBER: A PICTURE.

The icy wind blows sharp and shrili; The fields are white with snow; The wood stands leafless on the hill; The stream is frose below;

Hoarse creaks the tall, old sycamore; The cattle seek their shed;— But, let the tempest rave and roar, Our fireside's warm and red.

C. A.



WOMEM wно DIED IN

WITH A PORTRAIT OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

In the year of grace, 1849, five remarkable women, passed from life, the Counteess of Blessington, Maria Edgeworth, Madame Catalini, Mrs Madison, and Madame Recamier. The first and last of these were celebrated for their beauty, Miss Edgeworth was one of the most popular writers of the day, and Madame Catalina enjoyed in a preceding generation the musical celebrity accorded to Jenny Lind in this. The causes of Mrs. Madison's popularity are too well known to need recapitulation here.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON Was surpassingly lovely im person, graceful in manner, and brilliant in conversation. She was born in Ireland, of a family belionging to the gentry, in 1784. Her beauty, even when a child, was capricious, and at seventeen she was lovely almost beyond belief. At this age she married her first husband, Mr. Jenkins. He soon died, leaving his wife a widow. Several years elapsed, when, in 1819, Mrs. Jenkins married the Earl of Blessington, an Irish peer, and immediately after went abroad. At this period of her life Lady Blessington was, perhaps, as handsome a woman as lived in Europe. She now met Lord Byron, then residing in Genoa, and has left her recollections of him in an agreeable volume. The success of this book turned her attention to authorship, which she followed for some years, chiefly for amusement. Her novels, however, are but second-rate. It was in conversation that Lady Blessington really shone, for here her ready wit and graceful intellect, combined with her striking beauty, rendered her irresistible.

After a residence of several years abroad the earl died, and soon after the counters established herself at Gore House, in London. She was accompanied hither by Count D'Orsay, who had married a daughter of the earl by a former marriage, but who now parted from his wife and accompanied his step-mother to England. Gore House soon became celebrated, not only in London, but throughout the civilized world. The mansion was not particularly spacious, but every room was furnished as a model. Exquisite couches, superb fauteiuls, choice curtains, paintings, statuary, and rare articles of virtu scattered through the principal apartments, gave Gore House almost the air of a fairy palace. An error of her early life excluding the countess from general society, she never paid visits, but her mansion was resorted to by all the distinguished men of London, and visited by every celebrated person from abroad. The most renowned statesmen, the greatest poets, the wittiest men of society, artists, travellers, and even venerable archbishops crowded to her social re-unions, and eagerly accepted invitations to her table. On all hands it was admitted that London did not afford a second mansion where equal beauty, grace, and intellect

has left some charming sketches of its fair owner and the society assembled there.

The income of the countess was ample, even for her splendid tastes, until within a few years before her death, when the distress in Ireland, where her husband's property lay, cut off her resources almost entirely. She fell into embarrasements, and finally, early in the present year, a crash came. The sale of her furniture at Gore House, including her most cherished "household gods," followed. It became necessary also to remove to Paris. These disappointments broke her spirits. She had been subject to an enlargement of the heart, and her difficulties insensibly augmented the disease. After having been in Paris but a few days, she was seized with apoplexy on returning from a dinner at the Duchess de Gramment's, and died in the course of a few hours. Her decease occurred on the fourth day of June, 1849. The accompanying portrait is copied from the London Lady's Newspaper, which the countess edited at the period of her death.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, the daughter of Richard Lowell Edgeworth, a gentleman of some celebrity in his day, was born in Ireland, in the year 1769. At the age of four years her father removed to Ireland, where Maria continued to reside until the day of her She is known as the author of numerous stories for children, and of several novels of high merit of their kind. Who can forget her touching tales of "Rosamond" and "Simple Susan," or the tears they wrung from us when we were children? In our later life, she charmed away hours of pain, with fictions of greater size and pretensions, whose morality was as pure as their characters were natural. She left a request that no biography should be written of her, nor any of her letters published; hence we shall never learn the incidents of her childhood, the experiences of her personal history, nor whether she refused the sweet vocation of wife and mother from choice, or from some early disappointment of the heart. Mrs. S. C. Hall, in an admirable narrative of a visit

to Edgeworthstown, has given the following interesting description of Miss Edgeworth:-"In person she was very small-smaller than Hannah More-and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manner; her face was pale and thin, her features irregular; they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manner so entirely well-bred-partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness-that you never thought of her, in reference either to plainness or beauty; she was all in all; occupied, without fatiguing the attention; charmed by her pleasant voice; while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue-very blue-eyes, made of value every word she uttered; reigned. N. P. Willis, who visited at Gore House, her words were always well chosen; her manner of

expression was gracef il and natural; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she knew how to listen as well as to talk, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to the society of which, at the time, she formed a part; while listening to her, she continually re-called to me the story of the fairy whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they opened. Miss Edgeworth was remarkably neat and particular in her dress; her feet and hands were so very small as to be quite child-like."

MADAME CATALINI was born at Sinigaglia, in the Papal States, about the year 1785, her father being a rich jeweler. Until the age of fourteen she was educated with her eldest sister in a convent, and even at this early age the sweetness and power of her voice were much noticed and praised. The invasion of Italy by the French was productive of so many losses to her father, that he resolved to take advantage of the musical talent of his daughter to procure the means of livelihood. She accordingly made her first appearance in the opera at Rome, where her success was immediate and astonishing. She now went to Lisbon, and afterward to Madrid, in both which cities the applause she received was unbounded. In 1806 she made her first appearance in Paris. Here she excited the greatest admiration by the majestic manner in which she executed some of the finest airs from serious Italian operas. "Son Regina," from the "Semiramide" of Portogallo, was one of the greatest of her triumphs. The most difficult passages presented no obstacle to her, while the extent, clearness, and flexibility of her voice enabled her to accomplish with ease every song which was put before her.

Leaving France, she went to Eugland, where new triumphs awaited her. She became as much the fashion as Jenny Lind has since become, and as she asked immense prices she speedily became rich. To her honor it is to be recorded that one of her first acts after being possessed of wealth, was to purchase an estate for her father and mother. Madame Catalini's voice was of the most uncommon quality, and capa ble of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat was remarked by medical men to possess a power of expansion and muscular motion of the most unusual kind; and when she threw out her voice to the utmost. its volume and strength surprised and astonished the hearer; while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semi-tones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, were equally surprising. These wonderful powers led her to astonish more than to please, and her excessive love of ornament spoiled every simple air which she attempted. Her greatest delight was in a song of a bold and spirited character, in which she could indulge in ad { libitum passages with a luxuriance and redundancy (generations. She expired on the twelfth of June, which no other singer ever possessed. In her per-

sonal deme anor she was tyrannical and overbearing to inferiors, haughty to those she considered her equals. She vas, when young, eminently handsome. She left Eugla nd in 1819, and opened a theatre in Paris, but the speleculation proved unsuccessful. Subsequently she travielled throughout Europe, giving concerts, and having amassed the largest fortune ever gained by a prima don'na, retired to private life.

MADAME RECAMIER W788. for many years, the focus of intellectual society in Paris. She was a woman of surpassing beauty and g race, and not destitute of intellect. During the period of the Consulate and Empire, and after Madame de Stael had fallen under the displeasure of Napoleon, Macdame Recamier distinguished herself by continuing the friend of the author of "Corinne," and finally was compelled, by Bonaparte, to go into exile from Paris it . consequence of it. At the Restoration she became a leader in society at Paris. Her saloons were generally opered for visitors at half past four in the afternoon, end were universally resorted to by the most con ment men of France, who remained until a quarter believe seven, when the re-union broke up. Among her warmest friends was Chateaubriand. Madame Recamier continued cheerful and even gay to the very end of her long life, even after blindness had overtaken her. She died in Paris.

MRS. MADISON, relict of the late ex-President, James Madison, held a somewhat similar position in the United States, to that which Madame Recamier enjoyed in Paris. But the station of Mrs. Madison was even loftier than Madame Recamier's; since to equal grace and loveliness she added a name indissolubly connected with the political history of our country, as the widow of one of our most celebrated statesmen. Mrs. Madison was born in North Carolina, of a Quaker family, by the name of Payne. Directly after her birth, her father removed to Philadelphia, where, at an early age, the daughter married a young lawyer of celebrity, named Todd. Mr. Todd soon dying, his widow formed a matrimonial connexion with James Madison, afterward Secretary of State under Jefferson, and subsequently President of the United States. As Jefferson had no wife, Mrs. Madison presided at the White House during his term, as well as afterward during her husband's this exalted station her grace, her amiability, and her tact, joined to conversational powers of no mean order, and a presence that inspired in every beholder the highest sense of the beautiful, rendered her preeminent. After her husband's retirement from office, and even after his decease, she still retained her ascendancy in society at Washington, enjoying the reverential homage of all parties for two succeeding

ТНЕ BEGGAR.

WILD drives the sleet, the icy gale Cuts freezing to the bone; Yet yonder sits a beggar-man, Gray-haired, and all alone!

Full seventy years ago, for us, His patriot blood he shed. Go, bring him in, and give him food. Alas! the veteran's dead! H. J. B.

PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STRPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District 'Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 195.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLORENCE had taken up her pencil again, but still remained in active, gazing wistfully through the lace curtains, through which might be seen the little fountain flinging up a shower of spray amid flowers gorgeous with autumn tints and the crisp brown that had settled on the little grass plot. Notwithstanding the defilias were in a glow of rich tints, and the chrysanthemums sheeted with snow white, rosy, and golden blossoms, there was a tinge of decay upon the leaves, very beautiful, but always productive of mournful feelings. Florence had felt this influence more than usual that morning, and now with her excited nerves there was something in the glow of those flowers, and the soft rush of water-drops, that made her heart sink. If the autumn and summer had been so dreary with all the warmth and brightness of sunshine and blossoms, what had the winter of promise to her? Spite of herself she looked down to the thin, white hand that lay so listlessly on the paper, and gazed on it till tears swelled once more against those half closed eyelids. "How desolate to be buried in the winter, and away from all-" These were the thoughts that rose and swelled in that young heart, and the objects that gave rise to them were flowers, autumn flowers, the richest and most beautiful things on earth. Thus it often happens in life, that lovely objects awake our most painful and bitter feelings, either by a mocking contrast with the sorrow that is within us, or because they are associated with the memory of wasted happiness.

As Florence sat gazing upon the half veiled splendor of the garden flowers, she saw a man open the little gate, and move with a slow, heavy step toward the door. The face was unfamiliar, and the fact of any strange person seeking that dwelling was rare enough to excite some nervous trepidation in a young and fragile creature like Florence.

"There is some one coming," she said, with a tone and look of alarm quite disproportioned to the occasion, addressing Robert, who was thoughtfully pacing the room. "Will you go to the door, I believe every one is out except us?"

Robert shook off the train of thought that had made him unconscious of the heavy footsteps now plainly heard in the veranda, and went to the door.

Jacob Strong did not seem in the least embarrassed, wildly beautiful her face had become. Her eyes abthough nothing could be supposed further from his solutely sparkled through the drooping lashes; her thoughts than an encounter with the young man in small mouth was parted in a glowing smile—you that place. Perhaps he lost something of the abrupt—could see the pearly edges of her teeth behind the

ness unconsciously assumed during his walk, for his mien instantly assumed a loose, almost slouching carelessness, such as had always characterized it in the presence of Leicester or his protegee.

"Well, how do you do, Mr. Otis? I didn't just expect to find you here! Hain't got much to do down at the store, I reckon?"

"Never mind that, Mr Strong," answered the youth, good humoredly, "but tell me what brought you here. Some message from Mr. Leicester, ha!"

"Well, now you do beat all at guessing," answered Jacob, drawing forth the billet doux with which he was charged. "Ain't there a young gal a living here, Miss Flo— Florence Nelson? If that ain't the name I can't cipher it out any how!"

"Yes, that is the name—Miss Nelson does live here," said Robert. "Give me the note, I will deliver it!"

"Not as you know on, Mr. Otis," replied Jacob, with a look of shrewd determination. "Mr. Leicester told me to give this ere little concern into the gal's own hand, and I always obey orders though I break owners. Jest be kind enough to show me where the young critter is, and I'll do my arrand in less than no time and back agin!"

"Very well, come this way, Miss Nelson will receive the note herself."

Florence was standing near the window, her bright, eager eyes were turned upon the door, she had overheard Leicester's name, and it had thrilled through every nerve of her body.

Jacob entered with his usual heavy indifference. He looked a moment at the young girl, and then held out the note-Robert fancied that a shade of feeling swept over that usually composed face, but the lace curtains were waving softly to a current of air let in through the open doors, and it might be the transient shadows thus flung upon his face. Still there was something keen and intelligent in the glance with which Jacob regarded the young girl while she bent over the note. Suddenly he turned those keen, grey eyes, now full of meaning, and almost stern in their searching power, upon the youth himself. Robert grew restless beneath that stern scrutiny, the color mounted to his forehead, and as a relief he turned toward Florence. She was busy reading the note, apparently unconscious of the person, but oh! how wildly beautiful her face had become. Her eyes absolutely sparkled through the drooping lashes; her small mouth was parted in a glowing smile-you bright red of lips that seemed just bathed in wine. She was trembling from head to foot, not violently, but a blissful shiver like that which stirs a leaf at noonday in the calm summer time, wandered joyously over her delicate frame. Twice, three times she read the note, and then her soft eyes were uplifted and turned upon Robert in all their glorious joy.

"See," she said, and her voice was one burst of melody—"oh! what ingrates we have been to doubt him!" In her bright triumph she held forth the note, but as Robert advanced to receive it she drew back. "I had forgotten," she said, "I alone was to know it. but you can guess—you can see how happy it has made me."

Robert Otis turned away somewhat annoyed by this half confidence. Florence, without heeding this, sat down by the table, and, with the open note before her, prepared to write, but her excitement was too eager, her hand too unsteady, after several vain efforts she took the note and ran up stairs.

Thus Jacob and Robert were left alone together The youth, occupied with his own thoughts, seemed quite unconscious of the companionship forced upon him. He sat down on the couch which Florence had occupied, and, leaning upon the table, supported his forehead with one hand. Jacob stood in his old place regarding the varied expressions that came and went on that young face. His own rude features were greatly disturbed, and at this moment bore a look that approached to anguish. Twice he moved his person as if to approach Robert, and then fell back irresolute, at last he strode forward, and before the youth was aware of the movement, a hand lay heavily upon his shoulder.

"So you love her, my boy?"

Robert started. The drawling tone, the rude down East enunciation was gone. The man who stood before him seemed to have changed his identity. Rude and uncouth he certainly was, but even in this there was something imposing. Robert looked at him with parted lips and wondering eyes, there was something even of awe in his astonishment.

"Tell me, boy," continued Jacob, and his voice was full of tenderness—"tell me, is it love for this girl that makes you thoughtful? Are you jealous of Edward Leicester?"

Robert lost all presence of mind, he did not answer, but sat motionless with his eyes turned upon the changed face bending close to his.

"Will you not speak to me, Robert Otis? You may, you should, for I am an honest man."

"I believe you are!" said Robert, starting up and reaching forth his hand, "I know that you are, for my heart leaps toward you. What was the question you put, I will answer it now? Did you ask if I loved Florence Nelson?"

"Yes, that was it, I would know, otherwise events may shape themselves unluckily. I trust, Robert, that in this you have escaped the snare."

"I do not understand you, but can answer your question a great deal better than I could have done three days ago. I do love Miss Nelson as it has always seemed to me that I should love a sister had one been made an orphan with me: I would do any

thing for he'r, serifice anything for her. Once I thought this ic we, but now I know better. Was there not another question, am I not jealous of Edward Leicester? I do not know, my heart sinks when I see them together- -I cannot force myself to wish her his wife, and yet the reprignance is unaccountable to myself. He is real entermination when dearer very soul revolts at the thought than a sister, be of their union. It was this that made me thoughtful: I do not love Florence in vour meaning of the word: I am not jealous of Mr Leicester, but God forgive me! there is something in in v heart that rises up against him! There, sir, you have not confidence. I may be imprudent-I may be wron, but it cannot be helped now."

"You have been neither improdent nor wrong," answered Jacob, laying his hand on the frent head of the youth. "I am a plain man, but you will find in me a safer councellor than you imagine, a wiser 1 to —though not more sincere—than your good auat."

"Then you know my aunt?" cried Robert, profoundly astonished.

"It would have been well had you confided even in her on Thanksgiving night, when you were so near confessing the difficulties that seem so terrible to you. A few words then might have relieved all your troubles."

"Then Mr. Leicester has told you—has betrayed me to—to his servant, I would not have believed it!" Robert grew pale as he spoke: there was shame and terror in his face: deep bitterness in his tone, that moment he was suffering the keen pangs which a first proof of treachery brings to youth.

"No, you wrong Mr. Leicester there, he has not betrayed you, never will, probably, nor do I know the exact nature of your anxieties."

"But who are you then? An hour ago I could have answered this question, or thought so. Now you bewilder me, I can scarcely recognize any look or tone about you—which is the artificial, which the real."

"Both are real—I teas what you have hitherto seen me years ago. I am what you see now, but I can at will throw off the present and identify myself with the past. You see, Robert Otis, I give confidence when I ask it—a breath of what you have seen or heard to-day repeated to Mr. Leicester would send me from his service. But I do not fear to trust you!"

"There is no cause of fear, I never betrayed any thing in my life—only convince me that you mean no evil to him."

"I only mean to prevent evil! and I will!"

"All this perplexes me," said Robert, raising one hand to his forehead—"1 seem to have known you many years; my heart warms toward you as it never did to any one but my aunt."

"That is right, an honest heart seldom betrays itself. But hush, the young lady is coming, God help her, for she loves that man."

"It is worship, idolatry, not love; that seems but a feeble word, it gives one a heart-ache to witness its ravages on her sweet person."

"And does she feel so much?" said Jacob, with emotion.

Before Robert could answer, the light step of

Florence was heard on the stairs; when she entered the room Jacob stood near the door, holding his hat awkwardly between both hands, and with his eyes bent upon the floor.

"You will give this to Mr. Leicester," the said, still radiant and beautiful with happiness, placing a note in Jacob's hand-"here is something for yourself, I only wish it could make you as happy as-asthat it may be of use, I mean." Blushing and hesitating thus in her speech, she placed a small gold coin upon the note. Poor girl, it was a pocket-piece given by her father, but in her wild gratitude she would have cast thousands upon the man whose coming had brought so much happiness.

Jacob received the coin, looked at her earnestly for a moment, half extended his hand, and then thrust it into his pocket.

"Thank you, marm, a thousand times-I will do the errand right off!" and putting on his hat Jacob strode from the house, muttering as he cast a hurried glance around the little garden-"it seems like shooting a robin on her nest-I must think it all over again."

Robert would have followed Jacob Strong, for his mind was in tumult, and he panted for some more perfect elucidation of the mystery that surrounded this singular man. But Florence laid her hand gently on his arm, and drew him into the window recess: her face was bright with smiles and bathed in blushes. "You were ready to go without wishing me joy," she said, "and yet you must have guessed what was in that precious, precious note!"

Robert felt a strange thrill creep through his frame. He turned his eyes from the soft orbs looking into his, for their brilliancy pained him.

"No," he said, almost bitterly, "I cannot guessperhaps I do not care to guess!"

"Oh! Robert, you do not know what happiness is: no human being ever was so happy before. How cold -how calm you are. You could feel for me when I was miscrable, but now, now it is wrong: he charged me to keep it secret, but my heart is so full, Robert; stoop and let me whisper it-tell nobody, he would be very angry-but this week we are to be married!"

"Now," said Robert, drawing a deep breath, and speaking in a voice so calm that it seemed like prophecy-"now I feel for you more than ever."

The little, eager hand fell from his arm, and in a voice that thrilled with disappointment, Florence said, "Then you will not wish me joy?"

Robert took her hand, grasped it a moment in his, and flinging aside the cloud of lace that had fallen over them, left the room. Florence followed him with her eyes, and while he was in sight a shade of sadness hung upon her sweet face-but her happiness was too perfect even for this little shadow to visit it more than a moment. She sunk upon an ottoman in the recess, and, with her eyes fixed upon the autumn flowers without, subsided into a reverie, the sweetest, the brightest that ever fell upon a youthful heart.

CHAPTER XV.

Pen, ink and paper lay upon the table. The curtains were flung back, admitting the broad sunshine and prompt even for his wily influence, and now Vol. XVI.-19

that revealed more clearly than the usual soft twilight with which Leicester was in the habit of enveloping himself, the strong lines which time and passion, sometimes allowed to run wild, sometimes curbed with an iron will, had left on his handsome features. Papers were on the table, not letters, but scraps that bore a business aspect, some half printed, others without signature, but still in legal form as notes of hand are given.

Leicester took one of these checks-a printed blank, and gazed on it some moments with a fixed and thoughtful glance. He laid it gently down, took up a pen, and held the drop of ink on its point up to the light, as if even the color were an object of interest. He wrote a word or two, merely filling up the blank before him, but simple as this seemed, that hand, usually firm as marble, quivered on the paper, imperceptibly it is true, but enough to render the words unsteady. His face, too, was fiercely pale, if I may use the term, for there was something in the expression of those features that sent a sort of hard glow through their whiteness. It was the glow of a desperate will mastering fear. With a quick and scornful quiver of the lip he tore the half filled check in twain, and cast the fragments into the fire. "Am I growing old?" he said, aloud, "or is this pure cowardice? Fear, what have I to fear?" he continued, hushing his voice. "It cannot be brought back to me, a chain that has grown link by link for years will not break with any common wrench. Still if it could be avoided, the lad's loves me!-well, and have not others loved me?-of what use is affection if it adds nothing to one's enjoyments? If the old planter had left my pretty Florence the property at once, why then-but till she is of age, that is almost two years-till she is of age we must live."

Half in thought, half in words, these ideas passed through the brain and upon the lip of Edward Leicester. When his mind was once made up to the performance of an act, it seldom paused even to excuse a sin to his own soul, but this was not exactly a question of right and wrong: that had been too often decided with his conscience to admit of the least hesitation. There was peril in the act he meditated. peril to himself, this it was that made his brow pale. and his hand unsteady. During a whole life of fraud and evil doing, he had never once placed himself within the grasp of the law. His instruments, less guilty, and far less treacherous than himself, had often suffered for crimes that his keen intellect had suggested. For years he had entirely lived upon the fruit of iniquities prompted by himself, but with which no personal connection could ever be proved. Now his subtle forethought in selecting and training an agent who should bear the responsibility of crime while he reaped the benefit, had failed. The time had arrived when Robert Otis was, if ever, to become useful to his teacher. But evil fruit in that warm, generous nature had been slow in ripening. With all his subtle craft Leicester dared not propose the fraud which was to supply him with means for two years' residence in Europe.

There was something in the boy too clear-sighted

after years of training worthy of Lucifer himself, Leicester, for the first time, found his chosen instrument fail. Robert might be deluded into wrong—might innocently become his victim, but Leicester despaired of making him, with his bright intellect and honorable impulses, the principal or accomplice of an act such as he meditated.

A decanter of brandy stood upon the table, Leicester filled a goblet and half drained it. This in no way disturbed the pallor of his countenance, but his hand grew firm, and he filled up several of the printed checks with a rapidity that betrayed the misgivings that still beset him.

He examined the papers attentively after they were written, and, selecting one, laid it in an embroidered letter-case which he took from his bosom, the others he placed in an old copy-book that had been lying open before him all the time: it was the same book that Robert Otis had taken so stealthily from his aunt's stand-drawer on Thanksgiving night.

When these arrangements were finished, Leicester drew out his watch, and seemed to be waiting for some one that he expected.

Again he opened the copy-book and compared the checks with other papers it contained. The scrutiny seemed to satisfy him, for a smile gleamed in his eyes as he closed the book.

Just then Robert Otis came in. His step had become quiet, and the rosy buoyancy of look and manner that had been so interesting a few months before, was entirely gone. There was restraint, nay, something amounting almost to dislike in his air as he drew a seat to the table.

"You are looking pale, Robert; has anything gone amiss at the counting-house?" said Leicester, regarding his visitor with interest.

"Nothing!"

"Are you ill then?"

"No, I am well-quite well!"

"But something distresses you, those shadows about the eye, the rigid lines about that mouth—there is trouble beneath them. Tell me what it is—am I not your friend?"

Robert smiled a meaning, bitter smile, that seemed strangely unnatural on those fresh lips. Leicester read the meaning of that silent reproach, and it warned him to be careful.

"Surely," he said "you have not been at F——street without your friend?—you have not indulged in high play, and no prudent person to guide you?"

"No!" said Robert, with bitter energy, "that once—that night I did play, how, why, it is impossible for me to remember. Those few hours of wild sin were enough, they have stained my soul—they have plunged me in debt—they have made me ashamed to look a good man in the face."

"But I warned, I cautioned you!"

Robert did not answer, but by the gleam of his eyes and the quiver of his lips, you could see that words of fire were smothered in his heart.

"You would have plunged into the game deeper and deeper but for me."

"Perhaps I should, it was a wild dream—I was {racked, would of his own free will mad—the very memory almost makes me insane. again: but how am I to repay you?"

, I, so young, so cherished, in debt, and how—to what amount?"

"Enough—I am afraid," said Leicester, gently— "enough to cover that pretty farm, and all the bank stock your nice old aunt has scraped together. But what of that?—she is in no way responsible, and gambling debts are only debts of honor, no law reaches them!"

"I will not make sin the shelter of meanness," answered the youth, with a wild flash of feeling—"these men may be villains, but they did not force themselves upon me. I sought them of my own free choice; no, I cannot say that either, for Heaven knows I never wished to enter that den!"

"It was I that invited, nay, urged you!"

"Else I had never been there!"

"But I intended it as a warning—I cautioned you, pleaded with you."

"Yes, I remember, you said that I was ignorant, awkward, a novice—Mr. Leicester, your advice was like a jeer—your caution a taunt, your words and manner were at variance; I played that night, but not of my own free will. I say to you, it was not of my own free will!"

"Is it me upon whom your words reflect?" said said Leicester, with every appearance of wounded feeling. Robert was silent.

"Do you know," continued Leicester, in that deep, musical tone, that was sure to make the heart thrill—"do you know, Robert Otis, why it is that you have not been openly exposed?—why this debt has not been demanded long ago?"

"Because the note which I gave is not yet due!"

"The note—a minor's note—what man in his senses would receive a thing so worthless? No, Robert, it was my endorsement that made the paper valuable. It is from me, your old friend, Robert, that the money must come to meet the paper at its maturity."

Tears gushed into the young man's eyes, he held out his hand across the table, Leicester took the hand and pressed it very gently.

"You know," he said, "this note becomes due almost immediately."

"I know—I know. It seems to me that every day has left a mark on my heart; oh! Mr. Leicester, how I have suffered!"

"I will not say that suffering is the inevitable consequence of a wrong act, because that just now would be unkind," said Leicester, with a soft smile, "but hereafter you must try and remember that it is so."

Robert looked upon his friend: his large eyes dilated: and his lips began to tremble, you could see that his heart was smitten to the core. How he had wronged that man! tears of generous compunction rushed to his eyes.

"It will be rather difficult, but I have kept this thing in my mind," said Leicester. "To-morrow I shall draw a large sum, a portion must redeem your debt, but on condition that you never play again!"

Robert shuddered. "Play again!" he said, and tears gushed through the fingers which he had pressed to his eyes, "would you fear that a man who has been racked, would of his own free will seek the wheel again: but how am I to repay you?"

"Confide in me, trust me. Oh! Robert, the suspicions that were in your heart but an hour since, they will return."

Robert shook his head, and swept the tears from his eyes.

"No, no! even then I hated myself for them: now, oh! how good, how forgiving, how generous you are—I am young, strong, have energy. In time this shameful debt can be paid—but kindness like this—how can I ever return that?"

"Oh! opportunities for gratitude are never wanting: the bird we tend gives back music in return for care, yet what can be more feeble? Give me love, Robert, that is the music of a young heart—do not distrust me again!"

"I never will!"

Leicester wrung the youth's hand. They both arose. "If you are going to the counting-room I will accompany you," he said; "my business must be negociated with your firm."

"I was first going to my room," said Robert.

"No matter, I will walk slowly—by the way, here is your old copy-book, I have just been examining it. Those were pleasant evenings, my boy, when I taught you how to use the pen."

"Yes," said Robert, receiving the book, "my dear aunt claims the old copies as a sort of heir loom. I remembered your wish to see it, and so took it quietly away, I really think she would not have given it up even to you."

"Then she did not know when you took it away?"

"No, I had forgotten it, and so stole down in the night. She was sound asleep, and I came away very early in the morning."

"Dear old lady," said Leicester, smiling, "you must return her treasure before it is missed; stay, fold your cloak over it. I shall see you again directly."

Leicester's bed-chamber communicated with another small room, which was used as a dressing-closet. From some caprice he had draped the entrance with silken curtains such as clouded the windows; scarcely had he left the room when this drapery was flung aside, revealing the door which had evidently stood open during his interview with Robert Otis. Jacob Strong closed the door very softly, but in evident haste, dropped the curtains over it, and taking a key from his pocket, let himself out of the bed-chamber. He overtook Robert Otis a few paces from the hotel, and touched him upon the shoulder.

"Mr. Otis, that copy-book, my master wishes to see it again—will you send it back?"

"Certainly," answered Robert, producing the book. "But what on earth can he want it for?"

"Come back with me, and I will tell you!"

"I will," said Robert; "but remember, friend, no more hints against Mr. Leicester, I cannot listen to them."

"I don't intend to hint anything against him now!" and Jacob, drily, and they entered the hotel together.

Jacob took the young man to his own little room, and the two were locked in together more than an hour: when the door opened Jacob appeared composed and awkward as ever, but a powerful change had come upon the youth. His face was not only

pale, but a look of wild horror disturbed his countenance.

"Yet I will not believe it," he said, "it is too fiendish. In what have I ever harmed him?"

"I do not ask you to believe, but to know. Keep out of the way a single week, it can do harm to no one."

"But in less than a week this miserable debt must be paid!"

"Then pay it!"

Robert smiled bitterly.

"How? by ruining my aunt? Shall I ask her to sell the old homestead?"

"She would do it—she would give up the last penny rather than see you disgraced, Robert Otis!"

"How can you know this?"

"I do know it, but this is not the question. Here is money to pay your debt, I have kept it in my pocket for weeks."

Robert did not reach forth his hand to receive the roll of bank-notes held toward him, for surprise held him motionless.

"Take the money, it is the exact sum," said Jacob, in a voice that carried authority with it. "I ask no promise that you never enter another gambling hall, you never will!"

"Never!" said Robert, receiving the money; "but how—why have you done this?"

"Ask me no questions now, by-and-bye you will know all about it, the money is mine. I have earned it honestly; as much more is all that I have in the world. No thanks! I never could bear them, besides it will be re-paid in time!"

"If I live," said Robert, with tears in his eyes.

"This week, remember—this week you must be absent. A visit to the old homestead, anything that will take you out of town."

"I will go," said Robert, "it can certainly do no harm."

And they parted.

Adeline Leicester fled from the keen disappointment which almost crushed her for a time, and sought to drown all thought in the whirl of fashionable life. Her reception evenings were splendid. Beauty, talent, wit, everything that could charm or dazzle gathered beneath her roof. She gave herself no time for grief, occasionally a thought of her husband would sting her into fresh bursts of excitement-sometimes the memory of her parents and her child passed over her heart, leaving a swell behind like that which followed the angels when they went down to trouble the still waters. Her wit grew more sparkling, her graceful sarcasm keener than it had ever been. She was the rage that season, and exhausted her rich talent in efforts to win excitement. She did not hope for happiness from the homage and splendor that her beauty and wealth had secured.

When all other devices for amusement failed to keep up the fever of her artificial life, she bethought her of a new project. Her talent, her wealth must achieve something more brilliant than had yet been dreamed of, she would give a fancy ball.

posed and awkward as ever, but a powerful change \ At first Adeline thought of this ball only as somehad come upon the youth. His face was not only thing that should pass like a rocket through the upper ten, but as the thought grew upon her, she resolved to make this an epoch in her own inner life; the man whom she had loved, the husband who had so coldly trampled her to the earth in her seeming poverty-he should witness this grand gala—he should see her in the full blaze of her splendid career. There was something of proud retaliation in this: she fancied that it was resentful hate that prompted this desire to see and triumph over the man who had scorned her. Alas! poor woman, was there no lurking hope?—no feeling that she dared not call by its right name in all that wild excitement?

She sent for Jacob, and besought him to devise some means by which Leicester should be won to attend her ball, without suspecting her identity.

"Let it be superb-let it surpass everything hitherto known in elegance," she said, "he shall be here-he shall see the poor governess, the scorned wife in a new phase."

There was triumph in her eyes as she spoke.

"You love this man, even now in spite of all he has done?" said Jacob Strong, who stood before her while she spoke.

"No," she answered-"no, I hate-oh! how I do hate him!"

Jacob regarded her with a steady, fixed glance of the eye, he was afraid to believe her. He would not have believed her but for the powerful wish that gave an unnatural impulse to his faith.

"He may be dazzled by all this splendor-the knowledge of so much wealth will make him humble -he will be your slave again!"

Adeline glanced around the sumptuous array of her boudoir. Her eyes sparkled: her lip quivered with haughty triumph.

"And I would spurn him even as he spurned me in that humble room overhead, that room filled with its wealth of old memories."

Jacob turned away to hide the joy that burned in his eyes.

"Oh! my mistress, say it again. In earnest truth you hate this man-do not deceive yourself-do not deceive me. Have you unwound the adder from your heart? Did that night do its work?"

Adeline Leicester paused; she was ashamed to own even before that devoted servant, how closely the adder still folded himself in her bosom. She turned pale as death, but still answered with unfaltering voice, "Jacob, I hate him!"

"Not yet-not as you ought to hate him," answered Jacob, regarding her pallid face so searchingly that his own cheek whitened, "but when you see him in all his villainy, as I have seen him, when you know all!"

"And do I not know all-what is it you keep from me? Yet what can I learn more vile, more terrible than the past?"

"What if I tell you that within a month, Edward Leicester, your husband, will be married to another woman!"

"Married! married to another!-Leicester-my " she broke off, for her white lips refused to utter another syllable. After a momentary struggle she started up..." does he think that I am dead?...does he hope that night had killed me?"

"He knows that you are living; but thinks you have returned to England."

"But this is crime—punishable crime."
"I know that it is."

A faint, incredulous smile stole over her lips, and she waved her hand, "he will not violate the law, never was a bad man more prudent."

"He will be married to-morrow night."

"And to that girl! why, does he love her so much? Has she beauty so overpowering? What has she to tempt Leicester into the crime?"

"Her father is dead. By his will a large property falls to this poor girl. The letter came under cover to Leicester: he opened it. After the marriage they will sail for the north of Europe-there the letter will follow them, telling the poor orphan of her father's death. How can she guess that her husband has seen it before!"

"But I-I am not dead?"

"But you love him, he knows that better than you do. Death is no stronger safe-guard than that knowledge. In your love or in your death he is equally safe."

"God help me, this is the truth, but I will not be a slave to this love forever. If this last treachery be true, my soul will loathe him as he deserves."

"It is true."

"But my ball is to-morrow night. He accepted You are certain that he will come?" the invitation.

"He accepted the invitation eagerly enough," said Jacob, drily; "but what then?"

"Why, to-morrow night-this cannot happen before to-morrow night-then I shall see him; after that-no, no, he dare not. You see, Jacob, it is in order to save him from deeper crime-and we must not sit still and allow this poor girl to be sacrificedthat would be terrible. It shall be prevented."

"Nothing easier. Let him know that the brilliant, the wealthy Mrs. Gordon is his wife; say that she has millions at her disposal; this poor girl has only one or two hundred thousand, the choice would be soon made."

"Do you believe it? can you think it was belief in my poverty, and not-not a deeper feeling that made him so cruel that night; would he have accepted me for this wealth?"

A painful red hovered in Adeline's cheek as she asked this question—it was shaping a humiliating doubt into words. It was exposing the scorpion that stung most keenly at her heart.

Jacob drew closer to his mistress; he clasped her two hands between his, and his heavy frame bent over her, not awkwardly, for deep feeling is never awkward.

"Oh, my mistress, say to me that you will give up this man—utterly give him up—even now you cannot guess how wicked he is; do not, by your wealth, help him to make new victims-do not see him and thus give him a right over yourself and your property, a right he will not fail to use-give up this ball-leave the city-this is no way to find that poor old man, that child-

"Jacob! Jacob!" almost shricked the unhappy woman, "do you see how such words wound and rankle? I may be wild—the wish may be madness,
—but once more let me meet him face to face—"

Jacob dropped her hands, two great tears left his eyes and rolled slowly down his cheeks.

"How she loves that man," he said, in a tone of despondency.

"Remember, Jacob, it is to serve another. What if thinking himself safe he marries that poor girl?" said Adeline, in a humble, deprecating tone.

"Madam!" answered Jacob, "do you know that the law gives this man power over you, a husband's power, if he chooses to claim it?" Jacob broke off and clenched his huge hand in an agony of impatience, for his words had only brought the bright blood into that eloquent face: through those drooping lashes he saw the downcast eyes kindle.

"She hopes it! she hopes it!" he said, in the bitterness of his thought, "but I will save her—with God's help I will save them both!"

When Adeline Leicester looked up to address her servant, he had left the room.

Among other things Jacob had been commissioned to procure a quantity of hot-house flowers, for the conservatories at Mrs. Gordon's villa were to be kept in the full wealth of these blossoms, and Adeline was prodigal of flowers in every room of her dwelling, even when no company was expected. In order to procure enough for this grand gala evening, Jacob had resource to Mrs. Gray who trafficked at times in everything that has birth in the soil. Mrs. Gray was delighted with this commission, for it promised a rich windfall to her pretty favorite, Julia Warren. So after the market closed that day she went up to Dunlop's and bargained for all the exotics his superb greenhouse could produce. She informed Julia of her good luck, and returned home with a warmth about the heart worth half a dozen Thanksgiving suppers, bountiful as hers always were.

The next day Julia was going up town, bearing a basket loaded with exotics on her arm. It was late in the afternoon, for the blossoms had been left on the stalk to the latest hour, that no sweet breath of their perfume should be wasted before they reached the boudoir they were intended to embellish.

It was a sweet task that Julia had undertaken. Loving flowers as she did, it was a delicious luxury to gaze down upon her dewy burden as she walked along, surrounded by a cloud of fragrance invisible as it was intoxicating. A life of privation had rendered her delicate organization keenly susceptible of this delicate enjoyment. It gratified the hunger of sensations almost ethereal. She loitered on her way, she touched the flowers with her hands, and every blossom was bathed in odor. Rich mosses of heliotrope, the snowy cape jassamine, clusters of starry daphna, crimson and white roses-with many other blossoms strange as they were sweet, made every breath she drew a delight. A glow of exquisite satisfaction spread over her face, her dreamy eyes were never lifted from the blossoms except when a corner was to be turned or an obstacle avoided.

"My girl, where are you going? Are those flowers for sale?"

Julia started, and looked up. She was just then he drew close to her. The gentleman rang-a faint

before a cottage house, laced with iron balconies and clouded with creeping vines, red with the crimson and gold of a late Indian summer. The garden in front was gorgeous with chain dahlias and other autumn flowers that had not yet felt the frost, and on the basin of a small marble fountain in the centre stood several large aquatic lilies, from which the falling water-drops rained with a constant and sleepy sound.

Julia did not see all this at once, for the glance that she cast around was too wild and startled. She clasped the basket of flowers closer to her side, and stood motionless. Some potent spell seemed upon her.

"Can't you speak, child? are those flowers for sale?"

Julia remained gazing in the man's face; her eyes, once fixed on those features, seemed immoveable. He stood directly before her, holding the iron gate which led to the cottage open with his hand.

"No-no-if you please sir, they are ordered. A lady wants them."

"Then they are not paid for—only ordered—come in here. There is a lady close by who may fancy some of those orange blossoms."

"No, no, sir; the lady might be angry!"

"Nonsense! I want the flowers—not enough to be missed though—just a handful of the white ones. Here is a piece of gold worth half your load. Let me have what I ask, and I dare say your customer will give just as much for the rest."

"I can't, sir, indeed I can't," said Julia, drawing a corner of her little plaid shawl over the basket, "but if you are not in a hurry—if the lady can wait an hour—I will leave these and get some more from the greenhouse."

The man did not answer, but, placing his hand on her shoulder, pushed the frightened child through the open gate.

"Let your customer wait—during the next hour you must stay here. It is not so much the flowers that I want as yourself!"

"Myself!" repeated the poor Julia, with white and quivering lips.

"Go in—go in—I want nothing that should frighten you. Stay—just now I remember that face. Remember, I am an old customer!"

"I remember," answered Julia, and tears of affright rushed into her eyes.

"Then you know me again?—it was but a moment—how can you remember so long and so well?"

"By my feelings, sir-I wanted to cry then-I can't help crying now?"

"This is strange! Young ladies are not apt to be so much shocked when I speak to them? No matter, I won't loathe your flowers and your services just now: oblige me, and I will pay you well for the kindness."

Julia had no choice, for as he spoke the gentleman closed the gate, and completely obstructed her way

"Pass on—pass on!" he said, with an imperative wave of the hand.

Julia obeyed, walking with nervous quickness as

noise come from within, and the door was opened by a quiet old lady in mourning.

"Then you have come—you persist!" she said, addressing the gentleman!

"Step this way a moment," he answered, in a subdued voice, opening the parlor door; "but first send this little girl up to Florence, if you still refuse, the must answer for a witness. Besides she has flowers in her basket, and my sweet bride would think a wedding ominous without them!"

"Ominous indeed!" said the lady, pointing with her finger that Julia should ascend the stairs. "Edward, I will not allow this to go on; to witness the sin would be to partake of it."

"Mother," answered Leicester, gently taking the lady's hand, while he led her to the parlor, "tell me your objections, and I will answer them with all respect. Why is my marriage with Florence Nelson opposed?"

"You have no right to marry—you are not free—cannot be so while Adeline lives."

"But Adeline is dead! Mother, say now if I am not free to choose a wife?"

"Dead! Adeline Wilcox dead! Oh, Edward, if this be true."

"If! It is true. See, here are letters bearing proof that even you must acknowledge."

He held out some letters bearing a European postmark. The old lady took them, put on her glasses, and suspiciously scrutinized every line.

"Are you convinced, mother, or must I go over sea, and tear the dead from her grave before your scruples yield?"

The old lady lifted her face: a tear stole from beneath her glasses.

"Go on," she said, in a deep, solemn voice—"go on, add victim to victim, legally or illegally, it scarce matters, that which you touch dies. But remember—remember, Edward, every new sin presses its iron mark hard on your mother's heart, the weight will crush her at length."

"Why is maternal love so strong in your bosom that Scripture is revised in my behalf? Must my iniquities roll back on past generations?" said the son, with a faint sneer.

"No, it is because in my own sin originates yours. Your father was a bad man, Edward Leicester, profligate, treacherous, fascinating as you are. I married him-woe, woe upon the arrogant pride-I married him and said, in wicked, self-confidence-'my love shall be his redemption.' My son-my son, you cannot understand me-you cannot think how terrible iniquity is when it folds you in its bosom. There is no poison like the love of a profligate-the fang of an adder is not more potent. It spreads through the whole being, it lives in the moral life of our children, I said—'my love is all powerful, it shall reform this man whom I love so madly.' I made the effort-I planted my soul beneath the Upas tree, and expected not only to escape but conquer the poison. Look at me, Edward, can you ever remember me other than l am-still, cold, hopeless! Yet I only lived with your father three years, before that I was bright and joyous beyond your belief. He died as he had lived.

Did the curse of my arrogance end there? No, it found new life in his son, his son and mine, I had blended my being with the poison of his. In you, Edward-in you my punishment embodied itself. Still I hoped, and strove against the evil entailed upon you, Heaven will bear me witness I struggled unceasingly, but as you approached maturity with all the beauty and talent of your father, the moral poison revealed itself also. Then the love that I felt for you changed to fear, and as one who has turned a serpent loose among the beautiful things of earth, I said, 'let my life be given to protect society from the evil spirit which my presumption has forced upon it.' It was an atonement acceptable of God. How many deserted victims my roof has sheltered you know-how many I have saved from the poison of your influence it is needless to say. This one, so gentle, so rich in affection, I hoped to win from her enthralment, or, failing that, she might be resigned to the arms of death, more merciful, more gentle than yours. I have pleaded with her, warned her, but she answers as I answered when those who loved me said of your father, 'it is a sin to marry him!' Must she suffer as I have suffered? Oh! Edward, my son, turn aside this once from your prey, she is innocent -she is helpless-save her young heart from the stain that has fallen upon mine?"

"Nay, gentle mother, this is scarcely a compliment—you forget that I wish to marry the young lady."

How cold, how insulting were the tones of his voice—how relentless was the spirit that gleamed in his eyes. The unhappy mother stood before him, her pale hands clasped and uplifted, tears streaming down her face, and words of thrilling eloquence hushed upon her lips, that no syllable of his answer might be lost. It came, that dry, insolent rejoinder; her hands fell slowly down; her figure shrunk downward.

"I have done!" broke from her lips, and she walked slowly from the room.

"Madam, shall we expect you at the ceremony?" said Leicester, following her to the door.

She turned upon the stairs, and gave him a look so sad, so earnest, that even his cold heart beat slower.

"It is not important!" he muttered, turning back, "we can do without her; this little girl and the servant must answer, though I did hope to trust no one!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Julia Warren mounted the flight of steps in wild haste, as the caged bird springs from perch to perch when terrified by strange faces; then she paused in her fright, doubtful where to turn or what room to enter. As she stood thus irresolute, a door opposite was softly pushed open, and a fair, young face looked out. The eyes were bent downward; the cheek and temples, shaded with masses of loose ringlets, that admitting snowy simpses of a graceful neck, and shoulders undressed save by these bright tresses, and a muslin dressing-gown half falling off and huddled to the bosom with a fair, little hand.

Imperceptibly the door swung more and more open,

till Julia caught the outline of a figure slender, flexible, and so fragile in its beauty, that to her excited imagination it seemed almost ethereal. Like a spirit that listens for some kindred sympathy, the young creature bent in the half open door. The faint murmur of voices from below rose and fell upon her ear. No words could be distinguished, nothing but the low, deep tones of a voice, familiar and dear as the pulsations of her own heart, blended with the strangely passionate accents of another. The gentle listener could hardly convince herself that some strange woman had not entered the house, so thrilling and so full of pathos was that voice, usually so calm and so cold.

Julia stood motionless, and holding her breath, she saw nothing but the outline of a slender person, the shadowy gleam of features through masses of wavy hair, but it seemed as if she had met that graceful vision before, it might be in a dream-it might bestay, the young girl lifted her head, and swept back the ringlets with her hand. A pair of dark, liquid eyes fell upon the flower girl, and she knew the glance. The eyes were larger, brighter, more densely circled with shadows than they had been at the time that come back upon the child's memory, but the tender expression, the soft loveliness, nothing could change that.

The hand dropped from among the ringlets it held, away from that pale cheek, and a glow, as of freshly gathered roses, broke through them as Florence drew her form gently up, and stood with her eyes fixed upon the trembling intruder.

Julia came forward, changing color with every step. "A gentleman, the lady I mean-I-I was sent up here. If they wan't the flowers for you I would not mind, though the other lady has spoken for them!"

Florence cast her eyes on the basket of flowers, a bright smile kindled over her face, and drawing the child into the chamber, she took the heavy basket in her arms, and, overpowered by its weight, sunk softly down to the carpet, still holding it in her lap. Thus with the treasure half buried in the white waves of her dressing gown, she literally buried her face in the blossoms, while her very heart seemed to drink in the perfume that exhaled again in broken and exquisite sighs.

"And he sent them? how good, how thoughtfuloh! I am too, too happy!"

She gathered up a double handful of the blossoms, and rained them back into the basket. Their perfume floated around her, some of the buds fell in the folds of her snowy muslin, that drooped like waves of foam over her limbs. She was happy and beautiful as an angel gathering blossoms in some chosen nook of Paradise.

There was something contagious in all this, something that sent the dew to Julia's eyes, and a glow of \ love to her heart.

"I am glad-I am almost glad that he made me come in," she said, dropping on her knees that she might gather up some buds that had fallen over the basket-"how I wish you could have them all! Heoffered a large gold piece, but you know I could not take it. If we-that is if grandpa and grandmawere rich, I never would take a cent for flowers, it down. She really seemed shivering with cold.

seems as if God made them on purpose to give away."

"So they are not mine, after all?" said Florence, with a look and tone of disappointment.

"Yes-oh, yes, a few. That glass thing on the toilet, I will crowd it quite full, the prettiest toojust take out those you like best."

"Still he ordered them-he tried to purchase the whole, in that lies happiness enough." The sweet, joyous look stole back to her face again, that thought was more precious than all the fragrance and bloom she had coveted.

The door-bell rang. Florence heard persons coming from the parlor, she started up leaving the basket at her feet.

"Oh, I shall delay him-I shall be too late; will no one come to help me?" she exclaimed. "I dare not ask her, but you, surely you could stay for half an hour?"

"I must stay if you wish it: he will not let me go: but indeed, indeed, I am in haste. It will be quite dark!"

"I do not wish to keep you by force," said Florence, gently, "but you seem kind and I have no one to help me dress. Besides, she, his mother, will not stay in the room, and to think of being quite alone, with no bridesmaid—no woman even for a witness it frightens me!"

"What-what is it that you wish of me?" questioned Julia, while a sudden and strange thrill ran through her frame.

"I wish you to stay a little while to help put on my dress, and then go down with me. You look very young, but no one else will come near me, and it seems unnatural to be married without a single female standing by."

Florence grew pale as she spoke; there was indeed something lonely and desolate in her position, which all at once come over her with overwhelming force. Julia, too, from surprise or some deeper feeling, seemed struck with a sudden chill; her lips were slightly parted, the color fled from her cheek.

'Married! married!" she repeated, in a voice that fell upon the heart of Florence like an omen.

"To-night-in an hour-I shall be his wife!" How pale was the poor bride as these words fell from her lips! How coldly lay the heart in her bosom! She bent her head as if waiting for the guardian angel who should have kept better watch over a being so full of trust and gentleness.

"His wife! his!" said Julia, recoiling a step, "oh! how can you-how can you?"

A crimson flush shot over that pale forehead, and Florence drew her form to its full height.

"Will you help me-will you stay?"

"I dare not say no !" answered the child. "I would not if I dare!"

Again the door-bell rang: "hush!" said Florence, breathlessly, "it is the clergyman, that is a strange voice, and he-Leicester-admits him. How happy I thought to be at this hour! but I am chilly, chilly as death; oh, help me child!"

She had been making an effort to arrange her hair, but her hands trembled, and at length fell helplessly "Sit down, sit down in this easy-chair, and let me try," said Julia, shaking off the chill that had settled upon her spirits, and wheeling a large chair draped with white dimity, toward the toilet. Lights were burning in tall candlesticks on each side of a swing mirror, whose frame of filigree'd and frosted silver gleamed ghastly and cold on the pale face of the bride.

"How white I am; will nothing give me a color?" cried the young creature, starting up from the chair. "Warmth, that is what I want! My dress—let us put that on first—then I can muffle myself in something when you curl my hair."

She took up a robe of costly lace, rich with the art of Brussels. "Isn't it beautiful!" she said, with a smile, shaking out the soft folds. "He sent it." She then threw off her dressing gown and arrayed herself in the bridal robe; the exertion seemed to animate her; a bright bloom rose to her cheek, and her motions became nervous with excitement.

"Some arrange blossoms to loop up the tunic in front," she said, after Julia had fastened the dress; "here, just here!" and she gathered up a few fo'ds of the soft lace in her hand, watching the child as she fell upon one knee to perform the task, for Florence was trembling from head to foot with the wild, eager excitement that had succeeded the chill of which she had complained, and could do nothing for herself. When the buds were all in place, Florence sunk into the easy-chair, huddling her snowy arms and bosom in a rose-colored opera cloak, for, though her cheeks were burning, cold shivers now and the seemed to ripple through her veins. The soft linin: of swan's-down, which she pressed to her bosom with both hands, seemed devoid of all warmth one moment, and the next she flung it aside glowing with overheat. There was something more than agitation in all this, but it gave unearthly splendor to her beauty.

"Now—now," said Julia, laying the last ringlet softly down upon the bosom of the bride, "look at yourself, sweet lady, see how beautiful you are."

Florence stood up and smiled as she saw herself in the mirror, an angel from Heaven could not have looked more delicately radiant Masses of raven curls fell upon the snow of her neck and her bridal dress. Circling her head, and bending with a soft curve to the forehead, was a light wreath of starry jassamine flowers woven with the deep, feathery green of some delicate spray that Julia had selected from her basket, because it was so tremulous and fairy-like. All at once the smile fled from the lips of Florence Nelson, a look of mournful affright come to her eyes, and she raised both her hands to tear away the wreath.

"Did you know it? Was this done on purpose?" she said, turning upon the child.

"What---what have I done?"

"This wreath, these jassamines, you have woven them with cypress leaves." Florence sunk into the chair shuddering, she had no strength to unweave the ominous wreath from her head.

"1—1 did not know it," said the child, greatly distressed, "they were beautiful, I only thought of that. Shall I take them off, and put roses in the place?"

"Yes, yes—roses, roses, these make me feel like death!"

That instant there was a gentle knock at the chamber-door, Julia opened it, and there stood Mr. Leicester. The child drew back; he saw Florence standing before the toilet.

"Florence, love, we are waiting!"

He advanced into the chamber, and drew her arm through his. She looked back into the mirror, and shuddered till the cypress leaves trembled visibly in her curls.

"My beautiful-my wife!" whispered Leicester, pressing her hand to his lips.

What woman could withstand that voice, those words? The color came rushing to her cheek again, the light to her eyes: she trembled, but not with ominous fear. Those words, sweeter than hope, shed warmth, and light, and joy where terror had been.

"Follow us!" said Leicester, addressing the child.
Julia moved forward: a thought seemed to strike
the bridegroom, he paused—

"You can write, at least well enough to sign your name?" he said.

"Yes, I can write!" she answered, timidly.

"Very well-come!"

The parlor was brilliantly lighted, every shutter was closed, and over the long window, hitherto shaded only with lace, fell curtains of azure damask, making the seclusion more perfect.

A clergyman was in the room: and Leicester had brought his servant as a witness. This man stood near the window, leaning heavily against the wall, his features immoveable, his eyes bent upon the door. Julia started as she saw him, for she remembered the time they had met before upon the wharf, that most eventful day of her life. His glance fell on her as she came timidly in behind the bridegroom and the bride, there was a slight change in his countenance, then a gleam of recognition, which made the child feel less completely among strangers.

It was a brief ceremony; the clergyman's voice was monotonous; the silence chilling. Julia wept in silence, to her it seemed like a funeral.

The certificate was made out. Jacob signed his name, but so bunglingly that no one could have told what it was—Mr. Leicester did not make the effort. Julia took the pen, her little hand trembled violently, but the name was written quite well enough for a girl of her years.

"Now, sir—now please, may I go?" she said, addressing Leicester.

"Yes—yes, here is the piece of gold, I trust your employer will find no fault—but first tell me where you live?"

Julia told him where to find her humble abode, and hurried from the room. Her basket of flowers had been left in the chamber above; she ran up to get it, eager to be gone. In her haste she opened the nearest door; it was a bed-room, dimly lighted, and by a low couch knelt the old lady she had seen in the hall. Her hands were clasped, her white face uplifted, there was anguish in her look; but that tearless anguish that can only be felt after the passions are quenched. Julia drew softly back. She found her basket in

the next room, and come forth again, bearing it on her arm. She heard Leicester's voice while passing through the hall, and hurried out dreading that he might attempt to detain her.

Scarcely had the child passed out when Leicester came forth, leading Florence by the hand. He spoke a few words to her in a low voice: "try and reconcile her, Florence. She never loved me, I know that, but who could resist you? To-morrow, if she proves stubborn, I will take you hence, or, at the worst, in a few days we will be ready for our voyage to Europe."

Florence listened with downcast eyes. "My father, my kind old father! he will not be angry; he must have known how it would end when he gave me to your charge. Still it may offend him to hear that I am married, when he thinks me at school."

"He will not be angry, love!" said Leicester, and he thought of the letter announcing old Mr. Nelson's death. "But the good lady up stairs; you must win her into a better mood before we meet again; till then, sweet wife, adieu!"

He kissed her hand two or three times—cast a hurried glance up stairs, as if afraid of being seen, and then pressed her, for one instant, to his bosom.

"Sweet wife!" the name rang through and through her young heart like a chime of music. She held her breath and listened to his footsteps as he left the house, then stole softly up the stairs.

The clergyman went out while Julia was up stairs in search of her flowers. Jacob Strong left the parlor at the same time, but instead of returning, he let the clergyman out and, moving back into the darkened extremity of the hall, stood there, concealed and motionless. He witnessed the interview between Leicester and Florence, and, so still was everything around, heard a little of the conversation.

Before Florence was half way up the stairs he came out of the darkness and spoke to her.

"Only a little while, dear lady, pray come back; I will not keep you long."

Florence, thinking that Leicester had left some message with his servant, descended the stairs and entered the parlor. Jacob followed her and closed the door; a few minutes elapsed, possibly ten, and there came from the closed room a low cry, followed by a voice wild with passionate anguish. The door was flung open—the bride staggered forth and supported herself against the frame-work.

"Mother! mother! oh, madam!" Her voice broke and ended in gasping sobs.

A door overhead opened, and the old lady whom Julia had seen upon her knees came gliding like a black shadow down the stairs.

"I thought that he had gone," she said, and her usually calm accent a little hurried. "Would he kill you under my roof? Edward Leicester!"

"He is not here—he is gone," sobbed Florence,
"but that man——" she pointed with her finger
toward Jacob Strong, who stood a little within the
door. He came forward, revealing a face from which
all the stolid indifference was swept away. It was
not only troubled but wet with tears.

"It is cruel—I have been awfully cruel," he said, Vot., XVI.—20

addressing the old lady—"but she must be told. I could not put it off. She thought herself his wife!"

"I am his wife!—I am his wife!—his wife, do you hear?" almost shrieked the wretched girl. "He called me so himself! You saw us married, and yet dare to slander him!"

"Lady, she is not his wife!" said Jacob, sinking his voice, but speaking earnestly, as if the task he had undertaken was very painful. "He is married already!"

"He told me—and gave me letters from abroad to prove it—that Adeline was dead" The old lady spoke in her usual calm way, but her face was paler than it had been, and her eyes were full of mournful commisseration as she bent them upon the wretched bride.

"Then he was married—he has been married before!" murmured Florence, and her poor, pale hands fell helplessly down. The old lady drew close to her, as if to offer some comfort, but she had so long held all affectionate impulses in abeyance that even this action was constrained and chilling, though her heart yearned toward the poor girl.

"Madam, did you believe him when he said his wife was no more?" questioned Jacob Strong.

The old lady shook her head, and a mournful smile stole across her thin lips; pain is fearfully impressive when wrung from the heart in a smile like that. Florence shuddered.

"And you—you also, his mother!" burst from her quivering lips.

"God forgive me! I am," answered the old lady.

"Then," said Jacob Strong, turning his face resolutely from the poor, young creature, whose heart his words were crushing: "Then, madam, you have seen his wife?—you would know her again?"

"Yes, I should know her."

"This night, this very night, you shall see her then. Come with me; this poor young lady will not believe what I have said, come and be a witness that Mrs. Adeline Leicester is alive—alive with his knowledge. Two hours from this you shall see them together—Edward Leicester and his wife—the mother of his child—will you come? There seems no other way by which this poor child can be saved."

"I—I will go! let me witness this meeting," cried Florence, suddenly arousing herself, and standing upright. "I will not take his word nor yours. You stander him!—you slander him! If he has a wife let me look upon her with my own eyes."

The old lady and Jacob looked at each other. Florence stood before them, her soft eyes flashing, her cheeks fired with the blood, grief had driven from her heart.

"You dare not—I know it, you dare not!"

Still her auditors looked at each other in painful doubt.

"I knew that it was false!" cried Florence, with a smile of wild exultation. "You hesitate—this proves it. To-morrow, madam, I will leave this roof—I will go to my husband. The very presence of those who slander him is hateful to me. To-night! yes, this instant, I will go!"

"Let her be convinced," said the old lady.

The strong nerves of Jacob gave way. He looked at that young face, so beautiful in its wild anguish, and shrunk from the consequences of the conviction that awaited her.

"It would be her death!" he said, "I cannot do it!"

"Better death than that which might follow this unbelief."

The old lady placed her hand upon Jacob's arm, and drew him aside. They conversed together in low voices, and Florence regarded them with her large, wild eyes, earnestly, as a wounded gazelle might gaze upon its pursuers.

"Come!" said Leicester's mother, attempting to lay her hand upon the shrinking arm of the bride, "it needs some preparation, but you shall go. God help us both, for this is a fearful task!"

Florence was strong with excitement. She turned, and almost ran up the stairs. Jacob went out, and during the next two hours, save a slight sound in the upper rooms from time to time, the cottage seemed abandoned.

At length a carriage stopped at the gate. Jacob entered, and seating himself in the parlor, waited. They came down at last, but so changed, that no human penetration could have detected their identity. The old lady was still in black, but so completely enveloped in a veil of glossy silk, that nothing but her eyes could be seen. A diamond crescent upon the forehead, a few silver stars scattered among the sombre folds that flowed over her person, gave sufficient character to a dress that was only chosen as a disguise.

Florence was in a similar dress, save that every thing about her was snowy white. A veil of flowing silk had been cast over her bridal array, glossy and wave-like, but thick enough to conceal her features. Like the other costume, her dress was sprinkled with stars. That which represents the morning—of a larger size and sparkling with diamonds—gathered up the veil on her left temple, leaving it to flow, like the billows of a cloud, over her form, and downward till it swept her feet. Without a word the three went forth and entered the carriage.

CHAPTER XVII.

Wg take the reader once more to the residence of Adeline Leicester; not as formerly, when the tempest raged around its walls and darkness slept in its sumptuous apartments, when sobs and groans, and the wail of tortured persons alone broke the gloomy stiliness. Not as then do we re-visit the stately mansion, with its tall old trees, its turrets and its stained sashes, from which clouds and clouds of gorgeous light come pouring upon the bland autumnal air. So broad was the illumination, so rich the tinted rays, you might have seen to gather autumn flowers from the ground, even to the most shaded extremity. But the white dahlias were tinged of an amber hue in that rich glow the wax-balls hung like drops of gold on the thickets, and the trees, to the depth of their ripe foliage, were } luminous with rich light, blending with the still more } gorgeous leaves.

Julia Warren approached this mansion with admiring wonder. It seemed like something she had read of in a fairy tale—the lamps gleaming like stars among the trees and in the thickets; the foliage so strangely luminous; the crisp glass tinged with a brownish and golden green. All these things were like enchantment to the child, she whose life had been in that dull, comfortless basement. She looked around in delighted bewilderment, the very basket upon her arm seemed filled with strange blossoms as she entered the lofty vestibule, and changed the richly hued atmosphere without for the flood of pure gaslight that filled the dwelling.

"Oh! here she is at last—why, child, what has kept you?" A pretty young woman. in a jaunty cap and pink ribbons, made this exclamation, while Julia stood looking about in her bewilderment. Her very dress, her quick, but graceful movements, had an imposing effect upon the child.

"Are you the lady?" she said.

"No-no!" answered the girl, with a pretty laugh, for the compliment pleased her. "Come up stairs, quick—quick, my lady has been so impatient."

They went up a flight of steps, the waiting maid exchanging words with a footman who passed them, Julia treading lightly with her load of flowers. Her little feet sunk into the carpet at every step: once only in her life had she felt the same elastic swell follow her tread. Nothing could be more unlike than the dark mansion that rose upon her memory, and the vision-like beauty of everything upon which her eyes fell. The floors seemed literally trodden down with flowers. Rich draperies of silk met her eye wherever she turned A door swung open to a touch of the waiting-maid. Julia remembered the room which they entered. The couch of carved ivory and azure damask -the lace curtains that hung against the windows like floating frost-work-the rich blue waves that fell over them, and, dearer than all, the marble Flora placed near the couch, bending from its pedestal with pure and classic grace, gazing so intently on the white titles in its hand as if it doubted that the flowers were indeed but a beautiful mockery of nature.

Julia drew a quick breath as she recognized all these objects, but the waiting-maid gave her but little time even for surprise. She crossed the room and opened a door on the opposite side. They entered a dressing-room, leading evidently to a sumptuous bedchamber, for through the open door Julia could see glimpses of rose-colored damask sweeping from the windows, and a snow white bed, over which masses of embroidered lace fell in transparent billows to the floor. The dressing-room corresponded with the chamber, but Julia saw nothing of its splendor. Her eyes were turned upon a toilet richly draped with lace, and littered with jewels; a standing glass set in frosted silver, was lighted on each side by a small alabaster lamp, which hung against the exquisite chasing like two great pearls, each with perfumed flame breaking up from its heart.

It was not the sight of this superb toilet, though a fortune had been flung carelessly upon it, that made the child's heart beat so tumultuously, but the lady who stood before it. Her back was toward the door, but Julia felt who she was, though the beautiful features were only reflected upon her from the mirror.

The lady turned. Her eyes were bent upon the diamond bracelet she was trying to clasp on her arm. Oh! how different was that face from the tear-stained features Julia had seen that dark night. How radiant, how more than beautiful she was now! Every motion replete with grace; every look brilliant with flashes of exulting loveliness!

How great was the contrast between that superb creature, in her robe of rich and glossy satin, heightened by the floating lustre of soft illusion lace, which seems, more than any fabric on earth, like a web of woven moonlight, and the humble child who stood there so motionless, with the flower basket at her feet, her hands folded in that little plaid shawl, her large eyes filled with wonder beneath the pink hood, now faded with much washing. Notwithstanding this contrast between the proud and mature beauty of the woman and the meek loveliness of the child, there was an air, a look, something indeed indescribable in one, which reminded you of the other. Adeline turned suddenly, and moved a step toward the child; a thousand diamond sparks flashed from the folds of her lace overdress as she moved; a wreath of trembling brilliants studded up the golden depths of her profuse tresses, but all the light of her diamonds was not more beautiful than the smile that broke over her features as she recognized the little girl.

"And so, you have found me again," she said, untying the pink hood, and smoothing the bright hair thus exposed with her two palms, much to the surprise of the waiting-maid. "Look, Rosanna, is she not lovely, with her meek eyes and that smile?"

The waiting-maid glanced her black eyes from the lady to the child: "beautiful! why, madam, the smile is your own!"

"Rosanna! cried the lady, "this is flattery; never again speak of my resemblance to any one, especially to a child of that age. It offends, it pains me!"

"I did not think to offend, madam; the little girl is so pretty—how could 1?"

Adeline did not heed her; she was gazing earnestly on the little girl. The smile had left her face, and this made a corresponding change in the sensitive child. She felt as if some offence had been given, else why should the lady look into her eyes with such earnest sadness?

"What is your name?"

The question was given in a low and hesitating voice.

- "Julia, Julia Warren."
- "Yes, that is enough. Rosanna, never speak in this way again!"
- "Never, if madam desires it? But the flowers: see what quantities the little thing has brought. No wonder she was late—such a load."
- "True, we were waiting for the flowers; here, fill my bouquet holder—the choicest, remember—and let every blossom be fragrant."

Rosanna took a bouquet holder, whose delicate net work of gold seemed too fragile for all the jewels with which it was enriched, and kneeling upon the floor began to arrange a cluster of flowers. Her

active fingers had just wound the last crimson and white roses together, when a footman knocked at the door. She started up, and went to see what was wanted.

"Madam, the company are arriving; two carriages have set down their loads already."

Adeline had been too long in society for this announcement to confuse or hurry her, had no unusual cause of excitement arisen, but as it was, the superb repose, usual to her manner, was disturbed: "who are they? have you seen them before?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, madam, often."

"No stranger—no gentleman who never came before—you are certain?"

"None, madam."

There was something more in this than the usual anxiety of a hostess to receive her guests. "I am insane to loiter here," she murmured, drawing on her gloves; "he might have come—for the universe I would not miss his first look—the bouquet, Rosanna, and handkerchief, where is my handkerchief?"

"Is this it, ma'am?" said Julia, raising a soft mass of gossamer cambric and costly lace from the carpet, where it had fallen.

This drew Adeline's notice once more to the child. "Oh, I had forgotten," she said, going back to the toilet and taking up a purse that lay among the jewels, "here; I have not time to count it, take the money, but some day you must bring back the purse, remember."

She took her bouquet hastily from the waitingmaid, and went out, leaving the purse in Julia's hand. She crossed the boudoir and then turned back; "remember, the flowers are for these rooms," she said, addressing the maid, and waving her hand with a motion that indicated the bed chamber and boudoir. "Let me find them everywhere."

With this command she disappeared, leaving the doors open behind her. Julia drew a deep breath, as the gleam of her garments was lost in descending the stairs; turning sorrowfully away, her eyes fell upon the purse; several gold pieces gleamed through the crimson network. "What shall I do—these cannot be all mine? the flowers did not cost half so much."

"No matter," was the cheerful reply, "she gave it to you. It is her way; keep it."

The child still hesitated.

"If you think it is not all right, say so when you bring back the purse," said the maid, good naturedly. "Who knows but it may prove a fairy gift? I'm sure her presents often do."

Julia was not quite convinced, even by this kind prophecy. Still, she had no choice but obedience, and so, bidding pretty Rosanna a gentle good night, she stole through the boudoir and away through the front entrance, for she knew of no other; and folding her shawl close as she encountered crowds of brilliantly dressed people passing through the vestibule.

CHAPTER XVIII.

2 .

with which it was enriched, and kneeling upon the LEIGESTER went to his hotel after his marriage, for floor began to arrange a cluster of flowers. Her though he had accepted an invitation to the fancy ball



which was turning the fashionable world half crasy, matters more important demanded his attention. Premeditating a crime which might bring its penalty directly upon his own person, he had made arrangements to evade all possible chances of this result, by embarking at once for Europe with his falsely married bride. In order to prepare funds for this purpose, the project for which Robert Otis had been so long in training had been that day put in action. The old copy-book with its mass of evidence was-as he supposed-safe in Robert's apartment. The check, forged with marvelous accuracy, which we have seen placed in his letter-case, had in the morning passed into the hands of his premeditated victim, and that night the youth was to meet him with the money. Thus everything seemed secure. True, his own hands had signed the check, but Robert had presented it at the bank, he would draw the money. When the fraud became known, his premises would be searched, and there was the old copy-book bearing proofs of such practice in penmanship as would condemn any oneover and over again might the very signature of that forged check be found in the pages of this book, on scraps of loose paper, and even on other checks bearing the same imprint and on the same paper. With proof so strong against the youth, how was suspicion to reach the rich Leicester? Would the simple word of an accused lad be taken? and what other evidence existed?-none-none! It was a fiendishly woven plot, and at every point seemed faultless. Still Leicester was ill at ease. The consciousness that the acts of this day had placed him within possible reach of the law, was unpleasant to a man, in whom prudence almost took the place of conscience. The hour had arrived, but Robert was not at Leicester's chamber when he This made the evil-doeranxious and restless. He walked the room, he leaned from the window and looked out upon the crowd below. He drank off glass after glass of wine, and for once, suffered all the poor tortures of dread and suspense which he had so ruthlessly inflicted on others.

All this time Robert Ous was in the building, waiting for Jacob Strong. That strange personage come at last, but more agitated than Robert had ever seen him; and well he might be; for half an hour before he had left Leicester's wretched bride but half conscious of her misery and yet so heart-rending in her grief. In an hour more he was to conduct her where she would learn all the sorrow of her destiny. Jacob had a feeling heart, and these thoughts gave him more pain than any one would have deemed possible.

"Here is the money, go down at once and give it to him, I heard his step in the chamber," he said, addressing Robert. "The count is correct, I drew it myself from the bank this morning."

"Tell me, is this money yours?" questioned the youth, "I would do nothing in the dark."

"You are right, boy; no, the money is not mine, I am not worth half the sum. I have no time for a long story, but, there is one—a lady, rich beyond anything you ever dreamed of—who takes a deep interest in this bad man."

"What, Florence-Miss Nelson?" exclaimed Robert.

- "No, an older and still more noble victim. I had but to tell her the money would be used for him, and, behold, ten thousand dollars—the sum, be thought enough to pay for your eternal ruin. My poor nephew!"
 - "Nephew, did you say, nephew, Jacob?"
- "You call me Jacob—Jacob Strong—Uncle Jacob—call me everything on earth for I have loved you, I have tried you—kiss me! kiss me! I havn't had you is my arms since you were a baby—and I want something to warm my heart. I never thought it could ache as it has to-night."
- "Uncle Jacob—my mother's brother—I do not understand it, but to know this is enough!"

The youth flung himself upon Jacob's bosom, and 'for a moment was almost crushed in those huge arms.

- "Now, that has done me a world of good!" exclaimed the uncle, brushing a tear from his eyes with the cuff of his coat, a school-boy habit that came back with the first powerful home feeling. "Now go down and feed the serpent with this money. You won't be afraid to mind me now."
- "No, if you were to order me to jump out of the window I would do it."
- "You might, you might, for I would be at the bottom to catch you in my arms! Here is the money, I will be in the drawing-room as a witness: it won't be the first time I can tell you."

Leicester started and turned pale, even to his lips, as Robert entered his chamber; for a sort of nervous dread possessed him, and in order to escape from this, his anxiety to obtain means of leaving the country had become intense. He looked keenly at Robert, but waited for him to speak. The youth was also pale, but resolute and self-possessed. "The bank was closed before I got there", he said, in a quiet business tone, setting a small leathern box on the table and unlooking it, "but I found a person who was wilting to negociate the check. He will not want the money at once and so it saves him the trouble of making a deposit"

Leicester could with difficulty suppress the exclamation of relief that sprang to his lips, as Robert opened the box, revealing it half full of gold; but remembering that any exhibition of pleasure would be out of place, be observed with apparent composure, "you have counted it, I suppose. Were you obliged to exchange bills with any of the brokers, as I directed, to get the gold?"

"No, it was paid as you see it," answered the youth, moving toward the door, for his heart so rose against the man that he could not force himself to endure the scene a moment longer than was necessary.

"Stay, take the box with you," said Leicester, pouring the gold into a drawer of his desk, "I will not rob you of that." Robert understood the whole, a faint smile curved his lip, and, taking the box, he went out.

"No evidence, nothing but pure gold," muttered Leicester, exultingly, as he closed the drawer. "It is well for you, my young friend, that the holder of that precious document does not wish to present his check at once Liberty is aweet to the young, and this

secures a few more days of its enjoyment for youand for me-ah, there everything happens most fortunately; why a good steamer will put us half over the Atlantic before this little mistake is suspected."

Leicester was a changed man after this, his spirits rose with unnatural exhiliration. "Now for this grand ball, " he said, aloud, surveying his fine person in the glass. "Surely a man's wedding garments ought to be fancy dress enough. Another pair of gloves though; this comes of temptation; I must finger the gold forsooth."

The ruthless man smiled and muttered such broken fragments of thought as he took off the scarcely soiled gloves and replaced them with a pair of still more spotless white. He was long in fitting them on his hand, he fastidiously re-arranged other portions of his dress: all sense of the great fraud, that ought to have borne his soul to the earth, had left him when the gold appeared. You could see, by his broken words, how completely lighter fancies had replaced the black deed.

"This Mrs. Gordon, I wonder if she really is the creature they represent her to be. If it were not for this voyage to Europe, now, one might-no, no, there is no chance." Thus muttering and smiling, Leicester left the hotel.

The evening was very beautiful, and Leicester always loved to enter a fashionable drawing-room after the guests had assembled. He reflected that a quiet walk would bring him to Mrs. Gordon's mansion about the time he thought most desirable, and sauntered on, resolved at any rate not to reach his destination too early. But sometimes he fell into thought, and then his pace became unconsciously hurried. He reached the upper part of the city earlier than he had intended, and had taken out his watch before a lighted window to convince himself of the time, when a timid voice addressed him-

"Sir, will you please tell me the name of this

He turned and saw the little girl whom he had forced to become a witness to his marriage. She shrunk back terrified, on recognizing him. "I did not know-I did not mean it," she faltered out.

"What, have you lost the way?" said Leicester, in a voice that made her shiver, though it was low and sweet enough.

"Yes, sir, but I can find it!"

"Where do you live? oh, I remember. Well, as I have time enough, what if I walk a little out of my way and see that nothing harms you?"

"No, no, the trouble!"

"Never mind the trouble. You shall show me where you live, pretty one, then I shall be certain where to find you again."

Still Julia hesitated. "Besides," said Leicester, taking out his purse, " you forget, I have not paid for robbing your basket of all those pretty flowers."

"No!" answered the child, now quite resolutely. "I am paid. The poor young lady is welcome to them."

Leicester laughed. "The poor, young lady, my own pretty bride, well I like that."

his object, or only intended to frighten her. But he kept by her side, and was really amused by the terror inflicted on the child. He had half an hours' time on his hand, how could he kill it more pleasantly? Besides, he really was anxious to know with certainty where the young creature lived. She was one of his witnesses. She had, in a degree, become connected with his fate. Above all, she was terrified to death, and like Nero, Leicester, would have amused himself with torturing flies if no larger or fiercer animal presented itself. His evil longing to give pain was insatiable as the Roman tyrant's, and more cruel, for while Nero contented himself with physical agony, Leicester appeased his craving spirit with nothing but the keen feeling, the sensitive heart-string.

"I live here," said Julia, stopping short, before a low old house, breathless with the effort she had made to escape her tormentor. "Do not go any further, Grandpa never likes to see strangers."

"Go on-go on," answered Leicester, in a tone that was jeeringly good-natured, "grandpa will be delighted."

Julia ran desperately down the area steps. She longed to close the basement door after her and hold it against the intruder, but as this thought flashed across her mind, Leceister stood by her side in the dark hall. She ran forward and opened the door of that poor basement room which was her home. Still he kept by her side. The basement was full of that dusky gloom which a handful of embers had power to shed through the darkness, for the old people, whose outlines were faintly seen upon the hearth, were too poor for a prodigal waste of light when no work was to be done by it.

" Is it you, darling, and so out of breath?" said the voice of an old man, who rose and began to grope with his hand upon the mantle-piece. "What kept you so long, poor grandma has been in a terrible way about it." While he spoke the grating of a match that would not readily ignite, was heard against the chimney piece.

"The gentleman, grandpa, here is a gentleman, he would come," cried the child, artlessly. seemed to startle the old man. The match would not kindle; he stooped down and touched it to a live ember; as he rose again the pale blue flames fell upon the face of his wife, and rose to his own features. The illumination was but for a moment, then the sodden wick began to fuse slowly into flame, but it was nearly half a minute before the miserable candle gave out its full complement of light. The old man turned toward the open door shading the candle with his hand.

"Where, child, I see no gentleman."

Julia looked around. A moment before Leicester had stood at her side. "He is gone, he is gone," she exclaimed, springing forward. "Oh, grandma, oh, grandpa, how he did frighten me; it was the man I saw on the wharf that day!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Splendid beyond anything hitherto known in Ame-Julia walked on. She hoped that he would forget rican life was the ball, of which the reader has had



partial glimpses. But I have no room for description nor is it needful to the completeness of my story, that those lofty drawing-rooms, those open boudoirs, that matchless conservatory, approached through a noble picture gallery should be presented save in gorgeous masses as one sees a rich cloud in the twilight. In all that brilliant crowd our story deals with four persons only. The hostess, in all the lustre of her superb beauty; a singularly elegant man, out of costume, who was seen to address her two or three times in the crowd; and two characters, "Night and Morning," so completely veiled that no penetration could guess of their features. These characters hovered around one of these two persons all the time, not with any appearance of gay frolic, but with a sort of timid pertinacity-which, but for their singular costume, would have escaped observation. Many in the crowd remarked that the beauty of their hostess grew more dazzling, her speech and manner more wildly brilliant. Often this man, so striking in his appearance, so calm in his demeanor, joined the gay throng that surrounded her, but when he stole softly to her side and bent his head in addressing her, two only caught the import of his words. At this moment "Night and Morning" hovered close to them, though with their faces the other way. No one heard the faint groan smothered within the folds of that white veil-no one saw the steady arm of Night, as it was folded around and supported the frail Morning.

It was over at last. The saloon, the banquet hall, the conservatory, sleeping in the moonlight shed from many a sculptured vase—all were deserted; wax candles flared and went out in their silver sockets, garlands grew dim and shadowy in the diminished light, half a dozen yawning footmen glided about extinguishing wax lights, and turning off gas, but they seemed ghost-like and dreary, wandering through the vast mansion.

But Adeline Leicester felt no fatigue; she saw nothing of the gloom that was so rapidly spreading over the splendor of her mansion. Her boudoir was still lighted by those two pearl-like lamps. It was a dim, luxurious twilight, that seemed hazy with the perfume stealing up from a dozen snowy vases scattered through the drawing room, the bed-chamber, and the boudoir. The doors connecting these apartments were ajar, but closed enough to conceal one room from the other.

Adeline entered the boudoir. Her steps were imperious; her cheek burning. Pride, anger, and haughty scorn swelled in her bosom, as she seated herself to wait. One of those mysterious revulsions of feeling that are so frequent to a passionate and ill-disciplined nature, had swept over her heart. For the first time in her life she felt disposed to sting the foot that had trampled so ruthlessly upon her. In that moment, all the strong love of a life time seemed kindling into fiery hate.

It was one of those hours when we defy destiny—defy our own souls. A few hours earlier and she could not have met him thus with scorn on her brow, rebellion in her heart. A few hours after she might repent in tears, but now she waited his approach without a thrill of pleasure or of fear. The very

memory of former tenderness filled her with selfcontempt. The marble Flora stood over her-crimson roses and heliotrope had been mingled with the sculptured lilies in its hand. A few hours before she had stolen away from her guests, to place these blossoms among the marble counterfeits, for they breathed his favorite perfume; now, she sickened as the fragrance floated over her, and tearing them from the statue, tossed them amid a bed of coals still burning in the silver grate. She did not go back to the couch, but remained upon the ermine rug, with one arm resting upon the jetty marble of the mantelpiece. No footstep could be heard in that sumptuously carpeted house, but the proud spirit within her seemed to know when he stole softly forth from the conservatory, and approached the room where she was waiting.

Leicester was self-possessed; he had a game to play, more intricate, more difficult than his experience had yet coped with, but this only excited his intellect. With a heart of stone the nerves hold no sympathy, and are obedient to the will alone: and what had ever resisted Leicester's will?

But she also was self-possessed, and this took him by surprise. He moved toward the grate and leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, directly opposite her. She held a superb fan, half open, against her bosom: it was fringed deep with the gorgeous plumage of some tropical bird, but no tumult of the heart stirred a feather. She held it there, as she had often done that evening, when homage floated around her, gracefully and quietly waiting to be addressed. This mood was one he had not expected; it deranged all his premeditated plan of attack. Instead of reproaching him, with that passionate anger that pants for reconciliation, she was silent.

"Adeline!" The name was uttered in a voice that no heart that had loved the speaker could entirely resist. A faint shiver was perceptibly ruffling, as it were, the plumage of her form, but the proud woman only bent her head.

"Was it delicate—was it honorable to deceive your husband thus?" he said, "to grant him one interview after so many years, and then conceal yourself from his search under this disguise? I have sought for you, Adeline, Heaven only knows how anxiously."

She smiled a cold, incredulous smile, for well she knew how he had searched for her.

"You do not believe me," said Leicester, attempting to take her hand, but she drew back, pressing the fan harder to her bosom, till the delicately wrought ivory broke. The demon of pride grew strong within her. For the first time in her life she felt a knowledge of power over the man who had been her fate.

"Was I to seek you that your foot might be planted on my heart once more? Was I to offer my bosom to the serpent fang again and again? Have you forgotten our interview in the chamber overhead?—that chamber where I had hoarded every thing connected with the only happy months you ever permitted me to know—so full of precious memories I thought they would touch even your heart."

repent in tears, but now she waited his approach { He atten pted to speak, but she would not permit without a thrill of pleasure or of fear. The very { him. "I did not know you, notwithstanding past

experience. Your heart has blacker shades than I imagined! Not up there-not among objects holy from association with my child, should I have taken you, but here! here! do not these things betoken great wealth!" A scornful smile curved her lips, and she glanced around the boudoir.

There was one word in this speech that Leicester seized upon. "Your child, Adeline? Great Heaven! would you exclude me from all share even in the love of our child!"

Even this did not soften her, though she was fearfully moved at the mention of her lost infant. He saw this, and instantly his manner changed. "Why should I plead with you-why waste words thus?" he said, casting aside all affectation of tenderness :-- " you are my wife-lawfully married-the mother of my child. If you have property, by the laws of this land that property is mine! I plead no longer, madam! Being the master of this house, if it is yours, my province is to command. Tell me, then? this wealth-for which people give their idol, Mrs. Gordon, so much credit -this mansion; are they real?-are they yours?mine?"

The scorn that broke over Adeline's face was absolutely sublime.

"Yes," she said, "this wealth is mine, yours, if the law makes it so; but listen-then say if you will use it?"

She bent forward; her lips and cheek were pale as death, but across the snow of her forehead a crimson flush came and went, like an arrow shooting back and again.

"You asked me that night, in the room above, if I had lived in Europe as the governess of that man's daughter-the governess only-I answered, yes; a governess only. It was false! / Every dollar of the millions I possess comes from this man; he bequeathed 150 it on his death-bed, that I might not again become your slave!" The haughty air gave way as she uttered this confession; her limbs trembled so violently that she was obliged to lean heavily on the mantel-piece to keep from sinking to the floor. Pride, that treacherous demon, left her then, helpless as a

"This," said Leicester, with a stern, clear enuncia-ຳ this in no way interferes with my claim on the property. Were it double, that would be poor atonement for the outrage to my affections—the disgrace brought upon my name."

She did not speak, but listened in breathless silence, trying to comprehend the moral enormity before her, with a confused sense that even yet she had not fathomed the black depths of his heart.

Leicester had paused, thinking that she would answer, but as she remained silent he spoke again, still calmly, and with measured intonation. "But that which you have confessed becomes important in another sense. If the law gives me your property, it also enables me to divest it of the only incumbrance that would be unpleasant. Your confession, madam, entitles me to a divorce."

"You would not-oh, Heavens, no!" gasped the wretched woman.

again," he said, with a laugh that cut to the heart. "So, you thought to dazzle me with your wealthwither me with haughty pride-fool! miserable fool!"

"Mercy, mercy! Will no one save me from this man!" shrieked the wretched woman, flinging her clasped hands wildly upward.

Leicester was about to speak again, something fearfully bitter-you could see it in the curve of his linbut her cry had reached other ears, and while the taunt was yet unspoken, Jacob Strong entered the boudoir. Leicester gazed upon him in utter amazement, for he advanced directly toward Adeline, and taking the clasped hands she held out in both his, led her to the couch, trembling, and so faint that she was incapable of uttering a word.

"What is this! how came you here, fellow?" said Leicester, the moment he could break from the astonishment occasioned by Jacob's presence.

"My mistress called for help, and I came," was the steady answer.

"Your mistress-where, who?"

"This lady-your first wife! the other-

"Villain! who are you?"

Jacob looked into his master's eyes with a steady and calm stare-" look at me, Mr. Leicester! I have grown since you saw me at old Mr. Wilcoxs'! No doubt you have forgotten the awkward boy who tended your horse, and pointed out the best trout streams for you? But I, I shall never forget! No angry looks, no frowns, sir! The rocks we climbed together would feel them more than I do."

"Go on-go on-I would learn more!" said Leicester, paling fearfully about the mouth. "You have been a spy in my service?"

"Yes-a spy! a witness-a keeper of your most dangerous secrets! I read the letter from Georgia-I have that old copy-book which was to have sent Robert Otis, my own nephew, to state prison. There is a check of ten thousand which I can lay my hand on at any moment-you comprehend! I saw it written-I saw it pass from your hand to his. I was in the drawing-room. Villain! I am your master."

The palor spread up from Leicester's mouth to his temples, leaving a dusky ring around his eyes. For the first time in his life this man of evil and stern will was terrified. Yet wrath was stronger in his heart than fear, even then. His white lips curled in fierce disdain. He turned towards Adeline, who lay with her face buried in the silken pillows, conscious of nothing but her own unutterable wretchedness. She did not feel the fiendish glance that he cast upon her, but Jacob saw it, and his grey eyes kindled, till they seemed black as midnight: "If you wish to see another, come in here-come, I say. Victims are plenty about you-come in."

Jacob looked terribly imposing in this burst of indignation. His awkward form dilated into rude grandeur-his wrath, ponderous and intense, rolled forth like some fathomless stream, whose very tranquility is terrible. He flung his powerful arm around Leicester, and drew him forward as if he had been

Through the dressing-room, still flooded with soft "Now you seem natural-now you are meek light and redolent of flowers, and into the bed-chamber beyond, Jacob strode, girding his companion firmly with one arm. He paused close by the bed. With an upward motion of his arms, he flung aside the cloud of lace that fell over it, and pointed to a form that lay underneath, pillowed, as it were, upon a snow drift. "Look—here is another," said Jacob, towering above the man who had been his master, for there was no stoop in his shoulders then, "look—it is your last victim—the very last."

Leicester did look, for his gaze was fascinated by the soft eyes lifted to his from the pillow; the sweet, sweet smile that played around that lovely mouth. It went to his soul—that impenetrable soul—that Adeline's anguish had failed to reach.

"She heard it all. She saw everything that passed between you and your wife," said Jacob.

"What—and smiles upon me thus?" There was something of human feeling in his voice. He stooped down, and put back some raven tresses that fell over the eyes that were searching for his.

Then the smile broke into a laugh so wild with insane glee, that even Leicester shuddered and drew back. Florence started up in the bed. The lace of her wedding garments was crushed around her form -her arms were entangled in the rich white veil which still clung, torn and ragged, to the diamond star fastened o'er her temple. The cypress and jassamine wreath, half torn away, hung in fragments among her black tresses. She saw that Leicester avoided her, and tearing the veil fiercely, set both her arms free. She leaned half over the bed, holding them out, as a child aroused from sleep, pleads for its mother. Leicester drew near, for a fiend could not have resisted that look. She caught both his hands, drew herself up to his bosom, and then began to laugh again.

That moment a female, whose black garments contrasted gloomily with the drift-like whiteness of the couch, came from a shadowy part of the room, and taking Florence in her arms laid her gently back upon the pillows. She had seen that of which Leicester and Jacob were unconscious—Adeline Leicester standing in the gorgeous gloom of her dressing chamber, and watching the scene.

"Mother, you here also," exclaimed Leicester, and his voice had, for the instant, something of human anguish in it. His mother pointed toward the dressing-room, and only answered—"would you drive her mad also?"

"Would to Heaven it were possible," answered Leicester, with a cold sneer. He bowed low, and with a gesture full of sarcastic defiance moved toward the dressing-room. Jacob followed him. "Stay," said Adeline, standing before them—"what is this—who are the persons you have left in my chamber?"

"One of them," answered Leicester, with calm audacity, "one of them is of little consequence, though you may find in her, my dear madam, an old acquaintance. The other is a young lady, very beautiful, as you may see even from here—to whom I had the honor of being married last evening. How she became your guest I do not know, but treat her with all hospitality, I beseech you, if it were only for the

love that I bear her—love that I never felt for mortal woman before."

"Go," said Adeline, stung into some degree of strength by his insolence, "or, rather let me go, if you are indeed the master here."

She took a shawl which had been flung across a chair, and folded it around her, "take all, but let me go in peace. Jacob, oh, my friend, you will not abandon me now?"

"No," answered Jacob, with a degree of respectful tenderness that gave to his rude features something more touching than beauty. "Take off your shawl, madam—he has lost all power to harm you—there is desperation in his insolence, nothing more. His own crimes have disarmed him."

"How? how? Not that which he hinted—not marriage with another? Tell me—tell me, that it was only bravado. Rather, oh, much rather, could I go forth penniless, bareheaded, into the street."

She approached Leicester, holding out her hands. He saw all the unquenched love that shed anguish over that beautiful face, and took courage. In this weakness then, lay some hope of safety.

"Adeline, let me see you alone," he said, with an abrupt change of voice and manner. She looked at Jacob irresolutely. He saw the danger at once, and taking her hand, led her with gentle force into the bed-chamber. "Look," he said, pointing to Florence, who lay upon the couch—"ask her, she will tell you what it means."

Adeline advanced toward the old lady, who came to meet her as one receives the mourners who gather to a funeral.

"It is Leicester's mother," broke from the pale lips of Leicester's wife.

"Adeline-my poor daughter," said the old lady, wringing the trembling hand that Adeline held out.

"Will you—can you, call me daughter, oh, madam, how long is it since that sweet word has fallen on my ear." The pathos of her words—the humility of her manner—melted the old lady almost to tears. She opened her arms, and received the wretched woman to her bosom.

Jacob went out and found Leicester in the boudoir. "Will she come? I am tired of waiting," he said, as Jacob closed and locked the door leading to the dressing-room.

"Expect nothing from her weakness—never hope to see her again. It is with me—not a weak, loving, forgiving woman you have to deal."

"With you-her father's clownish farmer-boy-my own servant."

"I have no words to throw away, and you will need them to defend yourself," answered Jacob, with firm self-possession. "You have committed, within the last twenty-four hours, two crimes against the law. You have wedded a woman, knowing your wife to balive. I am the witness, I, her play-mate when she was a little girl, her protector and faithful servant in the trouble and sin which you have heaped upon her womanhood, I went with her to the hotel that night, I witnessed all—all—to the scene last evening. Let that pass, for it should pass, rather than have her history connected with yours before the world. But

another crime. This forged check-this attempt to ruin as brave, as warm-hearted, as honest a boy as ever lived. In this, her name cannot, from necessity, appear; for this you shall suffer to the utmost limit of the law; for this, you shall live year after year in prison, not from revenge, mark, but that she, Adeline Leicester may breathe in peace. You will leave this house, sir, very quietly, for I must not have a felon arrested beneath her roof. Go anywhere, at will, for a few hours, not to the hotel, for Robert Otis is waiting in your chamber with an officer; not to ferry, or steamboat, hoping to escape, men are placed everywhere to intercept you, but till noon you are safe from absolute arrest."

"I will not leave this house without speaking with Adeline," said Leicester, in a whisper so deep and fierce that it come through his clenched teeth like the hiss of a wounded adder.

"Five minutes you have for deliberation; go forth quietly, and as a departing guest, or remain to be marshalled out by half a dozen men, whom the chief of police has sent to protect the grounds, you understand, to protect the grounds."

Leicester did not speak, but a sharp, fiendish gloom shot into his eyes, and he thrust one hand beneath his snowy vest, and drew it slowly out; then came the sharp click of a pocket-pistol. Jacob watched the motion, and his heavy features stirred with a smile. "You forget that I am your servant, that I laid out your wedding dress, and loaded the pistol; put it up, sir. When I play with rattle-snakes, I take a hard grip on the neck."

Leicester drew his hand up deliberately, and dashed the pistol in Jacob's face. The stout man recoiled a step, and blood flowed from his lips. It was fortunate for him that Leicester had found the revolver, which he was in the habit of wearing, too heavy for his wedding garments. As it was, he took out a silk handkerchief, and coolly wiped the blood from his mouth, casting now and then a look at the tiny clock upon the mantle-piece. The fiendish smile, excited by the sight of his enemy's blood was just fading from Leicester's lip, when Jacob put the handkerchief back in his pocket.

"You will save a few hours of liberty by departing at once," he said. "To a man who has nothing but prison walls before him they should be worth something."

"Yes, much can be done in a few hours," muttered Leicester to himself, and gently settling his hat he turned to go.

"Open the door," he said, turning coolly to Jacob, "your wages are paid up to this time, at any rate."

Jacob bowed gravely, and dropping into his awkward way, followed his master down stairs. He opened the principal door, and Leicester stepped into the street quietly, as if respectful attendance had been

The morning had just dawned, cold, comfortless, and humid, a slippery moisture lay upon the pavements, dark shadows hung like drapery along the unequal streets; Leicester threaded them with slow and thoughtful step. For once, his great intellect, his plotting friend, refused to work. What should he do? hand softly upon the table.

how act? His hotel, the very street which he threaded perhaps, beset with officers, his garments elegantly conspicuous, his arms useless, and in his pockets only a little silver and one piece of gold. Never was position more desperate, never, till then, had Leicester's bosom friend refused to convince him.

Hour after hour wore on, and still he wandered through the streets. As daylight spread over the sky, kindling up the fog that still clung heavily around the city, Leicester saw two men walking near him; he questioned his face, he loitered again, down one street and up another he turned, but still those two men kept in sight, their arms interlinked, their bodies sometimes moulded in the fog, but distinct or shadowy, those strange wanderers had a power to make Leicester's heart quail within him.

All at once he started, and stood up motionless in the street. That child-those two old people! He had recognized them at once the night before-he had glided away in the darkness to avoid them. What could the child be to him but an incumbrance? Those old people in the basement were old Mr. Wilcox and his wife, poor, friendless; hestrove to cast them from his mind, to forget that they lived. The after events of that night had come upon him like a thunder-clap; in defending himself or attacking others, he had found no time to think of the discovery of his daughter and her old grand parents. Now, the thought came to his brain like lightning. He would secure the little girl-Adeline's lost child; the secret of her existence was his; it should redeem him from the consequence of his great crime. The old people were poor-they would give up the child to a rich father, and ask no questions. With this last treasure in his power, Adeline would not refuse to bribe it from him at any price. Her self-constituted guardian, too, that man of rude will, and indomitable strength, he who had sacrificed a life-time to the mother of this child, who had tracked his own steps like a hound, could he, who had given up so much, refuse to surrender his vengeance, also? This humble girl, from whom he had turned so contemptuously, how precious she became as these thoughts flashed like lightning through his brain.

Leicester proceeded with a rapid step to the neighborhood that he had visited the previous night. He descended to the area, glided through the dim hall, and entered the back basement just as old Mr. Warren, or Wilcox we must now call him, was sitting down to breakfast with his wife and grand-child. A look of poverty was about the room, warded off by care and cleanliness but poverty still-Leicester had only time to remark this, when his presence was observed. Old Mr. Wilcox rose slowly from his chair, his thin face grew pale as he gazed upon the elegant person of his visitor, and the rich dress, so strongly at variance with the place. A vague terror seized him, for he did not at once recognise the features, changed by time, and more completely still, by a night of agonizing excitement. At length he recognized his visitor, and sinking to his chair, uttered a faint groan.

Julia started up, and flung her arms around the old man's neck. Leicester came quietly forward.

"Have you fogotten me, sir?" he said, laying one

"No," gasped the old man, "no."

"And the little girl, she seems afraid of me, but when she knows—"

"Hush," said the old man, rising, with one arm around the child, "not another word till we are alone. Wife, Julia, leave the room."

The old woman hesitated. She too had recognized Leicester, and she dreaded to leave him alone with her husband. Julia looked from one to the other, amazed and trembling.

"As you wish. I have no time to spare. Send them away, and we can more readily settle my demands and your claims."

"Go!" replied the old man, laying his hand on Julia's head.

His withered hand shook like a leaf.

Julia and her grandmother went out, but not beyond the hall; there they stood, distant as the space would permit, but still within hearing of the raised voices within. Now and then a word rose high, then old Mrs. Wilcox would draw Julia's head against her side, and press a hand upon her ear, as if she feared that even those indistinct murmurs should reach her.

While these poor creatures stood trembling in the hall, a strange, fierce scene was going on over that miserable breakfast-table. Leicester had been persevering and plausible at first-with promises of wealth, and protestations of kindness, he had endeavored to induce the poor old man to render up the child. When this failed, he became irritated, and with fiercer passions attempted to intimidate the feeble being whom he had already wronged almost beyond all hopes of human forgiveness. The old man said little, for he was terrified, and weak as a child; but his refusal to yield up the little girl never left him for a moment. "If the law takes her away, I cannot help it." he said, "but nothing else ever shall." Tears rolled down the old man's face as he spoke, but his will had been expressed, and the man who came to despoil him saw that it was immoveablee.

Despairing at last, and fiercely desperate, Leicester rushed from the basement. Julia and her grandmother shrunk against the wall, for the palor of his face was frightful. He did not appear to see them, but went quickly through the outer door and up to the side walk. Here stood the two men, arm in arm, ready to follow him. He turned back and retraced his steps with a dull, heavy footfall, utterly unlike the elasticity of his usual tread. Further and further back crowded the frightened females. The old man was so exhausted that he could not arise from the chair to which he had fallen. He looked up when Leicester

entered the room and said, beseechingly, "ob let me alone, for how miserable you have made us, and let us alone."

"Once more, once more I ask, will you give up the child?"
"No-no."

A knife lay upon the table, long and sharp, one that Mrs. Wilcox had been using in her household work. Leicester's eye had been fixed on the knife while he was speaking. His hand was outstretched toward it before the old man could find voice to answer. Simultaneous with the brief "no," the knife flashed upward, down again, and Leicester fell dead at the old man's feet. Mr. Wilcox dropped on his knees, seized the knife, and tore it from the wound. Over his withered hands, over the white vest, down to his feet, gushed the warm blood. It paralyzed the old man; he tried to cry aloud, but had no power. A frightful stillness reigned over them a few seconds, then many persons came rushing into the room.

CHAPTER XX.

A LIGHT shone in that pretty cottage-a single light from the chamber where Julia had robed Florence Nelson in her bridal dress. A bed was there, shrouded in drapery, that hung motionless, like marble, and as coldly white-glossy linen swept over the bed, frozen as it were over the outline of a human form. Death, death, the very atmosphere was full of death. On one corner of the bed, crushing the cold linen, wrinkled with her weight, Florence Nelson had seated herself, and with her black ringletsfalling over the dead, sung to him as no human being ever sung before; sometimes she laughed-sometimes wept. Every variation of her madness was full of pathos, sweet with tenderness, save when there came from the opposite room a pallid and grief-stricken creature, with drooping hands, and eyes heavy with unshed tears. If this unhappy woman attempted to approach the bed, or even enter the room, Florence would spring up with the fierce cry of a wounded eagle, the song rose to a wail, then, with her waxen hands, she would gather up the linen in waves, over the dead, and if Adeline came nearer, shriek after shriek rose through the cottage. Thus poor Adeline Leicester, driven from the death-couch of her husband, would creep back to where his mother knelt in her calm, still grief. There, with her stately head bowed down, her limbs prone upon the floor, she would murmur-" oh God, help me. It is just-but help me, help me!"

THE END.

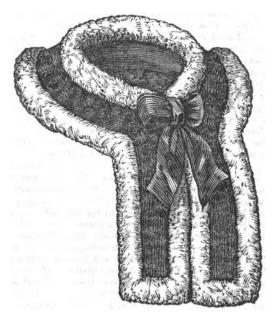
THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY ALLAN DERWENT.

SLOW from the city gates the funeral goes, Behind the bier the weeping mother see! When through the train a sudden cry is heard, "Lo! where he comes—Jesus of Galilee!" His bosom, melting at the mother's grief,
"Arise!" he cried, and stands beside the bier:
The child looks up, the widow clasps her boy:
The people whisper, "see! a God is here!"



FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.



In our last number we gave our readers the latest (one of the most fashionable and elegant novelties of cloak patterns for the approaching winter, so that now there is little novelty left to record. We have, however, one new and elegant costume, which we have had engraved: it is the first in our colored plate. The second figure is less novel, indeed we received it last winter, but as it was engraved by a cotemporary for November, we seize the occasion, by giving it ourselves now, to show, by contrast, the very superior manner in which our fashion-plates are executed.

FIG. 1.—A Dress of Mazarine blue Silk, the skirt of which is made very full, the front breadth is hemmed over and ornamented with fancy silk buttons, put on in twos and connected by a cord. Corsage high, and buttoned half way up the front, where the fronts turn back so as to form revers. Sleeves plain and tight, with a rich lace cuff. A cloak of brown velvet with a square cape, and trimmed with a fold of bias satin. Bonnet of pink satin, quilted and trimmed on each side with rich curling ostrich feathers.

FIG. II.-A DRESS OF GRAY MERINO, the skirt of which is made full and plain. Corsage high and plain, buttoned before, and cut in a point behind. Sleeves tight to the arm. A cloak of claret colored merino, cut rather short, with a square cape behind, but having long ends in front. Wide sleeves set in the cloak. The cape is trimmed with heavy fringe, with a row of gimp above it. The skirt and sleeves are also finished with gimp. Bonnet of Mazarine blue velvet, trimmed with three rows of black lace.

the present season. The victorine, from which our design is copied, is composed of broad blue ribbon, ornamented with white silk braid, and trimmed with swansdown. A bow of blue ribbon fastens it in front of the throat. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the victorine itself may be composed of any material that taste may dictate. Velvet and quilted satin are materials very effective for the purpose. The fur may also be varied, though swansdown is that most generally employed. Chinchilla has a very pretty effect, especially in combination with rose color or blue; and a narrow bordering of sable is at once rich and elegant on a victorine of green or purple velvet.

INFANT'S CLOAK.-We have also the pattern of an infant's cloak; the material is fine scarlet merino, and the trimming silk braid and fringe of the same color. It should be lined with white silk, and may be wadded if deemed requisite. Both the mantle and cape are cut out in scalloping round the edges, thereby giving a most novel and elegant effect to the fringe. The braid is set on in a running foliage pattern, and the centre of the large leaves is filled up by crimson satin, which imparts a peculiar brilliancy and richness to the whole.

GENERAL REMARKS.-All dresses are made with points at the back, which may be either short or slightly rounded to suit the wearer. The latest style is made open to the bottom of the waist en cœur, the two sides of the corsage being connected with Fig. III.—VICTORINE.—This illustration represents each other by an ornamental trimming extending up

the front. This trimming may be of various kinds., pleted has the skirt ornamented with small bouquets It may consist of narrow bands of the same material; as the dress, with bows of ribbon in the centre. Another very favorite style of trimming for these open corsages consists of rows of black lace attached to very narrow bands of the same material as the dress; or narrow pinked frills of ribbon or silk spaced at equal distances. Many high dresses have corsages which may be worn either open or close at pleasure. They button up the front; and when it is wished to wear the corsage open, the front turns back so as to form revers. A skirt looks prettily ornamented up the front with a trimming of black velvet, composed of bands set on horizontally in rows graduating in length from the feet to the waist, and finished at each extremity by a small loop or end. This trimming may consist of bands of the same material as the dress, edged with black lace, or of ribbon, as may suit the taste of the wearer. It is particularly applicable as a skirt trimming when the corsage is made en cœur. Fancy buttons and quillings of narrow ribbon or lace placed down the front of the dress, are also worn. The latest style of sleeves are made rather short and tight, but unconfined at the ends, where they are edged with three rows of narrow black velvet. Under these are worn white muslin sleeves or cuffs, finished with two rows of rather wide lace, which hangs downward.

FOR FULL EVENING COSTUME black lace dresses over white satin, and white lace over silk or satin of bright tints, promise to be much in favor. Rich brocaded silks are also general in evening dress. For young ladies' evening or ball costume, the materials chiefly employed are tarletane, crape and barege. } Dresses of crape are made either with pinked flounces or with tucks. White barege dresses are also made \as ornaments for bonnets of light materials, as watered with flounces, scalloped and edged with some bright { silks, &c. color, such as blue or pink. A tarletane dress just com-

of flowers The corsages of the dresses above named are nearly all low, and drawn in fulness, and have long, sharp points. For young ladies' however, a waistband or sash with four ends, is not unfrequently

THE SHAPE OF MANTELETS is tending very much toward the shawl form: that is to say, terminating in points behind and in front. The capes to the cloaks are nearly all made in this style. The velvet cloaks have the capes deep behind, in the shawl form, only rounded, but they do not extend further than the shoulder. Velvet this winter is trimmed as plainly as possible, with only a satin fold, or a double cord covered with satin. Not a particle of fringe or gimp is to be seen on velvet, while cloaks and mantelets of silk, ture satin, and merino, are loaded with them. Fur may also be used for velvet, but as it should be of nothing but the richest kind, it will be too expensive for general use.

BONNETS.—There is no alteration in the shapes of bonnets. The wide, open front is still exclusively worn. Colored as well as black velvet will be fashionable for winter bonnets. Dark blue and violet will be the fashionable color, and for these bonnets cock's plumes or heron plumes will be the favorite ornament. Figured velvet ribbon will be employed for those who consider feathers too much of a dress. Satin and velvet bonnets may be lined with a color different from that of the outside. Drawn bonnets are sometimes ornamented with a quilling of narrow themy velvet ribbon. For silk and satin bonnets, the tips of ostrich feathers are much in favor. Two are employed in trimming a bonnet; one drooping on each side. Tufts of marabouts are also much worn

CANZONET.

ADDRESSED TO MY NIECE CAROLINE.

BY A. H. HOWLAND.

Tay smile is like the morning light That lifts the mist, the clouds and storm From mountain brow and leaves its height Revealed in majesty of form-For thus the shades of gloom arise And leave the mind serenely free, Where'er thy bright and radiant eyes Pour their soft, tranquil brilliancy; While "moping melancholy" takes Her flight, and joy triumphant wakes.

II.

Thy voice is like the melting tones, Of seraph music, which descends On fancy's ear from star-lit thrones, At evening hour when nature blends Her thousand charms-by it controlled The sordid passions all retire, While love and hope their wings unfold, And fill the soul with tender fire-Waked into gladness by thy voice, Our nobler passions all rejoice.

Since Heav'n's high King is just we're told, And thee by nature thus hath blessed With grace and beauty, wit and gold, Then let thy mind not go undressed; Fair science calls, her voice obey-With useful knowledge store thy mind, Then men will own thy boundless sway, And in thy presence grow refined Through life's long autumn, when no more Youth's charms can make them thee adore

THE VOLUME FOR 1850.

On the cover of this number will be found the Prospectus for 1850, which will explain, in a measure, our intentions for the coming year. The increase in the size of our Magazine, coupled with the reduction to clubs, ought, at least, to double our subscription list; for, where eight persons unite to send \$10,00, they will obtain, for \$1,25 a year, as much magazine reading as, last year, they received from the three dollar magazines, at one-third greater price. Our main object, for 1850, will be, in fact, to publish a periodical whose contents shall be unrivalled for interest and merit We shall not, however, suffer any cotemporary to excel us in the variety and splendor of our illustrations; and in the fashion department we shall maintain our ascendancy. But the character of our literary matter shall receive our first care. We have already, on hand, a choicer assortment of stories, nouvellettes, &c., than ever before. The "National" has been pronounced, so generally, "the most readable of the magazines," that we take a peculiar pride, not only in maintaining this position, but in improving it as far as possible. Mrs. Stephens will furnish a short nouvellette, to be completed in six numbers, or sooner. Mr. Peterson will give a Revolutionary story, besides several shorter tales. A new writer, but one who will not be new hereafter, will make her debut in the January number, in a nonveilette, entitled "The Autobiography of an Orphan," of which we shall say nothing except that if her story does not prove one of the most popular features of the Magazine, we shall be mistaken. In a word, we intend publishing twice as meritorious a Magazine-all things taken into consideration-as heretofore. We shall continue to adhere to the cash system as the sole means of enabling us to do this. Those who wish to renew, therefore, will oblige us by a prompt remittance. They cannot, we are sure, dispose of two dollars to better advantage.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Christ: Delineated in the Series of Events recorded in the New Testament. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld. 1 vol. Illustrated. Philada: Hogan & Thompson.-This is one of those works to which the fortunate possessor awards the first place on the centre-table or the choicest nook in his library; for the volume is calculated to enrich the study as well as to adorn the parior. The author is known to a large circle of friends, for his talents as a writer, for the excellence of his heart, and for the Christian graces that adorn his character: a rare combination of excellences, which peculiarly fit him for the production of a work like this. The aim of the volume being to present the different events in the life of Christ, in the order of their occurrence, all the four gospels have been laid indiscriminately under contribution, and, on the basis of an approved "Harmony," skilfully blended into one: while the author has further added to the value of the book, by availing himself of whatever new light has been cast on the text by the researches of the latest commentators, the discoveries of modern travellers, or the study of the customs of the ancient Hebrews. The preface is written with the characteristic modesty of Mr. Weld, and

a rare merit-does not really do justice to the work We recommend all who would obtain a true idea of this "Life," to read what the author says on his subject, not on himself; and, therefore, we suggest the perusal of "The Angel's Hymn," which is the first article, as a specimen of the text. The book is printed in a style equal to that of the most costly annuals; and illustrated by Devereux in his happiest manner. The embellishments are ten in number, of which two are illuminations, and eight tinted engravings. The illuminations are really magnificent; and one of them, the title-page, in both design and execution, is a master-piece in this walk of art. The binding is also elegant. We should think that this volume would be in great demand for a gift-book during the approaching holidays, and that it would find favor in the eyes of a moral and religious community especially.

Shetches of Life and Character. By T.S. Arthur. Illustrated with sixteen engravings and a portrait of the author. 1 vol. Philada: J. W. Bradley, No. 48 North Fourth street. -This is an elegantly printed octavo of more than four hundred pages, containing some of the best tales and sketches of that popular writer, T. S. Arthur. The first story, entitled "The Methodist Preacher, or Lights and Shadows in the life of an Itinerant," is one of the most truthful narratives we have ever read, and cannot be perused by any person of sensibility, we should think, without tears. For the hint of this sketch, Mr. Arthur was probably indebted, like Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield," to Zschokke's "Journal of a Poor Vicar;" but for nothing beyond the mere hint. The fidelity to nature, the touches of character, the eloquence that continually appeals to the heart, and the sympathy with the self-denying life of the true minister of Christ, which this narrative exhibits, are all Mr. Arthur's own; and give us the highest opinion of his heart as well as of his intellect. Indeed this beautiful, but simple story is of itself sufficient to found a reputation. We know few fictions which wear such an air of reality. In reading it, we sympathize with all the privations and other trials of the humble circuit preacher, as if he had been known to us. We are anxions with him as to how the physician's bill is to be paid, and our hearts run over, with his, when the good doctor refuses to accept a cent. When the bishop sends him, almost penniless, to a wild and distant district, we feel for his poor wife, and can almost share her tears; and we bless Brother A-, in spite of the china plates with the gold band, when he fits out the little ones, as well as the parents, preparatory to their departure. In conclusion, we would not exchange our copy of these sketches, with its story of "The Methodist Preacher." for any one of the gilt-edged and embossed annuals for 1850, which we have vet seen.

Shakspears's Dramatic Works. Illustrated. No. II. The Two Gentlemen of Verona. No. III. The Merry Wives of Windser. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—If this edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works is continued in the style in which it has been begun, it will be, when concluded, altogether the most desirable issued on this side of the Atlantic. So far there is no falling off; nor, from the known enterprise of the publishers, do we think there will be. A highly finished steel engraving ornaments each number, which is sold for the low price of twenty-five cents.

The Poet's Offering for 1850. Edited by Sarah Josepha Hale. 1 vol. Philada: Grigg, Elliot & Co .- Both the design and the execution of this gift-book are in the best tasta The idea of the book is to give specimens of the style of all the English and American poets, arranged under heads of appropriate sentiments. Thousands of quotations, selected from about four hundred writers, are thus given. The editor, Mrs. Hale, has excelled herself, if we may so say, in the execution of her beautiful and useful design. The selections are invariably in the best taste. The fulness and completeness with which the principal passions and sentiments are illustrated deserves especial notice: thus, under the head of "Love," we find at least four hundred quotations. The publishers have printed, bound and illustrated the book with much taste. There are twelve mezzotints in the volume, besides a portrait of the editor, and an illuminated title-page. The type is new, the paper thick, and the style of binding, whether in plain cloth or in Turkey morocco, substantial and elegant.

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinnia. A Tale. By Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. 1 vol. Philada: Hogan & Thompson.— This beautiful edition of Rasselas makes its appearance at a most appropriate season. In the elegance which every where marks its mechanical execution, it is as far superior to the ephemeral Annuals which crowd the bookseller's counters at Christmas, as the story itself is above the usually trashy contents of those costly baubles. Such parchment-like paper; such bold, clear type; such exquisitely delicate illuminations; and such admirable engravings in tints, even we, before whom the finest specimens of book-making continually pass, have but rarely beheld. The title-page, which is printed in colors, from a design by Devereux, is really the most recherche affair of its kind yet presented to our notice. The illustrations are ten in all. A few more such volumes as this, and connoisseurs will send to Philadelphia instead of London for finished specimens of book-making. If we were going to buy a gift-book, we should select this one, in preference to almost any other published this season, especially if the intended recipient was of a refined and cultivated taste.

Frontenac. A Poem. By Alfred B. Street. 1 vol. New York: Baker & Scribner. Philada: G. W. Appleson .- Mr. Street is a descriptive poet of more than average ability. In an early volume of this magazine we took occasion to review his style at length, and we have seen no reason since to alter our favorable impressions of his genius. We do not think, however, that he is at home in a long narrative poem: at least this work, which is a story of Indian life, would seem to imply as much. Here and there, through the volume, are scattered exquisite bits of descriptive verse; but, as a whole, the poem wants condensation and finish. Authors frequently make the mistake of supposing that quantity can make up for quality. For ourselves we would rather have written "The Grey-Forest Eagle" than all "Frontenac." The volume is printed in elegant style. A portrait of Mr. Street faces the title-page.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. Nos. 5 and 6. Msw York: John Wiley.—In these numbers Mr. and Miss Murdstone receive a "setting down" from Davy's aunt: and Davy himself grows up to be a young man, and feel the first twinges of love. Dickens maintains the interest without flagging.

Stories for My Young Friends. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—This is a very agreeable little book, pleasantly written, elegantly printed and appropriately illustrated. As a gift-book for children, at Christmas or New Year's, it can be recommended.

Grandfather Leary's Premium Toy Books. 12 vols. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon .- We consider this the handsomest series of toy books ever published in the United States. The engravings are executed in a style of great superiority, far different indeed from those usually seen in children's books. The series comprises William Tell, Little Red Riding Hood, Stories for Little Boys, Robin Hood, Stories for Little Girls, Sanford and Merton, Puss in Boots, Robinson Crusoe, History of Animals, Jack the Giant-Killer, Aladdin, and the Alphabet. Each volume of the series contains nine colored illustrations, and can be had for twelve and a half cents, or the whole twelve volumes, neatly done up in a printed envelope, for one dollar and fifty cents. A prettier gift than the series could not be found!

The Pastor's Wife. A Memoir of Mrs. Sherman, of Surrey Chapet. By her Husband. 1 vol. Philada: R. E. Peterson.—This is a re-print of a work, which proved so popular in England, that more than eight thousand copies were sold within a few months after its appearance. It is the biography of a woman of exemplary piety, forming a most tender, beautiful, and edifying narrative. No one, with any sense of what is elevated in character, can fail to be delighted and instructed with the volume: it is iresh and lovely in the display of all the practical graces of the Christian, and will prove, we doubt not, a blessing and a consolation to thousands of hearts. The mechanical execution of the book is highly efeditable to the publisher.

Commerce of the Prairies. By J. Gregg. 2 vols. Philada: J. W. Moore.—In the year of 1842, Mr. Gregg made a journey over the prairies to Santa Fe, and subsequently resided for several years in the capital of New Mexico. This work is a marrative of his journey and residence. It is truthfully, and pleasantly written. The merit of the book, indeed, may be judged from the fact that this is its fourth edition. Mr. Moore has printed these two volumes in excellent style, and illustrated them with several handsome steel and wood engravings.

The Life and Adventures of Tom Thumb. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—We yet remember the delight with which, when a child, we perused the story of Tom Thumb for the first time. In those days, however, publishers did not get up such beautiful books for children as now. The little folks of the present generation have nice pictures and clean type to heighten the charm of the story, and are thus doubly happy. The volumes for children, issued by the Mesars. Gihon, are particularly handsome.

Hume's History of England. Vots. 3 and 4. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: J. W. Moore.—We have, in a former number, spoken of the neatness and convenience of this edition. The third and fourth volumes show no deterioration in any respect from its predecessors. It is the intention of the publishers to add an index, prepared at much expense, to the sixth and last volume.

Ella Stratford; or, The Orphan Child. By the Countess of Blessington. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The death of Lady Blessington has given a new interest to her novels. We have here one of the best of her fictions. As "Ella Stratford" was never before published in the United States, we presume this cheap edition will find, as it ought, an extensive sale.

Pendennis. By the author of "Vanity Fair." Nos. 3 and 4. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Thackeray. the author of this novel, is the Fielding of our age: and of all his fictions "Bendennis" is, so far, the master-piece. The Harpers are issuing the work in numbers, elegantly illustrated after designs by the author. Price twenty-five cents for number.

CONTENTS

TO THE

SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1849, INCLUSIVE.

Angling, Love and-By Henry Clark, 13	Mabel, the Lady-By Catharine H. Ford, (Illus-
Adventure, A Stage-Coach-By Harry Sunderland,	{ trated, } 51
(Illustrated,) 54	Missionary, the-By Mrs. Ann Eliza Burney, - "- 97
August, Fashions for (Illustrated, 23	Maiden, the Moorish-By John S. Jenkins, 107
	Mate, the Impending—By Kate Campbell, (Illus-
Boudoir, Anne Boleyn's (Illustrated.) 181	{ trated,) 161
Boulder, Anne Boleyn # (111239743621,) 101	Mated. A Sequel to the Impending Mate. By Kate
	Campbell, (Illustrated,) 212
Chit-Chat, Connubial. By Laura Cleveland, 43	{
Chair, the Grandfather's Arm-By Anna Bennett,	Nonember Berklein Co. (TH. st. et al.)
(Illustrated,) 48	November, Fashions for (Illustrated,) 203
Dandy, Taking Off a-By the author of "Family	Orphan, the—Translated from the French—By E. A.
Failing," "The Old Love and the New," &c. &c., 70	{ Atlee, M. D., 79
Destiny, Origin and-By Kate Sutherland, 129	Offer, the-By E. Lowther, (Illustrated,) 150
December, Fashions for (Illustrated.) 255	October, Fashions for (Illustrated,) 155
, ,	} .
Equestrians, Hints for-By the author of "Horseman-	Palaces and Prisons. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
ship," 44, 84, 187	37, 73, 90, 123, 188, 235
Eibridge, Clarabel-A Tale of the Revolution-By	Picture, a Shadowed-By T. S Arthur, 103
Mrs. C. H. Rowell, 143	Page, Title for 1849, 205
Excursion, Mrs. Smith's-By John Smith, - 184	}
Erskine, the Lady Elizabeth-A Tale of Woman's	September, Fushions for (Illustrated.) 119
Coustancy-By Violet Pane, 199	September, Fashions for (Illustrated,) 119
Eve, the Outcast's Christmas-By Mrs. Joseph C.	}
Neal, 226	Table, the Work-By Mlle Defour, (Illustrated,)
- · ·	21, 72, 118, 154, 183, 229
False. True Love and-By Mary Davenant 28	Termagant; the or, Mr. Canders' Last Fishing Ex-
	cursion—By Miss Ella Rodman, 135
Family, the Linwood—By Caroline Orne, 165, 216	Tree, Will Matlock's—By Oliver Buckley, 179
Feather, Showing the White-By Harry Sunderland, 230	Time, Legends of the Olden—By Charles J. Peter-
	8 on, 223
Garden, Our Flower-By Mrs. Mary V. Smith,	}
(Illustrated,) 11, 61, 95, 133, 177, 221	Visits, the TwoBy Grace Manners, 8
	Village," "the Match of our—By Bella Gray, 45
Husband, the Jealous-By Harry Sunderland, (Illus-	\ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \
trated,) 174	
, asca,	Warning, the Gentle—By Jane Weaver, 5
	Wife, two Chapters in the Life of a Young—By Clara
Influence, Woman's-By Luke Derwin, 171	Moreton, 31
	Wife; the Young or, the Husband and the Lover—By
July, Fashions for (Illustrated,) 47	Paul Creyton, 114
Jones, Mrs. Major—By Ellen Ashton, 196	Woods, Nutting in the-By Charles J. Peterson,
	(Illustrated,) 153
Legion, Rudolph; or, the Star of the Virginia. By	Waits, Christmas (Illustrated,) 211
J. S. Cobb, 22, 63	Women who Died in 1849, (Illustrated,) 233
Love, My First-By Paul Creyton, 59	{
Love, Marrying for Money vs 87	Yard, the Farm 85

POETRY.	1	One, the Wronged—By S. D. Anderson, 100	6
August-By S. D. Anderson,	62	Polyments As The M. W. Okimens M. D.	_
Adieu, the Lover's-By Mrs. D. Ellen Goodman, -	149	Polymela, to—By T. H. Chivers, M. D., 2	
		Psalms V., 3—By H. J. Beyerle, M. D., 15	
	- 7	Pleiad, the Lost—By Lyman Long, 22 Picture, December: A—By Catharine Allan, 23	
Burns, Presentation with a Copy of—By Henry Mor- ford,	12	Picture, December: A—By Catharine Allan, 23	z
Boy, the Shipwrecked Sailor—By C. C. Torrey,	82		
Beside, I Said, Though all the World—By Frances	0.5	Rabbit, Feeding the—By H. R. Downing, (Illus-	_
S. Osgood,	164	trated,) 19	
Brook, the Willowy—By Harriet J. Bowles, (Illus-	104	Recovery, On a Babe's—By Catharine Allan, - 12	
trated.)	182	Regret—By Mary L. Lawson, 20	×
Beggar, the—By Harriet J. Bowles,	234		
2008-11, 1110 27 22-11100 01 20 11 1001	-01	Song—By Marion M. Clare, 1	0
		Spirits, Kindred—By Mary L. Lawson, 9	0
Cheer, Words of-By A. J. W.,	60	Summer, Evening in—By Emily Herrmann, 2	7
C, to LBy Miss M. E. Wilson,	113	Son, A Tribute from a Friend, to Mrs. E. La Due, on	
Chansonnette—By Lyman Long,	173	the Death of her Infant—By Isabella Joyce, 13	2
Dream, the Rainbow in My-By Mrs. S. M. Clarke,	96	Time, Changes of—By George E. Senseney, 5	8
Dream, the Bachelor's—A Song—By Charles P. Shi-		ToBy Mrs. S. R. Long, 6	9
ras,	120	Thoughts at Midnight, New Year's, 1849—By Clara	
Dearest, I Will Not Forget You—A Song in Absence		Moreton, 22	5
-By Henry Morford,	132		
-,,,		Voisine, La Nouvelle—By Charles P. Shiras, 13	4
Emily—By Emily Herrmann,	154	> volume, La 110aveno—by Charles 1. Sunas, 10	•
Zanij—Dj Zanij Morianan,			_
Flower, the Harp and-By Horace B. Durant	170	Wife, to My—By Rev. Sidney Dyer, 4	
Father, the Maiden to Her—By Mrs. D. Ellen Good-		Well, She Sleepeth—By Chromia, 6	U
man.	173		
Genius, the Friend of-By Clara Moreton,	53		
Goodness, Greatness and—By F. Benjamin Gage,	89		
	-		
Heaven, the Boy in-By H. L. C.,	53	FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS.	
Home, my Old—By P. A. Jordan,	96)	
House, the Old School—By Louise ———,	152	The Gentle Warning.	
Hand, the—By Lyman Long,	152	Edith.	
Heaven, Mother, Home and—By S. D. Anderson,	176	Grandfather's Arm-Chair.	
Hours, Twilight—By Frances S. Osgood,	215	Fashions for July.	
in the state of th		The Lady Mabel.	
		Fashions for August, colored.	
Invitation, the—By S. D. Anderson,	36	A Stage-Coach Adventure.	
Iola, to—By S. D. Anderson,	142	Feeding the Rabbit.	
		Fashions for September, colored.	
Life, What is—By George Senseney, ' -	78	The Farm Yard. The Offer.	
Lines-By Emily Herrmann,	102	\	
Locks, Samson Shorn of his-By R. H. Stoddard, -	182	Fashions for October, colored.	
Louise-By P. A. Jordan,	195	Nutting in the Woods.	
		Impending Mate.	
May, Children's Invocation to-By Emily Herrmann,	62	Fashions for November, colored. The Jealous Husband.	
Maiden, to a Young—By W. L. Shoemaker,	117	The Willowy Brook.	
Maid, the Indian—By George E. Senseney, -	178	·	
Maiden, the Knight and the—By W. Fletcher		Anne Boleyn's Boudoir.	
Holmes, M. D.,	196	Mated. Sequel to Impending Mate.	
		Widow of Nain.	
Names Daniel of D. Bartle W.	46	Fashions for December, colored. Christmas Waits.	
Names, Power of—By Emily Herrmann, -	222	Countess of Blessington.	
Night, an Autumn—By George E. Senseney,	254	Title Page, for December.	
Nain, the Widow of-By Allan Derwent,	447	Time Tabel to Decomper.	

